

## The start of a Journey.

I am located in darkness. Everlasting in every direction it envelops me in its lonely hold. I see blue light in the distance. It is the same as before, the blue light is letters. I recognize these as the language taught to me by my father. They spell out doom, death and destruction in the future. I hear the words calling to me. I hear them now just as before and they are louder if anything. I must silence them, I must get peace of mind. I feel like I'm going insane and the language only shouts, it does not whisper or simply talk, it shouts. The words are now reminding me of the death of my loved ones and the reason why I went north in the first place. It brings nothing but despair to me and it makes me feel...

I wake up in a bath of sweat and shaky bones. My muscles feel weak like only the imagination can exhaust them and the dream slowly fades away. I still remember it though, that tends to happen when you dream the same things for weeks on end. The dream is always the same, the letters spell different words however. I get up and walk a short distance while pondering my recent fate.

It all started a month or so ago, my father died and in his last moments he touched my hand and told me three words in the language that he taught me all those years ago. "FaHú thil Skyrim" and as he said it I felt a feeling I had not felt before. I knew what it was however, a curse. My own father had given me a goodbye gift. The "gift" was apparent that night, the dragon language spoke to me in my dreams, it told me to go north, into Cyrodiil and then into the land of the Nords, Skyrim, to seek my destiny.

I refused to give in and pretended like nothing had happened the next day when around my family. The words spoke to me again the following night and they told me that since I did not go willingly they would force me. I woke up the next morning to find my family murdered and the sorrow grabbed me. The house was locked from the inside and I realized that this had been my work. I had crushed the skulls of my children and cut the throat of my wife. I even had a vague recollection of my four year old screaming as I felt the breaking of bones under my fingers. The people of the village hunted me, they called me Scullcracker and murderer. Glorn Skullcracker was the name that I was given from that point on. I had to flee the black marches where I was raised and my only option was north, into Cyrodiil.

I was still opposed to going north since I did not wish to give into the insanity that had ended my family with not a moments hesitation. To the east however there was nothing but Morrowind and the Black March. The east was a river in both directions as far as the eye could see. My only option was to go in the dreaded direction. I walked for a couple of weeks, staying in caverns I found and cheap inns where I could work for a nights sleep and a hot meal. I eventually came to the city of Cheydinhal and there I stayed for a couple of weeks. I thought that perhaps I would be able to live there, my reputation unknown and my dreams would be ignored. I managed for twelve days, twelve days without my calling being forcefull. At that point however my dreams punished my lack of advancement and I killed a newborn babe. The terror I felt when I came back from the dream was so immense that I passed out.

I woke up a few hours latter judging by the position of the sun in the western horizon. It was morning and my execution was to take place in less than an hour. I knew that at least now my dreams would end, the night terrors and the murders would be at a stop. Fate had a different date for my death however and I fell into a coma-like state. In this state I looked upon the letters in my dream and they were the same as before, yet different. The letters were not only symbols, they were the very things that they described. Death, fire, lightning were those I saw at that time. I looked at them and found to my amazement that I knew what to do to escape.

I shouted out the word for fire and my bonds were ablaze! Instantly I jumped up and touched my guard telling his life force to leave his body. I was now deep within the castle of Cheydinhal and in a lot of trouble. I had to find a way out, I had to get north my subconscious mind told me but I ignored the latter. I looked at the wall and saw a small crack in it. I shouted the word of lightning and managed to break it. I jumped out, a height of nearly 25 feet, and landed in snow. I felt something break in my lower body but there was no time and I had to get out of the city. I managed to get out in a simple way. I hit anybody that tried to stop me with a shout that paralyzed them. I grabbed a steel sword from a guard attacking me and had to kill a mage so fierce my shout did not even effect him. I walked out and into the only direction my heart knew to be safe, north. Destiny is a funny business and mine wanted but one thing.

This whole story ended a couple of days ago, my leg still hurts but nothing like it did at first. I have decided to give in and just walk north. My fate was clearly to simply go there and accept what my dreams wanted. This is a hard choice but the dreams have gone slightly more quiet since I stopped fighting them and that at least is cause for celebration. I'm in the wilderness, walking north and hoping to find something to eat today. I pack up my small camping site and set off. Almost at once I notice that there is a deer nearby. I look at it with my mind on the word of lightning and I shout it! The deer falls down instantly in a heap of flesh. I cut the animal into a few bundles and leave the rest for the vultures to feast on. As the day progresses I feel like someone is watching me, always I

feel like there is a shadow behind me.

That night I'm not alone in front of the letters of power. There is a dragon there, I am not scared of him however. I know that it is my servant and that it is bound within me. It tells me of the reason I was asked to go north. My father's family had been the humans of dragon souls. The keepers of souls taken from the dragons many years ago. The curse my father had given me was not a curse but those very souls. The dragons spoke to me in the only way they knew how to, Dragon Tunge was their way of communicating with us. The dragon tells me that I had previously that day crossed the border into Skyrim, and my body is no longer required.

A feeling of relief and unbearable pain comes to me, I feel as if though my very soul is being ripped apart and the feeling my father had given me with his final touch is being reversed. I feel my body light up, my limbs go numb and I see as the Dragons souls leave my body, their power with them and my mind goes dark. I feel my persona, my life, my soul leave me. I am dead.

A person wandering by this place would look at my body and see the hundreds of souls leave me. But one stays. It looks at this empty body, perfectly suited to host him. He enters the body of the man on the ground, what had been my body, and a new spark of life is created.

This new person had no recollection of the horrors this body had done. It had no memory of being a dragon, of being a human or anything for that matter. It had the ability to talk, and in one or two word sentences or so at that. This new entity stands up, it walks aimlessly until it finds a group of two factions fighting. With only basic knowledge of the world the entity walks into this fight and is captured. He is sent to jail, the nameless one they call him for he has no name, he has no memory. Now he is sent off to be executed, and this is where this short tale ends, but not quite.

All over Skyrim the body's of dragons are being located by souls, these souls are entering those body's. Slowly the dragons come back to life, and so begins a new time in Skyrim.