

Jonin Platick: The Undead Out of Time

Chapter I: Death of an apprentice

Jonin Platick was an individual born and raised in Solitude, Haafingar during the Third Era. Coming from a relatively wealthy background, he had a moderately good education and a rather un-exciting, forgettable youth. If there's something they were interested in at the time however, it was most definitely to research the unknown parts of alchemy. He found excitement in modifying the properties of different herbs, liquids and even solid objects by mixing them together in interesting ways. He was far from being a master, but they did their best at the time and their wealthy background meant he was never short on ingredients to experiment with. Being a naive, young Imperial novice of the arcane arts and brewing potions, he had aspirations to open a business and sell high-quality potions that would be coveted by all adventurers from the province of Skyrim. This however, would never truly happen.

Jonin was now in his late 20's, continuing to develop his passion for alchemy. One night however, after a visit to the local tavern and hours of drunk banter with their friends, Jonin walked out determined to do something: Create a potion for eternal life. A completely hopeless goal, that he for some reason believed himself capable of accomplishing due to a mixture of being drunk, overconfident and encouraged by his friends, who probably didn't think that Jonin would actually try. After they reached their laboratory, they got to experimenting. But as it turns out, overconfidence, alcohol and alchemy don't mix very well.

The following morning, the alchemist's corpse was found. The cause of death was having consumed his own attempt at a potion for eternal life, which actually turned out to be a very deadly poison. Alas, he died like a complete moron. Few years had passed since their burial, and so Jonin became forgotten by the local population, only occasionally mentioned as an example of what not to do if you've had one too many alcoholic beverages. Reckless experimentation killed this alchemist. Little did he know, he'd have an ironic return to the world of the living.

Chapter II: Preparations for a Ritual

A very long time later, during the Fourth Era, there was a Dunmer necromancer named Maarvak, who lived in isolation North of Windhelm. Their place of residence was nothing more and nothing less than an old, abandoned prison. Just like the alchemist an entire era ago, he was quite ambitious in trying to discover new knowledge yet his interests did not lay in potions, or alteration. No, he wanted to conduct research for all the ins and outs of the often frowned-upon aspect of Conjuration: Necromancy. Through his research, he had discovered that most of the time a necromancer brought either a skeleton or a fresh corpse back to life, they were but a shadow of their former selves. Frail, unintelligent, incapable of learning, guided by instinct and only capable of following simple instructions. At best, cannon fodder. At worst, liabilities.

However, said necromancer eventually discovered an old, weird-looking book written by an unknown mage. It claimed that there was a way to greatly increase the power, and more importantly intelligence, of an undead individual. Instead of simply putting their own energy into it, there would be a ritual to summon the original soul of that body and bind them together. However, the problem was that in no way was this new undead bound to the summoner's will. Unlike Jonin, Maarvack was not stupid enough to experiment immediately without any precautions.

After decades of experimentation, and going through lots of corpses in the process, Maarvak came across a small problem. He was running out of corpses, and each time he brought someone back they'd only last a few minutes before becoming insane and dying again. Soon after, they discovered that the reason this happened was that there was nothing stopping the summoned soul from breaking its bind and leaving the body again, intentionally or not. However, through the use of a Black Soul Gem inserted into the corpse, this could be prevented. Maarvak soon had to get more corpses to experiment on, and settled for a skeleton found in a very old grave dating back to the Third Era. The skeleton of a researcher who died from drinking their own potion.

The preparations were almost completed. Maarvak had the body, an appropriate soul gem to function both as a binding and a source of energy for the body, and the ritual was ready to be performed. It was time to begin experimenting!

Chapter III: Back to the living

The skeleton moved. It looked around itself as they found themselves in a particularly dark abandoned prison, surrounded by equipment to perform rituals. Jonin Platick, the day he died, didn't feel a thing when he collapsed dead on the ground. Having no real way to keep track of time, he had absolutely no idea of what had just happened. To him, one moment he was being a moron and drinking a lethal poison, and now he was getting up from this rather strange floor. It did not help how they had lost all sense of touch either, and couldn't help but feel considerably more frail and light. There was a Dunmer in robes right in front of him, collapsed on the ground. Without realizing what was going on yet, he instinctively tried to see if they were alive. Yet as soon as Jonin put a hand on this necromancer, he saw it. A hand made not out of flesh or skin, but bones. Old, decayed bones.

He attempted to scream in horror but no voice whatsoever came out, for his vocal chords decayed away aeons ago. Where in Oblivion was he, was the first thing they thought. Little did they know how out of time they were. Eventually, he had gotten his bearings, and started exploring the abandoned prison whose only resident was a now-deceased necromancer. Jonin still hadn't figured out how Maarvak died, but he had far more pressing matters.

Shortly after, the skeleton was rummaging through chests, bookshelves and the occasional barrel, all of them belongings of the late Maarvak. Jonin eventually managed to get dressed with some spare clothes, which in spite of not being the exact same fit were better than nothing. He also found a decently-sized collection of books, most of which had writings about events and other concepts that were completely unfamiliar to Jonin. Not desiring to linger around for too long, he took whichever ones seemed to be more important than the rest before finishing his looting spree and vacating the premises. Once he emerged from the trapdoor, Jonin could more or less get a sense of their location.

Jonin realized that he was on the icy lands north of Windhelm, judging by the city they could see far off in the distance. But something seemed, off. It was way, wayyy different than the outdated impression they had of the place. Regardless, aware that he would be likely unwelcomed (and killed) were he to head in that direction, Jonin couldn't help but consider themselves doomed to roam these icy outlands away from civilization. Sitting down, they started going through the books collected from Maarvak's home, trying to get a rough estimate of what this strange new world was. A particular book he opened contained something in it, an amulet. Struck by a sensation of curiosity, Jonin read the pages where said amulet was placed, getting to understand what it was. An ounce of hope invigorated Jonin as they were done reading, and re-reading three more times as he could simply not believe it.

All this rotten luck so far had to turn around eventually, and it did in the form of the Amulet of the Veiled that this undead had found. It has been several weeks since Jonin emerged from the dead. He was now a drifter, who started dedicating themselves to exploring the new

province of Skyrim and catching up with what had happened. Having taken the alias of 'Lanius', an Imperial scholar, he started to settle on this new identity. The valuables Jonin had taken from Maarvak's lair were mostly sold for septims that would cover travel expenses and more importantly, books and alchemy ingredients. Even though they don't have a particular aim or goal at the moment other than catching up with history and not getting found out, Jonin has too many questions about this new reality he faces to not find a goal eventually. The question is, where will he go? Who will he meet?