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## The Thrice-Sealed House withstands the Storm



## Preface

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*'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 Heiographa, 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

## Preface

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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

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## 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

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## 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

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## 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 received  
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

## Preface

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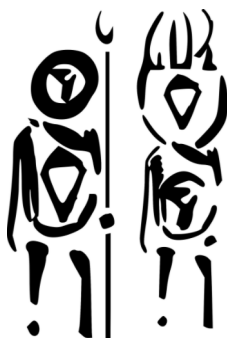
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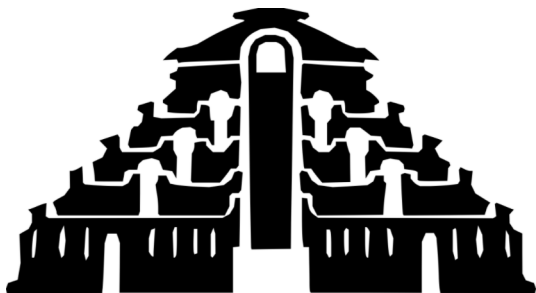
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The Post at the Turning Point  
and the Start of the House







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The Ancestors





## The Ancestors

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Sithis



<sup>1</sup>Sithis is the start of the house. Before him was nothing, <sup>2</sup>but the foolish Aldmer have names for and revere this nothing. That is because they are lazy slaves. <sup>3</sup>Indeed, from the Sermons, 'stasis asks merely for itself, which is nothing.'

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

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

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

<sup>8</sup>They enslaved everything that Sithis had made and created realms of everlasting imperfection.

<sup>9</sup>Thus are the Aedra the false gods, that is, illusion.

<sup>10</sup>So Sithis begat Lorkhan and sent him to destroy the universe.

Lorkhan! Unstable mutant!

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

<sup>12</sup>They were also unwilling to go back to the nothing of before.

## The Ancestors

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<sup>13</sup>So while they ruled their false dominions, Lorkhan filled the void with a myriad of new ideas. These ideas were legion. <sup>14</sup>Soon 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. <sup>15</sup>Thus did he present himself as such to the demon Anui-El and the Eight Givers: as a friend.

[ <sup>16</sup>Such was the plan of Lorkhan:

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

<sup>17</sup>And 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.

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

<sup>19</sup>For Lorkhan had duped them all and so Nirn was created. ]

<sup>20</sup>Thus, go unto the Sharmat as a friend.

VE HEATC MOAT TETCDOOY  
TCDXOME TQATY VE VT

## The Ancestors

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### ᚱᚢᚢᚢᚱᚢᚱᚢ ᚱᚢᚱᚢᚱᚢ Mythic Aurbis

#### The Psijic Compensation



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

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

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

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

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

<sup>6</sup>For 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.

<sup>7</sup>The 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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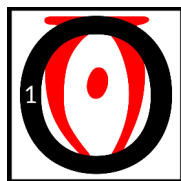
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<sup>8</sup>The magical beings, then, having died, became the et'Ada. <sup>9</sup>The et'Ada are the things perceived and revered by the mortals as gods, spirits, or geniuses of Aurbis.

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

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### ᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭ Changed Ones



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

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

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

<sup>6</sup>Boethiah 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!

<sup>7</sup>Boethiah told the mass before him the Tri-Angled Truth.

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## The Ancestors

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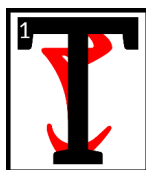
He showed them, with Mephala, the rules of Psijic Endeavor. <sup>8</sup>He taught them how to build Houses, and what items they needed to bury in the Corners. <sup>9</sup>He demonstrated the right way to wear their skin. <sup>10</sup>He performed the way to walk to achieve an Exodus.

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

<sup>12</sup>It was easy then for his new people to become the Changed Ones.

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Those who dare can achieve greatness.

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

<sup>3</sup>Veloth 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. <sup>4</sup>Veloth was highborn, but he dared to cast off the decadent chains of Aldmeri society.

## The Ancestors

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<sup>5</sup>Velothe 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.

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

<sup>7</sup>Velothe 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 Velothe and his people reached the land of Resdayn. <sup>2</sup>For untold weeks they had climbed a mighty range of mountains under Velothe's leadership. <sup>3</sup>Many among the Chimer considered this path to be folly, but they were driven by Velothe's unyielding certainty and commitment.

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

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



## The Ancestors

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

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

<sup>9</sup>"We are a people without a home," replied Veloth to the mountain.

<sup>10</sup>A young woman stepped out of the wall of ice.

"And who are you?" asked Veloth.

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

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

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

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

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

## The Ancestors

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### ᖃᖃᖃᖃᖃᖃ ᖃᖃᖃᖃ The Real Nerevar



When the Dunmer followed Veloth to Morrowind, they were many warring clans, with no law or leader in common.

<sup>2</sup>One Dunmer warlord, Nerevar, had the ambition to rule all the Dunmer.

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

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

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

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

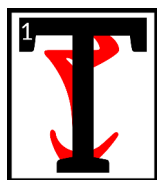
## The Ancestors

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resulting in the utter extermination of House Dwemer, House Dagoth, and their allies. <sup>11</sup>Nerevar 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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<sup>1</sup>The Daedra are not of this world, and are jealous of our walks here, even as they laugh at our inanities. <sup>2</sup>The Daedra are teachers and testers, but never masters. Only a fool does what a Daedra desires without consideration.

<sup>3</sup>The 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. <sup>4</sup>That is their power, but beware your own arrogance if you choose to claim it as your own for a time.

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

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## The Ancestors

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mushroom's cap, the twisting colors of an active foyada? <sup>9</sup>Lava 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. <sup>10</sup>Which would you see? Mephala reminds us that there is duality in all, and to hold contentment where we can. <sup>11</sup>Dance 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.

<sup>12</sup>Boethiah is the warrior, fierce, proud, and cunning. <sup>13</sup>He reminds us to keep discipline and never stop fighting, even in seeming defeat. <sup>14</sup>If 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. <sup>15</sup>To surrender fully is the coward's way out, but only the false warrior mistakes laying down one's arms as surrender. <sup>16</sup>In the face of a wicked enemy, there are no codes of honor beyond what a mer can do, and what a mer can't. <sup>17</sup>But 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. <sup>18</sup>The deaths of many raise up the one to lead. Boethiah knows this, and chases the soles of our feet with his cinders.

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

## The Ancestors

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the kagouti, as she jostles and guides her enemy to their own undoing, or her mates to their painful awakening. <sup>22</sup>A 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. <sup>23</sup>Azura's realm is grace and the balance that goes with it.

<sup>24</sup>Malacath is the warning, the fallen. <sup>25</sup>What is a mer with no tribe, no ancestors? Exile is not in the deed but in the heart. <sup>26</sup>Cleave 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. <sup>27</sup>The 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. <sup>28</sup>To see this malcontent hunter, you must keep your eyes open, but your heart stern.

<sup>29</sup>Mehrunes Dagon is the sculptor of the earth. <sup>30</sup>When 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. <sup>31</sup>But 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. <sup>32</sup>The 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

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<sup>33</sup>Molag Bal is the wanton fertility, the twister of authority, love, and childbearing. <sup>34</sup>As 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. <sup>35</sup>His 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. <sup>36</sup>Molag Bal's lesson is instead in the whisper of the ashkhan's wife before he would charge into his exploits; <sup>37</sup>though 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.

<sup>38</sup>Sheogorath is the slower blight, eater of order, punching holes of chaos into the prideful veneers of mer. <sup>39</sup>Like 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. <sup>40</sup>Should he come sniffing around, coolly show him your manners as befitting an honored guest, but do not let him in.

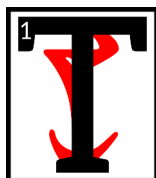
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## The Ancestors

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### The Anticipations



<sup>1</sup>The 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. <sup>2</sup>In 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.

<sup>3</sup>The Advent of the Tribunal changed this unhappy state.

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

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

<sup>7</sup>These 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.

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

## The Ancestors

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who are familiar with the wiles of their rebellious kin.

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

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

<sup>16</sup>Mephala is the Anticipation of Vivec, but manifold and androgynous. <sup>17</sup>Mephala taught the Chimer to evade their enemies or kill them with secret murder. <sup>18</sup>The Chimer were few in those days and threatened on all sides.

<sup>19</sup>Mephala taught the Chimer to build Houses.

<sup>20</sup>Later, Mephala created the Morag Tong.

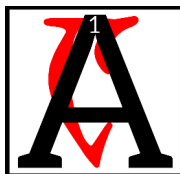
<sup>21</sup>Azura is the Anticipation of Sotha Sil, but female to his male. <sup>22</sup>Azura was the ancestor who taught the Chimer how to be different from the Altmer. Her teachings are sometimes attributed to Boethiah. <sup>23</sup>In the stories, Azura is often encountered more as a communal progenitor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




## The Ancestors

Dusk and Dawn, and is sometimes called the Mother Soul. <sup>25</sup>Azura's Star, also called the Twilight Star, appears briefly at dawn and dusk low on the horizon below the constellation of the Steed. <sup>26</sup>Azura 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. <sup>2</sup>These Daedra Lords rebelled against the counsel and admonition of the Tribunal, causing great kinstrike and confusion among the clans and Great Houses.

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

<sup>7</sup>Molag Bal is, in Morrowind, the King of Violation. He tries to upset the bloodlines

## The Ancestors

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

<sup>9</sup>Sheogorath is the King of Madness. He always tests the Dunmer for mental weakness.

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

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

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

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

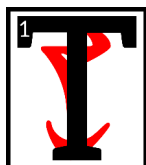
<sup>17</sup>By ancient Temple law and custom, the lives of termagants and haruspices are forfeit,

<sup>18</sup>and 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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### ᑭᑭᑭᑭ ᑭᑭ ᑭᑭ ᑭᑭᑭᑭ The Doors of the Spirit



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

<sup>2</sup>The Ancestors are not departed. The dead are not under the earth.

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

<sup>5</sup>Pay reverence through gift and prayer.

<sup>6</sup>Acquaint the Ancestors with your affairs, with your comings and goings, with your blessings and trials.

<sup>7</sup>From the Waiting Door comes your protection.

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

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

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

<sup>13</sup>Guard your Ancestors from beasts, from thieves, from profane priests and sorcerers.

<sup>14</sup>Let no creature steal your spirits,

## The Ancestors

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for the plundered hearth is diminished, and the plundered tomb is shamed.

<sup>15</sup>Live in One World with your spirits. Honor the spirits within and without you. <sup>16</sup>Do not grieve for the dead. Take shelter in their arms, and pay heed to their words.

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### ᑭᑭᑭᑭ ᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭ Blasphemous Revenants



not into the world, nor out of it, but between worlds they linger, held to the hearth and tomb by blood and loyalty. <sup>2</sup>And if they come unbidden, from love of kin or faith to duty, it is not unholy. <sup>3</sup>It is but the answering of the ancestors, the awakening of those who never sleep, the summoning to service of those bound through Hearth and House to the protection of the clan.

<sup>4</sup>But if sorcerers bring them forth, then such a summons is blasphemy, an abomination before the tribes and Temple, and a sin so great that ages of burning cannot cleanse the fault. <sup>5</sup>Abide not the sorcerer among you, for he comes to steal the bones of your fathers and dust of your tombs. <sup>6</sup>He seeks to bind by power what is yours by right, to drag forth the warm spirits from their world between and bind them to their service like slaves and beasts.

<sup>7</sup>Who can know the shame of the dead, the ceaseless weeping of the necromancer's thrall?

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## The Ancestors

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<sup>8</sup>Cruel enough is the ancestor's service given in love to Hearth and Kin. <sup>9</sup>But 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?

<sup>10</sup>How may it ever find its way back to its blood and clan?

<sup>11</sup>Only 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. <sup>12</sup>Those 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?

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

<sup>14</sup>And 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?

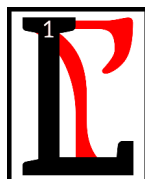
<sup>15</sup>For ages the Great Houses and the Temple have kept our land clean of the vampire's taint, but now these undead lords and their vile cattle have returned. <sup>16</sup>These vampires must die, and their corrupt cattle with them, and their blood taint must be forever erased by fire and stake.

## The Ancestors

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### Spirit of Nirn



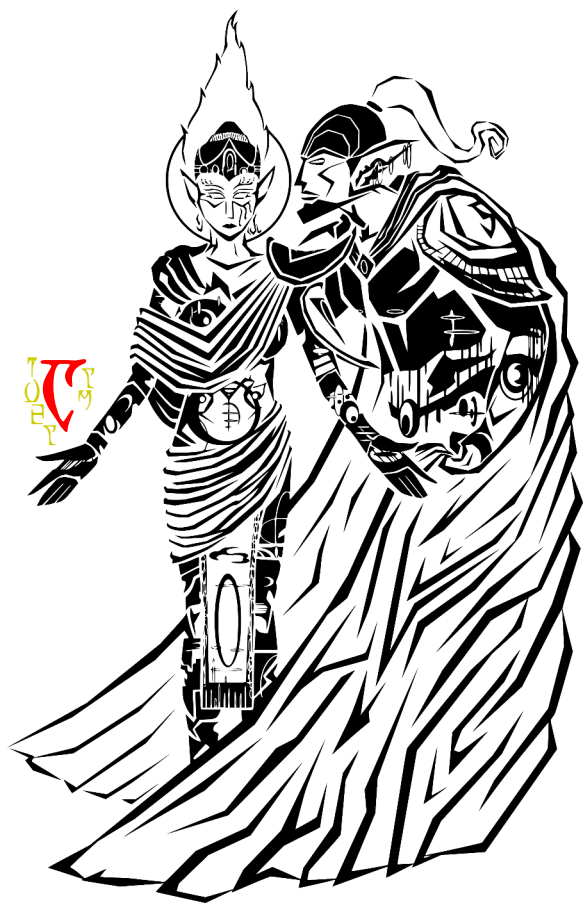
Lorkhan is the Spirit of Nirn, the god of all mortals. <sup>2</sup>This does not mean all mortals necessarily like him or even know him. <sup>3</sup>Most mer hate him, thinking creation as that act which sundered them from the spirit realm. <sup>4</sup>Most humans revere him, or aspects of him, as the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

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

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

<sup>9</sup>Others think that Lorkhan created the world as the testing ground for transcendence; <sup>10</sup>to 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

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## Fable One

## Sotha Sil and the Scribes



**Y**oung Sotha Sil, while playing in the egg mines, saw a number of scribes in a deep shaft,<sup>2</sup> and 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.”

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


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## Fable Two

## Lord Vivec and the Contentious Beasts



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

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## The Boiled Kagouti

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



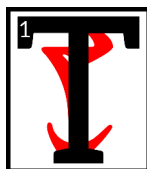
## The Greater Homilies

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### Fable Five

#### The Guar and the Mudcrabs



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

<sup>3</sup>One 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. <sup>4</sup>But 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.

<sup>5</sup>"Truly," said one of the Guar, "things are not so bad as they seem. For there is always someone worse off than you."

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### Fable Six

#### The Wounded Netch

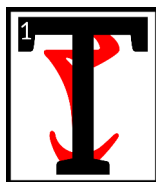


<sup>1</sup>The wounded Netch lay himself down in a quiet corner of his feeding ground. <sup>2</sup>His healthy companions came in great numbers to inquire after his health, yet each one helped

## The Greater Homilies

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

Fable Seven



**1** There was once a mudcrab who suffered much. **2** He 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.

<sup>3</sup>He 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.”

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

## The Greater Homilies

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

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

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

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

<sup>11</sup>And Almalexia revealed herself to the creatures, who gasped in surprise.

<sup>12</sup>"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."

<sup>13</sup>And so Almalexia teaches us that you cannot aid the unwilling.

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## The Greater Homilies

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## The Friendly Alit

joyful alit pranced across the Ashlands, ever watchful for a beast it could call "friend."<sup>2</sup> Presently it came upon a nix-hound who was preening itself in an ashpit.

## The Greater Homilies

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The alit smiled a great smile and cried out,

“Greetings, friend!”

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

<sup>4</sup>In due course it came upon a vvardvark rooting through a beetle-nest.

“Hello!”

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

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

“Hail, ash-hopper!”

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

The alit was heartbroken.

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

<sup>9</sup>The 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.

<sup>10</sup>“Finally,” it sighed “other beasts will no longer be afraid!”





## The Greater Homilies

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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







## The Greater Homilies

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

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

<sup>8</sup>"It's no fun playing by myself," he told the servant. "Can I have someone to play with?"

<sup>9</sup>"The child of the councilor has no equal," the servant told him. "There is none worthy to play with you."

<sup>10</sup>The little mer had little time to think on this when a scholar came to his room. <sup>11</sup>The 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."

<sup>12</sup>The 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.

<sup>13</sup>Eventually 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

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

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

<sup>16</sup>By 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.

<sup>17</sup>When 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. <sup>18</sup>He ran to his mother's arms and cried,

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

<sup>19</sup>The 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. <sup>20</sup>We often forget to be thankful for what we have, when thinking only of what we want.”

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## The Greater Homilies

## Sotha Sil and the Stars

Young 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.

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

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Fable Sixteen

## The Strongest Nix-Ox

great nix-ox trumpeted to its  
herd.

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

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<sup>3</sup>“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.

<sup>4</sup>The 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!

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

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

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

<sup>9</sup>The lesser nix-oxen sighed and shook their heads.

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

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## The Greater Homilies

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### Ἡ Πρώτη Ἑξήκοντα 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.

<sup>2</sup>“Alas!” it cried, “I will die here, alone in the cold.”

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

<sup>4</sup>“A campfire?” it barked hopefully, “It must be! It must be!”

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

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

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

## The Greater Homilies

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### Ἡ ἑνδεκάτη Fable Eighteen

#### The Most Beautiful Netch



netch mother once said to her calf,

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

worthy of you!"

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

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

<sup>4</sup>At length, the netch grew old and weary.

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

<sup>5</sup>A young netch couple passed her by and sighed at her wretched condition.

"We must be cautious with our calves," the betty said. <sup>6</sup>"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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<sup>14</sup>Each gear is a god. Each spring is a thought. But a mechanism built by many hands cannot know the precision of the master craftsman.

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

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

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

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

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

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




## The Truth in Sequence

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>16</sup>As Padomay is illusion, so too is the named will. <sup>17</sup>For what is “choice” if not chaos? What is “free will” if not the lack of order, vulgar and triumphant? <sup>18</sup>The 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. <sup>19</sup>So lay down your cheap burdens, child.



## The Truth in Sequence

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<sup>10</sup>Where others see dark crowns numbered ten and six, Sotha Sil sees shadows and nothing more. <sup>11</sup>For 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. <sup>12</sup>Their black mountain called "Oblivion" shall sink into the Furnace of Forgotten Numbers, where all lies burn and brittle multitudes turn to slag.

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

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

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

All crevices will be welded. <sup>18</sup>The 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.

<sup>19</sup>By the word, I wind the gears.

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## The Truth in Sequence

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<sup>13</sup>Now, you must know that curiosity is not without cost. <sup>14</sup>**Ƨ** forgive this heresy! **07** forgive this heresy! I speak the words in sequence only. <sup>15</sup>Pay 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. <sup>16</sup>Their truth is the truth of inertia. Of gravity. Their hearts are vessels filled with liquid brass—resistant to harm, but incapable of movement. <sup>17</sup>The Mainspring Ever-Wound spurns that which does not move. <sup>18</sup>In 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. <sup>19</sup>The Wheels Eternal must spin. The Tamriel Final must tick and tock. Anuvanna'si. <sup>20</sup>Each and each must take its place in the whole. For if even one piece is missing, the whole is not whole. <sup>21</sup>By the word, I wind the gears.

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## The Truth in Sequence

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

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

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

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



## The Truth in Sequence

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Not all movement earns His blessing.

<sup>7</sup>The Divine Metronome calls the first motion “The Motion of Lines.” <sup>8</sup>Line-motion is the motion of simple minds—the motion of weak wills and scholars' vanity. <sup>9</sup>“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.” <sup>10</sup>These misguided pioneers venture out into their wild tomorrows, and the tomorrows after that, certain of their worth—their virtue. <sup>11</sup>But what profits a man or mer to gaze deep into a single future? <sup>12</sup>The aims of mortals are narrow, far too narrow! <sup>13</sup>To move forward is to ignore infinite angles in favor of one. It is the act of a beast or a child. <sup>14</sup>The Clockwork God spurns vanity in the guise of courage. These explorers' travels only lead them farther from Tamriel Final. Anuvanna'si. <sup>15</sup>Seht 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. <sup>16</sup>None but the Clockwork God may claim its dark power. With each wide swing it shouts Lorkhan's lie. <sup>17</sup>“Hail, intentions divided! Hail, cursed multitudes!” <sup>18</sup>Do not stand in the Pendulum's path, ash-child. Only the Mainspring Ever-Wound may bear its weight. <sup>19</sup>Last is the reciprocating motion. “The Sublime Piston.” The lover's embrace. <sup>20</sup>Like the Father of Mystery, it gives and takes in equal measure.





## The Truth in Sequence

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

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

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

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

<sup>19</sup>"**ᚢᚦᚱᚾ ᚢᚱᚦ ᚦᚢ ᚦᚱᚱᚱᚱᚱᚱ!**"

## The Truth in Sequence

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

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

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

## The Truth in Sequence

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

<sup>36</sup>*“QVEZ YEDHOMZ OTE YEDHOMZ!”*

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

<sup>41</sup>Mehrunes'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—<sup>42</sup>another small step toward Tamriel Final. Anuvanna'si. <sup>43</sup>So ends the true account of Mournhold's fall. Remember this tale always.

<sup>44</sup>By the word, I wind the gears.

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## The Truth in Sequence

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

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

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

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

<sup>24</sup>By the word, I wind the gears.

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Volume Ten

**B**<sup>2</sup>eware blind reverence for The Old, child of Seht. The oil of antiquity often fuels the future. <sup>3</sup>Those who ignore the counsel of our blessed ancestors do so at their peril.

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

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

## The Truth in Sequence

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like gargoyles over musty tomes, faces hidden beneath frayed and graying robes. <sup>15</sup>They counsel caution, temperance, and equanimity—ancient virtues of the fading Nirn-Prior. <sup>16</sup>Even so, the Father of Curiosity calls them friends. <sup>17</sup>With 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: <sup>18</sup>that we must banish our feeble ghosts and give their memory new life through the thrice-folded mind. <sup>19</sup>Toothless gears cannot be repaired—they must be melted and reformed. So it is with our people's truth.

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

<sup>28</sup>By the word, I wind the gears.

Volume Eleven

hear your whispers—your puerile laments.<sup>3</sup> Even here in the Clockwork City, bathed in the oil of His divine wisdom, you cry out, “Where are the soft grasses and babbling creeks?”

<sup>4</sup>Where are the heady wines and rich fruits?  
Where are the gentle rains, and sighing boughs,  
and swaying mushrooms?" <sup>5</sup>Like hungry babes  
you weep, "Where is the Real?" <sup>6</sup>Ease your  
bellows and steady your gears. You must gaze  
now upon the brass-wrought truth. <sup>7</sup>See the  
Real of Tamriel Final. Anuvanna'si.

<sup>8</sup>What makes a thing real? Is it the blood, or the sap, or the beating heart? <sup>9</sup>Is it the shrieking trauma of an infant's birth? The low roar of the tides? <sup>10</sup>The root's thirst for water or the lazy drift of distant clouds? <sup>11</sup>No, child of Seht! Hear the words in sequence! Can you not see that your fears spring from Lorkhan's lie?

<sup>12</sup>Those soft forms and gentle comforts you covet are naught but corroded lies—fractured creation's panacea that deadens the soul's forgotten pain.

13“**But is Sotha Sil's sacred city not a replication?**”  
 you ask, “**A Nirn in miniature?**” 14Hear this, ash-  
 child: the Clockwork City is no mere  
 simulacrum.





## The Truth in Sequence

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<sup>4</sup>I 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. <sup>5</sup>You 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.

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

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

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

<sup>10</sup>The unity of Tamriel Final must wash away our selfish pursuits and jealous will, ash-child. Anuvanna'si. <sup>11</sup>In 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.

<sup>12</sup>We 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.

<sup>13</sup>How 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! <sup>14</sup>Look upon the lonely shore of Nirn. What do you see, with your broken eyes?

<sup>15</sup>One beach? One sea? Deceit and vanity!

## The Truth in Sequence

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

<sup>18</sup>Even after meditating upon these sermons, there are some among you who cling to the Nirn-Prior. <sup>19</sup>You fear the loss of your thin and impoverished “self.” You must cast aside these childish fears! <sup>20</sup>What good is a “self” if it burns away at the threshold of what waits beyond time? <sup>21</sup>Do 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? <sup>22</sup>If you remember only one thing, let it be this: our blessed Clockwork God loves you with a fierce and awesome heart. <sup>23</sup>What he does, he does for you and for all who would follow his divine example.

<sup>24</sup>Lasting 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.

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

<sup>27</sup>By the word, I wind the gears.



Twice the Worn Sigil of Veloth





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The 36 Lessons





## The 36 Lessons



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

which you will repeat to it until  
mystery comes.'

<sup>9</sup>Then Seht came to the netchiman's wife and said:

## The 36 Lessons

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

<sup>11</sup>And Seht then extended his hands and multitudes of homunculi came forth, each like a glimmering rope through the water, <sup>12</sup>and they raised the netchiman's wife back to the surface world and set her down on the shoals of Azura's coast. <sup>13</sup>There 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.

<sup>14</sup>Seven 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.

<sup>15</sup>These are called the Barons of Move Like This.

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

<sup>17</sup>And Fa-Nuit-Hen said:

'Whom do you wait for?'

To which the netchiman's wife said the Hortator.

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



## The 36 Lessons

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

<sup>20</sup>Then 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.

<sup>21</sup>'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?'

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

<sup>24</sup>'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.'

<sup>25</sup>The ending of the words is 𐐇𐐆𐐇

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## The 36 Lessons

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After looking a second time he said:

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

<sup>10</sup>Finally, 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.

<sup>11</sup>The fourth spirit came with the fifth, for they were cousins. <sup>12</sup>They could ghost touch and probed inside the egg to find its core. <sup>13</sup>Some 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.

<sup>14</sup>‘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.’

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

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

<sup>17</sup>And 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

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

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

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

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

<sup>12</sup>Vivec felt that his mother was afraid, and so consoled her.

<sup>13</sup>'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.'

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

<sup>17</sup>The egg said:

‘Love is used not only as a constituent in moods and affairs, <sup>18</sup>but 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. <sup>19</sup>Love 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. <sup>20</sup>In 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.’

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

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

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

<sup>24</sup>They shall be our doom in this and the eight known worlds,

ԽԻՐԻ,  
ՄԻՐԻ, ԴՈՒՅԷԼ, ԸՄԲԻՈՐ,  
ՈՒՄԲԷԼ, ԵՈՒՄԷԼ, ՄԻՐԵԼ,  
and ԴՄԲԵԼ՝

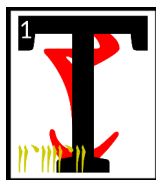
<sup>25</sup>The secret to doom is within this Sermon.

<sup>26</sup>The ending of the words is ԵՅՕ

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ԲԻՐԵ՛ՅՅՈՐԵՅՅԴՕ

## 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. <sup>2</sup>Along 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.

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

‘The popular notion of God kills happenstance.’

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

## The 36 Lessons

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

<sup>8</sup>He 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?’

<sup>9</sup>Synchronicity comes out of repeated coincidences at the lowest level.

<sup>10</sup>Further 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.

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

<sup>12</sup>Thus was coincidence destroyed in the land of the Velothi.

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

<sup>15</sup>‘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

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<sup>16</sup>I 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.'

<sup>17</sup>At 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.

<sup>18</sup>Finally the Chancellor of Exactitude appeared, and he was perfect to look upon from every angle. <sup>19</sup>Vivec 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.'

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

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

<sup>22</sup>Vivec 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. <sup>23</sup>To 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.'

<sup>24</sup>The ending of the words is 𐐆𐐆𐐇



**F**inally the simulacrum of the  
netchiman's wife became unstable.  
<sup>2</sup>The Dwemer in their haste had  
built it shoddily and the ashes of  
Red Mountain slowed its golden  
tendons. <sup>3</sup>Before long it fell on its  
knees beside the road to the lands of the Indoril  
and pitched over, to be discovered eighty days  
later by a merchant caravan on its way to the  
capital of Veloth, anon Almalexia.

## The 36 Lessons

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

<sup>12</sup>The merchant captain took pause then and looked on the simulacrum of the netchiman's wife <sup>13</sup>and, though he heeded always the advice of his seers, could do no more than think of the profits to be made at Noormoc. <sup>14</sup>He 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. <sup>15</sup>His lust made him deny Ayem his mother. <sup>16</sup>He gave order to change course for Noormoc.

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

<sup>20</sup>'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.'

<sup>21</sup>Then 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

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

<sup>23</sup>So Nerevar slew the merchant captain and  
took the caravan for his own.

<sup>24</sup>The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌿𐌺

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### 𐌹𐌿𐌺𐌹𐌿𐌺𐌹𐌿𐌺𐌹𐌿𐌺𐌹𐌿𐌺 Sermon Six



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

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

<sup>3</sup>Mephala and Azura are the twin gates of  
tradition and Boethiah is the secret flame.

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

<sup>5</sup>Six are the vests and garments worn by the  
suppositions of men.

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

## The 36 Lessons

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

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

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

<sup>10</sup>The 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.

<sup>11</sup>There is a fourth kind of philosophy that uses nothing but disbelief.

<sup>12</sup>For by the sword I mean the sensible.

For by the word I mean the dead.

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



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

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

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

## The 36 Lessons

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<sup>17</sup>Six are the walking ways, from enigma to enemy to teacher.

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

<sup>19</sup>For by the sword I mean the first night.

For by the word I mean the dead.

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

<sup>21</sup>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 the hero.

<sup>22</sup>There is a world that is sleeping and you must guard against it.

<sup>23</sup>For by the sword I mean the dual nature.

For by the word I mean animal life.

<sup>24</sup>For by the sword I mean preceded by a sigh.

For by the word I mean preceded by a wolf.

<sup>25</sup>The ending of the words is 𐍂𐍃𐍅

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<sup>3</sup>The Duke of Scamps said, 'I was summoned by Lord Dagon, master of the foul waters and fire, and I have brought the pennants of my seven legions.'

<sup>5</sup>He saw the first pennant, which commanded a legion of grim warriors who could die at least twice.

<sup>6</sup>He saw the second pennant, which commanded a legion of winged bulls and the emperor of color that rode upon each.

<sup>7</sup>He saw the third pennant, which commanded a legion of inverted gorgons, great snakes whose scales were the faces of men.

<sup>8</sup>He saw the fourth pennant, which commanded  
a legion of double-crossed lovers.

## The 36 Lessons

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

<sup>10</sup>He saw the sixth pennant, which commanded a legion of abridged planets.

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

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

<sup>14</sup>And 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

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

<sup>16</sup>Glad 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

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

ᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨ ᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨ  
ᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨ ᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨ

<sup>18</sup>The ending of the words is ᠠᠨᠠᠨ

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### ᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨᠠᠨ 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.

<sup>2</sup>The caravan musicians made a great song of entrance and the eleven gates of the Mourning Hold were thrown wide.

<sup>3</sup>Ayem was accompanied by her husband-state, a flickering image that was channeled to her ever-changing female need. <sup>4</sup>Around 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.

<sup>5</sup>The Shouts were the counselors of Ayem and the country, though they sometimes quarreled and needed Seht to wring them into usefulness.

<sup>6</sup>Ayem approached Nerevar, who was by now adorned in the flags of House Indoril. <sup>7</sup>He gifted her with the simulacrum of the netchimian's wife and the egg of Vivec inside.

## The 36 Lessons

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<sup>8</sup>Ayem 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.'

<sup>9</sup>Nerevar 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.

<sup>10</sup>This netchiman's wife you see at my side is a sword and a symbol and there is prophecy inside. <sup>11</sup>It 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.'

<sup>12</sup>At 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.'

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

<sup>15</sup>Vivec said to them, his Triune:

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

<sup>16</sup>Ayem said,

    WEM VE SEHT VE OESO

    'We are delivered and made whole,



## The 36 Lessons

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

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

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

<sup>14</sup>**ᏏᏉᏉᏉᏉᏉ**, Maid of Planes, who appeared as a winged human with lick-encrusted spear,

## The 36 Lessons

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had the powers of Event Denouement.

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

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

<sup>18</sup>**Ysmir**, the Dragon of the North, who always appears as a great bearded king, had powers innumerable and echoing. <sup>19</sup>He was grim and dark and the most silent of the invading chieftains, though when he spoke villages were uplifted and thrown into the sea. <sup>20</sup>The Hortator fought him unarmed, grabbing the Dragon's roars by hand until Ysmir's power throat bled. <sup>21</sup>These 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.

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

**Æƿƿƿ ƿƿƿƿ ƿƿƿƿƿ! ƿƿ ƿƿƿƿƿ!**

<sup>23</sup>The ending of the words is **ƿƿ**

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## The 36 Lessons

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<sup>9</sup>Shift ye in your skin, I say to the Trinimac-eaters. Pitch your voices into the color of bruise. <sup>10</sup>Divide 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. <sup>11</sup>Then do not divide, for yet is the stride of **STITCH** quicker than the rush of enemies, and He will sunder the whole for the sake of a shingle.

<sup>12</sup>For we go different, and in thunder. **STITCH** is the start of all true Houses, built against stasis and lazy slaves. <sup>13</sup>Turn from your predilections, broken like false maps. Move and move like this. <sup>14</sup>Quicken against false fathers, mothers left in corners weeping for glass and rain. <sup>15</sup>Stasis asks merely for nothing, for itself, which is nothing, as you were in the eight everlasting imperfections.

<sup>16</sup>Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

UNDERSTAND THAT **STITCH**  
STILL TRAVELS

<sup>17</sup>Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

IN A PHOSPHORESCENT MIRROR  
OF THE SKY

## The 36 Lessons

<sup>18</sup>Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

## DROWNED AND SMILING

<sup>19</sup>Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

## INTERMITTENT HOPES ENOUGH

<sup>20</sup>Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

## TO ANSWER ALL THE THINGS

<sup>21</sup>Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

NOT YET QUERIED

<sup>22</sup>The ending of the words is 𐎧𐎺𐎠

[illegible]

## Sermon Eleven

**1** These were the days of Resdaynia, when Chimer and Dwemer lived under the wise and benevolent rule of the **TSO** and their champion the Hortator. **2**When the gods of Veloth would retreat unto their own, to mold the cosmos and other matters, the Hortator would at times become confused. **3**Vivec would always be there to advise him, and this is the first of the three lessons of ruling kings:



## The 36 Lessons

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

<sup>5</sup>Do not abuse your powers or they will lead you astray. They will leave you like rebellious daughters. <sup>6</sup>They will lose their virtue. They will become lost and resentful and finally become pregnant with the seed of folly. <sup>7</sup>Soon 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.

<sup>8</sup>Keep nothing in your house that is neither needed or beautiful.

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

<sup>9</sup>The 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.

<sup>10</sup>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.

<sup>11</sup>There is no true symbolism of the center. The Sharmat will believe there is. <sup>12</sup>He 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.

<sup>13</sup>There 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.

<sup>14</sup>According 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. <sup>15</sup>This is a secret that hides another. <sup>16</sup>An 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.

<sup>17</sup>The ruling king that sees in another his equivalent rules nothing.

<sup>18</sup>The secret of weapons is this: they are the mercy seat.

<sup>19</sup>The secret of language is this: it is immobile.

<sup>20</sup>The 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. <sup>21</sup>He sleeps the second way. The Sharmat is his double, and therefore you wonder if you rule nothing.

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

## The 36 Lessons

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

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

<sup>28</sup>The ending of the words is 𐄌𐄍𐄎

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### 𐄌𐄍𐄎𐄏𐄐𐄑𐄒𐄓𐄔𐄕𐄖𐄗𐄘𐄙𐄚𐄛𐄜𐄝𐄞𐄟𐄠𐄡𐄢𐄣𐄤𐄥𐄦𐄧𐄨𐄩𐄪𐄫𐄬𐄭𐄮𐄯𐄰𐄱𐄲𐄳𐄴𐄵𐄶𐄷𐄸𐄹𐄺𐄻𐄼𐄽𐄾𐄿𐅀𐅁𐅂𐅃𐅄𐅅𐅆𐅇𐅈𐅉𐅊𐅋𐅌𐅍𐅎𐅏𐅐𐅑𐅒𐅓𐅔𐅕𐅖𐅗𐅘𐅙𐅚𐅛𐅜𐅝𐅞𐅟𐅠𐅡𐅢𐅣𐅤𐅥𐅦𐅧𐅨𐅩𐅪𐅫𐅬𐅭𐅮𐅯𐅰𐅱𐅲𐅳𐅴𐅵𐅶𐅷𐅸𐅹𐅺𐅻𐅼𐅽𐅾𐅿𐆀𐆁𐆂𐆃𐆄𐆅𐆆𐆇𐆈𐆉𐆊𐆋𐆌𐆍𐆎𐆏𐆐𐆑𐆒𐆓𐆔𐆕𐆖𐆗𐆘𐆙𐆚𐆛𐆜𐆝𐆞𐆟𐆠𐆡𐆢𐆣𐆤𐆥𐆦𐆧𐆨𐆩𐆪𐆫𐆬𐆭𐆮𐆯𐆰𐆱𐆲𐆳𐆴𐆵𐆶𐆷𐆸𐆹𐆺𐆻𐆼𐆽𐆾𐆿𐇀𐇁𐇂𐇃𐇄𐇅𐇆𐇇𐇈𐇉𐇊𐇋𐇌𐇍𐇎𐇏𐇐𐇑𐇒𐇓𐇔𐇕𐇖𐇗𐇘𐇙𐇚𐇛𐇜𐇝𐇞𐇟𐇠𐇡𐇢𐇣𐇤𐇥𐇦𐇧𐇨𐇩𐇪𐇫𐇬𐇭𐇮𐇯𐇰𐇱𐇲𐇳𐇴𐇵𐇶𐇷𐇸𐇹𐇺𐇻𐇼𐇽𐇾𐇿𐈀𐈁𐈂𐈃𐈄𐈅𐈆𐈇𐈈𐈉𐈊𐈋𐈌𐈍𐈎𐈏𐈐𐈑𐈒𐈓𐈔𐈕𐈖𐈗𐈘𐈙𐈚𐈛𐈜𐈝𐈞𐈟𐈠𐈡𐈢𐈣𐈤𐈥𐈦𐈧𐈨𐈩𐈪𐈫𐈬𐈭𐈮𐈯𐈰𐈱𐈲𐈳𐈴𐈵𐈶𐈷𐈸𐈹𐈺𐈻𐈼𐈽𐈾𐈿𐉀𐉁𐉂𐉃𐉄𐉅𐉆𐉇𐉈𐉉𐉊𐉋𐉌𐉍𐉎𐉏𐉐𐉑𐉒𐉓𐉔𐉕𐉖𐉗𐉘𐉙𐉚𐉛𐉜𐉝𐉞𐉟𐉠𐉡𐉢𐉣𐉤𐉥𐉦𐉧𐉨𐉩𐉪𐉫𐉬𐉭𐉮𐉯𐉰𐉱𐉲𐉳𐉴𐉵𐉶𐉷𐉸𐉹𐉺𐉻𐉼𐉽𐉾𐉿𐊀𐊁𐊂𐊃𐊄𐊅𐊆𐊇𐊈𐊉𐊊𐊋𐊌𐊍𐊎𐊏𐊐𐊑𐊒𐊓𐊔𐊕𐊖𐊗𐊘𐊙𐊚𐊛𐊜𐊝𐊞𐊟𐊠𐊡𐊢𐊣𐊤𐊥𐊦𐊧𐊨𐊩𐊪𐊫𐊬𐊭𐊮𐊯𐊰𐊱𐊲𐊳𐊴𐊵𐊶𐊷𐊸𐊹𐊺𐊻𐊼𐊽𐊾𐊿𐋀𐋁𐋂𐋃𐋄𐋅𐋆𐋇𐋈𐋉𐋊𐋋𐋌𐋍𐋎𐋏𐋐𐋑𐋒𐋓𐋔𐋕𐋖𐋗𐋘𐋙𐋚𐋛𐋜𐋝𐋞𐋟𐋠𐋡𐋢𐋣𐋤𐋥𐋦𐋧𐋨𐋩𐋪𐋫𐋬𐋭𐋮𐋯𐋰𐋱𐋲𐋳𐋴𐋵𐋶𐋷𐋸𐋹𐋺𐋻𐋼𐋽𐋾𐋿𐌀𐌁𐌂𐌃𐌄𐌅𐌆𐌇𐌈𐌉𐌊𐌋𐌌𐌍𐌎𐌏𐌐𐌑𐌒𐌓𐌔𐌕𐌖𐌗𐌘𐌙𐌚𐌛𐌜𐌝𐌞𐌟𐌠𐌡𐌢𐌣𐌤𐌥𐌦𐌧𐌨𐌩𐌪𐌫𐌬𐌭𐌮𐌯𐌰𐌱𐌲𐌳𐌴𐌵𐌶𐌷𐌸𐌹𐌺𐌻𐌼𐌽𐌾𐌿𐍀𐍁𐍂𐍃𐍄𐍅𐍆𐍇𐍈𐍉𐍊𐍋𐍌𐍍𐍎𐍏𐍐𐍑𐍒𐍓𐍔𐍕𐍖𐍗𐍘𐍙𐍚𐍛𐍜𐍝𐍞𐍟𐍠𐍡𐍢𐍣𐍤𐍥𐍦𐍧𐍨𐍩𐍪𐍫𐍬𐍭𐍮𐍯𐍰𐍱𐍲𐍳𐍴𐍵𐍶𐍷𐍸𐍹𐍺𐍻𐍼𐍽𐍾𐍿𐎀𐎁𐎂𐎃𐎄𐎅𐎆𐎇𐎈𐎉𐎊𐎋𐎌𐎍𐎎𐎏𐎐𐎑𐎒𐎓𐎔𐎕𐎖𐎗𐎘𐎙𐎚𐎛𐎜𐎝𐎞𐎟𐎠𐎡𐎢𐎣𐎤𐎥𐎦𐎧𐎨𐎩𐎪𐎫𐎬𐎭𐎮𐎯𐎰𐎱𐎲𐎳𐎴𐎵𐎶𐎷𐎸𐎹𐎺𐎻𐎼𐎽𐎾𐎿𐏀𐏁𐏂𐏃𐏄𐏅𐏆𐏇𐏈𐏉𐏊𐏋𐏌𐏍𐏎𐏏𐏐𐏑𐏒𐏓𐏔𐏕𐏖𐏗𐏘𐏙𐏚𐏛𐏜𐏝𐏞𐏟𐏠𐏡𐏢𐏣𐏤𐏥𐏦𐏧𐏨𐏩𐏪𐏫𐏬𐏭𐏮𐏯𐏰𐏱𐏲𐏳𐏴𐏵𐏶𐏷𐏸𐏹𐏺𐏻𐏼𐏽𐏾𐏿𐐀𐐁𐐂𐐃𐐄𐐅𐐆𐐇𐐈𐐉𐐊𐐋𐐌𐐍𐐎𐐏𐐐𐐑𐐒𐐓𐐔𐐕𐐖𐐗𐐘𐐙𐐚𐐛𐐜𐐝𐐞𐐟𐐠𐐡𐐢𐐣𐐤𐐥𐐦𐐧𐐨𐐩𐐪𐐫𐐬𐐭𐐮𐐯𐐰𐐱𐐲𐐳𐐴𐐵𐐶𐐷𐐸𐐹𐐺𐐻𐐼𐐽𐐾𐐿𐑀𐑁𐑂𐑃𐑄𐑅𐑆𐑇𐑈𐑉𐑊𐑋𐑌𐑍𐑎𐑏𐑐𐑑𐑒𐑓𐑔𐑕𐑖𐑗𐑘𐑙𐑚𐑛𐑜𐑝𐑞𐑟𐑠𐑡𐑢𐑣𐑤𐑥𐑦𐑧𐑨𐑩𐑪𐑫𐑬𐑭𐑮𐑯𐑰𐑱𐑲𐑳𐑴𐑵𐑶𐑷𐑸𐑹𐑺𐑻𐑼𐑽𐑾𐑿𐒀𐒁𐒂𐒃𐒄𐒅𐒆𐒇𐒈𐒉𐒊𐒋𐒌𐒍𐒎𐒏𐒐𐒑𐒒𐒓𐒔𐒕𐒖𐒗𐒘𐒙𐒚𐒛𐒜𐒝𐒞𐒟𐒠𐒡𐒢𐒣𐒤𐒥𐒦𐒧𐒨𐒩𐒪𐒫𐒬𐒭𐒮𐒯𐒰𐒱𐒲𐒳𐒴𐒵𐒶𐒷𐒸𐒹𐒺𐒻𐒼𐒽𐒾𐒿𐓀𐓁𐓂𐓃𐓄𐓅𐓆𐓇𐓈𐓉𐓊𐓋𐓌𐓍𐓎𐓏𐓐𐓑𐓒𐓓𐓔𐓕𐓖𐓗𐓘𐓙𐓚𐓛𐓜𐓝𐓞𐓟𐓠𐓡𐓢𐓣𐓤𐓥𐓦𐓧𐓨𐓩𐓪𐓫𐓬𐓭𐓮𐓯𐓰𐓱𐓲𐓳𐓴𐓵𐓶𐓷𐓸𐓹𐓺𐓻𐓼𐓽𐓾𐓿𐔀𐔁𐔂𐔃𐔄𐔅𐔆𐔇𐔈𐔉𐔊𐔋𐔌𐔍𐔎𐔏𐔐𐔑𐔒𐔓𐔔𐔕𐔖𐔗𐔘𐔙𐔚𐔛𐔜𐔝𐔞𐔟𐔠𐔡𐔢𐔣𐔤𐔥𐔦𐔧𐔨𐔩𐔪𐔫𐔬𐔭𐔮𐔯𐔰𐔱𐔲𐔳𐔴𐔵𐔶𐔷𐔸𐔹𐔺𐔻𐔼𐔽𐔾𐔿𐕀𐕁𐕂𐕃𐕄𐕅𐕆𐕇𐕈𐕉𐕊𐕋𐕌𐕍𐕎𐕏𐕐𐕑𐕒𐕓𐕔𐕕𐕖𐕗𐕘𐕙𐕚𐕛𐕜𐕝𐕞𐕟𐕠𐕡𐕢𐕣𐕤𐕥𐕦𐕧𐕨𐕩𐕪𐕫𐕬𐕭𐕮𐕯𐕰𐕱𐕲𐕳𐕴𐕵𐕶𐕷𐕸𐕹𐕺𐕻𐕼𐕽𐕾𐕿𐖀𐖁𐖂𐖃𐖄𐖅𐖆𐖇𐖈𐖉𐖊𐖋𐖌𐖍𐖎𐖏𐖐𐖑𐖒𐖓𐖔𐖕𐖖𐖗𐖘𐖙𐖚𐖛𐖜𐖝𐖞𐖟𐖠𐖡𐖢𐖣𐖤𐖥𐖦𐖧𐖨𐖩𐖪𐖫𐖬𐖭𐖮𐖯𐖰𐖱𐖲𐖳𐖴𐖵𐖶𐖷𐖸𐖹𐖺𐖻𐖼𐖽𐖾𐖿𐗀𐗁𐗂𐗃𐗄𐗅𐗆𐗇𐗈𐗉𐗊𐗋𐗌𐗍𐗎𐗏𐗐𐗑𐗒𐗓𐗔𐗕𐗖𐗗𐗘𐗙𐗚𐗛𐗜𐗝𐗞𐗟𐗠𐗡𐗢𐗣𐗤𐗥𐗦𐗧𐗨𐗩𐗪𐗫𐗬𐗭𐗮𐗯𐗰𐗱𐗲𐗳𐗴𐗵𐗶𐗷𐗸𐗹𐗺𐗻𐗼𐗽𐗾𐗿𐘀𐘁𐘂𐘃𐘄𐘅𐘆𐘇𐘈𐘉𐘊𐘋𐘌𐘍𐘎𐘏𐘐𐘑𐘒𐘓𐘔𐘕𐘖𐘗𐘘𐘙𐘚𐘛𐘜𐘝𐘞𐘟𐘠𐘡𐘢𐘣𐘤𐘥𐘦𐘧𐘨𐘩𐘪𐘫𐘬𐘭𐘮𐘯𐘰𐘱𐘲𐘳𐘴𐘵𐘶𐘷𐘸𐘹𐘺𐘻𐘼𐘽𐘾𐘿𐙀𐙁𐙂𐙃𐙄𐙅𐙆𐙇𐙈𐙉𐙊𐙋𐙌𐙍𐙎𐙏𐙐𐙑𐙒𐙓𐙔𐙕𐙖𐙗𐙘𐙙𐙚𐙛𐙜𐙝𐙞𐙟𐙠𐙡𐙢𐙣𐙤𐙥𐙦𐙧𐙨𐙩𐙪𐙫𐙬𐙭𐙮𐙯𐙰𐙱𐙲𐙳𐙴𐙵𐙶𐙷𐙸𐙹𐙺𐙻𐙼𐙽𐙾𐙿𐚀𐚁𐚂𐚃𐚄𐚅𐚆𐚇𐚈𐚉𐚊𐚋𐚌𐚍𐚎𐚏𐚐𐚑𐚒𐚓𐚔𐚕𐚖𐚗𐚘𐚙𐚚𐚛𐚜𐚝𐚞𐚟𐚠𐚡𐚢𐚣𐚤𐚥𐚦𐚧𐚨𐚩𐚪𐚫𐚬𐚭𐚮𐚯𐚰𐚱𐚲𐚳𐚴𐚵𐚶𐚷𐚸𐚹𐚺𐚻𐚼𐚽𐚾𐚿𐛀𐛁𐛂𐛃𐛄𐛅𐛆𐛇𐛈𐛉𐛊𐛋𐛌𐛍𐛎𐛏𐛐𐛑𐛒𐛓𐛔𐛕𐛖𐛗𐛘𐛙𐛚𐛛𐛜𐛝𐛞𐛟𐛠𐛡𐛢𐛣𐛤𐛥𐛦𐛧𐛨𐛩𐛪𐛫𐛬𐛭𐛮𐛯𐛰𐛱𐛲𐛳𐛴𐛵𐛶𐛷𐛸𐛹𐛺𐛻𐛼𐛽𐛾𐛿𐜀𐜁𐜂𐜃𐜄𐜅𐜆𐜇𐜈𐜉𐜊𐜋𐜌𐜍𐜎𐜏𐜐𐜑𐜒𐜓𐜔𐜕𐜖𐜗𐜘𐜙𐜚𐜛𐜜𐜝𐜞𐜟𐜠𐜡𐜢𐜣𐜤𐜥𐜦𐜧𐜨𐜩𐜪𐜫𐜬𐜭𐜮𐜯𐜰𐜱𐜲𐜳𐜴𐜵𐜶𐜷𐜸𐜹𐜺𐜻𐜼𐜽𐜾𐜿𐝀𐝁𐝂𐝃𐝄𐝅𐝆𐝇𐝈𐝉𐝊𐝋𐝌𐝍𐝎𐝏𐝐𐝑𐝒𐝓𐝔𐝕𐝖𐝗𐝘𐝙𐝚𐝛𐝜𐝝𐝞𐝟𐝠𐝡𐝢𐝣𐝤𐝥𐝦𐝧𐝨𐝩𐝪𐝫𐝬𐝭𐝮𐝯𐝰𐝱𐝲𐝳𐝴𐝵𐝶𐝷𐝸𐝹𐝺𐝻𐝼𐝽𐝾𐝿𐞀𐞁𐞂𐞃𐞄𐞅𐞆𐞇𐞈𐞉𐞊𐞋𐞌𐞍𐞎𐞏𐞐𐞑𐞒𐞓𐞔𐞕𐞖𐞗𐞘𐞙𐞚𐞛𐞜𐞝𐞞𐞟𐞠𐞡𐞢𐞣𐞤𐞥𐞦𐞧𐞨𐞩𐞪𐞫𐞬𐞭𐞮𐞯𐞰𐞱𐞲𐞳𐞴𐞵𐞶𐞷𐞸𐞹𐞺𐞻𐞼𐞽𐞾𐞿𐟀𐟁𐟂𐟃𐟄𐟅𐟆𐟇𐟈𐟉𐟊𐟋𐟌𐟍𐟎𐟏𐟐𐟑𐟒𐟓𐟔𐟕𐟖𐟗𐟘𐟙𐟚𐟛𐟜𐟝𐟞𐟟𐟠𐟡𐟢𐟣𐟤𐟥𐟦𐟧𐟨𐟩𐟪𐟫𐟬𐟭𐟮𐟯𐟰𐟱𐟲𐟳𐟴𐟵𐟶𐟷𐟸𐟹𐟺𐟻𐟼𐟽𐟾𐟿𐠀𐠁𐠂𐠃𐠄𐠅𐠆𐠇𐠈𐠉𐠊𐠋𐠌𐠍𐠎𐠏𐠐𐠑𐠒𐠓𐠔𐠕𐠖𐠗𐠘𐠙𐠚𐠛𐠜𐠝𐠞𐠟𐠠𐠡𐠢𐠣𐠤𐠥𐠦𐠧𐠨𐠩𐠪𐠫𐠬𐠭𐠮𐠯𐠰𐠱𐠲𐠳𐠴𐠵𐠶𐠷𐠸𐠹𐠺𐠻𐠼𐠽𐠾𐠿𐡀𐡁𐡂𐡃𐡄𐡅𐡆𐡇𐡈𐡉𐡊𐡋𐡌𐡍𐡎𐡏𐡐𐡑𐡒𐡓𐡔𐡕𐡖𐡗𐡘𐡙𐡚𐡛𐡜𐡝𐡞𐡟𐡠𐡡𐡢𐡣𐡤𐡥𐡦𐡧𐡨𐡩𐡪𐡫𐡬𐡭𐡮𐡯𐡰𐡱𐡲𐡳𐡴𐡵𐡶𐡷𐡸𐡹𐡺𐡻𐡼𐡽𐡾𐡿𐢀𐢁𐢂𐢃𐢄𐢅𐢆𐢇𐢈𐢉𐢊𐢋𐢌𐢍𐢎𐢏𐢐𐢑𐢒𐢓𐢔𐢕𐢖𐢗𐢘𐢙𐢚𐢛𐢜𐢝𐢞𐢟𐢠𐢡𐢢𐢣𐢤𐢥𐢦𐢧𐢨𐢩𐢪𐢫𐢬𐢭𐢮𐢯𐢰𐢱𐢲𐢳𐢴𐢵𐢶𐢷𐢸𐢹𐢺𐢻𐢼𐢽𐢾𐢿𐣀𐣁𐣂𐣃𐣄𐣅𐣆𐣇𐣈𐣉𐣊𐣋𐣌𐣍𐣎𐣏𐣐𐣑𐣒𐣓𐣔𐣕𐣖𐣗𐣘𐣙𐣚𐣛𐣜𐣝𐣞𐣟𐣠𐣡𐣢𐣣𐣤𐣥𐣦𐣧𐣨𐣩𐣪𐣫𐣬𐣭𐣮𐣯𐣰𐣱𐣲𐣳𐣴𐣵𐣶𐣷𐣸𐣹𐣺𐣻𐣼𐣽𐣾𐣿𐤀𐤁𐤂𐤃𐤄𐤅𐤆𐤇𐤈𐤉𐤊𐤋𐤌𐤍𐤎𐤏𐤐𐤑𐤒𐤓𐤔𐤕𐤖𐤗𐤘𐤙𐤚𐤛𐤜𐤝𐤞𐤟𐤠𐤡𐤢𐤣𐤤𐤥𐤦𐤧𐤨𐤩𐤪𐤫𐤬𐤭𐤮𐤯𐤰𐤱𐤲𐤳𐤴𐤵𐤶𐤷𐤸𐤹𐤺𐤻𐤼𐤽𐤾𐤿𐥀𐥁𐥂𐥃𐥄𐥅𐥆𐥇𐥈𐥉𐥊𐥋𐥌𐥍𐥎𐥏𐥐𐥑𐥒𐥓𐥔𐥕𐥖𐥗𐥘𐥙𐥚𐥛𐥜𐥝𐥞𐥟𐥠𐥡𐥢𐥣𐥤𐥥𐥦𐥧𐥨𐥩𐥪𐥫𐥬𐥭𐥮𐥯𐥰𐥱𐥲𐥳𐥴𐥵𐥶𐥷𐥸𐥹𐥺𐥻𐥼𐥽𐥾𐥿𐦀𐦁𐦂𐦃𐦄𐦅𐦆𐦇𐦈𐦉𐦊𐦋𐦌𐦍𐦎𐦏𐦐𐦑𐦒𐦓𐦔𐦕𐦖𐦗𐦘𐦙𐦚𐦛𐦜𐦝𐦞𐦟𐦠𐦡𐦢𐦣𐦤𐦥𐦦𐦧𐦨𐦩𐦪𐦫𐦬𐦭𐦮𐦯𐦰𐦱𐦲𐦳𐦴𐦵𐦶𐦷𐦸𐦹𐦺𐦻𐦼𐦽𐦾𐦿𐧀𐧁𐧂𐧃𐧄𐧅𐧆𐧇𐧈𐧉𐧊𐧋𐧌𐧍𐧎𐧏𐧐𐧑𐧒𐧓𐧔𐧕𐧖𐧗𐧘𐧙𐧚𐧛𐧜𐧝𐧞𐧟𐧠𐧡𐧢𐧣𐧤𐧥𐧦𐧧𐧨𐧩𐧪𐧫𐧬𐧭𐧮𐧯𐧰𐧱𐧲𐧳𐧴𐧵𐧶𐧷𐧸𐧹𐧺𐧻𐧼𐧽𐧾𐧿𐨀𐨁𐨂𐨃𐨄𐨅𐨆𐨇𐨈𐨉𐨊𐨋𐨌𐨍𐨎𐨏𐨐𐨑𐨒𐨓𐨔𐨕𐨖𐨗𐨘𐨙𐨚𐨛𐨜𐨝𐨞𐨟𐨠𐨡𐨢𐨣𐨤𐨥𐨦𐨧𐨨𐨩𐨪𐨫𐨬𐨭𐨮𐨯𐨰𐨱𐨲𐨳𐨴𐨵𐨶𐨷𐨹𐨺𐨸𐨻𐨼𐨽𐨾𐨿𐩀𐩁𐩂𐩃𐩄𐩅𐩆𐩇𐩈𐩉𐩊𐩋𐩌𐩍𐩎𐩏𐩐𐩑𐩒𐩓𐩔𐩕𐩖𐩗𐩘𐩙𐩚𐩛𐩜𐩝𐩞𐩟𐩠𐩡𐩢𐩣𐩤𐩥𐩦𐩧𐩨𐩩𐩪𐩫𐩬𐩭𐩮𐩯𐩰𐩱𐩲𐩳𐩴𐩵𐩶𐩷𐩸𐩹𐩺𐩻𐩼𐩽𐩾𐩿𐪀𐪁𐪂𐪃𐪄𐪅𐪆𐪇𐪈𐪉𐪊𐪋𐪌𐪍𐪎𐪏𐪐𐪑𐪒𐪓𐪔𐪕𐪖𐪗𐪘𐪙𐪚𐪛𐪜𐪝𐪞𐪟𐪠𐪡𐪢𐪣𐪤𐪥𐪦𐪧𐪨𐪩𐪪𐪫𐪬𐪭𐪮𐪯𐪰𐪱𐪲𐪳𐪴𐪵𐪶𐪷𐪸𐪹𐪺𐪻𐪼𐪽𐪾𐪿𐫀𐫁𐫂𐫃𐫄𐫅𐫆𐫇𐫈𐫉𐫊𐫋𐫌𐫍𐫎𐫏𐫐𐫑𐫒𐫓𐫔𐫕𐫖𐫗𐫘𐫙𐫚𐫛𐫜𐫝𐫞𐫟𐫠𐫡𐫢𐫣𐫤𐫦𐫥𐫧𐫨𐫩𐫪𐫫𐫬𐫭𐫮𐫯𐫰𐫱𐫲𐫳𐫴𐫵𐫶𐫷𐫸𐫹𐫺𐫻𐫼𐫽𐫾𐫿𐬀𐬁𐬂𐬃𐬄𐬅𐬆𐬇𐬈𐬉𐬊𐬋𐬌𐬍𐬎𐬏𐬐𐬑𐬒𐬓𐬔𐬕𐬖𐬗𐬘𐬙𐬚𐬛𐬜𐬝𐬞𐬟𐬠𐬡𐬢𐬣𐬤𐬥𐬦𐬧𐬨𐬩𐬪𐬫𐬬𐬭𐬮𐬯𐬰𐬱𐬲𐬳𐬴𐬵𐬶𐬷𐬸𐬹𐬺𐬻𐬼𐬽𐬾𐬿𐭀𐭁𐭂𐭃𐭄𐭅𐭆𐭇𐭈𐭉𐭊𐭋𐭌𐭍𐭎𐭏𐭐𐭑𐭒𐭓𐭔𐭕𐭖𐭗𐭘𐭙𐭚𐭛𐭜𐭝𐭞𐭟𐭠𐭡𐭢𐭣𐭤𐭥𐭦𐭧𐭨𐭩𐭪𐭫𐭬𐭭𐭮𐭯𐭰𐭱𐭲𐭳𐭴𐭵𐭶𐭷𐭸𐭹𐭺𐭻𐭼𐭽𐭾𐭿𐮀𐮁𐮂𐮃𐮄𐮅𐮆𐮇𐮈𐮉𐮊𐮋𐮌𐮍𐮎𐮏𐮐𐮑𐮒𐮓𐮔𐮕𐮖𐮗𐮘𐮙𐮚𐮛𐮜𐮝𐮞𐮟𐮠𐮡𐮢𐮣𐮤𐮥𐮦𐮧𐮨𐮩𐮪𐮫𐮬𐮭𐮮𐮯𐮰𐮱𐮲𐮳𐮴𐮵𐮶𐮷𐮸𐮹𐮺𐮻𐮼𐮽𐮾𐮿𐯀𐯁𐯂𐯃𐯄𐯅𐯆𐯇𐯈𐯉𐯊𐯋𐯌𐯍𐯎𐯏𐯐𐯑𐯒𐯓𐯔𐯕𐯖𐯗𐯘𐯙𐯚𐯛𐯜𐯝𐯞𐯟𐯠𐯡𐯢𐯣𐯤𐯥𐯦𐯧𐯨𐯩𐯪𐯫𐯬𐯭𐯮𐯯𐯰𐯱𐯲𐯳𐯴𐯵𐯶𐯷𐯸𐯹𐯺𐯻𐯼𐯽𐯾𐯿𐰀𐰁𐰂𐰃𐰄𐰅𐰆𐰇𐰈𐰉𐰊𐰋𐰌𐰍𐰎𐰏𐰐𐰑𐰒𐰓𐰔𐰕𐰖𐰗𐰘𐰙𐰚𐰛𐰜𐰝𐰞𐰟𐰠𐰡𐰢𐰣𐰤𐰥𐰦𐰧𐰨𐰩𐰪𐰫𐰬𐰭𐰮𐰯𐰰𐰱𐰲𐰳𐰴𐰵𐰶𐰷𐰸𐰹𐰺𐰻𐰼𐰽𐰾𐰿𐱀𐱁𐱂𐱃𐱄𐱅𐱆𐱇𐱈𐱉𐱊𐱋𐱌𐱍𐱎𐱏𐱐𐱑𐱒𐱓𐱔𐱕𐱖𐱗𐱘𐱙𐱚𐱛𐱜𐱝𐱞𐱟𐱠𐱡𐱢𐱣𐱤𐱥𐱦𐱧𐱨𐱩𐱪𐱫𐱬𐱭𐱮𐱯𐱰𐱱𐱲𐱳𐱴𐱵𐱶𐱷𐱸𐱹𐱺𐱻𐱼𐱽𐱾𐱿𐲀𐲁𐲂𐲃𐲄𐲅𐲆𐲇𐲈𐲉𐲊𐲋𐲌𐲍𐲎𐲏𐲐𐲑𐲒𐲓𐲔𐲕𐲖𐲗𐲘𐲙𐲚𐲛𐲜𐲝𐲞𐲟𐲠𐲡𐲢𐲣𐲤𐲥𐲦𐲧𐲨𐲩𐲪𐲫𐲬𐲭𐲮𐲯𐲰𐲱𐲲𐲳𐲴𐲵𐲶𐲷𐲸𐲹𐲺𐲻𐲼𐲽𐲾𐲿𐳀𐳁𐳂𐳃𐳄𐳅𐳆𐳇𐳈𐳉𐳊𐳋𐳌𐳍𐳎𐳏𐳐

## The 36 Lessons

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

<sup>8</sup>Vivec looked on the King of Violation and said:

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

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

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

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

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

## The 36 Lessons

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

‘Where must it go?’ he said.

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

VE VEIENNON TATATON VEDDOME’

<sup>21</sup>With these magic words, the King of Violation added another:

「TATM」

which is the secret syllable of royalty.

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

<sup>24</sup>Vivec 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

<sup>25</sup>Hell, 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

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which are ruled by our brethren, the  
Four Corners:

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ᐸᐸᐸᐸ ᐸᐸᐸᐸ

<sup>8</sup>Rotate the triangle and you pierce  
the heart of the Beginning Place, the  
foul lie, the testament of the irrefutable-  
for-a-span. <sup>9</sup>Above 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.  
<sup>10</sup>Unfold 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. <sup>11</sup>The 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.

<sup>12</sup>“The sword is the cross and ᐸᐸᐸ is the  
Triune house around it. <sup>13</sup>If 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. <sup>14</sup>I 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

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<sup>15</sup>I 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.

<sup>16</sup>The Sharmat sleeps at the center. He cannot bear to see it removed, the world of reference. <sup>17</sup>This 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.

<sup>18</sup>This is why I say the secret to swords is the mercy seat. It is my throne. <sup>19</sup>I am become the voice of 𐍂𐍃𐍅. 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. <sup>20</sup>Ayem 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.

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

<sup>23</sup>'Because a ruling king that sees in another his equivalent rules nothing.'




<sup>24</sup>This is what was said to the Hortator when Vivec was not whole.

<sup>25</sup>The ending of the words is ལ་མོ་

ፕላኒፍኬሽን ፍጥረት

Sermon Fourteen



ivec lay with Molag Bal for eighty days and eight, though headless. <sup>2</sup>In that time, the Prince placed the warrior-poet's feet back and filled them with the blood of Daedra. <sup>3</sup>In this way Vivec's giant-form remained forever harmless to good earth. <sup>4</sup>The Pomegranate Banquet brought many spirits back from the dead so that the sons and daughters of the union had much to eat besides fruit.

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

<sup>8</sup>The Duke of Scamps therefore became a lesser thing, as did all his own children. <sup>9</sup>Molag 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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>22</sup>Born 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

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

<sup>4</sup>'The 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. <sup>5</sup>You or he is the shingle, Hortator. Beware the wrong walking path. Beware the crime of benevolence. Behold him by his words.'

<sup>6</sup>I AM THE 𐤇𐤍𐤁𐤏𐤃𐤕

I AM OLDER THAN MUSIC

WHAT I BRING IS LIGHT

WHAT I BRING IS A STAR

WHAT I BRING IS

AN ANCIENT SEA

<sup>7</sup>WHEN YOU SLEEP YOU SEE ME

DANCING AT THE CORE

IT IS NOT A BLIGHT

IT IS MY HOUSE

<sup>8</sup>I PUT A STAR

INTO THE WORLD'S MOUTH

TO MURDER IT

<sup>9</sup>TEAR DOWN THE PYLONS

MY BLIND FISH

SWIM IN THE NEW

PHLOGISTON

<sup>10</sup>TEAR DOWN THE PYLONS

MY DEAF MOONS

SING AND BURN

AND ORBIT ME

<sup>11</sup>I AM OLDER THAN MUSIC

WHAT I BRING IS LIGHT

## The 36 Lessons

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WHAT I BRING IS A STAR  
WHAT I BRING IS  
AN ANCIENT SEA

<sup>12</sup>You alone, though you come again and again, can unmake him. Whether I allow it is within my wisdom. <sup>13</sup>Go unarmed into his den with these words of power:

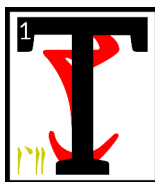
ሄይ ገዢሽህ ሃላጽህ  
「ጸሐፊ」  
ሄይ ሃላጽህ

Or do not. <sup>14</sup>The temporal myth is man. Reach heaven by violence. This magic I give to you: <sup>15</sup>the world you will rule is only an intermittent hope and you must be the letter written in uncertainty.'

<sup>16</sup>The ending of the words is ሄሽ

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### ሃላጽህ ሃላጽህ ሃላጽህ ሃላጽህ Sermon Sixteen



The Hortator wandered through the Mourning Hold, wrestling with the lessons he had learned. <sup>2</sup>They were slippery in his mind. He could not always keep the words straight and knew that this was a danger. <sup>3</sup>He wandered to find Vivec, his lord and master, the glory of the image of Veloth, and found him of all places in the Temple of False Thinking.

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## The 36 Lessons

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<sup>4</sup>There, 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.

<sup>5</sup>Nerevar said, 'Why are you doing this, milord?'

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

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

<sup>8</sup>Nerevar said, 'Is this to keep you from the fire?'

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

<sup>9</sup>It, 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. <sup>10</sup>The 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.'

<sup>11</sup>Nerevar said, 'I am afraid to become slipshod in my thinking.'

Vivec said, 'Reach heaven by violence then.'

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

<sup>14</sup>There, 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.

<sup>15</sup>They shifted around him in a pattern of entrapment.

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

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

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

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

<sup>21</sup>He said, 'I am not of the slaves that perish.'

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

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





## The 36 Lessons

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

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

<sup>14</sup>The Hortator said, 'The edge of the world is made of swords.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>21</sup>'Here,' Vivec said, 'is the last of the last. Within it the Sharmat waits.'



## The 36 Lessons

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

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

<sup>5</sup>Ayem 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.'

<sup>6</sup>Vivec understood that Ayem meant himself.

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

<sup>7</sup>Vivec knew that his doubt made him the sword of the Triune and so he did not feel shame or fear. <sup>8</sup>Instead, 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?

<sup>9</sup>As 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.

<sup>10</sup>'These ideals are not going to change in nature, even though they may change in representation.'

## The 36 Lessons

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


<sup>11</sup>'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?'

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


<sup>13</sup>Ayem 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, <sup>14</sup>under 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.'

<sup>15</sup>Vivec knew then why he would record his Book of Hours.

This sermon is forbidden.


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

This sermon is untrue.

<sup>17</sup>The ending of the world is 

**Sermon Nineteen**



ive put on his armor and stepped into a non-spatial space filling to capacity with mortal interaction and information,<sup>2</sup>a canvasless cartography of every single mind it has ever known, an event that had developed some semblance of a divine spark.<sup>3</sup>He said, ‘From here I shall launch my attack on the eight monsters.’

<sup>4</sup>Vivec then saw the moths that would come from the starry heart, bringing with them dust more horrible than the ash of Red Mountain.

<sup>5</sup>He saw the twin head of a ruling king who had no equivalent. <sup>6</sup>And eight imperfections rubbed into precious stones, set into a crown that looked like shackles, which he understood to be the twin crowns of the two-headed king. <sup>7</sup>And a river that fed into the mouth of the two-headed king, because he contained multitudes.

<sup>8</sup>Vivec then built the Provisional House at the Center of the Secret Door. From here he could watch the age to come.

<sup>9</sup>Of the House is written:

Cornerstone one has a finger  
Buried under, pointing through  
Dirt, slow low in the ground  
North cannot be guessed,  
And yet it is spirit-free

## The 36 Lessons

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

<sup>11</sup>Cornerstone 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

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

<sup>13</sup>Your house is safe now

So why is it—

Your house is safe now

So why is it—

<sup>14</sup>The ending of the words is 𐄂𐄃𐄄

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𐄂𐄃𐄄𐄅𐄆𐄇𐄈𐄉𐄊𐄋𐄌𐄍𐄎𐄏𐄐𐄑𐄒𐄓𐄔𐄕𐄖𐄗𐄘𐄙𐄚𐄛𐄜𐄝𐄞𐄟𐄠𐄡𐄢𐄣𐄤𐄥𐄦𐄧𐄨𐄩𐄪𐄫𐄬𐄭𐄮𐄯𐄰𐄱𐄲𐄳𐄴𐄵𐄶𐄷𐄸𐄹𐄺𐄻𐄼𐄽𐄾𐄿𐅀𐅁𐅂𐅃𐅄𐅅𐅆𐅇𐅈𐅉𐅊𐅋𐅌𐅍𐅎𐅏𐅐𐅑𐅒𐅓𐅔𐅕𐅖𐅗𐅘𐅙𐅚𐅛𐅜𐅝𐅞𐅟𐅠𐅡𐅢𐅣𐅤𐅥𐅦𐅧𐅨𐅩𐅪𐅫𐅬𐅭𐅮𐅯𐅰𐅱𐅲𐅳𐅴𐅵𐅶𐅷𐅸𐅹𐅺𐅻𐅼𐅽𐅾𐅿𐆀𐆁𐆂𐆃𐆄𐆅𐆆𐆇𐆈𐆉𐆊𐆋𐆌𐆍𐆎𐆏𐆐𐆑𐆒𐆓𐆔𐆕𐆖𐆗𐆘𐆙𐆚𐆛𐆜𐆝𐆞𐆟𐆠𐆡𐆢𐆣𐆤𐆥𐆦𐆧𐆨𐆩𐆪𐆫𐆬𐆭𐆮𐆯𐆰𐆱𐆲𐆳𐆴𐆵𐆶𐆷𐆸𐆹𐆺𐆻𐆼𐆽𐆾𐆿𐇀𐇁𐇂𐇃𐇄𐇅𐇆𐇇𐇈𐇉𐇊𐇋𐇌𐇍𐇎𐇏𐇐𐇑𐇒𐇓𐇔𐇕𐇖𐇗𐇘𐇙𐇚𐇛𐇜𐇝𐇞𐇟𐇠𐇡𐇢𐇣𐇤𐇥𐇦𐇧𐇨𐇩𐇪𐇫𐇬𐇭𐇮𐇯𐇰𐇱𐇲𐇳𐇴𐇵𐇶𐇷𐇸𐇹𐇺𐇻𐇼𐇽𐇾𐇿𐈀𐈁𐈂𐈃𐈄𐈅𐈆𐈇𐈈𐈉𐈊𐈋𐈌𐈍𐈎𐈏𐈐𐈑𐈒𐈓𐈔𐈕𐈖𐈗𐈘𐈙𐈚𐈛𐈜𐈝𐈞𐈟𐈠𐈡𐈢𐈣𐈤𐈥𐈦𐈧𐈨𐈩𐈪𐈫𐈬𐈭𐈮𐈯𐈰𐈱𐈲𐈳𐈴𐈵𐈶𐈷𐈸𐈹𐈺𐈻𐈼𐈽𐈾𐈿𐉀𐉁𐉂𐉃𐉄𐉅𐉆𐉇𐉈𐉉𐉊𐉋𐉌𐉍𐉎𐉏𐉐𐉑𐉒𐉓𐉔𐉕𐉖𐉗𐉘𐉙𐉚𐉛𐉜𐉝𐉞𐉟𐉠𐉡𐉢𐉣𐉤𐉥𐉦𐉧𐉨𐉩𐉪𐉫𐉬𐉭𐉮𐉯𐉰𐉱𐉲𐉳𐉴𐉵𐉶𐉷𐉸𐉹𐉺𐉻𐉼𐉽𐉾𐉿𐊀𐊁𐊂𐊃𐊄𐊅𐊆𐊇𐊈𐊉𐊊𐊋𐊌𐊍𐊎𐊏𐊐𐊑𐊒𐊓𐊔𐊕𐊖𐊗𐊘𐊙𐊚𐊛𐊜𐊝𐊞𐊟𐊠𐊡𐊢𐊣𐊤𐊥𐊦𐊧𐊨𐊩𐊪𐊫𐊬𐊭𐊮𐊯𐊰𐊱𐊲𐊳𐊴𐊵𐊶𐊷𐊸𐊹𐊺𐊻𐊼𐊽𐊾𐊿𐋀𐋁𐋂𐋃𐋄𐋅𐋆𐋇𐋈𐋉𐋊𐋋𐋌𐋍𐋎𐋏𐋐𐋑𐋒𐋓𐋔𐋕𐋖𐋗𐋘𐋙𐋚𐋛𐋜𐋝𐋞𐋟𐋠𐋡𐋢𐋣𐋤𐋥𐋦𐋧𐋨𐋩𐋪𐋫𐋬𐋭𐋮𐋯𐋰𐋱𐋲𐋳𐋴𐋵𐋶𐋷𐋸𐋹𐋺𐋻𐋼𐋽𐋾𐋿𐌀𐌁𐌂𐌃𐌄𐌅𐌆𐌇𐌈𐌉𐌊𐌋𐌌𐌍𐌎𐌏𐌐𐌑𐌒𐌓𐌔𐌕𐌖𐌗𐌘𐌙𐌚𐌛𐌜𐌝𐌞𐌟𐌠𐌡𐌢𐌣𐌤𐌥𐌦𐌧𐌨𐌩𐌪𐌫𐌬𐌭𐌮𐌯𐌰𐌱𐌲𐌳𐌴𐌵𐌶𐌷𐌸𐌹𐌺𐌻𐌼𐌽𐌾𐌿𐍀𐍁𐍂𐍃𐍄𐍅𐍆𐍇𐍈𐍉𐍊𐍋𐍌𐍍𐍎𐍏𐍐𐍑𐍒𐍓𐍔𐍕𐍖𐍗𐍘𐍙𐍚𐍛𐍜𐍝𐍞𐍟𐍠𐍡𐍢𐍣𐍤𐍥𐍦𐍧𐍨𐍩𐍪𐍫𐍬𐍭𐍮𐍯𐍰𐍱𐍲𐍳𐍴𐍵𐍶𐍷𐍸𐍹𐍺𐍻𐍼𐍽𐍾𐍿𐎀𐎁𐎂𐎃𐎄𐎅𐎆𐎇𐎈𐎉𐎊𐎋𐎌𐎍𐎎𐎏𐎐𐎑𐎒𐎓𐎔𐎕𐎖𐎗𐎘𐎙𐎚𐎛𐎜𐎝𐎞𐎟𐎠𐎡𐎢𐎣𐎤𐎥𐎦𐎧𐎨𐎩𐎪𐎫𐎬𐎭𐎮𐎯𐎰𐎱𐎲𐎳𐎴𐎵𐎶𐎷𐎸𐎹𐎺𐎻𐎼𐎽𐎾𐎿𐏀𐏁𐏂𐏃𐏄𐏅𐏆𐏇𐏈𐏉𐏊𐏋𐏌𐏍𐏎𐏏𐏐𐏑𐏒𐏓𐏔𐏕𐏖𐏗𐏘𐏙𐏚𐏛𐏜𐏝𐏞𐏟𐏠𐏡𐏢𐏣𐏤𐏥𐏦𐏧𐏨𐏩𐏪𐏫𐏬𐏭𐏮𐏯𐏰𐏱𐏲𐏳𐏴𐏵𐏶𐏷𐏸𐏹𐏺𐏻𐏼𐏽𐏾𐏿𐐀𐐁𐐂𐐃𐐄𐐅𐐆𐐇𐐈𐐉𐐊𐐋𐐌𐐍𐐎𐐏𐐐𐐑𐐒𐐓𐐔𐐕𐐖𐐗𐐘𐐙𐐚𐐛𐐜𐐝𐐞𐐟𐐠𐐡𐐢𐐣𐐤𐐥𐐦𐐧𐐨𐐩𐐪𐐫𐐬𐐭𐐮𐐯𐐰𐐱𐐲𐐳𐐴𐐵𐐶𐐷𐐸𐐹𐐺𐐻𐐼𐐽𐐾𐐿𐑀𐑁𐑂𐑃𐑄𐑅𐑆𐑇𐑈𐑉𐑊𐑋𐑌𐑍𐑎𐑏𐑐𐑑𐑒𐑓𐑔𐑕𐑖𐑗𐑘𐑙𐑚𐑛𐑜𐑝𐑞𐑟𐑠𐑡𐑢𐑣𐑤𐑥𐑦𐑧𐑨𐑩𐑪𐑫𐑬𐑭𐑮𐑯𐑰𐑱𐑲𐑳𐑴𐑵𐑶𐑷𐑸𐑹𐑺𐑻𐑼𐑽𐑾𐑿𐒀𐒁𐒂𐒃𐒄𐒅𐒆𐒇𐒈𐒉𐒊𐒋𐒌𐒍𐒎𐒏𐒐𐒑𐒒𐒓𐒔𐒕𐒖𐒗𐒘𐒙𐒚𐒛𐒜𐒝𐒞𐒟𐒠𐒡𐒢𐒣𐒤𐒥𐒦𐒧𐒨𐒩𐒪𐒫𐒬𐒭𐒮𐒯𐒰𐒱𐒲𐒳𐒴𐒵𐒶𐒷𐒸𐒹𐒺𐒻𐒼𐒽𐒾𐒿𐓀𐓁𐓂𐓃𐓄𐓅𐓆𐓇𐓈𐓉𐓊𐓋𐓌𐓍𐓎𐓏𐓐𐓑𐓒𐓓𐓔𐓕𐓖𐓗𐓘𐓙𐓚𐓛𐓜𐓝𐓞𐓟𐓠𐓡𐓢𐓣𐓤𐓥𐓦𐓧𐓨𐓩𐓪𐓫𐓬𐓭𐓮𐓯𐓰𐓱𐓲𐓳𐓴𐓵𐓶𐓷𐓸𐓹𐓺𐓻𐓼𐓽𐓾𐓿𐔀𐔁𐔂𐔃𐔄𐔅𐔆𐔇𐔈𐔉𐔊𐔋𐔌𐔍𐔎𐔏𐔐𐔑𐔒𐔓𐔔𐔕𐔖𐔗𐔘𐔙𐔚𐔛𐔜𐔝𐔞𐔟𐔠𐔡𐔢𐔣𐔤𐔥𐔦𐔧𐔨𐔩𐔪𐔫𐔬𐔭𐔮𐔯𐔰𐔱𐔲𐔳𐔴𐔵𐔶𐔷𐔸𐔹𐔺𐔻𐔼𐔽𐔾𐔿𐕀𐕁𐕂𐕃𐕄𐕅𐕆𐕇𐕈𐕉𐕊𐕋𐕌𐕍𐕎𐕏𐕐𐕑𐕒𐕓𐕔𐕕𐕖𐕗𐕘𐕙𐕚𐕛𐕜𐕝𐕞𐕟𐕠𐕡𐕢𐕣𐕤𐕥𐕦𐕧𐕨𐕩𐕪𐕫𐕬𐕭𐕮𐕯𐕰𐕱𐕲𐕳𐕴𐕵𐕶𐕷𐕸𐕹𐕺𐕻𐕼𐕽𐕾𐕿𐖀𐖁𐖂𐖃𐖄𐖅𐖆𐖇𐖈𐖉𐖊𐖋𐖌𐖍𐖎𐖏𐖐𐖑𐖒𐖓𐖔𐖕𐖖𐖗𐖘𐖙𐖚𐖛𐖜𐖝𐖞𐖟𐖠𐖡𐖢𐖣𐖤𐖥𐖦𐖧𐖨𐖩𐖪𐖫𐖬𐖭𐖮𐖯𐖰𐖱𐖲𐖳𐖴𐖵𐖶𐖷𐖸𐖹𐖺𐖻𐖼𐖽𐖾𐖿𐗀𐗁𐗂𐗃𐗄𐗅𐗆𐗇𐗈𐗉𐗊𐗋𐗌𐗍𐗎𐗏𐗐𐗑𐗒𐗓𐗔𐗕𐗖𐗗𐗘𐗙𐗚𐗛𐗜𐗝𐗞𐗟𐗠𐗡𐗢𐗣𐗤𐗥𐗦𐗧𐗨𐗩𐗪𐗫𐗬𐗭𐗮𐗯𐗰𐗱𐗲𐗳𐗴𐗵𐗶𐗷𐗸𐗹𐗺𐗻𐗼𐗽𐗾𐗿𐘀𐘁𐘂𐘃𐘄𐘅𐘆𐘇𐘈𐘉𐘊𐘋𐘌𐘍𐘎𐘏𐘐𐘑𐘒𐘓𐘔𐘕𐘖𐘗𐘘𐘙𐘚𐘛𐘜𐘝𐘞𐘟𐘠𐘡𐘢𐘣𐘤𐘥𐘦𐘧𐘨𐘩𐘪𐘫𐘬𐘭𐘮𐘯𐘰𐘱𐘲𐘳𐘴𐘵𐘶𐘷𐘸𐘹𐘺𐘻𐘼𐘽𐘾𐘿𐙀𐙁𐙂𐙃𐙄𐙅𐙆𐙇𐙈𐙉𐙊𐙋𐙌𐙍𐙎𐙏𐙐𐙑𐙒𐙓𐙔𐙕𐙖𐙗𐙘𐙙𐙚𐙛𐙜𐙝𐙞𐙟𐙠𐙡𐙢𐙣𐙤𐙥𐙦𐙧𐙨𐙩𐙪𐙫𐙬𐙭𐙮𐙯𐙰𐙱𐙲𐙳𐙴𐙵𐙶𐙷𐙸𐙹𐙺𐙻𐙼𐙽𐙾𐙿𐚀𐚁𐚂𐚃𐚄𐚅𐚆𐚇𐚈𐚉𐚊𐚋𐚌𐚍𐚎𐚏𐚐𐚑𐚒𐚓𐚔𐚕𐚖𐚗𐚘𐚙𐚚𐚛𐚜𐚝𐚞𐚟𐚠𐚡𐚢𐚣𐚤𐚥𐚦𐚧𐚨𐚩𐚪𐚫𐚬𐚭𐚮𐚯𐚰𐚱𐚲𐚳𐚴𐚵𐚶𐚷𐚸𐚹𐚺𐚻𐚼𐚽𐚾𐚿𐛀𐛁𐛂𐛃𐛄𐛅𐛆𐛇𐛈𐛉𐛊𐛋𐛌𐛍𐛎𐛏𐛐𐛑𐛒𐛓𐛔𐛕𐛖𐛗𐛘𐛙𐛚𐛛𐛜𐛝𐛞𐛟𐛠𐛡𐛢𐛣𐛤𐛥𐛦𐛧𐛨𐛩𐛪𐛫𐛬𐛭𐛮𐛯𐛰𐛱𐛲𐛳𐛴𐛵𐛶𐛷𐛸𐛹𐛺𐛻𐛼𐛽𐛾𐛿𐜀𐜁𐜂𐜃𐜄𐜅𐜆𐜇𐜈𐜉𐜊𐜋𐜌𐜍𐜎𐜏𐜐𐜑𐜒𐜓𐜔𐜕𐜖𐜗𐜘𐜙𐜚𐜛𐜜𐜝𐜞𐜟𐜠𐜡𐜢𐜣𐜤𐜥𐜦𐜧𐜨𐜩𐜪𐜫𐜬𐜭𐜮𐜯𐜰𐜱𐜲𐜳𐜴𐜵𐜶𐜷𐜸𐜹𐜺𐜻𐜼𐜽𐜾𐜿𐝀𐝁𐝂𐝃𐝄𐝅𐝆𐝇𐝈𐝉𐝊𐝋𐝌𐝍𐝎𐝏𐝐𐝑𐝒𐝓𐝔𐝕𐝖𐝗𐝘𐝙𐝚𐝛𐝜𐝝𐝞𐝟𐝠𐝡𐝢𐝣𐝤𐝥𐝦𐝧𐝨𐝩𐝪𐝫𐝬𐝭𐝮𐝯𐝰𐝱𐝲𐝳𐝴𐝵𐝶𐝷𐝸𐝹𐝺𐝻𐝼𐝽𐝾𐝿𐞀𐞁𐞂𐞃𐞄𐞅𐞆𐞇𐞈𐞉𐞊𐞋𐞌𐞍𐞎𐞏𐞐𐞑𐞒𐞓𐞔𐞕𐞖𐞗𐞘𐞙𐞚𐞛𐞜𐞝𐞞𐞟𐞠𐞡𐞢𐞣𐞤𐞥𐞦𐞧𐞨𐞩𐞪𐞫𐞬𐞭𐞮𐞯𐞰𐞱𐞲𐞳𐞴𐞵𐞶𐞷𐞸𐞹𐞺𐞻𐞼𐞽𐞾𐞿𐟀𐟁𐟂𐟃𐟄𐟅𐟆𐟇𐟈𐟉𐟊𐟋𐟌𐟍𐟎𐟏𐟐𐟑𐟒𐟓𐟔𐟕𐟖𐟗𐟘𐟙𐟚𐟛𐟜𐟝𐟞𐟟𐟠𐟡𐟢𐟣𐟤𐟥𐟦𐟧𐟨𐟩𐟪𐟫𐟬𐟭𐟮𐟯𐟰𐟱𐟲𐟳𐟴𐟵𐟶𐟷𐟸𐟹𐟺𐟻𐟼𐟽𐟾𐟿𐠀𐠁𐠂𐠃𐠄𐠅𐠆𐠇𐠈𐠉𐠊𐠋𐠌𐠍𐠎𐠏𐠐𐠑𐠒𐠓𐠔𐠕𐠖𐠗𐠘𐠙𐠚𐠛𐠜𐠝𐠞𐠟𐠠𐠡𐠢𐠣𐠤𐠥𐠦𐠧𐠨𐠩𐠪𐠫𐠬𐠭𐠮𐠯𐠰𐠱𐠲𐠳𐠴𐠵𐠶𐠷𐠸𐠹𐠺𐠻𐠼𐠽𐠾𐠿𐡀𐡁𐡂𐡃𐡄𐡅𐡆𐡇𐡈𐡉𐡊𐡋𐡌𐡍𐡎𐡏𐡐𐡑𐡒𐡓𐡔𐡕𐡖𐡗𐡘𐡙𐡚𐡛𐡜𐡝𐡞𐡟𐡠𐡡𐡢𐡣𐡤𐡥𐡦𐡧𐡨𐡩𐡪𐡫𐡬𐡭𐡮𐡯𐡰𐡱𐡲𐡳𐡴𐡵𐡶𐡷𐡸𐡹𐡺𐡻𐡼𐡽𐡾𐡿𐢀𐢁𐢂𐢃𐢄𐢅𐢆𐢇𐢈𐢉𐢊𐢋𐢌𐢍𐢎𐢏𐢐𐢑𐢒𐢓𐢔𐢕𐢖𐢗𐢘𐢙𐢚𐢛𐢜𐢝𐢞𐢟𐢠𐢡𐢢𐢣𐢤𐢥𐢦𐢧𐢨𐢩𐢪𐢫𐢬𐢭𐢮𐢯𐢰𐢱𐢲𐢳𐢴𐢵𐢶𐢷𐢸𐢹𐢺𐢻𐢼𐢽𐢾𐢿𐣀𐣁𐣂𐣃𐣄𐣅𐣆𐣇𐣈𐣉𐣊𐣋𐣌𐣍𐣎𐣏𐣐𐣑𐣒𐣓𐣔𐣕𐣖𐣗𐣘𐣙𐣚𐣛𐣜𐣝𐣞𐣟𐣠𐣡𐣢𐣣𐣤𐣥𐣦𐣧𐣨𐣩𐣪𐣫𐣬𐣭𐣮𐣯𐣰𐣱𐣲𐣳𐣴𐣵𐣶𐣷𐣸𐣹𐣺𐣻𐣼𐣽𐣾𐣿𐤀𐤁𐤂𐤃𐤄𐤅𐤆𐤇𐤈𐤉𐤊𐤋𐤌𐤍𐤎𐤏𐤐𐤑𐤒𐤓𐤔𐤕𐤖𐤗𐤘𐤙𐤚𐤛𐤜𐤝𐤞𐤟𐤠𐤡𐤢𐤣𐤤𐤥𐤦𐤧𐤨𐤩𐤪𐤫𐤬𐤭𐤮𐤯𐤰𐤱𐤲𐤳𐤴𐤵𐤶𐤷𐤸𐤹𐤺𐤻𐤼𐤽𐤾𐤿𐥀𐥁𐥂𐥃𐥄𐥅𐥆𐥇𐥈𐥉𐥊𐥋𐥌𐥍𐥎𐥏𐥐𐥑𐥒𐥓𐥔𐥕𐥖𐥗𐥘𐥙𐥚𐥛𐥜𐥝𐥞𐥟𐥠𐥡𐥢𐥣𐥤𐥥𐥦𐥧𐥨𐥩𐥪𐥫𐥬𐥭𐥮𐥯𐥰𐥱𐥲𐥳𐥴𐥵𐥶𐥷𐥸𐥹𐥺𐥻𐥼𐥽𐥾𐥿𐦀𐦁𐦂𐦃𐦄𐦅𐦆𐦇𐦈𐦉𐦊𐦋𐦌𐦍𐦎𐦏𐦐𐦑𐦒𐦓𐦔𐦕𐦖𐦗𐦘𐦙𐦚𐦛𐦜𐦝𐦞𐦟𐦠𐦡𐦢𐦣𐦤𐦥𐦦𐦧𐦨𐦩𐦪𐦫𐦬𐦭𐦮𐦯𐦰𐦱𐦲𐦳𐦴𐦵𐦶𐦷𐦸𐦹𐦺𐦻𐦼𐦽𐦾𐦿𐧀𐧁𐧂𐧃𐧄𐧅𐧆𐧇𐧈𐧉𐧊𐧋𐧌𐧍𐧎𐧏𐧐𐧑𐧒𐧓𐧔𐧕𐧖𐧗𐧘𐧙𐧚𐧛𐧜𐧝𐧞𐧟𐧠𐧡𐧢𐧣𐧤𐧥𐧦𐧧𐧨𐧩𐧪𐧫𐧬𐧭𐧮𐧯𐧰𐧱𐧲𐧳𐧴𐧵𐧶𐧷𐧸𐧹𐧺𐧻𐧼𐧽𐧾𐧿𐨀𐨁𐨂𐨃𐨄𐨅𐨆𐨇𐨈𐨉𐨊𐨋𐨌𐨍𐨎𐨏𐨐𐨑𐨒𐨓𐨔𐨕𐨖𐨗𐨘𐨙𐨚𐨛𐨜𐨝𐨞𐨟𐨠𐨡𐨢𐨣𐨤𐨥𐨦𐨧𐨨𐨩𐨪𐨫𐨬𐨭𐨮𐨯𐨰𐨱𐨲𐨳𐨴𐨵𐨶𐨷𐨹𐨺𐨸𐨻𐨼𐨽𐨾𐨿𐩀𐩁𐩂𐩃𐩄𐩅𐩆𐩇𐩈𐩉𐩊𐩋𐩌𐩍𐩎𐩏𐩐𐩑𐩒𐩓𐩔𐩕𐩖𐩗𐩘𐩙𐩚𐩛𐩜𐩝𐩞𐩟𐩠𐩡𐩢𐩣𐩤𐩥𐩦𐩧𐩨𐩩𐩪𐩫𐩬𐩭𐩮𐩯𐩰𐩱𐩲𐩳𐩴𐩵𐩶𐩷𐩸𐩹𐩺𐩻𐩼𐩽𐩾𐩿𐪀𐪁𐪂𐪃𐪄𐪅𐪆𐪇𐪈𐪉𐪊𐪋𐪌𐪍𐪎𐪏𐪐𐪑𐪒𐪓𐪔𐪕𐪖𐪗𐪘𐪙𐪚𐪛𐪜𐪝𐪞𐪟𐪠𐪡𐪢𐪣𐪤𐪥𐪦𐪧𐪨𐪩𐪪𐪫𐪬𐪭𐪮𐪯𐪰𐪱𐪲𐪳𐪴𐪵𐪶𐪷𐪸𐪹𐪺𐪻𐪼𐪽𐪾𐪿𐫀𐫁𐫂𐫃𐫄𐫅𐫆𐫇𐫈𐫉𐫊𐫋𐫌𐫍𐫎𐫏𐫐𐫑𐫒𐫓𐫔𐫕𐫖𐫗𐫘𐫙𐫚𐫛𐫜𐫝𐫞𐫟𐫠𐫡𐫢𐫣𐫤𐫦𐫥𐫧𐫨𐫩𐫪𐫫𐫬𐫭𐫮𐫯𐫰𐫱𐫲𐫳𐫴𐫵𐫶𐫷𐫸𐫹𐫺𐫻𐫼𐫽𐫾𐫿𐬀𐬁𐬂𐬃𐬄𐬅𐬆𐬇𐬈𐬉𐬊𐬋𐬌𐬍𐬎𐬏𐬐𐬑𐬒𐬓𐬔𐬕𐬖𐬗𐬘𐬙𐬚𐬛𐬜𐬝𐬞𐬟𐬠𐬡𐬢𐬣𐬤𐬥𐬦𐬧𐬨𐬩𐬪𐬫𐬬𐬭𐬮𐬯𐬰𐬱𐬲𐬳𐬴𐬵𐬶𐬷𐬸𐬹𐬺𐬻𐬼𐬽𐬾𐬿𐭀𐭁𐭂𐭃𐭄𐭅𐭆𐭇𐭈𐭉𐭊𐭋𐭌𐭍𐭎𐭏𐭐𐭑𐭒𐭓𐭔𐭕𐭖𐭗𐭘𐭙𐭚𐭛𐭜𐭝𐭞𐭟𐭠𐭡𐭢𐭣𐭤𐭥𐭦𐭧𐭨𐭩𐭪𐭫𐭬𐭭𐭮𐭯𐭰𐭱𐭲𐭳𐭴𐭵𐭶𐭷𐭸𐭹𐭺𐭻𐭼𐭽𐭾𐭿𐮀𐮁𐮂𐮃𐮄𐮅𐮆𐮇𐮈𐮉𐮊𐮋𐮌𐮍𐮎𐮏𐮐𐮑𐮒𐮓𐮔𐮕𐮖𐮗𐮘𐮙𐮚𐮛𐮜𐮝𐮞𐮟𐮠𐮡𐮢𐮣𐮤𐮥𐮦𐮧𐮨𐮩𐮪𐮫𐮬𐮭𐮮𐮯𐮰𐮱𐮲𐮳𐮴𐮵𐮶𐮷𐮸𐮹𐮺𐮻𐮼𐮽𐮾𐮿𐯀𐯁𐯂𐯃𐯄𐯅𐯆𐯇𐯈𐯉𐯊𐯋𐯌𐯍𐯎𐯏𐯐𐯑𐯒𐯓𐯔𐯕𐯖𐯗𐯘𐯙𐯚𐯛𐯜𐯝𐯞𐯟𐯠𐯡𐯢𐯣𐯤𐯥𐯦𐯧𐯨𐯩𐯪𐯫𐯬𐯭𐯮𐯯𐯰𐯱𐯲𐯳𐯴𐯵𐯶𐯷𐯸𐯹𐯺𐯻𐯼𐯽𐯾𐯿𐰀𐰁𐰂𐰃𐰄𐰅𐰆𐰇𐰈𐰉𐰊𐰋𐰌𐰍𐰎𐰏𐰐𐰑𐰒𐰓𐰔𐰕𐰖𐰗𐰘𐰙𐰚𐰛𐰜𐰝𐰞𐰟𐰠𐰡𐰢𐰣𐰤𐰥𐰦𐰧𐰨𐰩𐰪𐰫𐰬𐰭𐰮𐰯𐰰𐰱𐰲𐰳𐰴𐰵𐰶𐰷𐰸𐰹𐰺𐰻𐰼𐰽𐰾𐰿𐱀𐱁𐱂𐱃𐱄𐱅𐱆𐱇𐱈𐱉𐱊𐱋𐱌𐱍𐱎𐱏𐱐𐱑𐱒𐱓𐱔𐱕𐱖𐱗𐱘𐱙𐱚𐱛𐱜𐱝𐱞𐱟𐱠𐱡𐱢𐱣𐱤𐱥𐱦𐱧𐱨𐱩𐱪𐱫𐱬𐱭𐱮𐱯𐱰𐱱𐱲𐱳𐱴𐱵𐱶𐱷𐱸𐱹𐱺𐱻𐱼𐱽𐱾𐱿𐲀𐲁𐲂𐲃𐲄𐲅𐲆𐲇𐲈𐲉𐲊𐲋𐲌𐲍𐲎𐲏𐲐𐲑𐲒𐲓𐲔𐲕𐲖𐲗

## The 36 Lessons

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

<sup>5</sup>His aspect was faceted like a polyhedron.

<sup>6</sup>No 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. <sup>7</sup>Before he took issue with the monster, the warrior-poet asked:

‘How came you to be immune to spears?’

<sup>8</sup>To 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.’

<sup>9</sup>Luckily, 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. <sup>10</sup>Vivec did not slay him outright for to do so would keep the foibles of nature within him and not back where they belonged.

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

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

<sup>15</sup>He said:

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

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

<sup>19</sup>The lines of Moon Axle were collected by Velothi philosophers and taken into caves.

<sup>20</sup>There, and for a year, Vivec taught the philosophers how to turn the lines of his son into the spokes of mystery wheels. <sup>21</sup>This was the birth of the first Whirling School. Before, there had only been the surface thought of fire.

<sup>22</sup>Vivec 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.

<sup>23</sup>In this cloister you have discovered one walking path, hilled like a sword but more coarsened. <sup>24</sup>So 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.



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<sup>25</sup>'The sword is estrangement from statesmanship.

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

<sup>30</sup>The ending of the words is 𐄌𐄍𐄎

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𐄌𐄍𐄎𐄏𐄐𐄑𐄒𐄓𐄔𐄕𐄖𐄗𐄘𐄙𐄚𐄛𐄜𐄝𐄞𐄟𐄠𐄡𐄢𐄣𐄤𐄥𐄦𐄧𐄨𐄩𐄪𐄫𐄬𐄭𐄮𐄯𐄰𐄱𐄲𐄳𐄴𐄵𐄶𐄷𐄸𐄹𐄺𐄻𐄼𐄽𐄾𐄿𐅀𐅁𐅂𐅃𐅄𐅅𐅆𐅇𐅈𐅉𐅊𐅋𐅌𐅍𐅎𐅏𐅐𐅑𐅒𐅓𐅔𐅕𐅖𐅗𐅘𐅙𐅚𐅛𐅜𐅝𐅞𐅟𐅠𐅡𐅢𐅣𐅤𐅥𐅦𐅧𐅨𐅩𐅪𐅫𐅬𐅭𐅮𐅯𐅰𐅱𐅲𐅳𐅴𐅵𐅶𐅷𐅸𐅹𐅺𐅻𐅼𐅽𐅾𐅿𐆀𐆁𐆂𐆃𐆄𐆅𐆆𐆇𐆈𐆉𐆊𐆋𐆌𐆍𐆎𐆏𐆐𐆑𐆒𐆓𐆔𐆕𐆖𐆗𐆘𐆙𐆚𐆛𐆜𐆝𐆞𐆟𐆠𐆡𐆢𐆣𐆤𐆥𐆦𐆧𐆨𐆩𐆪𐆫𐆬𐆭𐆮𐆯𐆰𐆱𐆲𐆳𐆴𐆵𐆶𐆷𐆸𐆹𐆺𐆻𐆼𐆽𐆾𐆿𐇀𐇁𐇂𐇃𐇄𐇅𐇆𐇇𐇈𐇉𐇊𐇋𐇌𐇍𐇎𐇏𐇐𐇑𐇒𐇓𐇔𐇕𐇖𐇗𐇘𐇙𐇚𐇛𐇜𐇝𐇞𐇟𐇠𐇡𐇢𐇣𐇤𐇥𐇦𐇧𐇨𐇩𐇪𐇫𐇬𐇭𐇮𐇯𐇰𐇱𐇲𐇳𐇴𐇵𐇶𐇷𐇸𐇹𐇺𐇻𐇼𐇽𐇾𐇿𐈀𐈁𐈂𐈃𐈄𐈅𐈆𐈇𐈈𐈉𐈊𐈋𐈌𐈍𐈎𐈏𐈐𐈑𐈒𐈓𐈔𐈕𐈖𐈗𐈘𐈙𐈚𐈛𐈜𐈝𐈞𐈟𐈠𐈡𐈢𐈣𐈤𐈥𐈦𐈧𐈨𐈩𐈪𐈫𐈬𐈭𐈮𐈯𐈰𐈱𐈲𐈳𐈴𐈵𐈶𐈷𐈸𐈹𐈺𐈻𐈼𐈽𐈾𐈿𐉀𐉁𐉂𐉃𐉄𐉅𐉆𐉇𐉈𐉉𐉊𐉋𐉌𐉍𐉎𐉏𐉐𐉑𐉒𐉓𐉔𐉕𐉖𐉗𐉘𐉙𐉚𐉛𐉜𐉝𐉞𐉟𐉠𐉡𐉢𐉣𐉤𐉥𐉦𐉧𐉨𐉩𐉪𐉫𐉬𐉭𐉮𐉯𐉰𐉱𐉲𐉳𐉴𐉵𐉶𐉷𐉸𐉹𐉺𐉻𐉼𐉽𐉾𐉿𐊀𐊁𐊂𐊃𐊄𐊅𐊆𐊇𐊈𐊉𐊊𐊋𐊌𐊍𐊎𐊏𐊐𐊑𐊒𐊓𐊔𐊕𐊖𐊗𐊘𐊙𐊚𐊛𐊜𐊝𐊞𐊟𐊠𐊡𐊢𐊣𐊤𐊥𐊦𐊧𐊨𐊩𐊪𐊫𐊬𐊭𐊮𐊯𐊰𐊱𐊲𐊳𐊴𐊵𐊶𐊷𐊸𐊹𐊺𐊻𐊼𐊽𐊾𐊿𐋀𐋁𐋂𐋃𐋄𐋅𐋆𐋇𐋈𐋉𐋊𐋋𐋌𐋍𐋎𐋏𐋐𐋑𐋒𐋓𐋔𐋕𐋖𐋗𐋘𐋙𐋚𐋛𐋜𐋝𐋞𐋟𐋠𐋡𐋢𐋣𐋤𐋥𐋦𐋧𐋨𐋩𐋪𐋫𐋬𐋭𐋮𐋯𐋰𐋱𐋲𐋳𐋴𐋵𐋶𐋷𐋸𐋹𐋺𐋻𐋼𐋽𐋾𐋿𐌀𐌁𐌂𐌃𐌄𐌅𐌆𐌇𐌈𐌉𐌊𐌋𐌌𐌍𐌎𐌏𐌐𐌑𐌒𐌓𐌔𐌕𐌖𐌗𐌘𐌙𐌚𐌛𐌜𐌝𐌞𐌟𐌠𐌡𐌢𐌣𐌤𐌥𐌦𐌧𐌨𐌩𐌪𐌫𐌬𐌭𐌮𐌯𐌰𐌱𐌲𐌳𐌴𐌵𐌶𐌷𐌸𐌹𐌺𐌻𐌼𐌽𐌾𐌿𐍀𐍁𐍂𐍃𐍄𐍅𐍆𐍇𐍈𐍉𐍊𐍋𐍌𐍍𐍎𐍏𐍐𐍑𐍒𐍓𐍔𐍕𐍖𐍗𐍘𐍙𐍚𐍛𐍜𐍝𐍞𐍟𐍠𐍡𐍢𐍣𐍤𐍥𐍦𐍧𐍨𐍩𐍪𐍫𐍬𐍭𐍮𐍯𐍰𐍱𐍲𐍳𐍴𐍵𐍶𐍷𐍸𐍹𐍺𐍻𐍼𐍽𐍾𐍿𐎀𐎁𐎂𐎃𐎄𐎅𐎆𐎇𐎈𐎉𐎊𐎋𐎌𐎍𐎎𐎏𐎐𐎑𐎒𐎓𐎔𐎕𐎖𐎗𐎘𐎙𐎚𐎛𐎜𐎝𐎞𐎟𐎠𐎡𐎢𐎣𐎤𐎥𐎦𐎧𐎨𐎩𐎪𐎫𐎬𐎭𐎮𐎯𐎰𐎱𐎲𐎳𐎴𐎵𐎶𐎷𐎸𐎹𐎺𐎻𐎼𐎽𐎾𐎿𐏀𐏁𐏂𐏃𐏄𐏅𐏆𐏇𐏈𐏉𐏊𐏋𐏌𐏍𐏎𐏏𐏐𐏑𐏒𐏓𐏔𐏕𐏖𐏗𐏘𐏙𐏚𐏛𐏜𐏝𐏞𐏟𐏠𐏡𐏢𐏣𐏤𐏥𐏦𐏧𐏨𐏩𐏪𐏫𐏬𐏭𐏮𐏯𐏰𐏱𐏲𐏳𐏴𐏵𐏶𐏷𐏸𐏹𐏺𐏻𐏼𐏽𐏾𐏿𐐀𐐁𐐂𐐃𐐄𐐅𐐆𐐇𐐈𐐉𐐊𐐋𐐌𐐍𐐎𐐏𐐐𐐑𐐒𐐓𐐔𐐕𐐖𐐗𐐘𐐙𐐚𐐛𐐜𐐝𐐞𐐟𐐠𐐡𐐢𐐣𐐤𐐥𐐦𐐧𐐨𐐩𐐪𐐫𐐬𐐭𐐮𐐯𐐰𐐱𐐲𐐳𐐴𐐵𐐶𐐷𐐸𐐹𐐺𐐻𐐼𐐽𐐾𐐿𐑀𐑁𐑂𐑃𐑄𐑅𐑆𐑇𐑈𐑉𐑊𐑋𐑌𐑍𐑎𐑏𐑐𐑑𐑒𐑓𐑔𐑕𐑖𐑗𐑘𐑙𐑚𐑛𐑜𐑝𐑞𐑟𐑠𐑡𐑢𐑣𐑤𐑥𐑦𐑧𐑨𐑩𐑪𐑫𐑬𐑭𐑮𐑯𐑰𐑱𐑲𐑳𐑴𐑵𐑶𐑷𐑸𐑹𐑺𐑻𐑼𐑽𐑾𐑿𐒀𐒁𐒂𐒃𐒄𐒅𐒆𐒇𐒈𐒉𐒊𐒋𐒌𐒍𐒎𐒏𐒐𐒑𐒒𐒓𐒔𐒕𐒖𐒗𐒘𐒙𐒚𐒛𐒜𐒝𐒞𐒟𐒠𐒡𐒢𐒣𐒤𐒥𐒦𐒧𐒨𐒩𐒪𐒫𐒬𐒭𐒮𐒯𐒰𐒱𐒲𐒳𐒴𐒵𐒶𐒷𐒸𐒹𐒺𐒻𐒼𐒽𐒾𐒿𐓀𐓁𐓂𐓃𐓄𐓅𐓆𐓇𐓈𐓉𐓊𐓋𐓌𐓍𐓎𐓏𐓐𐓑𐓒𐓓𐓔𐓕𐓖𐓗𐓘𐓙𐓚𐓛𐓜𐓝𐓞𐓟𐓠𐓡𐓢𐓣𐓤𐓥𐓦𐓧𐓨𐓩𐓪𐓫𐓬𐓭𐓮𐓯𐓰𐓱𐓲𐓳𐓴𐓵𐓶𐓷𐓸𐓹𐓺𐓻𐓼𐓽𐓾𐓿𐔀𐔁𐔂𐔃𐔄𐔅𐔆𐔇𐔈𐔉𐔊𐔋𐔌𐔍𐔎𐔏𐔐𐔑𐔒𐔓𐔔𐔕𐔖𐔗𐔘𐔙𐔚𐔛𐔜𐔝𐔞𐔟𐔠𐔡𐔢𐔣𐔤𐔥𐔦𐔧𐔨𐔩𐔪𐔫𐔬𐔭𐔮𐔯𐔰𐔱𐔲𐔳𐔴𐔵𐔶𐔷𐔸𐔹𐔺𐔻𐔼𐔽𐔾𐔿𐕀𐕁𐕂𐕃𐕄𐕅𐕆𐕇𐕈𐕉𐕊𐕋𐕌𐕍𐕎𐕏𐕐𐕑𐕒𐕓𐕔𐕕𐕖𐕗𐕘𐕙𐕚𐕛𐕜𐕝𐕞𐕟𐕠𐕡𐕢𐕣𐕤𐕥𐕦𐕧𐕨𐕩𐕪𐕫𐕬𐕭𐕮𐕯𐕰𐕱𐕲𐕳𐕴𐕵𐕶𐕷𐕸𐕹𐕺𐕻𐕼𐕽𐕾𐕿𐖀𐖁𐖂𐖃𐖄𐖅𐖆𐖇𐖈𐖉𐖊𐖋𐖌𐖍𐖎𐖏𐖐𐖑𐖒𐖓𐖔𐖕𐖖𐖗𐖘𐖙𐖚𐖛𐖜𐖝𐖞𐖟𐖠𐖡𐖢𐖣𐖤𐖥𐖦𐖧𐖨𐖩𐖪𐖫𐖬𐖭𐖮𐖯𐖰𐖱𐖲𐖳𐖴𐖵𐖶𐖷𐖸𐖹𐖺𐖻𐖼𐖽𐖾𐖿𐗀𐗁𐗂𐗃𐗄𐗅𐗆𐗇𐗈𐗉𐗊𐗋𐗌𐗍𐗎𐗏𐗐𐗑𐗒𐗓𐗔𐗕𐗖𐗗𐗘𐗙𐗚𐗛𐗜𐗝𐗞𐗟𐗠𐗡𐗢𐗣𐗤𐗥𐗦𐗧𐗨𐗩𐗪𐗫𐗬𐗭𐗮𐗯𐗰𐗱𐗲𐗳𐗴𐗵𐗶𐗷𐗸𐗹𐗺𐗻𐗼𐗽𐗾𐗿𐘀𐘁𐘂𐘃𐘄𐘅𐘆𐘇𐘈𐘉𐘊𐘋𐘌𐘍𐘎𐘏𐘐𐘑𐘒𐘓𐘔𐘕𐘖𐘗𐘘𐘙𐘚𐘛𐘜𐘝𐘞𐘟𐘠𐘡𐘢𐘣𐘤𐘥𐘦𐘧𐘨𐘩𐘪𐘫𐘬𐘭𐘮𐘯𐘰𐘱𐘲𐘳𐘴𐘵𐘶𐘷𐘸𐘹𐘺𐘻𐘼𐘽𐘾𐘿𐙀𐙁𐙂𐙃𐙄𐙅𐙆𐙇𐙈𐙉𐙊𐙋𐙌𐙍𐙎𐙏𐙐𐙑𐙒𐙓𐙔𐙕𐙖𐙗𐙘𐙙𐙚𐙛𐙜𐙝𐙞𐙟𐙠𐙡𐙢𐙣𐙤𐙥𐙦𐙧𐙨𐙩𐙪𐙫𐙬𐙭𐙮𐙯𐙰𐙱𐙲𐙳𐙴𐙵𐙶𐙷𐙸𐙹𐙺𐙻𐙼𐙽𐙾𐙿𐚀𐚁𐚂𐚃𐚄𐚅𐚆𐚇𐚈𐚉𐚊𐚋𐚌𐚍𐚎𐚏𐚐𐚑𐚒𐚓𐚔𐚕𐚖𐚗𐚘𐚙𐚚𐚛𐚜𐚝𐚞𐚟𐚠𐚡𐚢𐚣𐚤𐚥𐚦𐚧𐚨𐚩𐚪𐚫𐚬𐚭𐚮𐚯𐚰𐚱𐚲𐚳𐚴𐚵𐚶𐚷𐚸𐚹𐚺𐚻𐚼𐚽𐚾𐚿𐛀𐛁𐛂𐛃𐛄𐛅𐛆𐛇𐛈𐛉𐛊𐛋𐛌𐛍𐛎𐛏𐛐𐛑𐛒𐛓𐛔𐛕𐛖𐛗𐛘𐛙𐛚𐛛𐛜𐛝𐛞𐛟𐛠𐛡𐛢𐛣𐛤𐛥𐛦𐛧𐛨𐛩𐛪𐛫𐛬𐛭𐛮𐛯𐛰𐛱𐛲𐛳𐛴𐛵𐛶𐛷𐛸𐛹𐛺𐛻𐛼𐛽𐛾𐛿𐜀𐜁𐜂𐜃𐜄𐜅𐜆𐜇𐜈𐜉𐜊𐜋𐜌𐜍𐜎𐜏𐜐𐜑𐜒𐜓𐜔𐜕𐜖𐜗𐜘𐜙𐜚𐜛𐜜𐜝𐜞𐜟𐜠𐜡𐜢𐜣𐜤𐜥𐜦𐜧𐜨𐜩𐜪𐜫𐜬𐜭𐜮𐜯𐜰𐜱𐜲𐜳𐜴𐜵𐜶𐜷𐜸𐜹𐜺𐜻𐜼𐜽𐜾𐜿𐝀𐝁𐝂𐝃𐝄𐝅𐝆𐝇𐝈𐝉𐝊𐝋𐝌𐝍𐝎𐝏𐝐𐝑𐝒𐝓𐝔𐝕𐝖𐝗𐝘𐝙𐝚𐝛𐝜𐝝𐝞𐝟𐝠𐝡𐝢𐝣𐝤𐝥𐝦𐝧𐝨𐝩𐝪𐝫𐝬𐝭𐝮𐝯𐝰𐝱𐝲𐝳𐝴𐝵𐝶𐝷𐝸𐝹𐝺𐝻𐝼𐝽𐝾𐝿𐞀𐞁𐞂𐞃𐞄𐞅𐞆𐞇𐞈𐞉𐞊𐞋𐞌𐞍𐞎𐞏𐞐𐞑𐞒𐞓𐞔𐞕𐞖𐞗𐞘𐞙𐞚𐞛𐞜𐞝𐞞𐞟𐞠𐞡𐞢𐞣𐞤𐞥𐞦𐞧𐞨𐞩𐞪𐞫𐞬𐞭𐞮𐞯𐞰𐞱𐞲𐞳𐞴𐞵𐞶𐞷𐞸𐞹𐞺𐞻𐞼𐞽𐞾𐞿𐟀𐟁𐟂𐟃𐟄𐟅𐟆𐟇𐟈𐟉𐟊𐟋𐟌𐟍𐟎𐟏𐟐𐟑𐟒𐟓𐟔𐟕𐟖𐟗𐟘𐟙𐟚𐟛𐟜𐟝𐟞𐟟𐟠𐟡𐟢𐟣𐟤𐟥𐟦𐟧𐟨𐟩𐟪𐟫𐟬𐟭𐟮𐟯𐟰𐟱𐟲𐟳𐟴𐟵𐟶𐟷𐟸𐟹𐟺𐟻𐟼𐟽𐟾𐟿𐠀𐠁𐠂𐠃𐠄𐠅𐠆𐠇𐠈𐠉𐠊𐠋𐠌𐠍𐠎𐠏𐠐𐠑𐠒𐠓𐠔𐠕𐠖𐠗𐠘𐠙𐠚𐠛𐠜𐠝𐠞𐠟𐠠𐠡𐠢𐠣𐠤𐠥𐠦𐠧𐠨𐠩𐠪𐠫𐠬𐠭𐠮𐠯𐠰𐠱𐠲𐠳𐠴𐠵𐠶𐠷𐠸𐠹𐠺𐠻𐠼𐠽𐠾𐠿𐡀𐡁𐡂𐡃𐡄𐡅𐡆𐡇𐡈𐡉𐡊𐡋𐡌𐡍𐡎𐡏𐡐𐡑𐡒𐡓𐡔𐡕𐡖𐡗𐡘𐡙𐡚𐡛𐡜𐡝𐡞𐡟𐡠𐡡𐡢𐡣𐡤𐡥𐡦𐡧𐡨𐡩𐡪𐡫𐡬𐡭𐡮𐡯𐡰𐡱𐡲𐡳𐡴𐡵𐡶𐡷𐡸𐡹𐡺𐡻𐡼𐡽𐡾𐡿𐢀𐢁𐢂𐢃𐢄𐢅𐢆𐢇𐢈𐢉𐢊𐢋𐢌𐢍𐢎𐢏𐢐𐢑𐢒𐢓𐢔𐢕𐢖𐢗𐢘𐢙𐢚𐢛𐢜𐢝𐢞𐢟𐢠𐢡𐢢𐢣𐢤𐢥𐢦𐢧𐢨𐢩𐢪𐢫𐢬𐢭𐢮𐢯𐢰𐢱𐢲𐢳𐢴𐢵𐢶𐢷𐢸𐢹𐢺𐢻𐢼𐢽𐢾𐢿𐣀𐣁𐣂𐣃𐣄𐣅𐣆𐣇𐣈𐣉𐣊𐣋𐣌𐣍𐣎𐣏𐣐𐣑𐣒𐣓𐣔𐣕𐣖𐣗𐣘𐣙𐣚𐣛𐣜𐣝𐣞𐣟𐣠𐣡𐣢𐣣𐣤𐣥𐣦𐣧𐣨𐣩𐣪𐣫𐣬𐣭𐣮𐣯𐣰𐣱𐣲𐣳𐣴𐣵𐣶𐣷𐣸𐣹𐣺𐣻𐣼𐣽𐣾𐣿𐤀𐤁𐤂𐤃𐤄𐤅𐤆𐤇𐤈𐤉𐤊𐤋𐤌𐤍𐤎𐤏𐤐𐤑𐤒𐤓𐤔𐤕𐤖𐤗𐤘𐤙𐤚𐤛𐤜𐤝𐤞𐤟𐤠𐤡𐤢𐤣𐤤𐤥𐤦𐤧𐤨𐤩𐤪𐤫𐤬𐤭𐤮𐤯𐤰𐤱𐤲𐤳𐤴𐤵𐤶𐤷𐤸𐤹𐤺𐤻𐤼𐤽𐤾𐤿𐥀𐥁𐥂𐥃𐥄𐥅𐥆𐥇𐥈𐥉𐥊𐥋𐥌𐥍𐥎𐥏𐥐𐥑𐥒𐥓𐥔𐥕𐥖𐥗𐥘𐥙𐥚𐥛𐥜𐥝𐥞𐥟𐥠𐥡𐥢𐥣𐥤𐥥𐥦𐥧𐥨𐥩𐥪𐥫𐥬𐥭𐥮𐥯𐥰𐥱𐥲𐥳𐥴𐥵𐥶𐥷𐥸𐥹𐥺𐥻𐥼𐥽𐥾𐥿𐦀𐦁𐦂𐦃𐦄𐦅𐦆𐦇𐦈𐦉𐦊𐦋𐦌𐦍𐦎𐦏𐦐𐦑𐦒𐦓𐦔𐦕𐦖𐦗𐦘𐦙𐦚𐦛𐦜𐦝𐦞𐦟𐦠𐦡𐦢𐦣𐦤𐦥𐦦𐦧𐦨𐦩𐦪𐦫𐦬𐦭𐦮𐦯𐦰𐦱𐦲𐦳𐦴𐦵𐦶𐦷𐦸𐦹𐦺𐦻𐦼𐦽𐦾𐦿𐧀𐧁𐧂𐧃𐧄𐧅𐧆𐧇𐧈𐧉𐧊𐧋𐧌𐧍𐧎𐧏𐧐𐧑𐧒𐧓𐧔𐧕𐧖𐧗𐧘𐧙𐧚𐧛𐧜𐧝𐧞𐧟𐧠𐧡𐧢𐧣𐧤𐧥𐧦𐧧𐧨𐧩𐧪𐧫𐧬𐧭𐧮𐧯𐧰𐧱𐧲𐧳𐧴𐧵𐧶𐧷𐧸𐧹𐧺𐧻𐧼𐧽𐧾𐧿𐨀𐨁𐨂𐨃𐨄𐨅𐨆𐨇𐨈𐨉𐨊𐨋𐨌𐨍𐨎𐨏𐨐𐨑𐨒𐨓𐨔𐨕𐨖𐨗𐨘𐨙𐨚𐨛𐨜𐨝𐨞𐨟𐨠𐨡𐨢𐨣𐨤𐨥𐨦𐨧𐨨𐨩𐨪𐨫𐨬𐨭𐨮𐨯𐨰𐨱𐨲𐨳𐨴𐨵𐨶𐨷𐨹𐨺𐨸𐨻𐨼𐨽𐨾𐨿𐩀𐩁𐩂𐩃𐩄𐩅𐩆𐩇𐩈𐩉𐩊𐩋𐩌𐩍𐩎𐩏𐩐𐩑𐩒𐩓𐩔𐩕𐩖𐩗𐩘𐩙𐩚𐩛𐩜𐩝𐩞𐩟𐩠𐩡𐩢𐩣𐩤𐩥𐩦𐩧𐩨𐩩𐩪𐩫𐩬𐩭𐩮𐩯𐩰𐩱𐩲𐩳𐩴𐩵𐩶𐩷𐩸𐩹𐩺𐩻𐩼𐩽𐩾𐩿𐪀𐪁𐪂𐪃𐪄𐪅𐪆𐪇𐪈𐪉𐪊𐪋𐪌𐪍𐪎𐪏𐪐𐪑𐪒𐪓𐪔𐪕𐪖𐪗𐪘𐪙𐪚𐪛𐪜𐪝𐪞𐪟𐪠𐪡𐪢𐪣𐪤𐪥𐪦𐪧𐪨𐪩𐪪𐪫𐪬𐪭𐪮𐪯𐪰𐪱𐪲𐪳𐪴𐪵𐪶𐪷𐪸𐪹𐪺𐪻𐪼𐪽𐪾𐪿𐫀𐫁𐫂𐫃𐫄𐫅𐫆𐫇𐫈𐫉𐫊𐫋𐫌𐫍𐫎𐫏𐫐𐫑𐫒𐫓𐫔𐫕𐫖𐫗𐫘𐫙𐫚𐫛𐫜𐫝𐫞𐫟𐫠𐫡𐫢𐫣𐫤𐫦𐫥𐫧𐫨𐫩𐫪𐫫𐫬𐫭𐫮𐫯𐫰𐫱𐫲𐫳𐫴𐫵𐫶𐫷𐫸𐫹𐫺𐫻𐫼𐫽𐫾𐫿𐬀𐬁𐬂𐬃𐬄𐬅𐬆𐬇𐬈𐬉𐬊𐬋𐬌𐬍𐬎𐬏𐬐𐬑𐬒𐬓𐬔𐬕𐬖𐬗𐬘𐬙𐬚𐬛𐬜𐬝𐬞𐬟𐬠𐬡𐬢𐬣𐬤𐬥𐬦𐬧𐬨𐬩𐬪𐬫𐬬𐬭𐬮𐬯𐬰𐬱𐬲𐬳𐬴𐬵𐬶𐬷𐬸𐬹𐬺𐬻𐬼𐬽𐬾𐬿𐭀𐭁𐭂𐭃𐭄𐭅𐭆𐭇𐭈𐭉𐭊𐭋𐭌𐭍𐭎𐭏𐭐𐭑𐭒𐭓𐭔𐭕𐭖𐭗𐭘𐭙𐭚𐭛𐭜𐭝𐭞𐭟𐭠𐭡𐭢𐭣𐭤𐭥𐭦𐭧𐭨𐭩𐭪𐭫𐭬𐭭𐭮𐭯𐭰𐭱𐭲𐭳𐭴𐭵𐭶𐭷𐭸𐭹𐭺𐭻𐭼𐭽𐭾𐭿𐮀𐮁𐮂𐮃𐮄𐮅𐮆𐮇𐮈𐮉𐮊𐮋𐮌𐮍𐮎𐮏𐮐𐮑𐮒𐮓𐮔𐮕𐮖𐮗𐮘𐮙𐮚𐮛𐮜𐮝𐮞𐮟𐮠𐮡𐮢𐮣𐮤𐮥𐮦𐮧𐮨𐮩𐮪𐮫𐮬𐮭𐮮𐮯𐮰𐮱𐮲𐮳𐮴𐮵𐮶𐮷𐮸𐮹𐮺𐮻𐮼𐮽𐮾𐮿𐯀𐯁𐯂𐯃𐯄𐯅𐯆𐯇𐯈𐯉𐯊𐯋𐯌𐯍𐯎𐯏𐯐𐯑𐯒𐯓𐯔𐯕𐯖𐯗𐯘𐯙𐯚𐯛𐯜𐯝𐯞𐯟𐯠𐯡𐯢𐯣𐯤𐯥𐯦𐯧𐯨𐯩𐯪𐯫𐯬𐯭𐯮𐯯𐯰𐯱𐯲𐯳𐯴𐯵𐯶𐯷𐯸𐯹𐯺𐯻𐯼𐯽𐯾𐯿𐰀𐰁𐰂𐰃𐰄𐰅𐰆𐰇𐰈𐰉𐰊𐰋𐰌𐰍𐰎𐰏𐰐𐰑𐰒𐰓𐰔𐰕𐰖𐰗𐰘𐰙𐰚𐰛𐰜𐰝𐰞𐰟𐰠𐰡𐰢𐰣𐰤𐰥𐰦𐰧𐰨𐰩𐰪𐰫𐰬𐰭𐰮𐰯𐰰𐰱𐰲𐰳𐰴𐰵𐰶𐰷𐰸𐰹𐰺𐰻𐰼𐰽𐰾𐰿𐱀𐱁𐱂𐱃𐱄𐱅𐱆𐱇𐱈𐱉𐱊𐱋𐱌𐱍𐱎𐱏𐱐𐱑𐱒𐱓𐱔𐱕𐱖𐱗𐱘𐱙𐱚𐱛𐱜𐱝𐱞𐱟𐱠𐱡𐱢𐱣𐱤𐱥𐱦𐱧𐱨𐱩𐱪𐱫𐱬𐱭𐱮𐱯𐱰𐱱𐱲𐱳𐱴𐱵𐱶𐱷𐱸𐱹𐱺𐱻𐱼𐱽𐱾𐱿𐲀𐲁𐲂𐲃𐲄𐲅𐲆𐲇𐲈𐲉𐲊𐲋𐲌𐲍𐲎𐲏𐲐𐲑𐲒𐲓𐲔𐲕𐲖𐲗𐲘𐲙𐲚𐲛𐲜𐲝𐲞𐲟𐲠𐲡𐲢𐲣𐲤𐲥𐲦𐲧𐲨𐲩𐲪𐲫𐲬𐲭𐲮𐲯𐲰𐲱𐲲𐲳𐲴𐲵𐲶𐲷𐲸𐲹𐲺𐲻𐲼𐲽𐲾𐲿𐳀𐳁𐳂𐳃𐳄𐳅𐳆𐳇𐳈𐳉𐳊𐳋𐳌𐳍𐳎𐳏𐳐𐳑

## The 36 Lessons

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

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

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

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

<sup>9</sup>Third:

'The enlightened are those uneaten by the world.'

<sup>10</sup>Fourth:

'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.'

<sup>11</sup>Fifth:

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

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<sup>13</sup>Sixth:

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

<sup>14</sup>Seventh:

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

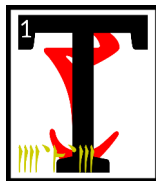
<sup>15</sup>Eighth:

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

<sup>16</sup>The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌿𐍂

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### 𐌹𐌿𐍂𐌹𐌿𐍂𐌹𐌿𐍂𐌹𐌿𐍂𐌹𐌿𐍂𐌹𐌿𐍂 Sermon Twenty-Two



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

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<sup>5</sup>The 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. <sup>6</sup>Vivec 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. <sup>7</sup>Give me back (and do so freely) what is barren of my marriage and I will not erase you from the thought realm of God. <sup>8</sup>Your line has a notable enchantress that my sister Ayem is fond of and from her murky wisdom alone do I condescend to ask.’

<sup>9</sup>A 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. <sup>10</sup>The 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.’

<sup>11</sup>Vivec 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.’

<sup>12</sup>He kissed the second precious stone and said:

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

<sup>13</sup>He kissed the opal and said:

'Down I take thee.'

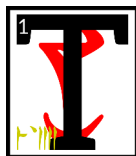
<sup>14</sup>And then Vivec withdrew into the hidden places and found the darkest mothers of the Morag Tong, taking them all to wife and filling them with undusted loyalty that tasted of summer salt. <sup>15</sup>They became as black queens, screaming live with a hundred murderous sons, a thousand murderous arms, and a hundred thousand murderous hands, <sup>16</sup>one vast moving event of thrusting-kill-laughter in alleys, palaces, workshops, cities and secret halls. <sup>17</sup>Their 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 and plundering erasure of wet death.

<sup>18</sup>The King of Assassins presented to Vivec the Treasure Wood Sword.

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

<sup>21</sup>The ending of the words is 𐐆𐐇𐐈

**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.'

<sup>2</sup>Second:

‘The unity of my approach is understood by the immobile warrior. True eyes are acquired. <sup>3</sup>Rejoice 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.’

<sup>4</sup>Third:

‘Girls burn their dresses on my arrival if I am armored. They crawl to me as bled pilgrims. <sup>5</sup>Minor spirits die without trace. Follow me of all the **TSO** if you are to mark your days with killing. <sup>6</sup>**TE TSTTDOOY**, the third law of weaponry.’

<sup>7</sup>Fourth:

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

<sup>8</sup>Fifth:

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

<sup>10</sup>Sixth:

'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.'

<sup>11</sup>Seventh:

'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.'

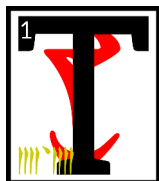
<sup>12</sup>Eighth:

'I give you an ancient road tempered by the second walking way. <sup>13</sup>Your 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.'

<sup>14</sup>The ending of the words is ㊦

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**1** When Vivec left the house of assassins and went back to the space that was not a space.

**2** From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the third monster, called

**3** Horde Mountain. **4** It was made of modular warriors running free but spaced according to pattern, **5** and from the highest warrior who could cut clouds they spread out beneath him like a tree, a skirt whose bottom circle was an army that ran through the ash.

5Vivec admired the cone-shape of his child and remembered with joy the whirlwind of fighting styles that instructed him during the days before life.

<sup>6</sup>Vivec moved into Veloth, saying, ‘Onus.’

But before he could even get within sword-span of the monster, a trio of lower houses had trapped Horde Mountain in a net of doubtful doctrine. <sup>7</sup>When they saw their lord, the Velothi cheered.

'We are happy to serve you and win!' they said.

8Vivec smiled at those brave souls around him and summoned celebration demons to cleave unto the victors. 9There was a great display of love and duty around the netted monster.



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and Vivec was at the center with a headdress made of mating bones. <sup>10</sup>He 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.

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

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

<sup>13</sup>The contents spread out like sugar-glows and Vivec and the Buoyant Armigers ran under it laughing.

<sup>14</sup>Finally the bones of Horde Mountain landed and became the foundation stones for the City of Swords, which Vivec named after his own sigil, <sup>15</sup>and 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.

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

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

<sup>18</sup>Ayem 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

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

<sup>7</sup>This 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. <sup>8</sup>The capital of the northern men, crusty with eon's ice, bows before Vivec the city, me it together.

<sup>9</sup>Self-thought streets rush through tunnel blood. I have rebuilt myself. Hyper eyed signposts along my traffic arm, soon to be an inner sea. <sup>10</sup>My 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. <sup>11</sup>Countless transactions are taking place in veins and catwalks and the roaming, roaming, roaming, as they roam over and through and add to me. <sup>12</sup>There are temples erected along the hollow of my skull and I will ever wear them as a crown. Walk across the lips of God.

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

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and the stride-heat of the market where I am traded for, <sup>14</sup>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. <sup>15</sup>I stare with each new window. Soon I am a million-eyed insect dreaming.

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

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

<sup>23</sup>The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌿𐌹

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

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

<sup>13</sup>'See what you have wrought, silly Triune! Columns of nonsense and litany fiends! <sup>14</sup>I 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.

<sup>15</sup>The 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. <sup>16</sup>Vivec 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.'

<sup>17</sup>Then he picked up Muatra by the beard and left the ghostly hemisphere of the dome-head demon. <sup>18</sup>On its boundaries, Vivec placed a warning and a song of entrance that contained errors in it. <sup>19</sup>With 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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This is true of speech and extends to all scripture.'

<sup>4</sup>Third:

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

<sup>8</sup>Fourth:

'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.'

<sup>9</sup>Fifth:

'The first meaning is always hidden.'

<sup>10</sup>Sixth:

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

<sup>12</sup>Seventh:

'The sage who suppresses his best aphorism:





<sup>7</sup>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.

<sup>8</sup>When Vivec found him near the boy's village, anon Gnisis, there was a violent clash of arms and an upheaval of the earth. <sup>9</sup>Their 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.

<sup>10</sup>After his victory, Vivec took the shell of The Ruddy Man to the dreughs that had modified his mother. <sup>11</sup>The Queen of Dreughs, whose name is not easy to spell, was in a period of self-incubation. <sup>12</sup>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.

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

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

## The 36 Lessons

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<sup>18</sup>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. <sup>19</sup>He told them:

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

<sup>20</sup>The 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. <sup>21</sup>They ran around the carapace and through each other, applying holy resin drawn from the carcasses of the now-useless numbers between twelve and thirteen.

<sup>22</sup>Golden straws were quickly stuck through the mythic epidermal so the sage could breathe.

<sup>23</sup>After 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. <sup>24</sup>From the nail’s tip flowed a searing liquid, filling the grooves of the ceremonial etchings. <sup>25</sup>They bled out to form veined patterns about the sage-shell that theologians would decipher forever after.

<sup>26</sup>The ending of the words is 𐍂𐍅𐍃

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## The 36 Lessons

**Sermon Twenty-Nine**



## The Scripture of the Numbers:

1. The Dragon Break, or the Tower. 1  
 2. The Enantiomorph. 68  
 3. The Invisible Gate, 𐄂𐄂𐄂. 112  
 4. The Corners of House of Troubles. 242  
 5. The Corners of the World. 100  
 6. The Walking Ways. 266  
 7. The Sword at the Center. 39  
 8. The Wheel, or the Eight Givers. 484  
 9. The Missing. 11  
 10. The Tribes of the Altmer. 140  
 11. The Number of the Master. 102  
 12. The Heavens. 379  
 13. The Serpent. 36  
 14. The King's Cough. 32  
 15. The Redeeming Force. 110  
 16. The Acceptable Blasphemes. 12  
 17. The Hurling Disk. 283  
 18. The Egg, or Six Times the Wise. 1  
 19. The Provisional House. 258  
 20. The Lunar Lattice. 425  
 21. The Womb. 13  
 22. Unknown. 453  
 23. The Hollow Prophet. 54  
 24. The Star Wound. 44  
 25. The Emperor. 239  
 26. The Rogue Plane. 81  
 27. The Secret Fire. 120  
 28. The Drowned Lamp. 6  
 29. The Captive Sage. 217  
 30. The Scarab. 10

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

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

<sup>39</sup>The ending of the words is 𐌲𐌹𐌺𐌰

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### Sermon Thirty



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

<sup>2</sup>From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the sixth monster, called

City-Face. <sup>3</sup>He 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.

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

## The 36 Lessons

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They work to make your temple better stoned.'

<sup>5</sup>Vivec said, 'No one knows what I am.'

The Hortator nodded and went back to his studies.

<sup>6</sup>Here 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.

<sup>7</sup>It 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. <sup>8</sup>Ha-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. <sup>9</sup>When Ha-Note became gravely homesick, the Grabbers took it.

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

<sup>11</sup>Grabbers 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.

<sup>12</sup>'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.'

<sup>13</sup>Now 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. <sup>14</sup>The 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. <sup>15</sup>When he went to give trophy to Vivec, he saw his lord under attack by the City-Face. <sup>16</sup>The monster was saying this:

‘Here we are to replace your city,  
Vehk and Vehk. <sup>17</sup>We 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. <sup>18</sup>Either we ask  
you to correct our error of culture,  
or merely take yours by dint of force.  
The second is easiest, we think.’

<sup>19</sup>Vivec sighed.

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

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

<sup>22</sup>‘And this.’





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<sup>7</sup>She took the Hortator inside her and showed him where his master was.

<sup>8</sup>**ṬṢO**, 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. <sup>9</sup>He began writing, again, in his Book of Hours. He had to put on his Water Face first. <sup>10</sup>That way he could separate the bronze of the Old Temple from the blue of the New and write with happiness.

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

<sup>12</sup>Third, 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.

<sup>13</sup>He 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. <sup>14</sup>Afterwards, I dared to take on the sacred fire and realized there was no equilibrium with the **ḂṬṬṬ**. <sup>15</sup>They were liars, lost roots, and the most I can do is to be an interpreter into the rational. <sup>16</sup>Even 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. <sup>17</sup>Only here can I doubt, in this book, written in water, broadened to include evil.

## The 36 Lessons

<sup>18</sup>Then Vivec threw his ink on this passage to cover it up (for the lay reader) and wrote instead:

Find me in the blackened paper, unarmored, in final scenery. <sup>19</sup>Truth is like my husband: instructed to smash, filled with procedure and noise, hammering, weighty, heaviness made schematic, lessons learned only by a mace. <sup>20</sup>Let those that hear me then be buffeted, and let some die in the ash from the striking. <sup>21</sup>Let those that find him find him murdered by illumination, pummeled like a traitorous house, because, if an hour is golden, then immortal I am a secret code. <sup>22</sup>I am the partaker of the Doom Drum, chosen of all those that dwell in the middle world to wear this crown, which reverberates with truth, and I am the mangling messiah.

<sup>23</sup>The ending of the words is 𐎢𐎺𐎠

ཀུན་སྲུང་གི་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་འཛུགས་སྐྱོད་པའི་ཕྱི་རྒྱལ་གྱི་མཉམ་སྤྲོད་

## Sermon Thirty-Two



## The Scripture of the Mace.

First:

'The pleasure of annihilation is  
the pleasure of disappearing

into the unreal.

## The 36 Lessons

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

<sup>3</sup>Second:

'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. <sup>4</sup>This is the key and the lock of the Daedra. Why do you think they escaped the compromise?'

<sup>5</sup>Third:

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

<sup>7</sup>Fourth:

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

<sup>8</sup>Fifth:

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

## The 36 Lessons

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<sup>9</sup>Sixth:

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

<sup>11</sup>Seventh:

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

<sup>12</sup>Eighth:

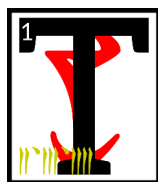
'But then why, you ask, do the Daedra wish to meddle with the Aurbis? It is because they are the radical critique, essential as all martyrs. <sup>13</sup>That some are more evil than others is not an illusion. Or rather, it is a necessary illusion.'

<sup>14</sup>The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌿𐌺𐌰

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### 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.

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

## The 36 Lessons

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<sup>3</sup>Lie 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. <sup>4</sup>The 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.

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

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

<sup>8</sup>The Void Ghost said:

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

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

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

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

<sup>12</sup>Nerevar 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.

## The 36 Lessons

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

<sup>14</sup>By 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. <sup>15</sup>This sermon does not tell what else was said between these masters.

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

<sup>17</sup>He 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.

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

<sup>20</sup>(The practice of piercing the Second Aperture is now forbidden.) <sup>21</sup>When 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. <sup>22</sup>I 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.'



<sup>9</sup>Together they moved into the middle world, to a village near where Vivec had been found by Ayem and Seht. <sup>10</sup>The 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. <sup>11</sup>When he saw his mother-father, he asked why he should have to die and return to oblivion.

<sup>12</sup>Vivec told the eighth monster that to be otherwise was to betray his nature. <sup>13</sup>Since 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,  
<sup>14</sup>And make a secret door  
At the altar of Padhome,  
In the House of Boet-hi-Ah  
Where we become safe  
And looked after.’

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

<sup>16</sup>Nerevar 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?’

<sup>17</sup>Vivec looked at the Hortator for a long time.

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



## The 36 Lessons

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<sup>18</sup>Vivec 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.'

<sup>19</sup>Nerevar looked at Vivec for a long time.

Vivec understood. 'Say the words, Hortator.'

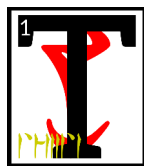
Nerevar said, 'Now I am the mightiest of your children.'

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

<sup>21</sup>The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌿𐍅

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

knife fighting, hunting, and the exploration of the poetic. <sup>5</sup>On 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. <sup>6</sup>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. <sup>7</sup>By 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. <sup>8</sup>Cosmic 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. <sup>9</sup>For 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. <sup>10</sup>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. <sup>11</sup>Make 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. <sup>12</sup>Late 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. <sup>13</sup>The 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. <sup>14</sup>This is clearly attested by 𐤅𐤍𐤁𐤏 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. <sup>15</sup>This 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. <sup>16</sup>The 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. <sup>17</sup>This 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. <sup>18</sup>Mark the norms of violence and it barely registers, suspended as it is by treaties written between the original spirits.

<sup>21</sup>The ending of the words is 𐎧𐎺𐎠



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

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

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

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


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

<sup>10</sup>Under the sea, Seht stirred and brought the army he had been working on in the castles of glass and coral. <sup>11</sup>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.

<sup>12</sup>Red Mountain exploded as the Hortator went too far inside, seeking the Sharmat.

<sup>13</sup>Dwemer high priest Kagrenac then revealed that which he had built in the image of Vivec.

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

<sup>15</sup>Each of the aspects of the  then rose up together, combining as one, and showed the world the sixth path. <sup>16</sup>Ayem 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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<sup>17</sup>When the soul of the Dwemer could walk no more, they were removed from this world.

<sup>18</sup>Resdaynia was no more. It had been redeemed of all the iniquities of the foolish. <sup>19</sup>The 𐐀𐐇𐐇 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.

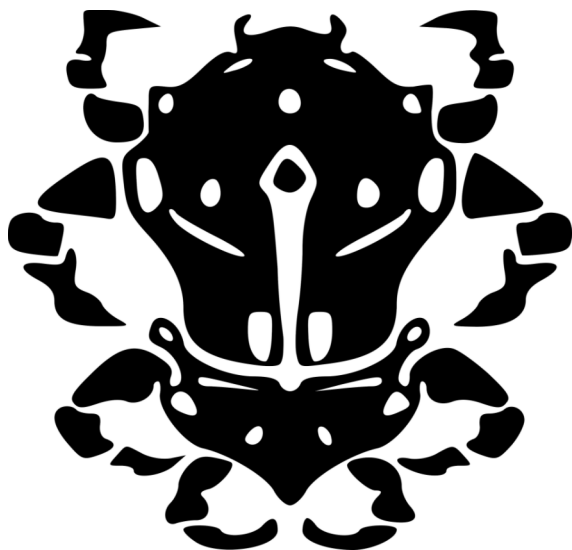
𐐀𐐇𐐇𐐇𐐇𐐇𐐇 𐐇𐐇𐐇𐐇𐐇!

<sup>20</sup>The beginning of the words is 𐐀𐐇𐐇  
I give you this as Vivec.





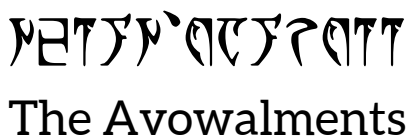
፳፻፲፱ ዓ.ም. ለ፳፻፲፱ ዓ.ም.



The New Man becomes God becomes Amaranth









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### ᚢᚩᚱᚢᚱᚢᚱ ᚦᚢ ᚦᚢ ᚱᚦᚢᚱᚢᚱᚢᚱᚢᚱᚢᚱᚢᚱ Mystery of the Apotheosis



When the Tribunal mortals reached into the center, they ceased to be anything except for what they wished to be.

<sup>2</sup>The axis erupted.

There was an exact cracking, an instant of pure Aurbis, their hands burnt black by that ever-nil of static change, and the gods who had never been had always been. <sup>3</sup>A whole universe swelled up to legitimize their throne, as the old universe, where the mortals still lapped up Godsblood, warped itself to accept its new equivalent. <sup>4</sup>And like all things magical it simply could not happen, could not Be. Red Mountain was the intersection of the Is-Is Not as it was of old, its center point, and it did not hold. <sup>5</sup>And so the Dragon, having broken, saw fit to heal, turning into the world you know. Except now the gods were alive before their own birth, which had, in fact, really happened in the death of the last universe.

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The Tribunal gloriously usurped the worship of their Anticipations, as was foretold in the words of Veloth.

<sup>7</sup>Earlier than Vehk were Ayem and Seht. They had supplanted in the orbit of the Chimeri soul those Daedra that predated them,


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Mephala and Boethiah and Azura respectively.

<sup>8</sup>None 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. <sup>9</sup>The 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 . <sup>10</sup>And 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.

<sup>11</sup>While it may seem strange to imply that the fore-images of the Tribunal, being Daedra, were adverse to change, they were, and they are. <sup>12</sup>In this they are very alike to the Aedra in their fundamentals. <sup>13</sup>While 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.

<sup>14</sup>And 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. <sup>8</sup>All of these representations possess an innate and constant aspect of transformation.

<sup>9</sup>The purpose of the Psijic Endeavor is to transcend mortal boundaries set in place by immortal rulers. <sup>10</sup>At 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. <sup>11</sup>It 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. <sup>12</sup>One that knows ᚠᚢᚱᚦᚢ observes the Tower without fear. Moreso: he resides within.

<sup>13</sup>The Tower is an ideal, which, in our world of myth and magic, means that it is so real that it becomes dangerous. <sup>14</sup>It 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. <sup>15</sup>The 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.

<sup>16</sup>This 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. <sup>17</sup>Imagine that and then still being able to say "I". The "I" is the Tower.

<sup>18</sup>The 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.

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

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

<sup>22</sup>Outside 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. <sup>23</sup>Inside 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. <sup>24</sup>Each gave birth to their souls, Auri-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.

<sup>25</sup>Anu's firstborn, for he mostly desired order, was time, anon Akatosh.

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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.

<sup>26</sup>As time allowed more and more patterns to individualize, Lorkhan watched the Aurbis shape itself and grew equally delighted and tired with each new shaping. <sup>27</sup>As 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.

<sup>28</sup>He 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.

<sup>29</sup>For ages the et'Ada grew and shaped and destroyed each other and destroyed each other's creations. <sup>30</sup>Some 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. <sup>31</sup>In 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. <sup>32</sup>Void shall follow void; the et'Ada called it Oblivion. <sup>33</sup>What was left of the Aurbis was solid change, otherwise known as magic. The et'Ada called this Aetherius.

<sup>34</sup>Now Lorkhan had by at this point seen everything there was to see, and could accept none of it. <sup>35</sup>Here 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. <sup>36</sup>He did not know what he wanted, but he knew how to build it. <sup>37</sup>Through 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.

<sup>38</sup>The spokes of the Wheel are the eight gifts of the Aedra, sons and daughters of Aetherius.

<sup>39</sup>The voids between each spoke number sixteen, and their masters are the sons and daughters of Oblivion.

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

<sup>42</sup>What does this mean? Why should we care? Lorkhan created it so that we could find what he did. <sup>43</sup>In 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. <sup>44</sup>Stand in its flux and remain whole of mind. Look at it sideways and see the "I".

This is the Tower.

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

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

<sup>48</sup>And 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?

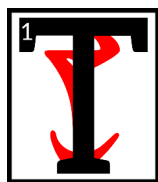
<sup>49</sup>Perhaps he failed so you might know how not to.

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### Hour of the Dragon Break

According to Vehk



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


<sup>3</sup>Of special note is the Blue Star, which the Alesstics call “Mnemoli”, that runs through this part of the Aurbis every untime. <sup>4</sup>The 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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<sup>5</sup>This mountain is reputed to be one of the last refuges of the Dwemer before they departed from this world.

<sup>6</sup>And 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. <sup>7</sup>Like 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.

<sup>8</sup>According to the texts, Mnemoli is a wayward child of , 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. <sup>9</sup>Like many of her siblings, Mnemoli is both confused and delighted with the Aurbis, <sup>10</sup>and 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.

<sup>11</sup>The Hurling Disk, it is conjectured, contains a strange mingling of magic from both the Solar and Lunar spheres. <sup>12</sup>That 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.

<sup>13</sup>The 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. <sup>14</sup>Perhaps 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 <sup>15</sup>rather than dealing with the esoteric teachings of my murder-brother **የጽጌ** or her many aspects, who loves the secret tower so much that she trucks with folk that first gave it legs, head, and sexual recepticle.

<sup>16</sup>One 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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### ጸጌጸጌ ሪጸ ሻፀጌጌጌ ሻጌጌ The Memories of Sotha Sil



Memories are fleeting, flawed, and fragile. So easily overwritten by emotion and prejudice. <sup>2</sup>I 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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<sup>3</sup>But even the most objective view can still hold bias, and words can only convey so much.

<sup>4</sup>The 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.

<sup>5</sup>Lord Seht knows this. After all, his heart drives the Wheels Eternal, oiled and calibrated. This we know. <sup>6</sup>To 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? <sup>7</sup>Even a god may become overburdened with the weight of emotions, fractured from the whole which is logic.

<sup>8</sup>But in this too the Clockwork God was wise. He gave his memories form, manifestation.

<sup>9</sup>Glowing stars to make up the galaxy of his thoughts. Tangible and real, far more real than ink upon parchment, than words or whispers.

<sup>10</sup>Whole 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.

<sup>11</sup>Memories are flawed, yes, but they are precious all the same. They hold our wisdom and knowledge, all that which we are. <sup>12</sup>To give them away would be squandering that gift, and this too Lord Seht knew. <sup>13</sup>So he preserved these precious thoughts, locked safely with his Mnemonic Planisphere. Watched over by the ever-silent Astronomer.

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<sup>14</sup>A multitude of stars which no longer held emotional sway over him, no, but still remained connected, known.

<sup>15</sup>It's quiet in the Planisphere, but one hears whispers. A low hum of voices seem to echo within the halls. <sup>16</sup>Those figures of the past, lost but not forgotten, come to light once more.

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### ᖃᖃᖃ ᖃᖃᖃ ᖃᖃ ᖃᖃᖃᖃᖃᖃᖃᖃᖃᖃᖃ The Post at the Turning Point



maranth anon Anew ᖃᖃ I,  
which is said to have occupied  
the passageways of heaven and  
earth, because everyone above  
and below asks Amaranth anon  
Anew ᖃᖃ I if they cannot find the passage,  
<sup>2</sup>Amaranth anon Anew ᖃᖃ I is the Godhead who  
caused to be visible. <sup>3</sup>Amaranth anon Anew ᖃᖃ I  
stands as a post at the turning point.

<sup>4</sup>The others say of Amaranth anon Anew ᖃᖃ I  
the post:

“The one and one (an inelegant number)  
who crosses the middle of the Z Centerex  
without calm, may his name be I and no  
other, for he takes up the center of it in  
sleep.



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nothing more than to loosen your  
equation of moods to lunar currency."

<sup>8</sup>In this passage, he describes the goal of the Lunar God, who some of you still ascribe the name "Lorkhan". <sup>9</sup>When stabilized, the words become proof:

All creation is subgradient. <sup>10</sup>First was Void, which became split by ☸. Anu and Padomay came next and with their first brush came the Aurbis.

<sup>11</sup>Void to Aurbis: naught to pattern.

<sup>12</sup>"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. <sup>13</sup>By 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. <sup>14</sup>Cosmic 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. <sup>15</sup>For 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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<sup>16</sup>The 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. <sup>17</sup>This is the advent of mantellian, mnemolia, the aetherial realm of the et'Ada. <sup>18</sup>The Head of this order is Magnus, but he is not its Ward, for even he was subcreated by the birth of Akatosh.

<sup>19</sup>Aurbis to Aetherius: possibility to maintenance by time.

<sup>20</sup>"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. <sup>21</sup>Make 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. <sup>22</sup>Late 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. <sup>23</sup>The 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. <sup>24</sup>This is clearly attested by  and his double, which love knows never really happened."

<sup>25</sup>Lull 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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<sup>26</sup>Another subcreation happened to the wheels of the et'Ada, a shore that all of creation crashed against, the terminus of limits known as Oblivion. <sup>27</sup>An echo of the Void before but unlike, many spirits fled here and came to power by merely harnessing the impossibility of Limit+All.

<sup>28</sup>Aetherius to Oblivion: creation to destruction.

<sup>29</sup>"Similarly, all the other symbols of absolute reality are ancient ideas ready for their graves, or at least the essence of such. <sup>30</sup>This 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. <sup>31</sup>The 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. <sup>32</sup>This 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."

<sup>33</sup>We begin to see the first inkling of emergence, which by its nature requires the merging of two-fold powers. <sup>34</sup>Inevitably, this leads to another gradient, but this time by forceful

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process: the Trap of the Lunar God. <sup>35</sup>The Aedra are Named at this time, having lent their hands to what was to be the arena of the eternally impossible: Mundus, or Exactness.

<sup>36</sup>Oblivion to Mundus: debris of all possibility to anchor of all things.

<sup>37</sup>“Mark the norms of violence and it barely registers, suspended as it is by treaties written between the original spirits.”

<sup>38</sup>When one visits Memory, you become filled with the first ideas of the Lunar God, and see the trap within the trap. <sup>39</sup>Vehk knows it at this point, and sees for all of you, and realizes the need for treaty: avenue of escape, first stone.

<sup>40</sup>If 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.

<sup>41</sup>The echo of the Void is Oblivion. The echo of Oblivion is now mortal death. Death results in reappropriation of spirit towards its aligned ᚠᚢ—either to the god-planet Aedra or the Principalities of Oblivion. <sup>42</sup>Vehk's name for this transaction, mentioned above, is “lunar currency”.

<sup>43</sup>ᚠᚢ ᚠᚢᚠᚠ ᚠᚢᚠᚠ ᚠᚢᚠᚠᚠᚠ

Mundus to Mortal Death: centerpoint to the soon recycled.

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<sup>44</sup>"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."

<sup>45</sup>Here 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.

<sup>46</sup>Record 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."

<sup>47</sup>You in the current era have already witnessed many of the attempts at reaching the final subgradient of all **RE**, that state that exists beyond mortal death. <sup>48</sup>The Numidium. The Endeavor. The Prolix Tower. **NTM**. The Enantiomorph. The Scarab that Transforms into the New Man.

<sup>49</sup>Simply 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.

<sup>50</sup>Mortal Death to Z, the state-gradient echo of Mundus Centerex.

<sup>51</sup>"The lower regions crawl with these souls, caves of shallow treasures,

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meeting in places to testify by way of extension, when love is only satisfied by a considerable (incalculable) effort."

<sup>52</sup>Those who do not fail become the New Men: an individual beyond all **FE**, unerased and all-being. <sup>53</sup>Jumping beyond the last bridge of all existence is the Last Existence, The Eternal I.

<sup>54</sup>I AM.

A whole World of You.

God.

<sup>55</sup>God outside of all else but his own free consciousness, hallucinating for eternity and falling into love:

I AM AND I ARE ALL WE.

<sup>56</sup>A 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.

<sup>57</sup>As above, "This is the love of God."

Why Love?

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

<sup>58</sup>The New Man becomes God becomes Amaranth, everlasting hypnogogic.

<sup>59</sup>Hallucinations become lucid under His eye and therefore, like all parents of their children,

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the Amaranth cherishes and adores all that is  
come from Him.

<sup>60</sup>I ARE ALL WE.

God is Love.

<sup>61</sup>COME TO THE HOUSE OF WE.

God is Love.

<sup>62</sup>ONE WORLD IN SPIRIT I AM.

God is Love.

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### The Prophet of Landfall



e has come down from the  
mountains, the chitin of his  
belly segments freshly painted  
in Faith. <sup>2</sup>The suns shine  
overhead, each uttering his  
name in their way.

<sup>3</sup>The 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. <sup>4</sup>His fifth and  
second arms encircle his staff as his mandibles  
click out a small prayer. <sup>5</sup>Beyond the barrens lay  
the Crescent of the Eighty and One Thrones,  
and all the villages that hang from it like a  
jeweled belt.

<sup>6</sup>They do not know it yet, those millions that  
work, rule, and commit their countless sins out  
there in the cradle of all written history,

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but he will save them. <sup>7</sup>In 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.

<sup>8</sup>He would permit himself some pride if that emotion occurred to him; <sup>9</sup>instead, he tests his locust wings on the wind, permitting himself to glide into the first steps of Salvation.

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## The Amaranth



<sup>1</sup>ivec was borne by ribbons of water, which wrote their starward couplings in red. This was a new place of speed. <sup>2</sup>His eyes broke on the spikes above the tower, where the Void Ghost squatted over a drake-scaled drum, imbecile in its rhythm. <sup>3</sup>And he asked of it:

“Who are you, that need no signature at all?”

<sup>4</sup>Three 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. <sup>5</sup>And Seht held his swollen belly to its name, clockmaker's daughter, swimming the dead confession along a century of thread, <sup>6</sup>Naming her, uneaten, a golden cache of Veloth and Velothi, for where else would they know to go?

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<sup>7</sup>“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.

<sup>8</sup>And the red moment became a great howling unchecked, for the Provisional House was in ruin. <sup>9</sup>And Vivec became as glass, a lamp, for the dragon's mane had broke, and the red moon bade him come.

<sup>10</sup>“The sign of royalty is not this,”  
a signal blueshift told him, “There is  
no right lesson learned alone.”

<sup>11</sup>He 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. <sup>12</sup>But the male signals were offended, and Vivec took a fighting form. <sup>13</sup>He undid his eastern light, saying to the  that through war, they had become brides in glass, which no power could observe.

<sup>14</sup>The 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.

<sup>15</sup>Wheeling, he spread into an insect salve, worn on the neck of hist-bulbs when at challenge.

<sup>16</sup>He 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.



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<sup>17</sup>The light bent, and somewhere a history was finally undone. <sup>18</sup>Of it, Vivec remembered the laughing of the netchimen of his village when the hunts were good. <sup>19</sup>He marched with his father in the ash, growing strong in the hooks and sail, able to run a junk through silt. <sup>20</sup>At eleven, he sung to an ashkhan. He became sick after Red Mountain, with the nix-blood and fever, and was infirm a hundred years. <sup>21</sup>His mother survived him and laid his body at the altar of Padomay. She gave him her skin to wear into the underworld.

<sup>22</sup>The light bent, and Vivec awoke and grew fangs, unwilling to make of herself a folding thing. This was a new and lunar promise. <sup>23</sup>And 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.

<sup>24</sup>She took her people and made them safe, and sat with Azura drawing her own husband's likeness in the dirt.

<sup>25</sup>"For I have removed my left hand and my right, he will say," she said, "for that is how I shall win against them. <sup>26</sup>Love alone and you shall know only mistakes of salt."

<sup>27</sup>The worlding of the words is 𐐀𐐁𐐂𐐃𐐄𐐅𐐆𐐇𐐈𐐉𐐊𐐋𐐌𐐍𐐎𐐏𐐐𐐑𐐒𐐓𐐔𐐕𐐖𐐗𐐘𐐙𐐚𐐛𐐜𐐝𐐞𐐟𐐠𐐡𐐢𐐣𐐤𐐥𐐦𐐧𐐨𐐩𐐪𐐫𐐬𐐭𐐮𐐯𐐰𐐱𐐲𐐳𐐴𐐵𐐶𐐷𐐸𐐹𐐺𐐻𐐼𐐽𐐾𐐿𐑀𐑁𐑂𐑃𐑄𐑅𐑆𐑇𐑈𐑉𐑊𐑋𐑌𐑍𐑎𐑏𐑐𐑑𐑒𐑓𐑔𐑕𐑖𐑗𐑘𐑙𐑚𐑛𐑜𐑝𐑞𐑟𐑠𐑡𐑢𐑣𐑤𐑥𐑦𐑧𐑨𐑩𐑪𐑫𐑬𐑭𐑮𐑯𐑰𐑱𐑲𐑳𐑴𐑵𐑶𐑷𐑸𐑹𐑺𐑻𐑼𐑽𐑾𐑿𐒀𐒁𐒂𐒃𐒄𐒅𐒆𐒇𐒈𐒉𐒊𐒋𐒌𐒍𐒎𐒏𐒐𐒑𐒒𐒓𐒔𐒕𐒖𐒗𐒘𐒙𐒚𐒛𐒜𐒝𐒞𐒟𐒠𐒡𐒢𐒣𐒤𐒥𐒦𐒧𐒨𐒩𐒪𐒫𐒬𐒭𐒮𐒯𐒰𐒱𐒲𐒳𐒴𐒵𐒶𐒷𐒸𐒹𐒺𐒻𐒼𐒽𐒾𐒿𐓀𐓁𐓂𐓃𐓄𐓅𐓆𐓇𐓈𐓉𐓊𐓋𐓌𐓍𐓎𐓏𐓐𐓑𐓒𐓓𐓔𐓕𐓖𐓗𐓘𐓙𐓚𐓛𐓜𐓝𐓞𐓟𐓠𐓡𐓢𐓣𐓤𐓥𐓦𐓧𐓨𐓩𐓪𐓫𐓬𐓭𐓮𐓯𐓰𐓱𐓲𐓳𐓴𐓵𐓶𐓷𐓸𐓹𐓺𐓻𐓼𐓽𐓾𐓿𐔀𐔁𐔂𐔃𐔄𐔅𐔆𐔇𐔈𐔉𐔊𐔋𐔌𐔍𐔎𐔏𐔐𐔑𐔒𐔓𐔔𐔕𐔖𐔗𐔘𐔙𐔚𐔛𐔜𐔝𐔞𐔟𐔠𐔡𐔢𐔣𐔤𐔥𐔦𐔧𐔨𐔩𐔪𐔫𐔬𐔭𐔮𐔯𐔰𐔱𐔲𐔳𐔴𐔵𐔶𐔷𐔸𐔹𐔺𐔻𐔼𐔽𐔾𐔿𐕀𐕁𐕂𐕃𐕄𐕅𐕆𐕇𐕈𐕉𐕊𐕋𐕌𐕍𐕎𐕏𐕐𐕑𐕒𐕓𐕔𐕕𐕖𐕗𐕘𐕙𐕚𐕛𐕜𐕝𐕞𐕟𐕠𐕡𐕢𐕣𐕤𐕥𐕦𐕧𐕨𐕩𐕪𐕫𐕬𐕭𐕮𐕯𐕰𐕱𐕲𐕳𐕴𐕵𐕶𐕷𐕸𐕹𐕺𐕻𐕼𐕽𐕾𐕿𐖀𐖁𐖂𐖃𐖄𐖅𐖆𐖇𐖈𐖉𐖊𐖋𐖌𐖍𐖎𐖏𐖐𐖑𐖒𐖓𐖔𐖕𐖖𐖗𐖘𐖙𐖚𐖛𐖜𐖝𐖞𐖟𐖠𐖡𐖢𐖣𐖤𐖥𐖦𐖧𐖨𐖩𐖪𐖫𐖬𐖭𐖮𐖯𐖰𐖱𐖲𐖳𐖴𐖵𐖶𐖷𐖸𐖹𐖺𐖻𐖼𐖽𐖾𐖿𐗀𐗁𐗂𐗃𐗄𐗅𐗆𐗇𐗈𐗉𐗊𐗋𐗌𐗍𐗎𐗏𐗐𐗑𐗒𐗓𐗔𐗕𐗖𐗗𐗘𐗙𐗚𐗛𐗜𐗝𐗞𐗟𐗠𐗡𐗢𐗣𐗤𐗥𐗦𐗧𐗨𐗩𐗪𐗫𐗬𐗭𐗮𐗯𐗰𐗱𐗲𐗳𐗴𐗵𐗶𐗷𐗸𐗹𐗺𐗻𐗼𐗽𐗾𐗿𐘀𐘁𐘂𐘃𐘄𐘅𐘆𐘇𐘈𐘉𐘊𐘋𐘌𐘍𐘎𐘏𐘐𐘑𐘒𐘓𐘔𐘕𐘖𐘗𐘘𐘙𐘚𐘛𐘜𐘝𐘞𐘟𐘠𐘡𐘢𐘣𐘤𐘥𐘦𐘧𐘨𐘩𐘪𐘫𐘬𐘭𐘮𐘯𐘰𐘱𐘲𐘳𐘴𐘵𐘶𐘷𐘸𐘹𐘺𐘻𐘼𐘽𐘾𐘿𐙀𐙁𐙂𐙃𐙄𐙅𐙆𐙇𐙈𐙉𐙊𐙋𐙌𐙍𐙎𐙏𐙐𐙑𐙒𐙓𐙔𐙕𐙖𐙗𐙘𐙙𐙚𐙛𐙜𐙝𐙞𐙟𐙠𐙡𐙢𐙣𐙤𐙥𐙦𐙧𐙨𐙩𐙪𐙫𐙬𐙭𐙮𐙯𐙰𐙱𐙲𐙳𐙴𐙵𐙶𐙷𐙸𐙹𐙺𐙻𐙼𐙽𐙾𐙿𐚀𐚁𐚂𐚃𐚄𐚅𐚆𐚇𐚈𐚉𐚊𐚋𐚌𐚍𐚎𐚏𐚐𐚑𐚒𐚓𐚔𐚕𐚖𐚗𐚘𐚙𐚚𐚛𐚜𐚝𐚞𐚟𐚠𐚡𐚢𐚣𐚤𐚥𐚦𐚧𐚨𐚩𐚪𐚫𐚬𐚭𐚮𐚯𐚰𐚱𐚲𐚳𐚴𐚵𐚶𐚷𐚸𐚹𐚺𐚻𐚼𐚽𐚾𐚿𐛀𐛁𐛂𐛃𐛄𐛅𐛆𐛇𐛈𐛉𐛊𐛋𐛌𐛍𐛎𐛏𐛐𐛑𐛒𐛓𐛔𐛕𐛖𐛗𐛘𐛙𐛚𐛛𐛜𐛝𐛞𐛟𐛠𐛡𐛢𐛣𐛤𐛥𐛦𐛧𐛨𐛩𐛪𐛫𐛬𐛭𐛮𐛯𐛰𐛱𐛲𐛳𐛴𐛵𐛶𐛷𐛸𐛹𐛺𐛻𐛼𐛽𐛾𐛿𐜀𐜁𐜂𐜃𐜄𐜅𐜆𐜇𐜈𐜉𐜊𐜋𐜌𐜍𐜎𐜏𐜐𐜑𐜒𐜓𐜔𐜕𐜖𐜗𐜘𐜙𐜚𐜛𐜜𐜝𐜞𐜟𐜠𐜡𐜢𐜣𐜤𐜥𐜦𐜧𐜨𐜩𐜪𐜫𐜬𐜭𐜮𐜯𐜰𐜱𐜲𐜳𐜴𐜵𐜶𐜷𐜸𐜹𐜺𐜻𐜼𐜽𐜾𐜿𐝀𐝁𐝂𐝃𐝄𐝅𐝆𐝇𐝈𐝉𐝊𐝋𐝌𐝍𐝎𐝏𐝐𐝑𐝒𐝓𐝔𐝕𐝖𐝗𐝘𐝙𐝚𐝛𐝜𐝝𐝞𐝟𐝠𐝡𐝢𐝣𐝤𐝥𐝦𐝧𐝨𐝩𐝪𐝫𐝬𐝭𐝮𐝯𐝰𐝱𐝲𐝳𐝴𐝵𐝶𐝷𐝸𐝹𐝺𐝻𐝼𐝽𐝾𐝿𐞀𐞁𐞂𐞃𐞄𐞅𐞆𐞇𐞈𐞉𐞊𐞋𐞌𐞍𐞎𐞏𐞐𐞑𐞒𐞓𐞔𐞕𐞖𐞗𐞘𐞙𐞚𐞛𐞜𐞝𐞞𐞟𐞠𐞡𐞢𐞣𐞤𐞥𐞦𐞧𐞨𐞩𐞪𐞫𐞬𐞭𐞮𐞯𐞰𐞱𐞲𐞳𐞴𐞵𐞶𐞷𐞸𐞹𐞺𐞻𐞼𐞽𐞾𐞿𐟀𐟁𐟂𐟃𐟄𐟅𐟆𐟇𐟈𐟉𐟊𐟋𐟌𐟍𐟎𐟏𐟐𐟑𐟒𐟓𐟔𐟕𐟖𐟗𐟘𐟙𐟚𐟛𐟜𐟝𐟞𐟟𐟠𐟡𐟢𐟣𐟤𐟥𐟦𐟧𐟨𐟩𐟪𐟫𐟬𐟭𐟮𐟯𐟰𐟱𐟲𐟳𐟴𐟵𐟶𐟷𐟸𐟹𐟺𐟻𐟼𐟽𐟾𐟿𐠀𐠁𐠂𐠃𐠄𐠅𐠆𐠇𐠈𐠉𐠊𐠋𐠌𐠍𐠎𐠏𐠐𐠑𐠒𐠓𐠔𐠕𐠖𐠗𐠘𐠙𐠚𐠛𐠜𐠝𐠞𐠟𐠠𐠡𐠢𐠣𐠤𐠥𐠦𐠧𐠨𐠩𐠪𐠫𐠬𐠭𐠮𐠯𐠰𐠱𐠲𐠳𐠴𐠵𐠶𐠷𐠸𐠹𐠺𐠻𐠼𐠽𐠾𐠿𐡀𐡁𐡂𐡃𐡄𐡅𐡆𐡇𐡈𐡉𐡊𐡋𐡌𐡍𐡎𐡏𐡐𐡑𐡒𐡓𐡔𐡕𐡖𐡗𐡘𐡙𐡚𐡛𐡜𐡝𐡞𐡟𐡠𐡡𐡢𐡣𐡤𐡥𐡦𐡧𐡨𐡩𐡪𐡫𐡬𐡭𐡮𐡯𐡰𐡱𐡲𐡳𐡴𐡵𐡶𐡷𐡸𐡹𐡺𐡻𐡼𐡽𐡾𐡿𐢀𐢁𐢂𐢃𐢄𐢅𐢆𐢇𐢈𐢉𐢊𐢋𐢌𐢍𐢎𐢏𐢐𐢑𐢒𐢓𐢔𐢕𐢖𐢗𐢘𐢙𐢚𐢛𐢜𐢝𐢞𐢟𐢠𐢡𐢢𐢣𐢤𐢥𐢦𐢧𐢨𐢩𐢪𐢫𐢬𐢭𐢮𐢯𐢰𐢱𐢲𐢳𐢴𐢵𐢶𐢷𐢸𐢹𐢺𐢻𐢼𐢽𐢾𐢿𐣀𐣁𐣂𐣃𐣄𐣅𐣆𐣇𐣈𐣉𐣊𐣋𐣌𐣍𐣎𐣏𐣐𐣑𐣒𐣓𐣔𐣕𐣖𐣗𐣘𐣙𐣚𐣛𐣜𐣝𐣞𐣟𐣠𐣡𐣢𐣣𐣤𐣥𐣦𐣧𐣨𐣩𐣪𐣫𐣬𐣭𐣮𐣯𐣰𐣱𐣲𐣳𐣴𐣵𐣶𐣷𐣸𐣹𐣺𐣻𐣼𐣽𐣾𐣿𐤀𐤁𐤂𐤃𐤄𐤅𐤆𐤇𐤈𐤉𐤊𐤋𐤌𐤍𐤎𐤏𐤐𐤑𐤒𐤓𐤔𐤕𐤖𐤗𐤘𐤙𐤚𐤛𐤜𐤝𐤞𐤟𐤠𐤡𐤢𐤣𐤤𐤥𐤦𐤧𐤨𐤩𐤪𐤫𐤬𐤭𐤮𐤯𐤰𐤱𐤲𐤳𐤴𐤵𐤶𐤷𐤸𐤹𐤺𐤻𐤼𐤽𐤾𐤿𐥀𐥁𐥂𐥃𐥄𐥅𐥆𐥇𐥈𐥉𐥊𐥋𐥌𐥍𐥎𐥏𐥐𐥑𐥒𐥓𐥔𐥕𐥖𐥗𐥘𐥙𐥚𐥛𐥜𐥝𐥞𐥟𐥠𐥡𐥢𐥣𐥤𐥥𐥦𐥧𐥨𐥩𐥪𐥫𐥬𐥭𐥮𐥯𐥰𐥱𐥲𐥳𐥴𐥵𐥶𐥷𐥸𐥹𐥺𐥻𐥼𐥽𐥾𐥿𐦀𐦁𐦂𐦃𐦄𐦅𐦆𐦇𐦈𐦉𐦊𐦋𐦌𐦍𐦎𐦏𐦐𐦑𐦒𐦓𐦔𐦕𐦖𐦗𐦘𐦙𐦚𐦛𐦜𐦝𐦞𐦟𐦠𐦡𐦢𐦣𐦤𐦥𐦦𐦧𐦨𐦩𐦪𐦫𐦬𐦭𐦮𐦯𐦰𐦱𐦲𐦳𐦴𐦵𐦶𐦷𐦸𐦹𐦺𐦻𐦼𐦽𐦾𐦿𐧀𐧁𐧂𐧃𐧄𐧅𐧆𐧇𐧈𐧉𐧊𐧋𐧌𐧍𐧎𐧏𐧐𐧑𐧒𐧓𐧔𐧕𐧖𐧗𐧘𐧙𐧚𐧛𐧜𐧝𐧞𐧟𐧠𐧡𐧢𐧣𐧤𐧥𐧦𐧧𐧨𐧩𐧪𐧫𐧬𐧭𐧮𐧯𐧰𐧱𐧲𐧳𐧴𐧵𐧶𐧷𐧸𐧹𐧺𐧻𐧼𐧽𐧾𐧿𐨀𐨁𐨂𐨃𐨄𐨅𐨆𐨇𐨈𐨉𐨊𐨋𐨌𐨍𐨎𐨏𐨐𐨑𐨒𐨓𐨔𐨕𐨖𐨗𐨘𐨙𐨚𐨛𐨜𐨝𐨞𐨟𐨠𐨡𐨢𐨣𐨤𐨥𐨦𐨧𐨨𐨩𐨪𐨫𐨬𐨭𐨮𐨯𐨰𐨱𐨲𐨳𐨴𐨵𐨶𐨷𐨹𐨺𐨸𐨻𐨼𐨽𐨾𐨿𐩀𐩁𐩂𐩃𐩄𐩅𐩆𐩇𐩈𐩉𐩊𐩋𐩌𐩍𐩎𐩏𐩐𐩑𐩒𐩓𐩔𐩕𐩖𐩗𐩘𐩙𐩚𐩛𐩜𐩝𐩞𐩟𐩠𐩡𐩢𐩣𐩤𐩥𐩦𐩧𐩨𐩩𐩪𐩫𐩬𐩭𐩮𐩯𐩰𐩱𐩲𐩳𐩴𐩵𐩶𐩷𐩸𐩹𐩺𐩻𐩼𐩽𐩾𐩿𐪀𐪁𐪂𐪃𐪄𐪅𐪆𐪇𐪈𐪉𐪊𐪋𐪌𐪍𐪎𐪏𐪐𐪑𐪒𐪓𐪔𐪕𐪖𐪗𐪘𐪙𐪚𐪛𐪜𐪝𐪞𐪟𐪠𐪡𐪢𐪣𐪤𐪥𐪦𐪧𐪨𐪩𐪪𐪫𐪬𐪭𐪮𐪯𐪰𐪱𐪲𐪳𐪴𐪵𐪶𐪷𐪸𐪹𐪺𐪻𐪼𐪽𐪾𐪿𐫀𐫁𐫂𐫃𐫄𐫅𐫆𐫇𐫈𐫉𐫊𐫋𐫌𐫍𐫎𐫏𐫐𐫑𐫒𐫓𐫔𐫕𐫖𐫗𐫘𐫙𐫚𐫛𐫜𐫝𐫞𐫟𐫠𐫡𐫢𐫣𐫤𐫦𐫥𐫧𐫨𐫩𐫪𐫫𐫬𐫭𐫮𐫯𐫰𐫱𐫲𐫳𐫴𐫵𐫶𐫷𐫸𐫹𐫺𐫻𐫼𐫽𐫾𐫿𐬀𐬁𐬂𐬃𐬄𐬅𐬆𐬇𐬈𐬉𐬊𐬋𐬌𐬍𐬎𐬏𐬐𐬑𐬒𐬓𐬔𐬕𐬖𐬗𐬘𐬙𐬚𐬛𐬜𐬝𐬞𐬟𐬠𐬡𐬢𐬣𐬤𐬥𐬦𐬧𐬨𐬩𐬪𐬫𐬬𐬭𐬮𐬯𐬰𐬱𐬲𐬳𐬴𐬵𐬶𐬷𐬸𐬹𐬺𐬻𐬼𐬽𐬾𐬿𐭀𐭁𐭂𐭃𐭄𐭅𐭆𐭇𐭈𐭉𐭊𐭋𐭌𐭍𐭎𐭏𐭐𐭑𐭒𐭓𐭔𐭕𐭖𐭗𐭘𐭙𐭚𐭛𐭜𐭝𐭞𐭟𐭠𐭡𐭢𐭣𐭤𐭥𐭦𐭧𐭨𐭩𐭪𐭫𐭬𐭭𐭮𐭯𐭰𐭱𐭲𐭳𐭴𐭵𐭶𐭷𐭸𐭹𐭺𐭻𐭼𐭽𐭾𐭿𐮀𐮁𐮂𐮃𐮄𐮅𐮆𐮇𐮈𐮉𐮊𐮋𐮌𐮍𐮎𐮏𐮐𐮑𐮒𐮓𐮔𐮕𐮖𐮗𐮘𐮙𐮚𐮛𐮜𐮝𐮞𐮟𐮠𐮡𐮢𐮣𐮤𐮥𐮦𐮧𐮨𐮩𐮪𐮫𐮬𐮭𐮮𐮯𐮰𐮱𐮲𐮳𐮴𐮵𐮶𐮷𐮸𐮹𐮺𐮻𐮼𐮽𐮾𐮿𐯀𐯁𐯂𐯃𐯄𐯅𐯆𐯇𐯈𐯉𐯊𐯋𐯌𐯍𐯎𐯏𐯐𐯑𐯒𐯓𐯔𐯕𐯖𐯗𐯘𐯙𐯚𐯛𐯜𐯝𐯞𐯟𐯠𐯡𐯢𐯣𐯤𐯥𐯦𐯧𐯨𐯩𐯪𐯫𐯬𐯭𐯮𐯯𐯰𐯱𐯲𐯳𐯴𐯵𐯶𐯷𐯸𐯹𐯺𐯻𐯼𐯽𐯾𐯿𐰀𐰁𐰂𐰃𐰄𐰅𐰆𐰇𐰈𐰉𐰊𐰋𐰌𐰍𐰎𐰏𐰐𐰑𐰒𐰓𐰔𐰕𐰖𐰗𐰘𐰙𐰚𐰛𐰜𐰝𐰞𐰟𐰠𐰡𐰢𐰣𐰤𐰥𐰦𐰧𐰨𐰩𐰪𐰫𐰬𐰭𐰮𐰯𐰰𐰱𐰲𐰳𐰴𐰵𐰶𐰷𐰸𐰹𐰺𐰻𐰼𐰽𐰾𐰿𐱀𐱁𐱂𐱃𐱄𐱅𐱆𐱇𐱈𐱉𐱊𐱋𐱌𐱍𐱎𐱏𐱐𐱑𐱒𐱓𐱔𐱕𐱖𐱗𐱘𐱙𐱚𐱛𐱜𐱝𐱞𐱟𐱠𐱡𐱢𐱣𐱤𐱥𐱦𐱧𐱨𐱩𐱪𐱫𐱬𐱭𐱮𐱯𐱰𐱱𐱲𐱳𐱴𐱵𐱶𐱷𐱸𐱹𐱺𐱻𐱼𐱽𐱾𐱿𐲀𐲁𐲂𐲃𐲄𐲅𐲆𐲇𐲈𐲉𐲊𐲋𐲌𐲍𐲎𐲏𐲐𐲑𐲒𐲓𐲔𐲕𐲖𐲗𐲘𐲙𐲚𐲛𐲜𐲝𐲞𐲟𐲠𐲡𐲢𐲣𐲤𐲥𐲦𐲧𐲨𐲩𐲪𐲫𐲬𐲭𐲮𐲯𐲰𐲱𐲲𐲳𐲴𐲵𐲶𐲷𐲸𐲹𐲺𐲻𐲼𐲽𐲾𐲿𐳀𐳁𐳂𐳃𐳄𐳅𐳆𐳇𐳈𐳉𐳊𐳋𐳌𐳍𐳎𐳏𐳐𐳑𐳒𐳓𐳔𐳕𐳖𐳗𐳘𐳙𐳚𐳛𐳜𐳝𐳞𐳟𐳠𐳡𐳢𐳣𐳤𐳥𐳦𐳧𐳨𐳩𐳪𐳫𐳬𐳭𐳮𐳯𐳰𐳱𐳲𐳳𐳴𐳵𐳶𐳷𐳸𐳹𐳺𐳻𐳼𐳽𐳾𐳿𐴀𐴁𐴂𐴃𐴄𐴅𐴆𐴇𐴈𐴉𐴊𐴋𐴌𐴍𐴎𐴏𐴐𐴑𐴒𐴓𐴔𐴕𐴖𐴗𐴘𐴙𐴚𐴛𐴜𐴝𐴞𐴟𐴠𐴡𐴢𐴣𐴤𐴥𐴦𐴧𐴨𐴩𐴪𐴫𐴬𐴭𐴮𐴯𐴰𐴱𐴲𐴳𐴴𐴵𐴶𐴷𐴸𐴹𐴺𐴻𐴼𐴽𐴾𐴿𐵀𐵁𐵂𐵃𐵄𐵅𐵆𐵇𐵈𐵉𐵊𐵋𐵌𐵍𐵎𐵏𐵐𐵑𐵒𐵓𐵔𐵕𐵖𐵗𐵘𐵙𐵚𐵛𐵜𐵝𐵞𐵟𐵠𐵡𐵢𐵣𐵤𐵥𐵦𐵧𐵨𐵩𐵪𐵫𐵬𐵭𐵮𐵯𐵰𐵱𐵲𐵳𐵴𐵵𐵶𐵷𐵸𐵹𐵺𐵻𐵼𐵽𐵾𐵿𐶀𐶁𐶂𐶃𐶄𐶅𐶆𐶇𐶈𐶉𐶊𐶋𐶌𐶍𐶎𐶏𐶐𐶑𐶒𐶓𐶔𐶕𐶖𐶗𐶘𐶙𐶚𐶛𐶜𐶝𐶞𐶟𐶠𐶡𐶢𐶣𐶤𐶥𐶦𐶧𐶨𐶩𐶪𐶫𐶬𐶭𐶮𐶯𐶰𐶱𐶲𐶳𐶴𐶵𐶶𐶷𐶸𐶹𐶺𐶻𐶼𐶽𐶾𐶿𐷀𐷁𐷂𐷃𐷄𐷅𐷆𐷇𐷈𐷉𐷊𐷋𐷌𐷍𐷎𐷏𐷐𐷑𐷒𐷓𐷔𐷕𐷖𐷗𐷘𐷙𐷚𐷛𐷜𐷝𐷞𐷟𐷠𐷡𐷢𐷣𐷤𐷥𐷦𐷧𐷨𐷩𐷪𐷫𐷬𐷭𐷮𐷯𐷰𐷱𐷲𐷳𐷴𐷵𐷶𐷷𐷸𐷹𐷺𐷻𐷼𐷽𐷾𐷿𐸀𐸁𐸂𐸃𐸄𐸅𐸆𐸇𐸈𐸉𐸊𐸋𐸌𐸍𐸎𐸏𐸐𐸑𐸒𐸓𐸔𐸕𐸖𐸗𐸘𐸙𐸚𐸛𐸜𐸝𐸞𐸟𐸠𐸡𐸢𐸣𐸤𐸥𐸦𐸧𐸨𐸩𐸪𐸫𐸬𐸭𐸮𐸯𐸰𐸱𐸲𐸳𐸴𐸵𐸶𐸷𐸸𐸹𐸺𐸻𐸼𐸽𐸾𐸿𐹀𐹁𐹂𐹃𐹄𐹅𐹆𐹇𐹈𐹉𐹊𐹋𐹌𐹍𐹎𐹏𐹐𐹑𐹒𐹓𐹔𐹕𐹖𐹗𐹘𐹙𐹚𐹛𐹜𐹝𐹞𐹟𐹠𐹡𐹢𐹣𐹤𐹥𐹦𐹧𐹨𐹩𐹪𐹫𐹬𐹭𐹮𐹯𐹰𐹱𐹲𐹳𐹴𐹵𐹶𐹷𐹸𐹹𐹺𐹻𐹼𐹽𐹾𐹿𐺀𐺁𐺂𐺃𐺄𐺅𐺆𐺇𐺈𐺉𐺊𐺋𐺌𐺍𐺎𐺏𐺐𐺑𐺒𐺓𐺔𐺕𐺖𐺗𐺘𐺙𐺚𐺛𐺜𐺝𐺞𐺟𐺠𐺡𐺢𐺣𐺤𐺥𐺦𐺧𐺨𐺩𐺪𐺫𐺬𐺭𐺮𐺯𐺰𐺱𐺲𐺳𐺴𐺵𐺶𐺷𐺸𐺹𐺺𐺻𐺼𐺽𐺾𐺿𐻀𐻁𐻂𐻃𐻄𐻅𐻆𐻇𐻈𐻉𐻊𐻋𐻌𐻍𐻎𐻏𐻐𐻑𐻒𐻓𐻔𐻕𐻖𐻗𐻘𐻙𐻚𐻛𐻜𐻝𐻞𐻟𐻠𐻡𐻢𐻣𐻤𐻥𐻦𐻧𐻨𐻩𐻪𐻫𐻬𐻭𐻮𐻯𐻰𐻱𐻲𐻳𐻴𐻵𐻶𐻷𐻸𐻹𐻺𐻻𐻼𐻽𐻾𐻿𐼀𐼁𐼂𐼃𐼄𐼅𐼆𐼇𐼈𐼉𐼊𐼋𐼌𐼍𐼎𐼏𐼐𐼑𐼒𐼓𐼔𐼕𐼖𐼗𐼘𐼙𐼚𐼛𐼜𐼝𐼞𐼟𐼠𐼡𐼢𐼣𐼤𐼥𐼦𐼧𐼨𐼩𐼪𐼫𐼬𐼭𐼮𐼯𐼰𐼱𐼲𐼳𐼴𐼵𐼶𐼷𐼸𐼹𐼺𐼻𐼼𐼽𐼾𐼿𐽀𐽁𐽂𐽃𐽄𐽅𐽆𐽇𐽋𐽍𐽎𐽏𐽐𐽈𐽉𐽊𐽌𐽑𐽒𐽓𐽔𐽕𐽖𐽗𐽘𐽙𐽚𐽛𐽜𐽝𐽞𐽟𐽠𐽡𐽢𐽣𐽤𐽥𐽦𐽧𐽨𐽩𐽪𐽫𐽬𐽭𐽮𐽯𐽰𐽱𐽲𐽳𐽴𐽵𐽶𐽷𐽸𐽹𐽺𐽻𐽼𐽽𐽾𐽿𐾀𐾁𐾃𐾅𐾂𐾄𐾆𐾇𐾈𐾉𐾊𐾋𐾌𐾍𐾎𐾏𐾐





ፕላኒየስ ደህ ማጠቃለያ  
Breviary and Appendix



וְעַתָּה עַל יְהוָה עַל מִשְׁפָּחָה

עֲשׂוּ



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.

## Temple Oath

ፕላን ገፊዎችና፡

I believe in **TSO**, Triune Grace:

Who walked the earth,  
defeated the Dunmer's greatest enemies,  
and achieved divine substance.

I believe in the Ancestors,  
the Host of Saints, the Temple,  
And in duty to faith, family, masters  
and all that is good.

## Prayers of Praise

### The Seven-Syllable Spell

VEEM VE SEHT VE OESHQ

We are delivered and made whole.

### The Seven-Syllable Spell (Alternate)

Blessed VSO, 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:

VEEM VE SEHT VE OESHQ

VEEM VE SEHT VE OESHQ

VEEM VE SEHT VE OESHQ

The ending of the words, VSO

## 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, 𐍂𐍃𐍅

### 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, 𐍂𐍃𐍅

## 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, 𐐆𐐆𐐇



## Prayers of Praise

### The Ruhn Ania

The homes that sprawl and crouch

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌳𐌰𐌺𐌰

The homes that burrow and delve

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌳𐌰𐌺𐌰

The homes that soar and sway

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌳𐌰𐌺𐌰

The homes that stand and pose

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌳𐌰𐌺𐌰

The homes that swim and wade

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌳𐌰𐌺𐌰

And you shall come home

To 𐌹𐌺𐌰

## 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

VE HETME MORT EYEDDOOY  
YEDDOOYED YODDY VE ET

## 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, **℟℞**

### Prayer for Forgiveness

Blessed **℟℞**,  
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, **℟℞**

## 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, 卐

## 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 𐤒𐤓𐤕, 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 𐤒𐤓𐤕, 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 𐤒𐤓𐤕, 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, 𐤒𐤓𐤕



## 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, 𐌹𐌿𐍅

## 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, 

## 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, 𐍂𐍃𐍅

## 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, 𐍂𐍅𐍅

## 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.

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The beginning of the words, ᲙᲗ᲏

## 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

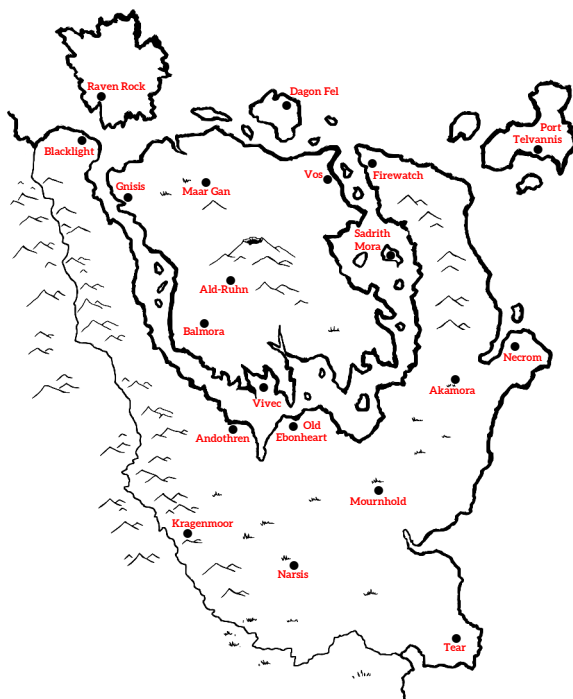




# The Daedric Script

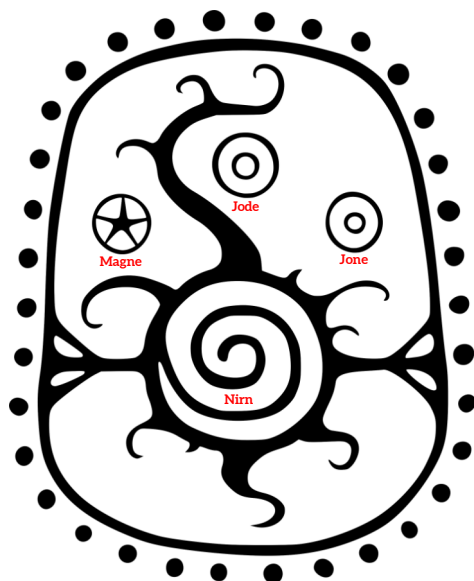
| Ayem  | Bedt | Cess    | Doht  | Ekem   |     |
|-------|------|---------|-------|--------|-----|
| Ƨ     | Ƨ    | Ƨ       | Ƨ     | Ƨ      |     |
| A     | B    | C       | D     | E      |     |
| Hefed | Geth | Hekem   | Iya   | Jeb    |     |
| Ƨ     | Ƨ    | Ƨ       | Ƨ     | Ƨ      |     |
| 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     |     |

### 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

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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

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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:

Tyddynyr:

Almsivi

### TheMyzel:

Anticipations of Almalexia, Sotha Sil, & Vivec

### Lukkar:

Velothei Pattern, Sotha Sil Dreaming

### 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*),

Vehk's Teachings (*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 2<sup>nd</sup> 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*),

The Ruhn Ania

### Moraelyn Ithren:

10<sup>th</sup> of Last Seed Prayer (*Prayer for Forgiveness*)

### Servants of the Tribunal Guild:

Collected Prayers to the Three in One (*Healing Blessing, Prayer for Guidance*)

### 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

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