

Flavor Text: Mother Mirelle's Journal

(by [Alex MN/Ar](#))

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19th of Last Seed, 4E 201

Sleeping Giant Inn

Two days have passed since Helgen's destruction. Those who fled here dread another attack. But what of the damage already caused? I'd just crossed the border when that cursed roaring filled the skies. Then, a thunderous crashing of stone and timber as I passed Helgen's smoldering southern gates. That's when they staggered towards me. Two exhausted young boys, and a distraught little girl carrying a baby.

20th of Last Seed, 4E 201

Sleeping Giant Inn

I took the children to Riverwood. The twins, Erdnir and Halvar, encouraged their sister Hilde to give me the baby. They said they'd found her crying in the rubble alone, her mother's half-burnt corpse pinned beneath a nearby boulder. If the siblings' parents survived, they'll likely search here first. We've been at the Inn for three days. So far, no one's come looking for them.

23rd of Last Seed, 4E 201

Sleeping Giant Inn

Little Hilde became hysterical today, sobbing for her Mama. Halvar helped calm things while Erdnir angrily paced the porch outside. I didn't blame him. They're young, but they're not stupid. The boys have seen ten years, Hilde just five. Old enough to know something's wrong. They've endured the loss of their home, and most likely their parents, all in the space of a few days. It's terrible.

25th of Last Seed, 4E 201

Sleeping Giant Inn

News of any remaining survivors has come to a halt, as has any hope of reuniting the children with their parents. Orgnar's interest in my alchemical skills has so far kept a roof over our heads. I've taught him some simple formulae, but he's really starting to irritate me. Whiterun's the best option. Besides, the baby needs more goat milk if she's to survive. We'll leave tomorrow.

27th of Last Seed, 4E 201

Pelagia Farm

Hilde didn't want to leave Riverwood, but the boys were keener to move on. We reached Whiterun by mid-afternoon, despite Hilde's stubbornness. The guards refused us entry, so I had to be quite persuasive. I'm no bard, but I've charmed enough scholars and warriors back in Cyrodil to flatter my way past a couple of Nords. We're to return tonight, to sneak in under the cover of darkness.

28th of Last Seed, 4E 201

The Bannered Mare

Hulda's rooms are far more comfortable than The Sleeping Giant's. She welcomed us despite the late hour, doubtless glad to see some coin. Mead-soaked rants about the dragon attack on Helgen colored the air of the Inn as we settled down for the night. Thankfully, the children were too exhausted to hear any of it. They've been through enough already. So have I.

30th of Last Seed, 4E 201

The Bannered Mare

We've named the baby Kynia. She's thriving now there's a daily supply of goat milk from the nearby farms. I also spoke to Whiterun's apothecary Arcadia about a trade deal for my potions. My future's as yet unclear, but the boys and Hilde have taken to calling me 'Mother Mirelle'. Whatever I do here in Skyrim, I'll now be doing it with my new family in tow.