



**A Triple Tragedy:**  
**The Tale of the Falmilgaar Family**  
**The Sacrifice (Book 1/3)**

**B**althorn and Wayrl Falmilgaar grew up Nords in Skyrim and part of a healthy, happy family unit along with their sister Heather. The three were the children of Bergliot and Elise, a priest of Stendarr and his farmer wife. The five lived in a house located in the south-east area of the Rift, not far from Riften. They were a very close family and enjoyed one another's company intently. They confided in each other and worked together through tough times—an ideal family unit.

**T**he thieves guild were at this time establishing their hold on Riften. The thieves working at night found out pretty quick that they weren't the only night crawlers out and about—they had frequent run-ins with vampires which were never in their favor. The leader of the thieves guild, Sarlow Hindaar, had a brilliant idea and decided to attempt to strike a deal with the vampires so that the band of thieves would be safe to roam. A mark would be made for thieves to identify one another and more importantly so that vampires would know that they are to be left alone. In return, the thieves would aid the vampires in breaking into people's homes and setting up travelers (tricking them) so that the vampires would have easier access to their needed blood supply. (A night time buffet with regular humans aiding them to get in where they needed most: a town full of people. Further, without any run-ins with the security.) The leader was successful in selling this idea and a deal was struck!

**O**ne thief in particular Einar Holger, which (as he saw it) was blessed with lycanthrope—a secret he was comfortable sharing only with his fellow thieves. During a full moon night he suffered from a forced metamorphosis and began his rampage. This was unfortunate for the Falmilgaar family as they were situated outside of Riften in the woods, alone—prime targets for a raging mad werewolf with an urge to feed. Elise was just finishing up tending her farm and late chores before she readied herself for bed.

**E**inar happened to stumble upon the humble cottage and saw an attractive sweet looking meal--which he helped himself to. Balthorn and Wayrl along with their sister Heather were preparing for bed and their father was cleaning up the kitchen after dinner when they all heard a shrill blood soaked scream from outside their cottage. Everyone recognized the voice and went running outside just in time to see the werewolf rip Elise's throat out. The arrogant werewolf smiled at the young family filled with pride as he has just pleased Hiricine with his hunt. The children screamed in horror as tears rolled down their once innocent faces, their father grabbed a nearby pitchfork and jumped in front of his kids separating them from the menace. The werewolf struck out and tore a piece of Bergliot's shoulder off. Bergliot let out a yell and responded with an upward thrust of the pitch fork into the bottom of the beast's jaw.

**T**he beast howled from a piercing pain and this caused him to be staggered a bit. A young Wayrl quickly saw an opportunity. He took a small dagger he had—a silver dagger given to him by his father and he rushed the monster. The fearful and unsure child stabbed the beast in his left thigh—the monster roared. The young child quickly withdrew his little dagger and again slammed it down into the belly of the now writhing werewolf. The monster let out another howl and fell backward. The child began to withdraw and jam down the dagger into the werewolf which he now was on top of. He was screaming and crying at the same time—letting all his adrenaline flow freely.

**T**he young boy's father ended up having to pull the child off the monster which hurt his wounded shoulder. Balthorn and Heather watched in horror as they saw their brother become a type of beast himself—a beast full of hatred. The werewolf then dashed away towards Riften's thieves' hide out—the only place he could call home.



The children attended their father's wounds and began preparing the mother's body for burial. In the meantime, the werewolf now in his human form known as Einar was dying from the wounds left by the silver dagger. He lay in his chambers as his friends witnessed his final moments. Barely unable to move, and barely able to speak, he uttered the whereabouts of this family that injured him so badly. The thieves' guild decided to retaliate. They planned on seeking the aid of their new allies—the vampires, which of course would be more than happy to oblige.

Days went past and the Falmilgaar family were still grieving over the loss of their beloved Elise. But that tragedy would only be the beginnings of what would forge their destiny. A new terror would begin to cover Skyrim, but this terror would haunt the dreams of the undead and the howling beasts of the night. Again in the evening time, the Falmilgaar family would receive another visit—this time even more devastating than the last. As the clock struck the witching hour—midnight—a flurry of bats could be heard outside their windows. The children being young and scared went to their father's chambers to seek comfort. The father pushed them behind him and he ventured outside the house. The children waited patiently for his report... Only silence was heard at first, but that silence was torn apart by their father's strong shout beckoning for his boys to come with anything sharp they could find.

A battle ensued, of vampires and a young family fighting for its life—an ultimate deadly encounter. The vampires were all over the darkness while again Bergliot gave it his all to defend his children. This time though, he was outmatched. The two young boys with their sister and their father were able to fend off the attack, but still their victory didn't seem like one. Bergliot was horrified as he watched a vampire stretch out his hand toward Heather—his beloved little girl and cast destruction magic that engulfed the little girl in flames. The two brothers lunged at the evil menace. Wayrl stuck his little dagger into the side of the vampire which bought enough time for Balthorn to drive a wooden steak right through the evil being's heart.

**B**ut it was still too late...The little girl was screaming as she became engulfed. She stood up slowly while her skin turned black and flames began to burst out of her flesh. The flames danced around her body engulfing every part of her, it scorched her dress and caught her hair ablaze. The pain she felt and wished would go away only grew stronger. The prism of pyro continued its dance about the humble cottage. It continued to spread and consume the house as if it were driven by lust for the abode. The vampires being shy around fire (one of the few weaknesses they have) began to leave the premises—their work was done, they have indeed tortured this family.

**H**eather's father offering himself as the ultimate gift of love cast an alteration spell that cast his own life essence outside his body into his little girl's. His thought was that he would sacrifice himself to save her, which was correct—but not as he had imagined. The little Heather would be saved but the destruction magic that was burning her was fused to her skin as her father's powerful spell was cast into her in order to heal her. The very same spell that saved her life would become her life's curse. A young lady forever inflamed with the memories of her family's horrible attack—a burning inferno. She ran away from their cottage while screaming in agony while her lifeless father's eyes stared on in her direction—watching her leave, for the last time. It is said that she is to be only seen again when there are innocents that are wrongfully harmed—or so the story goes.

**H**er two siblings only grew closer since only they knew the pain that has been bestowed upon them. They began to hunt the various creatures that are responsible for their parent's death and their sister's curse. They practiced and perfected their bloody craft—to hunt evil. They cast away their old names, breaking away from the only thing left that connected them to their horrible past. They took on new names—but theirs is a different tale. This is the story. . . of Burning Inferno.

**The End**



