Cicero's Journal - Volume 3

23rd of Sun's Dusk, 4E 188

Now that things have settled down, the reality of our situation has finally come to bear - we are a Dark Brotherhood without a Listener. With no Listener, the Black Sacrament will go unheard. Surely the Night Mother will speak to someone soon, thus choosing a new Listener to take Alisanne Dupre's place. Until that happens, though, we must take to the streets. We must hear the pleas of the desperate and vengeful. The people of Tamriel must not know, must never know, that their prayers to the Night Mother are going unheeded.

24th of Morning Star, 4E 189

It is a new year, and two months since the Night Mother first arrived here at the Cheydinhal Sanctuary, and still the Unholy Matron has not seen fit to speak to any one of us.

And so, Rasha has decided to revive an ancient Dark Brotherhood tradition - the appointing of a Keeper, a guardian whose sole duty is the safeguarding of the Night Mother's remains. The remaining members of the Black Hand will make their decision tomorrow.

25th of Morning Star, 4E 189

I have been chosen. By some incomprehensible twist of fate, the Black Hand has named me the Night Mother's Keeper. In all honesty, I am both incredibly honored and deeply saddened. This means the end of my contracts. I'll be lucky to lift a blade again. Thankfully, Rasha has promised me one final contract before I accept my new duties.

30th of Morning Star, 4E 189.

The jester lies dead. My final contract has been completed. Oh, how he laughed and laughed. Until he didn't.

3rd of First Seed, 4E 189

I have settled well into my new role as Keeper. It is my duty to not only keep the Night Mother's shrine clean, and the candles lit, but to tend to the body as well.
The Night Mother's crypt was a consecrated place - shroud-kissed, absent of sunlight, and safe from the world above. Removed from there, the remains are subject to the filth and corruption of the living. The body is perfectly preserved, so the concern is not physical, but rather spiritual - the remains must be sanctified regularly, so that they

may continue to serve as a conduit for the Night Mother's soul. Our Matron's eternal spirit may travel the Void freely, but it is through her own earthly remains that she communicates with the Listener.

And so, I wash the corpse weekly with the requisite oils, recite the ancient incantations, and personally see to the extermination of any insects or rodents. If the Night Mother does not speak, it will be because she chooses not to - not because she is unable. This is my responsibility. This is my vow.

12th of Mid Year, 4E 189
Months and months and months and no Listener. Why won't the Night Mother speak to me? I am worthy as Keeper, but not as Listener? I protect our Lady, keep her sanctified, but still she will not grace me with her voice?

4th of Sun's Height, 4E 189
So long since I worked my blade. So long since I saved a soul. But I am now Keeper. No longer a taker.

I think back fondly on my hours with the jester. His laughter, his screams, his pitiful cries. And then, as the end drew near, his laughter once more. Merry in death as well as life. I was honored to know him.

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Can be taken	Yes
Teaches	(none)
Inventory description	(none)
Keywords	VendorItemBook
Locations	2
Leveled lists	0
Scripts	0

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