

Brahnlor's Background

I was in the Great War, I was at the Battle of the Red Ring. No more than a whelp with a spear, I saw more death than I ever thought possible. But I've never been more loyal to the empire than on the day that I truly learned what it meant to be a citizen of the Empire.

It happened five years ago as I stood in front of the gates of the palace at Windhelm. The war was lost. I stood to interpose myself between my liege and his enemies. I had fought much of my adult life. I was no stranger to the sword. With my two shield brothers beside me, we waited for the Imperials.

And come they did, sweeping all resistance aside. They were led by General Tullius himself. I saw him as he lead his troops across the courtyard and stopped not twenty paces before us. It was strange for me as I had fought side by side with them many years before. We had shed blood together. But this time I tightened my grip on my shield bearing the blue bear of the Stormcloaks.



Then I heard it, the voice of the Dovakiin. I thought I'd heard it in my sleep a month ago, upon the death of The World Eater, Alduin. He was killed at the hands of the Dovakiin on the summit of High Hrothgar, at the very Throat of the World, so it is said. So when she spoke, I recognized the voice, I swear it.

She stepped between the troops and came to stand not ten paces before us. There was a hush, the only sound the clink of armor. "You are brave men to stand in defense of Ulfrick Stormcloak" She said. "But before you throw away your lives with misplaced loyalty, I ask you, do you truly believe that fighting a civil war will help you win your right to worship Talos? Do you think Skyrim can stand alone against the Aldmeri Dominion? Do you think Ulfric Kingslayer cares about Talos, or does he simply use you to gain a crown of his own. "

It was then that my shield brothers brought their spears up to throw and the Dovakiin, she spoke but one word and my shield was shattered, my back slammed against the palace doors, and my breath was driven from me. I fared better than those who stood beside me for they were dead. I found the Dovakiin standing over me and I saw something that she revealed only to me. For when she extended a hand down to me and said, "do not fight me brother" I saw the amulet of Talos she wore hidden, revealed for but an instant. Here, was the foretold hero of legend, a true daughter of Skyrim, the dragonborn, slayer of Alduin, a devout follower of Talos! It was then the rightness of my cause was shattered like the shield and men at my feet. Without words I begged her forgiveness and she looked me in the eye as she helped me to my feet and I swear we were battlekin from of old.

And before you judge, I tell you no spell took my heart. It was simply the truth put in front of me where I could finally see it, that the war Ulfric Stormcloak fought was one of greed, that he was a power grabbing kingslayer and nothing more. That he had pit brother against sister and twisted our hearts and faith in Talos to serve his ends. The Aldmeri were our true enemies. The Empire had never failed us. And the Dovakiin, our living legend was with them.

It was I that opened the palace door for the Dovakiin, where she did bring battle to Ulfric. And when it was done, he lay at her feet as my shield had at mine, broken and worthless to the world. At the Dovakiin's word I was pardoned and inducted into the Imperial Legion by General Tullius. The Dovakiin then sent me to High Hrothgar and I climbed the seven-thousand steps...but that is a story for another day.