

# Dragon Cult Contest Winners

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# Introduction

An expedition to Bromjunaar, the ancient capital of Skyrim, has unearthed a cache of new artifacts, literature, and lore. What ancient secrets are now discovered?

This contest challenged the community to create prose and poetry that would be right at home in The Elder Scrolls universe and offer a glimpse into the dark and mysterious Dragon Cult of ages long past. Winning entries and translations are listed below, as well as honorable mentions. The winning entries have also been added as in-game books with a mod available on the <u>Skyrim Nexus</u>.

# Winning Entries

Paaz drog meyz vokul fod voth mul hahdrim voro. Ausaan hevno viik wah lah ahrk lahvu, ond krosis praan sosaaltaas gein ulse voth fahdon. Aan vol los ahzid ahraan ko qoth ol saraan Miiraad se daan ko vokun nol fin alok kun. Rahgot ag smoliin ol rok wahl qah fah kahii. Nahkriin hokoron ofaal zin naal lot thurii. Lot morokei ahrk foraan naal suleyksedov. Meyz sahrot konahrik al do sahlo paal ahrk nu praan ko wol feykro do faal Sovngarde.

(The) fair lord becomes evil when with power the mind is unbalanced;
(He) suffered brutal defeat to magicka and armies, Lo
He sorrowfully rests, bleeding; one forever with a friend;
A horror was his bitter wound in a tomb as he awaited
The door of his fate in the shadows from light from above;
Anger burned passionately as he built defense for his pride;
(He) killed his enemy in vengeance, received honor from his great Overlord;
Great glory and riches by the power of the dragons;
He becomes (a) mighty warlord, destroyer of weak foes and
Now rests in the oak forest of Sovngarde.

by tjp7154

### Lovaassemir by Frinmulaar

עם עד עשעונה שרע דעס ערע הרעע הרעש ביהת יוחיש ברש עין בעסיה דעסע דיות בער דער דעביעין יועב סעב בחע ברעא ערה יועשידבעשה יועש ברישע בריד יוויב רבעא בריין דישע חבאריעד דעש בריק עויב בעד דעי ביה אין דישער עריע בריק עין בער עין ביהיע אין בייריק וברי בעין בעריע דעין ביהיע אין בייריק וברי בעין בעין בעריע אין אין אין אין וברי בעין בעין בעין אין היינען יועע עין דעגע עין דעע ארייעד עיין דעגבייר עין דעג ברייק יועב קעבין דעג בעין יועש ערין יועב עד יועבע גער עין דעג ברייק

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> Ond ko wuth kiinselein revak hah lost fundein Rah wahlaan golt, okaaz voth mulii Ahrk ko lok meyz ko vur faal reyliik wah kos thur Naal lot suleyk lot viing bo nau brii.

> Ruz ahst meyus qohah lok gaar su'umii wah mah Denek hon ahrk alok slen do mun Nuz goraan meyz fronkriid fah veyaan gut nol tiid rok koraavnu ahrk daan voth nid kun.

Thur ko ul venrovaan siiv fin zok bein do raan Orin mal lirre nis kos vonun Diiv lost aaz ol lost wuth - rok ofan zok brit uth tol mahfaeraak wah aam los zojun.

Ko goraan bok do aav osos muz drey koraav Daar balanne meyz kinbok sonaak

#### **Dragon Cult Contest Winners**

Ol fahdon juljunaar wahl mulaag nol bonaar Mir oblaan sahlo ahrk hevnoraak.

Alun los joor wen jot zorox tahrodiis rot Nuz hin sahvot los vahzen ko slen Aam erei praanus nok ful tol ziil fent alok med alok viing do thur naal mid ven.

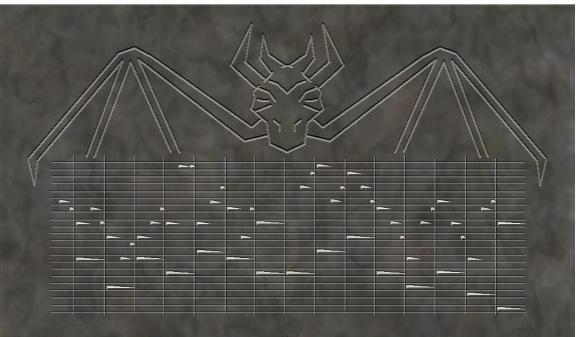
Lo in the old creation of the world, sacred minds were unfolded Gods created the land and sea with their strength And in the skies there appeared in nobility the race to be overlords By great power great wings flew above the beauty.

Then, by a foolish impulse, the sky released its breath to fall The soil heard and raised up the flesh of man But the young one became a killer of kin because, cut off from time, he was blind and doomed without light.

The overlords in eternal flight found this foulest of animals Not even little worms can be unseen The Wyrm was as merciful as he was old - he gave a most beautiful command that to serve forever is of the right path.

In the young ages of the union, some men did see These worthy ones became leading priests As a friend, the kingdom of mankind made power out of humility The alliance ended weakness and brutality.

At any time there are mortals whose maw creates treacherous words But your faith is truth in your flesh Serve until you lie resting, so that your soul might arise like the wings of our lords rise in loyal wind.



SHULLE

· 고대는 모대에 도대에 주상국에 금종하였다. 또한 신간에 보내는 것을 지금지 정수만과 단도것의 미가주것 보수것을 금안하려고 현재 것같도 대신구 되고 주중하신지 신가 있는 미산과 주것을 것을 두대된 소대도 마것을 것도 것을 것을 보았다. 도것을 구성한다. 도것을 수가는

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# An Initiate's Class Notes by firelordstark

[The main text is written neatly, as if by a professional scribe. Notes in the margins and following the main text are written in a less-professional style. The doodles are not professional at all, but the translator has done her best to describe them.]

You have come here to learn the language of the gods. The first thing you must understand is that possessing this knowledge will change you. The Thu'um is to lesser languages as the gods are to their mortal servants. It is powerful and eternal, remaining unchanged while lesser tongues mutate and wane. You aspire to be dovriiaam, and if you succeed here one day the gods may deign to notice your existence. The first thu'um you learn will help you understand your place in Bormahsedov's creation. [A human figure with dragon wings surrounded by clouds is doodled in the margins.]

*Dov*. You should be familiar with this word. They are the firstborn, and we are blessed to witness their power. Initiates who fail to master this word must provide an offering for Sunvaartahdu before they may retake the course. [A pile of dead trolls is drawn in the margin.]

*Rii.* Essence, or spirit. What animates mortal flesh, both before and after death. Remember that the gods may call upon us to serve after death as well as before it. A strong grasp of Rii is essential for initiates seeking advancement. [Scribbled in the margins: postpone flight research until after death? look into healing spells for undead, potions potentially impotent. ha.]

*Aam.* Serve. Service is not simply submission but loyalty to a superior. Who is more worthy of loyalty than the dov, whose essence defies the boundaries that exist for lesser races? Who is more capable of service than the willing, and who are more willing than those who devote themselves to the gods? [A fragment in the margin is scribbled out, as if the writer changed their mind about recording their thought.]

*Dovriiaam*. Dragon essence serve. To be dovriiam is to be a priest of the gods. Initiates who complete their training gain the powers of the priesthood when the gods name them dovriiaam.

[Following the main text in the less-professional hand: I did not understand what it means to serve willingly until after my ascension. One cannot argue with the gods.]

Translator's notes: Bormah-se-dov - Father of Dragon(s). Reference to Akatosh? Sunvaar-tah-du - Beast (monster?) Pack Devour. From context, a dragon with specific dietary requirements.

# Honorable Mentions

Aan Nos Nau Heyv by Vokulle

> テンク ムベリ ティーナ クンク ンニ ダクント インクロン ニンドレント ニメク ニント ニートーー リート テントマント ディー クン ニマト シート シート ニート ンニ マン ニーマー

Mu lost lahvraan ko aan togaat wah kriin fin Dovahkiin voth fin mulaag do Vulthuryol Ahrk Su'umii do al Aak mu wah krongrah

> Yolii do Gol ahrk zeim lok fent drun fin lein kotin vulom ahrk yolosii fen ag mahfaeraak ko daar golt do kun

We have gathered in an attempt to slay the Dragonborn with the strength of Vulthuryol and his Breath of destruction. Guide us to victory.

> His fires of Earth and through sky Shall bring the world into darkness, and his flame will burn forever in the stone of light.

## Ancient Prayer to Dovahkiin by Phirebird

> Mulaag daal, motaad gol, motaad jul. Ov nau hi, nau mun do du'ul, nau du'ul do jun Mir alok med lovaas, nir lein al erei naar do drem ahrk zeim

Strength returns Shaking earth, shaking man Trust on yourself, on the man of the crown, on the crown of the king. Allegience rises like song, hunting the earth's destruction until the peak of peace and beyond.

# The Dragon in the Gem by Grohiikviing

"Okay mages, we set our road toward Bromjunaar," the Arch-mage of the College of Winterhold said, trying to keep his voice raised over the howling winds of the snowy region. Ten brown horses carried mages and battlemages through the land as they rode for Bromjunaar.

"I still can't believe the Arch-mage accepted your proposal of going to this godsforsaken ruin," one bitter battlemage said to another.

"Why, I can't believe you would say such a thing! Bromjunaar used to be the great capital of Skyrim! Dragon priests from all around the province would gather there and worship the dragons. The dragon priests, known as *sonaak* in the dragon tongue, harnessed great magical abilities when they agreed to worship the dragons," the other battlemage, a Dunmer named Tevolos said.

The other battlemage just shut her mouth, but grumbled on the inside.

One of the younger apprentices, a Bosmer by the name of Brellin Nightstone, shouted when she saw the likeliness of a dragon head cutting through the mirage of snow and ice. "Dragon!!!!!!!!"

The horses jumped at her exclamation, as did all of the other mages.

"Brellin!" The Arch-mage said. "There is no dragon! Don't you know, the ancient Nords carved dragon heads out of stone and rock and set them on high places, to warn those who might trespass."

Brellin blushed out of embarrassment as the older mages rode by and scorned at her. They had arrived at Labryinthian. Just outside the entrance, they tied their horses up in a nearby cave and braced themselves for the mystery and danger of Bromjunaar. They stepped over the old snow and took in the ruin of Labryinthian: high, stone walls covered in ice and snow guarded the perimeter, and arches and spires rose up here and there among the rock. The stairs were starting to crumble after so many years of abandon.

"Look around for any dome-shaped ruin around here, most likely to be on ground level. It's okay to split up, but don't go far," the Arch-mage said.

A curious and grim Nord battlemage by the name of Atlas wandered around the ruins, drinking all of the faded glory in as if he himself were a *sonaak*. His eyes lit up from underneath his hood and he smiled a terrible and terrific smile of pure joy. He ran excitedly through the snow and fell on his face once, but that did not hinder him. When he looked up and wiped the snow from his blue eyes, he saw it: Bromjunaar.

"I found it!" Atlas screamed, waving over to the Arch-mage and his fellow battlemages. "It's here! I found it!"

The Arch-mage pushed Atlas aside and stood in the ancient, arched doorway to the ruin. He wasn't sure how stable the roof was, but nevertheless, he continued on. Atlas was right behind him, constantly leaning over his shoulder to see what Bromjunaar would reveal. The stiff snow crunched underneath their feet as they followed the curved walkway. They finally found a circular room that was adorned with a skeleton and a strange altar that had nine dragon priest busts and three carved dragon skulls.

"Everyone, search this area," the Arch-Mage said. Suddenly, the room was full of wideeyed mages that scoured every nook and cranny of the ruin. Atlas, however, was the first to find a strange mask on top of a crumbled piece of paper. He did not bother looking at the paper, for he was enamored with the mask. It hummed a strange song that only he heard. Carefully looking over his shoulder and finding nobody watching, Atlas put the mask on and felt the ground shift beneath his feet.

"Where is Atlas?" one battle-mage screamed. Everyone was in an up-roar in an instant. "He was just right here!" an apprentice said.

"Calm down, everyone," the Arch-mage said. "He is probably just fooling with us, or snuck out. Who knows what that eccentric Nord is up to. Just continue searching this place." Everyone put their heads down and followed commands.

"Where am I?" Atlas thought. He looked around the room and did not find anyone there. In fact, the room itself was perfectly intact: the jars that lined the walls were pristine and untouched, fresh parchment lay on a pile in one corner, and most importantly, the altar was renewed. It was perfectly symmetrical and no sign of age, ruin, or erosion was visible on the stone surface. Atlas walked up to it in awe and touched the dragon-skull carving in the middle. There was something different about the skull in the middle that set it apart from the other two on the sides. He glanced suspiciously around, searching for any other people, when he found a small chest next to the altar. He knelt down and slowly lifted the wooden lid, hearing the hinges creak loudly. He peeked inside and found papers and books and scrolls, all neatly assorted. He dared to touch them and read some of the documents. Atlas' findings are as follows:

Written in cursive handwriting on a scroll:

Dragon Raising Ritual

An excerpt from a small journal containing prayers and curses:

Prayer to the Drayon Gods

Mighty drayons, your power covers the world of Nirn like dew covers the grass on an early morning. your crowns are the stars thenselves, and your throne, the towering sky. your wrath, the thunder that rolls over the hills and oceans. your justice, the swift and painful shock of lightning on the disloyal. We worship you for your lordship over everything that covers on the loose ground. F or when the earth itself disappears, and the mountains that we pray on turn to ash and dust, the sky, in all its glory, will remain steadfast and prevail over all creation. We serve you out of fear and love, and with undying loyalty. T rue masters of the earth, only yods with the right to rule. Look with pity on your servants and grant in us the same power that lives in you.

This dialogue was found in a moleskin notebook:

"I have to do this. This is what they want. The dov. They want this. I just cannot master the new Rotmulaay! The word is Tiid, time. Tiid ever escapes my

comprehension! It flows on and on, my masters are attuned to it, but a mere joor such as myself cannot begin to grasp its meaning! I am not a child of the maker of Tiid, I am not a dovah! The head priest, he expects me to learn this Rot in a year! Tild yoes quickly by me, but to them it seems to last a lifetime! I try Shouting "Tild" and nothing comes. The sands of time slip through each time I try to grasp them. It is like drowning and trying to clutch the air even though you know you cannot grab it. I have asked my other apprentices for help, but they turn me away. What must I do? Tiid ever goes on while I sit and ponder and get nowhere!"

After Atlas sifted through many other relics, he found something in particular that sparked his interest. There was a round, cylindrical object wrapped in leather. Unwrapping it, he found a soul gem that was as black as night, and power radiated from its depths. Wisps of blue seemed to twirl in an endless dance in the middle.

"What could this be?" he thought. A note fell from out of the leather and onto the ground. Atlas read it to himself, but the hasty handwriting was a challenge to decipher.

"In this soul gem contains the soul of a Blood dragon... My experiments have paid... The death of my masters was worth it. I have mastered the art and element of the soul, at least for now. Upon the death of the dragon, which is not easy to bring about, I chanted many words in Dovahzul: 'Sil, Rii, Horvut, Haalvut, Laas-fus,' and many other ancient words that seemed to flow out of my mouth on their own accord and not of my doing. I could feel the power of the ones before me seeping into my bones. The blue soul of the dragon swirled and was contained within the soul gem. However, if this breaks, it will unleash a dragon that will bring wrath and death and pain upon the one who breaks it."

Atlas took his strained eyes off of the parchment and stared into the soul gem. A dragon's soul was in there. He decided at once that he needed to report this to the Arch-mage. He took off his wooden mask and returned to them.

"Atlas! Where'd you go?" a perky battle-mage asked.

"I was transported into a different time, when Bromjunaar was intact! I found this!" he held up the soul gem, rays of blue and purple light spreading from his fingers. Its splendor held authority over all those who cast their gaze on it.

"Well, Atlas, give it here!" the Arch-mage said. He snatched it from Atlas, along with the parchment it came with. He read the note aloud and stared, dumbfounded, at the precious gem.

"This cannot be," he whispered. "Trapping a dragon's soul?! How!?!!" The Arch-mage met eyes with Atlas and found madness and wonder in them. The same effect spread to all the other mages like a sickness.

"We need to take this to the College at once! Mount your horses! We ride now!" All followed him down the same path they came, but in the midst of their journey the road became

rocky and the road narrow. The soul gem slipped from the Arch-mage's hold and broke in fragments on the ground. A shock of blue light flashed and the ghostly appearance of a blood dragon loomed over the company of mages. None lived to make it back to the College, and the Dragon Soul Gem passed into myth and legend, until it was forgotten by even the eldest of mages and lost into time and history.

## Ni Zaamhus (Aan Pel do daan do Un Vokun Thurre) by Fahiiluv Gein

トレクスモ ゴニテリ ひんしょう ひんしょう ひょうしょう ひょうしょう ストース ひょううしょ ひょううしょ こううしょう しょうしょう しょうしょ しょうしょ

ソク ユーリックテン ニリーリー アンフンクイニ マンリン リニ レリンシンフ

Diiv ahrk sonaakke, nust folook Fodiiz Julro sahlo ro Lost lingrah saraan un brit stin Nuz sinon ofaal pogaas so

Mu fen tahrodiis rosedov Ruz Dov fent ni kos thur Jul fent rel daar paaz lein Ahrk nii fent kos pruzah kos joor

Al thurre! Nust vobalaan kosa un drogge!

The dragons and priests, they torment They weather Mankind's weak balance We've long awaited our beautiful freedom But instead receive much sorrow

We shall destabilize the balance of dragonkind Then dragons shall not be overlord Mankind shall rule this fair world And it will be good to be mortal

Destroy the tyrants! They are unworthy to be our masters!

## A Prayer to Keinthurah by Keinthurah

Het zu'u kriist Vobahlaan aar Ofan werid Wah bahlaan rah Het zu'u kriist Tum krein Bo gol Het zu'u kriist Keinthurah hon Het zu'u kriist Dovahsewuth Zeim tiid ahrk nil Het zu'u kriist Het zu'u zein Het zu'u draal Here I stand An unworthy servant Giving praise To a worthy god Here I stand Under the sun Over the land Here I stand Keinthurah, hear Here I stand Dragon of Old Through time and space. Here I stand Here I stand