

GATHERING FORCE

ARMS AND ARMOR OF TAMRIEL

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PRAISE BE TO AKATOSH



AND ALL THE DIVINES

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A show of force

While the villages of my youth are burned, and the revolting hordes of the dead bring their filth to my homeland, I, Longinus Attius, vow a most blood-soaked vengeance. I join with the other champions of Tamriel, briefly ignoring the shortfalls of our own animosity, in a broad pact to chase down every unnatural and foul spawn of Molag Bal. Gil-Var-Delle has been consumed. The fetid breath of corruption threatens to smother us. We must strike at this present moment, instantly and with an unabashed fury not to be contained! Rise, my fellow warriors, and fight for your homes and your livelihood! The purity of your very soul depends on your actions of valor!

Those of the Fighters Guild know of me. They have heard whispers of my unrelenting dedication to the gathering and classifying of every dagger, bow, and helm from across our lands; every mace, hammer, and breastplate from Daggerfall to Archon, from Sunhold to Necrom. Some have become concerned about my dwindling personal fortune, spent not in the frivolous activities of the brandy drinker or the wench despoiler, but in the search for a complete knowledge of arms and armor. I stoke the fires of my forge, and my implements are impressive. I barter fiercely with merchants for their finest battle equipment. And now, as the great and the mighty gather on the charred soils of Cyrodiil, I appeal to my brethren and present my findings.

This book is the triumphant conclusion to my months of research. Proud and battle-scarred champions pay visit to my Rimmen Guildhall and reveal the favored arms and armor of their people. They gladly butcher an adversary for my sharpened charcoal. They bring sharp and violent gifts from their finest blacksmiths. But most importantly, they share with you, adept or veteran of the Fighters Guild, their sentiments on war. Such beliefs, not widely shared until these frightening and bloody days, are the crux of my exhaustive research. Now I may fight by my Dunmeri sister and my Argonian brother in the cataclysm to come. But I know I shall lie in wait for Arkay's judgment with a smile and the knowledge I could do no more to help my fellow man or mer.

As Zenithar teaches us: Work hard, and you will be rewarded. Spend wisely, and you will be comfortable. But we also swear to Akatosh, sharing his embodiment of endurance, seeking his invincibility, and we shall rid the constellation of the Serpent to keep our everlasting legitimacy.

Stendarr protect us all.

Longinus Attius, 19th of Morning Star, 2E 578

ARMS AND ARMOR OF THE ALTMERI CHAMPION, FALANDAMIL



Falandamil, whose full name is apparently too complicated for my quill hand to write, hails from a kinship with a proud—some might say pompous—lineage of artisans. He wears his family's heaviest armor, which has not only bulk, but a form most elegant.



IT TOOK SOME gentle, purring persuasion on the part of the Khajiiti champion, Zadabal-ra, to convince the aloof, golden-skinned inhabitant of Summerset Isles to arrive at our fighters' feast. But arrive he did, bringing a caravan of gleaming shields, winged helms, and spears dedicated to Phynaster the Guardian. Though we uncultured barbarians of the mainland had to sit through copious waffle regarding our shortfalls in battle, which almost brought the Nord

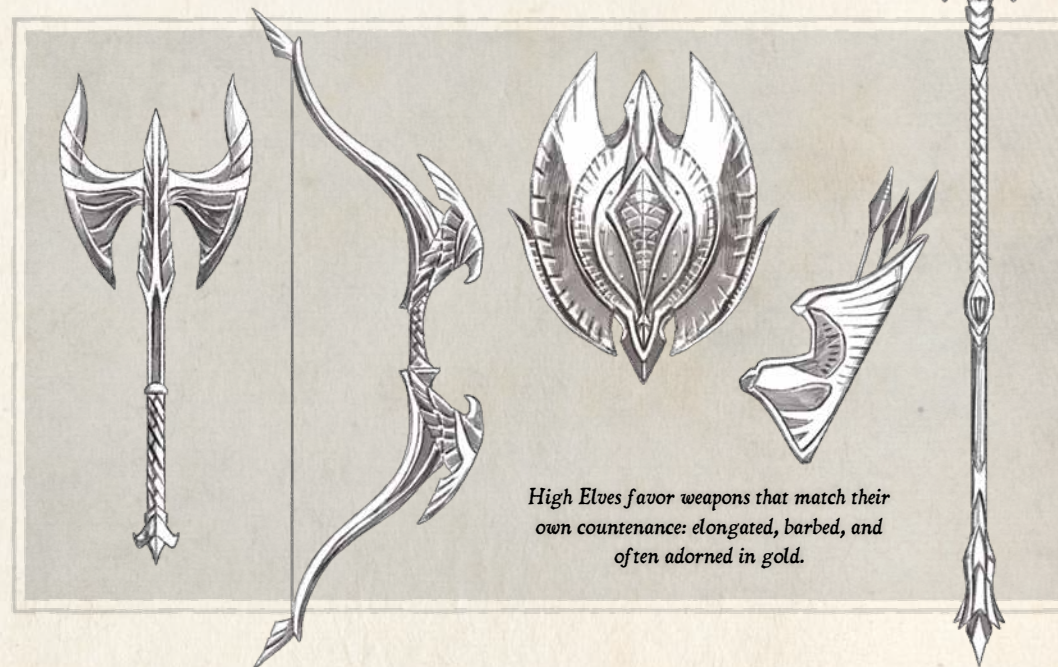
champion to a seething, violent outburst, tempers were soothed with mead and some ferocious combat training, where the soaring and fluid designs of the Altmeri weapons of war—thin and swan necked like their ships—were finally tested.

Altmeri armor and weaponry has a sturdy elegance that many others have attempted and failed to achieve. Even the lowliest Altmer has a disdain for iron, steel, or other materials of the common mainlander, so more



exotic ores and minerals are part of the forging process, which can be as convoluted as their patterns of speech. While fanciful materials are common, glass is perhaps the most impressive when swords or axes are formed from this collection of resins and volcanic deposits. The results are surprisingly robust, but always alluring in form. Such weaponry is well weighted, a milky green in color, but the blades require constant and careful sharpening.

The bounty of rare (and mostly crystalline) minerals that Summerset Isles hides beneath its rich soils is used to enhance a variety of beautifully crafted arms. One may swing a lengthy blade embedded with glass details, golden pommel, and stylized eagle wings and heads. One might draw the winged bow of a High Elf, while comparing its supple curvature to a maiden's thigh. The Altmer does not hunt wild animals for his grip or trim work, preferring the slaughter of specially bred guar to provide the most pliable of leather for an axe's grip. The result is an astonishing balance of ornate delicateness and sinister sharpness.



High Elves favor weapons that match their own countenance: elongated, barbed, and often adorned in gold.