



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 [Skyrim Nexus](#).

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 Wyrms 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.*

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

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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.*

Dragon Cult Contest Winners

Ancient Prayer to Dovahkiin

by Phirebird

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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.
Allegiance 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 gods-forsaken 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 likeness 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.

Dragon Cult Contest Winners

An excerpt from a small journal containing prayers and curses:

Prayer to the Dragon Gods

Mighty dragons, your power covers the world of Nirn like dew covers the grass on an early morning. Your crowns are the stars themselves, 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. For 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. True masters of the earth, only gods with the right to rule. Look with pity on your servants and grant in us the same power that lives in you.

Handwritten text in a constructed script, likely a translation of the prayer above. The text is arranged in approximately 15 lines, using a mix of uppercase and lowercase letters with various diacritics and symbols.

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 Rotmulaag! The word is T iid, time. T iid ever escapes my

Dragon Cult Contest Winners

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 T iid, I am not a dovah! The head priest, he expects me to learn this Rot in a year! T iid goes quickly by me, but to them it seems to last a lifetime! I try shouting "T iid" 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? T iid 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

