



# Book Contest Winners

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## Introduction

The community was challenged with the task of writing a piece in Dovahzul or about Dovahzul in the style of the books found in the *The Elder Scrolls* games. Following are the winning entries of the contest.

# The True Dragonborn

by Ziidoyol

*(Author's note: This text was found written on an ancient scroll, near a Dunmer corpse holding a black soul gem. I will not disclose the location of this (for reasons that shall become apparent), but this tale appears to be true. The scroll is reproduced in its entirety here.*

*-S. Resurrus, Imperial University.)*

I was once like you. *Porah, hinskaal*; blind. Ignorant. **Mortal.**

Let me tell you, wanderer, of my tale. I came to *Veysenor* - Solstheim - out of greed, a desire for fame and glory. In my travels, I stumbled across a *raald*; a temple. You stand where I once did, before my enlightenment.

I was a fool, seeking only *faraan*; wealth - Miraak showed me, showed us all, the true meaning of this hallowed place.

I entered the temple, descended to the *revakaad* that lay beneath - the sanctum. The resting place of Lord Miraak the Eternal.

There lay a *qethsegol*; a glowing, shining wall of stone that called to me like the ghostfence of my ancestors. I cannot describe in words the otherworldly beauty of this wall; on it was scribed many slashes and dots, as if one had taken a sword and pierced it.

I touched this *qethsegol*, and everything became clear to me. I saw Miraak, in all his glory. A vision; a revelation.

*"What is it? You know I am not to be disturbed."*

*The Nord turned to the entrance of his laboratory, quickly concealing the dusty book on Dovahzul he was studying. Something flickered behind his eyes as he took in the three warriors standing before him; he recognised one as that old fool Felldir, but the other two - both Nords - he was unsure of.*

*"We wish for your help against Alduin.", said the middle one, stepping forward. The battle-axe strapped to his back shined in the dim light, and at once Miraak knew that these... primitives... would betray him as soon as he lent them his aid.*

*"Nid ... No. Begone. Begone from this place, and do not return."*

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I had seen many things in my lifetime, but none were as spectacular as that of *faal Hahsemiraak* - the mind of Miraak. I saw more. I saw it all.

*Earlier, this time. The sound of an Oblivion portal; a mass of tentacles, writhing and flailing in the air. "I will give you what you seek, Miraak. You seek knowledge, wisdom. Power."*

*Miraak stared directly into the wretched abyss, his unflinching gaze countering that of the Daedra. "Ahst fos praz?" At what price?*

*"I will make you immortal. Miraak. You will be my champion in Tamriel. I but ask for one thing; your loyalty."*

*"... Zu'u fen kos hin kaal, ahrk hi dii in."*

*"Then arise, my champion; have your mask, your weapons; and take your place at my side."*

How could I have been so utterly blind to the truth? Miraak, the *Saviik do Veysenor*, was so much more than I. Than all of us. I was blind, but my eyes have been opened. I saw first Miraak's struggle, and then his ascension, and now...

*"YOL TOOR SHUL!"*

*Miraak dived into the pool headfirst, a blast of fire incinerating the spot where he stood just a second before. Faal Diist Dovahkiin midraak fin laat dovahkiin; the First against the last. He plunged into the blinding depths, calling upon his master's power once more, to recover his haas, his health, and he arose from the central pool--*

*"Did you think to escape me, Miraak? You can hide nothing from me here!" Hermaeus Mora's tentacle lashed out from the pool and impaled his champion, binding him in place whilst the false pretender looked on. Miraak tried to speak, but couldn't.*

*"No matter. I have found a new Dragonborn to serve me." The Daedra's voice roared - if it was even capable of such a thing - and hissed; "May they be rewarded for their service as I am."*

*As Miraak's body was set alight by the Daedra's power, his last thoughts were that he had been vindicated in death - he had indeed been betrayed. But his Cult would live on, and no Dragonborn could live forever.*

... his death. I realised, as so many had done before me, that Miraak was not the aggressor here - Hermaeus Mora, curse his soul, had betrayed our saviour, had cursed him to a life of servitude; and that my only hope, were I to serve Miraak as I now know I should, would be to join him.

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These are my last words, and I pray that whoever finds them may follow my footsteps, and join our Lord Miraak in death, that his followers may be ever at his side.

--Sahdeinaar

(Author's note: The "qethsegol" mentioned reads as follows: )

מִיָּדַי אֵלֶּיךָ יְיָ אֱלֹהֵי אֲבוֹתֵינוּ  
 אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת  
 אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת  
 אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת  
 אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת  
 אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת  
 אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת  
 אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת וְעַתָּה אֲנִי מֵת

Zoor dir het, faal Saviik do Veysenor.  
A legend died here, the Saviour of Solstheim.

Faal Vahzah Dovahkiin, Miraak, lost nos tum  
The True Dragonborn, Miraak, was struck down

Naal lozaan do aanvorey.  
By the deceit of another.

Mu krifko ok ahmik  
We fight in his service

Tol ok zahrahmiik los dahmin.  
That his sacrifice is remembered.

Miraak, mu nahkroz hi!  
Miraak, we avenge you!

Ol hi diraan fah mii, mu diriin fah hi.  
As you die for us, we will die for you.

# A Thesis on Prayers and Rituals of Dragon Priests, Vol. 1

by shynight

M'raq Khadavi

4<sup>th</sup> Era 211

M'raq has spent many years studying artifacts relating to Dragon Priests. M'raq has gone on many expeditions across Tamriel, and even once to Atmora, in his search for knowledge. On his travels, M'raq has acquired many books and scrolls detailing prayers and rituals of the Dragon Priests. Many of these texts have some almost or completely identical incantations in them, leading M'raq to believe that these prayers were of utmost importance to the Dragon Priests as a whole. The following is the prayer that M'raq has seen most often in his readings.

|i|a|b|a|u| i|s|s| s|s|k| s|h| i|g|s| s|s|p| i|s|s|k|i|a|b|a|u|  
 |i|a|s|s|k|i|a|b|a|u|  
 i|a|a| s|s|i|g|s| i|a| i|g|i|a| i|a|s|s| s|s|p| i|a|s|s| i|a|s|s| i|a|s|k|  
 i|a|s|k|  
 s|s|i|p|a|s|s| i|a|s| k|s|s|i|g|i|a|s|s| i|a| i|a| i|a|s|k| i|a|s|p| s|s|s| i|a|a|  
 s|s| i|a|i|a|s|s| i|a|s|s| i|a|s|k| i|a|s|k| i|a|s|s|  
 s|h| i|a|s| i|a|s|s|s|s| i|a|s|s| i|a|s|k| i|a|s|s|s|a|a| s|s| i|a|a| i|a|s|s|a|  
 i|a| i|a|s| i|a|s|s|s|

(Greetings to the Great Dragons, Lords of All!  
I receive you this day with honor, strength, and joy!  
Free my body, mind, and spirit that I may bring honor and glory  
To my people, Dragonkind, and myself as I go about my day!)

|i|a|b|a|u| i|s|s|s| s|s|k| s|h| i|g|s| s|s|p| i|s|s|k|i|a|b|a|u|  
 |i|a|s|s|k|i|a|b|a|u|s|s|k|  
 i|a|a| s|s|i|g|s| i|a| i|g|i|a| i|a|s|s| s|s|p| i|a|s|s| i|a|s|s| i|a|s|k|  
 i|a|s|k|  
 k|s|s|a| i|a|s|s| i|a|s|s|a| i|a|s|s|s| s|s|p| i|a|s|s|s|s|s| i|a|s|s|s|s|s|s|  
 i|a|s|k| k|s|s|i|a|s|s|s|s| i|a|s|s| i|a|s|s|

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(Greetings to the Great Dragons, Lords of the Sky!  
I receive you this day with honor, strength, and joy!  
Bless me this day with inspiration, knowledge, and sharpness of mind!)

וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ  
מִיָּד וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד  
וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד  
וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד

(Greetings to the Great Dragons, Lords of Fire!  
I receive you this day with honor, strength, and joy!  
Bless me this day with passion, strength, and courage!)

וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד  
וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד  
וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד  
וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד  
וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד

(Greetings to the Great Dragons, Lords of the Earth!  
I receive you this day with honor, strength, and joy!  
Bless me this day with balance of mind, insight, and wealth in all I do!)

וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד  
וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד  
וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד  
וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד  
וְיִתְּנֵנוּ הַיְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ  
לְבָבוֹתָיִם וְעֵצָה וְשֵׁשׁ מִיָּד

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(Greetings to the Great Dragons, Lords of Life!  
I receive you this day with honor, strength, and joy!  
Bless me this day with transformation, peace, and self-honor!)

סוּזַעַּסְאֵן הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים וְהַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים  
וְהַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים  
וְהַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים  
וְהַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים  
וְהַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים  
וְהַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים  
וְהַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים  
וְהַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים הַיִּזְרֵאֵלִים

(Great Dragons, you who have joined me in peace and trust,  
I bless you for your guidance, mercy, and wisdom.  
I shall forever try to be worthy of them.  
So it is!)

Given the frequency of this prayer's occurrence, M'raq believes it is safe to assume that this was at least a weekly prayer, if not more often, for all Dragon Priests.



## Dinok do Keizaal

by Dovahkaaz

[fusroderp.weebly.com](http://fusroderp.weebly.com)

naal Katter Legosoldat

Joor ont tinvaak tol julro nuft los ni wah neilaas, nuz wah dreh eyvir. Vogluuskei fah den nahl ko haskei volgge do Keizaal, dinok los sindugahvon. Pogaan dinokke, graaz nol ol qurnen ol viidost wah ol zurunne ol mah nol lok, kosaan seirak ko lohiimme ahrk volgge do daar klofraan himdahhe. Ni nunon dreh joorre dir, nuz grinstiid raanne uv dovahhe dir, ahk. Zonuft uv ni, dinok los peh vonum ko Keizaal. Waan hi lost ni krii naantruk, hi los spein wah visk.

Osos likaan korosendde koros ko volganor do Keizaal. Prasmikke iidah dilosikinne, kodaavve nos fosuun kostimme, kaazze iidah demdriikke. Dovahhe orin grah vorey dovahhe! Pah tir keinne koros svaan sul ko mith do feykro. Gein tiid, til lost key wo kiibok Dovahkiin vok wah faal Monahven. Key, faasnu, fonaar kotin rolnah grah voth Paarthurax. Paarthurax vaaz key wah gormme. Wor lost unaz, erei rok mah nol lok. Nid joor mindok vahr wor mah. Deyra, Sheogorath, mindok, nuz fen ni fun.

Joriin dir rem, osos do niin zuk zokeyr fein voreyye. Til ont lost hun for Ragnar. Gein sul rok ahgriiv ko haaf, ahrk fod vahdin ris mok wah gor ko grah, rok siz ok klov. Gein mun paagol tireid Ahrolsedovah erei boz mah nau ok klov. Boz lost eyvir, nuz mun shur wah Sovngarde. Gein mun paagol um Riften, nun. Fod deiniik koraav mok, deiniik edun mok ko zurun staad. Rok neilaas erei ziist ronaaz lost edun. Ont, Dovahkiin zor Paarthurax. Olqein koraav, ahrk edun ronaaz kotin Dovahkiinro krahsek. Rok mah ahrk lost naako naal ilitte.

Dinok los vonum ko Keizaal. Nunon truk mu vis dreh wah imzik nii pruz los wah nep ahst moorus geinne!