

*Felix Beauciel*

*Telvanni  
Sweets*

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

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[Foreword of the author]

The quick quill of Sentinel that I am had made its way to Vvardenfell, the amazing sacred land of the Dunmer. Among many adventures I will tell here about a very intriguing one that was a culinary adventure. Morrowind isn't really known for its food and recipes and it is true many dishes over there share the particular taste of ashes. If we admit ashes have an actual taste. However, in the land of the Telvanni on the Eastern cost of the island, I discovered the refined subtleties of their sweets. As a stranger I was reminded that it

was a rare honor to have the chance to share some of those sweets with a Telvanni and I assume some of those wizards may not appreciate this book despite all the respect I have for them and their incredible culture... but I wish to share this with you anyhow, dear reader.

Telvanni Sweets  
by Felix Beauciel

During my expedition on the Eastern coast a Telvanni House Dunmer that I will call Nevel offered me to spend some time in his mushroom home. The elf was dark inside out when I first met him, he seemed to me like the archetypal Telvanni. Haunty as arrogant as he was bitter, persued that I was nothing but an idiot jester existing only to entertain him a bit out of the boredom of his life spent in

doing nothing else but giving orders to his slaves. I wasn't wrong and yet actually wrong at the same time. Telvanni are not people you can't understand that easily and surely only the Telvanni can understand the Telvanni. If they can find a new way to make you feel like an alien they will use it, the more they can make the non-Telvanni feel rejected the safer they feel.

So there I was... in the strangest place I had ever been to. By chance Nevil understood I was more than a jester and came to enjoy talking

with me about himself and about his culture.

"Milah prepared some sweets," he simply said as we sat in the living room.

I gave him a nervous smile. "The sweets that you told me not to eat the other day... what was the problem with them?"

"They were poisoned of course. It wouldn't have killed you but you would have been terribly sick..."

"Did I do something she didn't appreciate? I've never talked to her directly, did it make her mad?"

He gave me a slightly amused look

with the perfect amount of disdain and sorryness to make me feel absolutely stupid.

"I guess this question is irrelevant... non-sense?"

"It is. You're such a funny thing, Felix... Milah is a slave, she has no word to say and what she did could be a terrible insult and act of rebellion. But it is not."

"Was it a mistake, so?"

"Oh, you really don't understand? She poisoned the sweets and that's all, those things happen..."

I wasn't understanding indeed. "But she's your slave... and she poisoned

the food we were going to eat... What was the purpose if not to kill us?"

"I said it wouldn't kill us. And it is obvious, she was testing me."

"What do you mean? It is something you asked her to do? What was she testing?"

He sighed. "She was figuring out if I was capable of surviving her attempt to poison me. And she took the initiative on her own."

"So it is some sort of training? In case someone would try to poison you?"

"Not at all! Did you even listened to what I said?" he snapped. "It may

have this side effect but she was checking I was still worthy to be her master, if you prefer."

"But you said she has no word to say..."

"Does it sounds like words?" Nevil laughed hauntily as Milah came in and put a plate of sweets on the table. "Messy presentation again, Milah, I really should find out if you're actually color-blind someday."

Milah spread her saurian lips into a smile, a little reverence and she left.

I bite my lips. The sweets looked delicious, spiced scrib jelly frozen in cubic shapes with golden kaneth

petals inside and a very thin sugar powder outside, fine mudcrab meat sliced and soaked in a dark dried sirup, little cakes layered with crispy dough and a creamy mix of ingredients including salt rice as it seemed, and finally some berries covered with what looked like cheese stuck on a beautiful stick of chitin.

"How do they make these? Do the ingredients all come from Morrowind?"

"Most of the time, they're all from Morrowind, yes. And only slaves know how to make these, else what would be the interest in these

sweets? They are made to surprise us, please us, entertain us... And make the slave and master worthy of each other. These sweets are as unique as the slaves cooking them for they're also made of those slaves."

"What? What do you mean by this?" I worried, searching for some scale or so somewhere.

He chuckled a bit. "You want to find out. Is it disgust as much I fear I see on your face?"

"I guess it is, I admit. And I apologize if it is any offence..."

"Your reaction is amusing." His eyes

set on the sticks of cheesy berries.  
"Cheese in Morrowind...quite a rare thing, isn't it?"

"I must agree. I don't think I saw any mammals in the wilderness but rats... Is it one of those ingredients from abroad?"

"It was produced here. It took months for my Khajiit slaves to make this fine cheese out of their milk but it is always worth the least bit of it."

"You made them make cheese out of..."

"You really don't listen, do you?" he cut off. "I don't even know when nor where nor how they did it but they

did do it on their own initiative. And I appreciate. I found out what it was when I could recognize the sweet taste of S'atapi's milk in a soup. Then on it was an easy guess."

"Incredible, even for an alchemist your senses seem sharp above the normal... Did you find out other... ingredients... produced by your slaves?"

"Oh, there are the classic ones, blood, tears, sweat, cum, milk, flesh... those sweets aren't always meant to be good. It's a way to communicate since slaves have no word to say. They can warn

us, show their desaprobation over different matters... It requires a lot of subtlety and a good knowledge of their master's mind to predict how he will interpret the dish. It's complicated and so makes them even more worthy slaves whenever they succeed." -- He picked a cheesy berry stick and pointed a little cake that I took and began eating. "The quality of the slave reflect the sharp mind of the master. But many Dunmer are forgetting this those days... I find it very insulting for a noble House Dunmer to buy a cheap slave just to stab it dead, it's just the proof of a

great stupidity to do this."

"Does this mean you actually value your slaves for something else than the work they do?"

He bended his head slightly, gazing at something imaginary. "He's not listening, is he? Or am I dreaming?"

"I beg your pardon, sir... I am so alien to your culture, I know I'm waisting your time with my useless and redundant questions over matters you already covered but with such subtlety and natural I wasn't able to notice. Please, excuse the poor Breton mind that I am."

He smirked and looked back at me.

"Here you are, Felix... my little Breton jester... What were you saying again? Is it worth repeating?"

"I think I was saying this cake is a real delight. Your slaves' sweets are surely the best dishes I've tasted in Morrowind."

"Of course. My slaves honor me. Their sweets are perfect."

"However you always complain about the presentation ...which isn't that bad in my opinion..."

"You surely have little expectations then. But it's true it's not as terrible as I tell Milah. It's not like what I say

matters when I say this. She already knows the quality of her work but I'm the master and she's the slave. When I blame her for the presentation and colors she knows it's my way to tell her that everything is perfect and I am pleased."

"Telling her the truth would be indecent considering your social rank, that's it?"

"That's what I said. There is so much empty space in your brains that you always need to get an information two times in two different formulations?"

"That's a possibility. Another

possibility is that I want to be sure to get right what you mean for this is all new for me.”

”It is very annoying. But I appreciate. You’re almost sympathetic for a human.”

”Thank you, sir. Is there something else I should know about those sweets?”

What he answered was probably a better conclusion than whatever I could think of.

”There are so many things you should know and so many things to tell about those sweets, but do I care? I don’t. You have the basis, understand

the rest through your own experience for this is the true way of learning. Being Telvanni is a way of life, not something written in the books.”