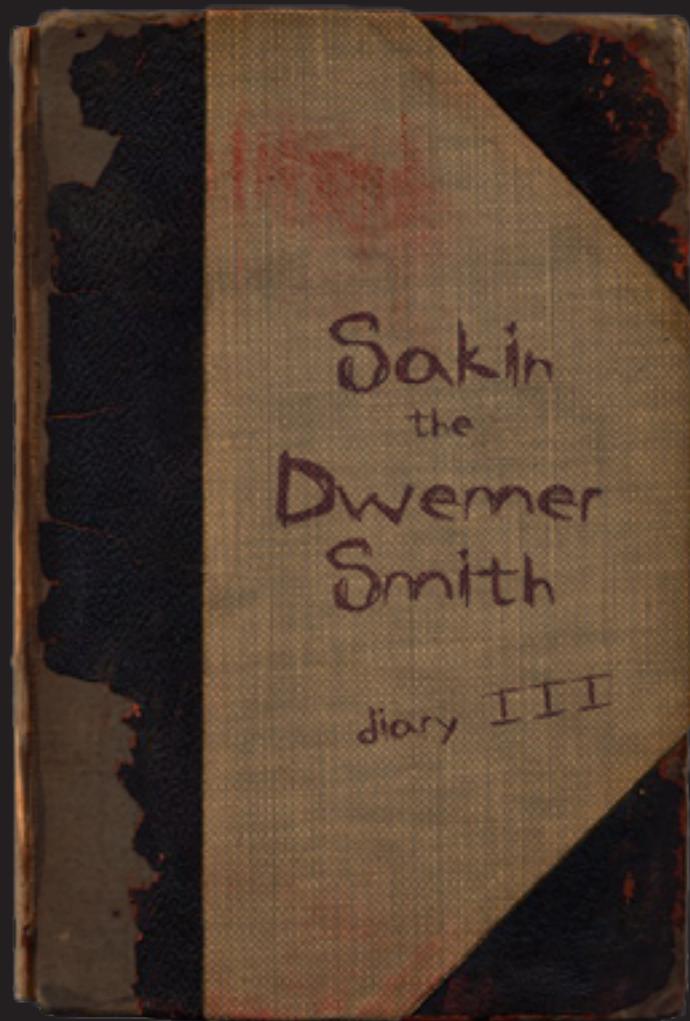


T&S fiction written by Isaac "nox.fox" Fosty

The Elder Scrolls® Bethesda Softworks



Sakin the Dwemer Smith II

**Book III
of the compilation of my diaries**

by Sakin Odinsar-Tibashipal

3&207 Second Seed

It seems I fell asleep last time I wrote. Finally I got better. It wasn't corprus or else I'm the Nerevarine for surviving that. Nibani Maesa would have my head for writing such a blasphem... I miss her and her wise advice. It seems I just got some common disease in the end. Actually I prefer that. I'm still feeling a bit weak but I plan making myself a Daedric sword as soon as I'm back on my feet. I think the stone is more than liquid now.



3&207 Mid Year

I made the Daedric sword, it's a short blade but I think it looks rather good. I added some rubies I found in the ruin to bring the guard to life, they look like eyes. I named the sword Ashurnabael in memory of Ashurnabitašpi, where the stone came from, and Elirabael, who was always there for me. I wish he was there... Now I have the sword. I feel a little less alone. I wish I could show it to him... I'm sure he would be proud.



3E207 Last Seed

I'm so bored... I'm so bored I'm hearing noises and voices now. I began talking to Ashurnabael but I'm not sure it's a sane thing to do. I've tried to find out where the voice comes from but I haven't seen anything. I don't get a word of what it's saying either, sounds like a sick guar inside a big jar under water trying to speak in some Daedric language with a scribe in its mouth.

I think I'm going to improve my centurion armor, it's not very comfortable at the moment. I'll see if

I can find more materials in the last room.

3E207 Hearthfire

I've improved the armor. I found various pieces of Dwemer armor. Boots, a left hand gauntlet and left shoulder pauldron. I wonder if the guy who wore that had only one arm. But better, there were Dwemer schemes there. And quite some stuff actually. Not only in the kegs, there was a bed with no mattress -- I would have preferred a mattress if it could be better than my pile of rat

hides; and some devices. Another disabled radio-wave detector, tubes, various artifacts, gobelets, plates, well those sorts of things and some raw materials. It looks like this place wasn't raided much.

There's also that device I'd never seen until now, a metal cylinder about the size of a Dwemer tube with a small rotating part at one end. I tried to turn it and the thing started vibrating, the more I turned the more it vibrated. I preferred not to push it too far. I have no idea what machine it comes from and it doesn't look broken. I wonder if it's some sort of

game like this Dwemer cube I found?

3E207 Sun's Dusk

I don't get any word of that wicked language but the schemes are interesting. I think I'm starting to understand some things more in depth. But I'm worried, I keep on hearing the voice. Sometimes I'm cold at night despite the incredible heat in the ruin. I think I'm going to go sleeping back in the other rooms, there's something weird here. Or I'm becoming crazy. In any case it's worth trying to get back to the other

rooms.

3&207 Evening Star

I don't like that, the radio-wave detector started buzzing with no apparent reason. I hope it's not going to break. In case it happens I'm gonna fix the other one I found. I haven't disabled all the centurions for some reason so I need the detector to hang around safely. I don't know if I like to observe those living machines or if they make me feel less alone... I gave them names to be less afraid of them and remind which part belongs to who. Shashev, Salipi and Zerabi

are the three spiders, Sunababael and Sulipal are the two spheres and Salay, Mannishah and Eribibi are the three steam centurions. I gave them faces and incrusted rubies and emeralds to make their eyes. Even if it's a bit crazy it surely gives me time before my sanity breaks from loneliness for true.

I've caught a glimpse outside. There weren't much creatures at sight. I thought I could ran but something prevented me... I just looked at the ruin from outside. It started raining and soon I saw a lightning bolt

striking one of the spikes of the towers. There was no damage at all... I was amazed and kept looking until I had a bad feeling and witnessed all the creatures moving in my direction. I came back in and locked the room, leaving its guard to Salay.

3&208 First Seed

It makes four years now... I can hardly believe I spent this much time here. Alone... Why is no one coming here? No adventurer, not anyone? They can't pass the Blight creatures? They're afraid? Should I try to make

the ruin look more attractive? Write a message asking for help? ...Who's gonna see it in the ash storms? ...I'm doomed. As long as those creatures don't go away I'm doomed.

Enough! That's enough! I can't bear to be jailed like this! Tomorrow it's the new moon for both Masser and Secunda, I won't see much but I shouldn't be seen much either. Tomorrow I'm out of here!

3&208 Rain's Hand

...I couldn't make it... Once out I

sneaked as best as I could, trying to remind Elirabael's advice... There were less creatures than usual near the ruin, I thought it was my chance. But then I heard terrifying war cries and ugly bestial screams and roars. There were dozens of fighters but I couldn't think a second there were Indoril guards or any Temple faction members trying to wipe out the Blight creatures. Then I heard that piercing cry as a woman yelled with a shrieking voice that this land belonged to the Quarra. Vampires. I fled, catching all things useful I could find on my way. Some stones,

few herbs, ashes, even two or three scribes. As I was about to reach the ruin I heard a flapping sound and a cliffcracer dived onto me. My armor protected me from the blow but more than the cliffcracer I feared the fighters noticed me. I stuck Ashurnabael in the flying pest's thorax and came to hide behind a pile of stones. Then I dashed back inside the ruin to find one of the Blight creatures dead inside, killed by Sulipal, Sunababael and Salipi. I took some days to rest. Now here I am again but now I have scribes too.

3&208 Sun's Height

I think I've guessed the possible uses of that vibrating cylinder. It might be some sort of pestle, Dwemer liked alchemy. I have another theory but I'm not sure I should write it down... It doesn't sound much like the idea we have of Dwemer, serious guys and all... Unless they were thinking about trying to procreate with their machines but I didn't find anyway to fix the cylinder on that area of any centurion. ...It must be a pestle.

I swear I have doubts. It's not that

great as a pestle. Much better for the other use. I'm feeling lonely sometimes...



3&208 Frostfall

Something very strange happened with the radio-wave detector. It was buzzing again and I tweaked a little the buttons to put make it do the right sound again but in spite of the drunk Silt Rider sound I started to hear scratchy noises. And something sounding like voices. I freaked out a little and dared ask a question to the device. It was something like this: "Are you the voice I hear speaking in that wicked language?" It answered after a little time. "In which realm are you?" it said. "Morrowind, I guess. The land of my

Dunmer ancestors I'd say. Who are you for the sake of Azura? Will you damn leave me alone at night?" It took a little time again. "Who are you?" I wondered if it was some sort of echo. "I'm Sakin Odinsar-Tibashipal. Does it matter? Will you stop your freaky talking?" "Is that you who's messing the communications?" It asked. It then said lots of stuff I didn't understand apart "radio-waves". "I know what are radio-waves, it's the electric sound coming from the lamps and the detector. The detector

doesn't detect them much actually, just makes weird sounds."

"You ignorant, don't make interferences, I may miss the call I've been waiting for thousands of years!"

"What call? Like in the Chimarvamidium? Who are you?"

"Does not matter. Stop your interferences right now."

"I have no idea what you're talking about. You, stop speaking in wicked language!"

"Wait, does it sound like..." there it started talking in that sick tongue. There were some coughs but I didn't

know if it was part of the sentence or not.

"Please, stop, I don't get what you say, it sounds like some Daedric language."

"Where are you?"

"I've never managed to say that name, it's wicked."

"Who speaks to you?"

"You I guess. It must be your voice. Stop talking to me. I already have enough troubles with those corpus monsters."

"Just stop with the interferences. I'm tired, I need to rest."

Then there was just the scratching

sound. This discussion proved
upmosty useless, the voice came
again when I went in what I call the
'cold chamber'.