

NUMIDIUM: APPROACH & ANGUISH

—Written by BardicVerse—
—Dedicated to fruityloops49—

Numidium, Part I: The Approach

I turned mine gaze north and east to Auridon,
Long our island bulwark against lesser foes.
Stunned, I stared at blazing dawn, yet 'twas midday!
Bright sun had zenith reached, yet cerulean
Skies were sanguine stained! Distant isle aflame!
Rumor had flown on eagle's wings of Emperor
Upstart's mainland triumphs, yet spurned we his rule,
For Summerset inviolate was ensconced
In Ancestral might and Abecean Sea.
No Red Legions had broken through ships' blockade;
That would be spied. What cataclysm great
Had befallen fair Auridon? Thunder shook
Ground 'neath mine feet, cracked placid Shimmerene.
Earthquakes successive marched closer, 'cross shallow
Strait, and wept I then loathsome tears, to behold
Blood-drenched Titan Brass. Exhaled molten flame, swung
Hammer to beat Doom's Drum! Surely no figure
Of such caliber had strode Dawn's Beauty since
Fore Era Merethic, long done, had begun!
Graven chest! Dragon crest! Septim's Golem came.

The narrator, an Altmer of the coastal city of Shimmerene in the Summerset Isles, looks from a tower balcony to the northeast, toward the island of Auridon, which has long served as a natural barrier between the archipelago and the mainland.

Astonished, the narrator sees a brilliant sunrise-like light from the direction of Auridon, so great that the noonday sun is pale in comparison! As he pauses to take account of what he's seeing, he notices the skies, usually pristine blue in color, are tainted and crimson; Auridon is burning!

The narrator and his kin have, of course, heard of Tiber Septim's conquest of continental Tamriel, but they have hitherto disregarded his advances, confident in the Summerset Isles' protective sea-bound isolation and the protection of their Gods.

Exasperated, the narrator wonders what catastrophe has befallen the island, ruling out an invasion by Tiber Septim's naval forces, for word would have reached him. Suddenly, the earth violently quakes, damaging the city of Shimmerene!

The locus of a series of earthquakes begins moving away from Auridon, across the narrow strait, toward Shimmerene; the narrator weeps bitterly to see an enormous blood-soaked Numidium approaching.

The brazen Automaton spouts steam and flame, and wields an enormous war hammer, one mighty enough to announce the power of Lorkhan. No such figure had walked the world for ages! Incredibly, the Brass Tower is emblazoned with the sigil of Tiber Septim, the upstart mainland Man!

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Numidium, Part II: The Anguish

Mountainous feet trod the shore, pitting canyons
Tearing throughout pristine earth, upheaval un-
Hallowed didst follow. Lancers' phalanx shattered,
Nary a scrape marred brazen greaves; bolts' volley
Impotent against Colossus' vast aegis!
Magus-lightning torso struck, by wards repulsed,
Answered with boiling steam! Glinting, seen betwixt
Wrought plates and cuirass' gaps, shone faceted Gem
So Heart-like, emitting beat like dread Doom's Drum!
Deaf'ning thrum pounded our ears, seemed to laugh and mock!
Beheld we then, through tears of shame, face of God!
With eyeless sight it gazed upon us, with no
Hint of quarter; etched visage bore naught, save scorn.
Before us Towered, sure, metal paragon
Of apostate, by Ancestors spurned, Deep Ones'
Fabled automatons, leal bound now, to Men!
Hefted spike, plunged in fair ground, Red Dragon flag
Unfurled. Oiled gesture bade us obeisance
Render, after ruinous frays waged, at last,
To hated Conqueror. Septim's Golem came.

The Brass Tower reaches the shoreline, and the serene beaches of Summerset are torn apart by the Monolith's feet; this invasion began an unprecedented revolution that desecrated the Isles.

The narrator witnesses the battle: spears, deadly and precise, make not even a scratch in the Brass God's greaves; arrows shot with true aim are powerless to penetrate the Automaton's mighty shield; lighting bolts hurled by learned mages are repelled by the Titan's wards, and they're countered with gouts of steam!

Between Numidium's armored plates is seen its power source, the Mantella, a great gem from whence the Altmer hear the scornful Heartbeat of Lorkhan not heard since Trinimac's triumph.

Brought to heel and sorrowfully wailing, the Altmer look upward to see the face of their Brass Foe. In its expressionless metal face, the High Elves detect no trace of mercy, and they hear only the mocking thrum of the Heart.

As the narrator and his kin gaze upon Numidium, they come to realize it is the same blasphemous construct of their long-estranged brethren, the Dwemer, and it is somehow doing the will of Tiber Septim, the leader of Men.

In one swift motion, the Brass Titan stabs into the hitherto-inviolable earth of the Isles a great spear, from it flying the Red Dragon banner of Tiber Septim. The Elves are forcibly made to bow to the conquering Emperor's machinations, for Numidium is here.