

# Bloodborne Script

<sup>1</sup>(All Bloodborne Item Descriptions, Dialogue and Notes)

## Dialogue

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**Blood Minister:** Good. All signed and sealed. Now, let's begin the transfusion. Oh, don't you worry. Whatever happens... You may think it all a mere bad dream...

Now, let's begin the transfusion.

**Iosefka:** Are you... out on the hunt? Then I'm very sorry, but... I cannot open this door. I am Iosefka. The patients here in my clinic must not be exposed to infection. I know that you hunt for us, for our town, but I'm sorry. Please. This is all that I can do.

Now, go. And good hunting.

Are you still in need of something? But I have nothing more to offer. Please, try to understand my position. I can only pray, for a fruitful hunt.

You are safe, thank goodness. But I'm afraid nothing will change. I cannot open the door. I'll do what I can, of course. Perhaps this will help you, if only in some small way.

Now, go. I pray for your safety.

You are safe, thank goodness. But I'm afraid nothing will change. I cannot open the door. I'll do what I can, of course. Perhaps this will help you, if only in some small way.

This night is long, but morning always comes. Someone of your caliber won't fail us, I am certain. And once the night of the hunt ends, we can speak face-to-face. Then I can finally see what you look like. I shouldn't be thinking this but I am rather looking forward to it. So please, be careful out there.

I'm sorry...I have nothing else to offer you. I will pray for your safety. May light shine upon this night, and your fortunes.

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<sup>1</sup> To find Specific things press Ctrl + F

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Ah oh.

Please stop! It's beasts you hunt. Why are you behaving like one? This can't be the real you.  
Please, stop....

Are you calm again? Thank goodness. You mustn't let the hunt overcome you. Remember yourself. You are not a beast.

You are no more than a beast. I should've known....

**Eileen the Crow:** Oh, a hunter, are ya? And an outsider? What a mess you've been caught up in. And tonight, of all nights. Here, to welcome the new hunter.

Prepare yourself for the worst. There are no humans left. They're all flesh-hungry beasts, now.

Still lingering about? What's wrong? A hunter, unnerved by a few beasts? Heh heh...  
No matter, without fear in our hearts, we're little different from the beasts themselves.

What are you still doing here? Enough trembling in your boots. A hunter must hunt.

Look at you, you sorry drunk. I'll string you up like the filthy beast you are. You shall not abscond your crimes.

Were you not once a hunter? Is this sincerely what you want? That's enough now... No one will blame you.

The beasts cannot be stopped!

What good are hunters now?

Your blood is mine!

A hunter's blood for me!

Your punishment is death!

Death to the hunters!

Enough of this terrible dream!

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You still have dreams? Tell the little doll I said hello.

You can't go on like this...

Oh, hello there.

Perfect timing. I must warn you not to go near the tomb below Oedon Chapel in the Cathedral Ward. Henryk, an old hunter, has gone mad. And he's my mark...

Don't go near the tomb below Oedon Chapel in the Cathedral Ward. I have business there first...

Few hunters can resist the intoxication of the hunt. Look at you, just the same as all the rest...

The hunters must die... The nightmare must end... Only I can stop this madness! The hunt makes hunters mad!

...Ah... you monsters... All hunters must die!

That wasn't necessary of you... But you have my thanks.

We made it, with our lives. You're not bad at all. You must've killed Gascoigne as well, then? He was falling apart. I'm sure it had to be done. But try to keep your hands clean.

A hunter should hunt beasts. Leave the hunting of hunters to me...

Oh is that you again? I'm afraid I've made a bit of a blunder. I'm just going to have a short rest. Oh, don't worry. I've taken blood. Enough to save an old woman. No more dreams for me. This is my last chance. What a fool I am. I'll have to tread carefully. But that thing still lies in wait.

Turn back. This is my score to settle. My prey lies in wait this way.

Don't you ever listen to your elders? No matter, you did save my life. I don't see apt for this life anymore... ..My glory days were long ago now... Hmmm. I know... Here, for you. This too is hunters' work, but it bears no honor. A burden you may choose to carry.

The decision is yours alone. Ahh, my eyes grow heavy... Let me rest a while...

...I'll be fine, just wait...

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**Gilbert, Critically Ill Man:** Oh, you must be a hunter. And... not one from around here, either. I'm Gilbert. A fellow outsider. You must have had a fine time of it. Yharnam has a special way of treating guests. Well, I don't think I could stand if I wanted to... But I'm willing to help, if there's anything that can be done.

This town is cursed. Whatever your reasons might be, you should plan a swift exit. Whatever can be gained from this place, it will do more harm than good...

Paleblood, you say? Hmm... Never heard of it. But if it's blood you're interested in, you should try the Healing Church. The church controls all knowledge on blood ministration, and all varieties of blood. Across the valley to the East of Yharnam lies the town of the Healing Church, known as the Cathedral Ward. And deep within Cathedral Ward is the old grand cathedral. ...the birthplace of the Healing Church's special blood, or so they say. Yharnamites don't share much with outsiders. Normally, they wouldn't let you near the place, but... The hunt is on tonight. This might be your chance...

Across the valley to the East of Yharnam, you'll find the Cathedral Ward. Deep within lies the old main cathedral, said to be the source of blood. I haven't heard of Paleblood, but... That's your best bet if it's anything to do with unique types of blood...

Yes, I see... But the great bridge is the only way to the Cathedral Ward. And during the hunt, the bridge is closed... Hmm... You could try the aqueduct? There's a rather, how shall I put it, colorful area south of the great bridge. From there, an aqueduct leads to the Cathedral Ward. Not a place you'd normally want to visit, but... I don't imagine you have much of a choice. Do you?

An aqueduct leads from the town, south of the main bridge to the Cathedral Ward. Not a place you'd normally choose to visit, but... Not much of a choice, with the bridge closed... Have I heard of Byrgenwerth? Hmm... Afraid I can't say that I have. The locals aren't apt to share any local history. I'm afraid I may not be of help for much longer...

Hmm... I know nothing of a Byrgenwerth, and I'm afraid I may not be of help for much longer. Ahh, you needn't concern yourself with me. I'm afraid I'm of little help now. But before I... Take this... I made no use of it, but perhaps you...

What afflicted me was incurable, but this town gave me hope... Their strange blood bought me time. I was most fortunate. Unharmd by the plague of beasts. I can even die human...

Ahh, don't you worry about me.

Why... me... why... Dear gods, what have I done? Save me, please... Save me...

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Mm? Is something wrong? Stop this nonsense at once. So, you've gone over the edge. A terrible pity. Just another Yharno now.

**Imposter Iosefka:** Oh, well, hello....Splendid. Let me ask you a small kindness. You're soon off to hunt, I presume? Then, if you find any survivors, tell them to seek Iosefka's Clinic. Upon my Hippocratic oath, if they are yet human, I will look after them, perhaps even cure them.

This sickness, these beasts, they are not to be feared. This time the night is long. I might be trapped here, but I should do something to help. I'll even offer a reward for your cooperation. Tempted? Well, off you go then.

If you find anyone who's still human, send them straight to Iosefka clinic. You can assure them, there's no place safer. Please do me this service.

Oh, hello. You made it. Find any survivors? Or only beasts? Tell anyone who's human about Iosefka's Clinic. I will take proper care of them. They're in your hands, and soon, mine....

Oh hello...You're all right. Very good. She's safe with me now, I presume you're to thank? The treatment is going well, stabilized, for the most part. Fascinating, really....Here you are, as promised.

Oh, thank goodness you came....Be a dear, find me some more. Hehehe..

There may yet be humans out there. If you find them, send them to Iosefka's Clinic. I endeavor to treat every survivor there is. So please, be a saint.

Oh hello....You're safe. What a relief. He's safe with me now. I'm thrilled to have another. Here you are, as promised.

What would I ever do without you? You're really making a difference...Hahaha

Oh, hello...You're still alive. Any luck then? Finding anyone who hasn't turned? If you do, you know where to send them.

Ahh! Can't anyone comprehend?! That'll be quite enough of you then. Isn't it time someone put you out of your misery?

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Ah, moonlit scents....How did you worm your way in here? Well, I won't make any excuses. Would you mind leaving us alone? Things need not change...You'll do the rescuing, and I'll do the saving. But, if you refuse to leave...

Ah, well...I always wanted to try my hand on a hunter...

This won't hurt a bit...I'll soon have you right as rain...

Hush, hush....Stay still....This won't hurt a bit... I'll soon have you right as rain...Just.....Die... ..Enough of you! Now, stop that!

Curse this oblivious fool...

Oh, how exciting! I've never worked on a hunter before...

Oh, hello... Still alive, are you? I need more patients... There aren't many humans left, I know, but find me every last one you can. We must find a way. To surpass our own stupidity. You're one of the bright ones. Don't you see how much this means?

If you find any humans, bring them to me. I'm depending on you, brave hunter.

Oh hello....You're alive. Good. I've received another patient. This time, I'll be trying old blood. I've achieved much. And I owe it all to you. Take this, as thanks.

Custom made. And cheers, to the discovery of kinship. Doesn't it make you feel warm inside?

Please....find me some more. I'm depending on you, brave hunter.

Oh hello....You're still alive. But I suppose we're nearing the end. I don't imagine there are any left who haven't turned by now. Tragic, really, but what's to be done....

God I'm nauseous... Have you ever felt this? It's progressing. I can see things... I knew it, I'm different. I'm no beast... I... Oh... God, it feels awful... but, it proves that I'm chosen. Don't you see? How they writhe, writhe inside my head... It's... rather... rapturous...

**Father Gascoigne:** ...Beasts all over the shop...You'll be one of them...Sooner or later...

...What's that smell? The sweet blood, oh, it sings to me. It's enough to make a man sick...

Too proud to show your true face, eh? But a sporting hunt, it was!

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**Oedon Chapel Dweller:** ...Hmm? Oh... you must be... a hunter. Very sorry, the incense must've masked your scent. Good, good. I've been waiting for one of your ilk. These hunts have everyone all locked up inside. Waiting for it to end... It always does, always has, y'know. Since forever.

But it won't end very nicely, not this time. Even some folks hiding inside are goin' bad. The screams of wimminfolk, the stench of blood, the snarls of beasts... none of em's too uncommon now. Yharnam's done fer, I tell ya.

But if you spot anyone with their wits about 'em... Tell 'em about this here Oedon Chapel. They'll be safe here. The incense wards off the beasts. Spread the word... tell 'em to come on over. If you wouldn't mind... Hee hee...

...Hmm? Oh... you must be... a hunter. I know I shouldn't be askin' you, but... If you happen upon someone while hunting, tell 'em about this here Oedon Chapel. If they seem worth being told, that is... Oh, and I do sincerely hope they are... hee hee hee hee hee...

Ahh, the hunter. Alive and well, are ya? This here's a safe place. Stay as long as you like. But... next time you're out on a hunt, remember what I asked. If you find any sane survivors, tell 'em to seek shelter at Oedon Chapel. Cause there's nothing to fear here... ha, hah ha!

Ahh, the hunter. Alive and well, are ya?

Ahh, the hunter! Thank you. So, that survivor, you told 'im about this place right? Well, he don't offer me much in the way of conversation, but still... I'd rather see 'im alive anyhow. And... I sort of hoped that, my asking you, turned out to, you know, help 'em out in the end... I've never been of any use to anyone, you see... Just, happy about it, is all... ha, ha

Ahh, the hunter! Thank you. So, that survivor, you told 'im about this place, right? If you find any sane survivors, well... Send 'em along to Oedon Chapel, will ya?

Ahh, the hunter. Alive and well, at that! Another one you sent made it here safe and sound. This place is a haven now, for so many. Thanks to you. I'm... overjoyed, really. That you'd even give me the time o' day! I don't suppose there's anybody out there worth savin' anymore. But you did all ya could, and so many owe you so much. Amazing, really. Not 'cause you're a hunter, but because you're you.

Makes me think, once dawn breaks, maybe I can just, you know, start over. Makes it easier to bear all o' this, you see? You've made life easier. Thank you.

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Ahh, the hunter. Alive and well, at that! I'm... overjoyed, really. That you'd even give me the time o' day! But you did all ya could, and so many owe you so much. Amazing, really. Not 'cause you're a hunter, but because you're you.

If you please, kind hunter... When the night of the hunt passes, s'pose, we could be friends, maybe? Now, I know I hardly deserve it, but... Well, I had to just, ask, you know? Out of line, yes, perhaps so, but, well... Give it a thought, if you wouldn't mind, o' course... If you please, kind hunter... Once the night of the hunt passes, s'pose we could be friends? Give it a thought, well, if you wouldn't mind...

Ahh, kind hunter! Another one you sent made it here safe and sound. This place is a real haven now. Thanks to you. ...But... I'm afraid that was the last of 'em... There ain't a peep to be heard, not in the whole town... I doubt there's any more out there... Gods save us... Yharnam's done for...

Ahh, kind hunter! There ain't no more survivors, there can't be... Yharnam's done for... Oh, kind hunter... How did this happen? A beast, here... why...? It's my fault... Savaged and eaten, every one, and it's all my fault... Gods, please, I'm sorry, so sorry... Oh, kind hunter... I only wanted to help... Just once in my life... They told me it would never work... My mum always told me, everybody kept telling me... I should've known, I should've... Gods, please, I'm sorry, so sorry...

Oh, kind hunter... The man you sent here, the one you saved... e's dead... Killed stone dead... Why... Musta been a beast, right?. ...Or, d'ya think someone out there could've... I...I... just don't... ahh... Well. I do know. It's my fault. All mine...

Oh, kind hunter... The man you sent here, the one you saved... Was it a beast? Or, could someone from outside've come in and...? I just... don't... know...

Oh, kind hunter... Someone's died... again... Eaten... devoured by a damned beast! We're not safe here. This is it... The end of us all...

Oh, kind hunter... We're not safe here. This is it... The end of us all... Oh, kind hunter! Thank you. So, that lady, you told 'er about this place? Well, she... she actually talks to me! Well, only now and then, and... she don't mince words... But... she's a kind one, I can tell. A good woman.

Oh, kind hunter! Thank you. So, that lady, you told 'er about this place? Oh, kind hunter! Thank you. So, that man, you told 'im about this place? Well, he keeps 'is distance an' all, but... I reckon we're two peas in a pod. We both been put through life's wringer. I'm... I'm bloody glad you told 'im about us.

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Oh, kind hunter! Thank you. So, that man, you told 'im about this place? I'm... I'm bloody glad you told 'im about us. Stop! Please! What's the- Why! Please, good hunter! I'm beggin' ya stop... Please, just stop... Please, good hunter! How did it come... to this... Kind... hunter... I just wanted to help... people... I only wanted... to be... your friend...

Eek! Please, no more! It's my fault, I know, so... help me, please... Please, kind hunter. Please, kind hunter. Thank you.

So, that survivor, you told 'er about this place right? Well, she don't offer me much in the way of conversation, but still... I'd rather see 'er alive anyhow.

The woman you sent here, the one you saved... She's dead... Killed stone dead...

So, that survivor, you told 'er about this place, right? The woman you sent here, the one you saved...

So, that old man, you told 'im about this place right? The old man, the old man you sent over...

So, that old girl, you told 'er about this place right? The old girl, the old girl you sent over...

The lady, the lady you sent over... The lady, the lady you sent over...

So, that holy woman, you told 'er about this place right? The 'oly woman, the 'oly woman you sent over...

**Arianna, Women of Pleasure:** Oh, my, what a queer scent... But I'd take it over the stench of blood and beasts any day. What is it, then?

I'm off during hunts, so if that's what you're here for, I'll leave you to your own devices. If that doesn't do it, come back in the morning, darling.

Oh, thank goodness. You're a hunter, right? Might you know of a safe place? The night is long, and I've very little of the incense left... Please, there must be some nice place to run off to?

Oh, thank you, darling. Maybe I'll see you there! Oh... that's a shame. Well, if you do find a safe place, do be a dear and tell me. Around here, you're the only one I can turn to. You understand, don't you?

Ahh, hello there. Come to see me? Have you found any safe places?

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Oh, hello dear... You weren't lying. This is a safe place. Thank you. I'm in your debt. I'd like to tender my thanks, but I haven't much to offer... All I can give is my blood. But... would you even take a whore's blood?

Yes, I see... I suppose that's natural. If you ever change your mind... You know where I'll be...

Oh, good. Come close, dear. Don't worry, this isn't the first time.

Oh, hello... Sorry, dear. You're much too eager. I've only so much blood... okay?

Oh, hello... You've come for my blood? Oh, good. Come close, dear.

I knew you'd be back for more.

Oh, that's a pity. Any time you're ready.

Oh, you... I'm sorry... I'm afraid I can't help you. Unless... you've had a change of heart?

If you ever change your mind... You know where I'll be...

Oh, my, what a queer scent... But I'd take it over the stench of blood and beasts any day. What is it, then? I'm off during hunts, and besides, this is no place for ladies. Wouldn't want to drag you down too.

I'm off during hunts, and besides... This is no place for ladies.

Oh, thank goodness. You're a hunter, aren't you dear? Might you know of a safe place? The night is long, and I've very little of the incense left... Please, there must be some nice place to run off to? Oh, thank you, dear. Perhaps I'll see you there!

Oh... that's a shame. Well, if you do find a safe place, do be a dear and tell me. Around here, you are the only one I can turn to. You understand, don't you?

Ahh, hello there. Come to see me? Have you found any safe places?

Oh, hello dear... You weren't lying. This is a safe place. Thank you. I am in your debt. I'd like to tender my thanks, but I can't imagine what to offer. All I can give is my blood. But... would you even take a whore's blood?

Yes, I see... I suppose that's natural. I won't try to tempt you.

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Oh, good. Come close, dear. Don't worry, I've done this before. Oh, hello... Sorry, dear. You're much too eager. I've only so much blood... okay? Oh, hello... You've come for my blood?

Yes, of course... I'm sorry, I ask too many questions. I'm very thankful for what you've done.

Oh, hello. The whole town's turned, has it? Quite a big family now, aren't we? Though I'm afraid I seem to be the black sheep... Back for my blood, I presume?

Oh, there you are. Not too safe here after all, is it? But I'm not concerned. I've no better place to go, and you were terribly kind to show me here.

Back for more of my blood, I presume? I've no better place to go, and you were terribly kind to show me here.

Oh, there you are... Forgive me, I'm a bit out of sorts... So, no blood today, I'm afraid...

Oh, there's something wrong with me...

It can't be... this is a nightmare. I've never been happier...

**Lonely Old Dear:** Oh, you're a hunter, aren't ya? Then, well, do you know of any safe places?

I've heard, I have. Shutting up indoors isn't always enough. If you hunters got off your arses, we wouldn't be in this mess. You're obligated to help me, you hear? So, what'll it be? Are you gonna tell me, or not?

Well, whaddy know? An outsider worth a lick of salt.

Well, don't just stand there. Don't you have work to do? Go slit some throats, get this mess done with.

Oh, enough with you. Trot along, chop chop!

What is it now? I've much better ways to pass the time. Unless... you've found me a nice, safe place?

Oh, no, I haven't forgotten. Do you think I owe you something? Well, that's a fine lark, I'd say. This whole mess that Yharnam's in, it's all your fault, you fidgety outsiders! Our blood's ruined, tainted by your ilk! Don't you come near me! I know your type!

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You! Stay away from me! I know all your tricks!

Ohh, how did we ever get into this mess... Oh, the good old days, what a laugh, eh?

Oh, there you are. You're home early, dear. Is anything the matter? You can always tell me... Mother'll make everything better...

You're home early, dear. Oh, what is it, dear? Are you in a bind again? Oh, what is it, dear? Oh, welcome home, dear. What's wrong? Anything you'd like to tell me?

Oh, my. You poor thing... Now, now, have some patience... Mother'll make everything better...

Oh, welcome home, dear. You've been very, very patient. Here you are. This will help you forget... Forget your troubles, forget your cares...

What a relief! You always were the brave one. But you can't bottle up everything inside. You mustn't be afraid to share. You always were the brave one.

What's got into you! Curse you, stranger! Curse you, stranger!

**Narrow-minded Man:** You... you're not from around here are ya? An outsider who's come to join the hunt? What a pathetic idea. You what? What, you think I'm a beast? Well, maybe I think you're a beast. Well, away with ya! And step away from my Castle!

You... you're not from around here are ya? An outsider who's come to join the hunt? What a pathetic idea. Well, away with ya! Oh, enough of you... What, you think this is funny? Well I certainly don't. So be gone with ya! I'll have nothing to do with your beast hunts.

Oh, enough with you already. Come on, just go, will ya? What's this two-bit nonsense you're peddlin'? I heard you told that wench about some shelter. Well, she's a damn fool to trust an outsider. Why? Her sort's probably just fixin' to thief some of your coin.

All right, what crafty lies does the outsider have today? You think I'm an easy mark? Yeah? Well, give me your best shot.

Hmph... Yeah sorry, too sharp for that bollocks. I know a superstition when I hear one. Outsiders... even their lies are predictable.

What, afraid your lies will be exposed? Yeah, I knew you'd back off, I just knew it.

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Yeah, an outsider, you may be, but at least you know when you're bested.

What? Still preying on folks with your book of lies? Yeah, fine, come on. Show me what you've got. Tell me about your little safe place.

What? You just can't help yourself, can ya? Go on then, fine, go on... tell me about it. Your little safe haven. Ah, you, the swindlin' offcomer. Did you really think that'd work? There's no fooling me! Now, off with ya, you heard me! Go away! I can't stand the stench of your lyin' breath!

Ah, you, the swindlin' offcomer. Did you really think that'd work? There's no fooling me! Go away! I can't stand the stench of your Iyin' breath!

I've no time for your petty lies.

Away, just away with you, now! I mean it! And don't you come back, do you hear me! Don't come back! Oh, give it a rest, please. I've no time for your petty lies. Awa- just go away now! I can't stand the stench of your lyin' breath!

I'll spare you one nugget of advice. Beware the lady of the night. I can see it in her eyes. She deeply resents the young saint. She hears people whisper. She knows what people think of her. Yes, she despises the saint for having what she doesn't. Bloody wench, they shoulda moved her on ages ago.

I'll spare you one nugget of advice. Beware the blind man. There the beggar sits, at the bottom of the bloody food chain... ...and then he's here, acting like he owns the place... He's not to be trusted. What's he want with all those people anyway. That little weasel has a murky past, I'm tellin' ya...

Now, be gone! Go, away with ya! Don't ever bother me again! An outsider won't get far behaving like that.

Ahh, your lies spin a web... But I see through your deceit! I did not learn from books. No, no, no, no, no... I learned it all with my own mind...

Bloody offcomer... curse you...

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**Adella, Nun of the Healing Church:** Oh, merciful gods, help me... In the name of the Healing Church, cleanse us of this horrible dream...

Please, leave me be... Don't take me... please... Oh, please, dear gods...

Ahh, by your garb... the Healing Church... You've come to save me... Ahh! Thank you, dear saint! I have no words to express my relief... You could take this, at least. It is sure to please an upstanding member of the church like you.

Ahh, thank you so much. I was seized on the street by a hulking brute in the Cathedral Ward and locked up here. There were many others, but they've been taken away... And I've heard moans, echoing in the distance, ever since...

So, the hunt is on tonight? Then the streets are perilous... And every door will be shut tight... Perhaps it isn't my place to ask, but... Do you know somewhere that might take me in?

Oh, thank you so much. I'll set out as soon as I can. I pray for success on your hunt.

Kind hunter... I'll set out as soon as I can. I pray for success on your hunt.

Kind hunter... Yes, I see... I understand. Such are the perils on a night of the hunt. I'll ask an acquaintance in the Cathedral Ward. Perhaps he'll open his door for me... perhaps.

You're... a hunter, aren't you? I'll be fine. I don't wish to trouble you any further. I'll ask an acquaintance in the Cathedral Ward. Unless, y-you know of another place?

Oh, brave hunter. You're alive. Thank you very much. The town is in disarray, but there are still people here. Together, we await the help of the Healing Church. I cannot begin to express my gratitude to you. The only thing that I can offer... Is my own lowly blood. If it would suffice...

Oh, brave hunter. You're alive. Yes, of course. Come in close... Now... take my blood...

Brave hunter. Please, give me a little more time. There are others in need of my blood.

Brave hunter. Please, give me a little more time.

Ahh, brave hunter. You're safe. Do you wish... to have my blood?

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Ahh, brave hunter. You're safe. Forgive me, I... I should have known better. What would a brave hunter do with lowly blood like mine? Please, forget I even asked. What would a brave hunter do with lowly blood like mine?

Ahh, brave hunter. What is it? Have you renewed thoughts on this matter? Forgive me. I must cease this nonsense. Forget I ever offered.

I pray for your safety.

Oh, forgive me. I need more time...

Oh, brave hunter, you've returned, unharmed. Don't you want to be treated... with blood? I only wish to be of help.

What have I done...

Tee hee... My sweet hunter... Your blood is tainted... I can't... ha... I can't help myself... hahaha haha...

I will never leave your side...

**Alfred, Hunter of Vilebloods:** You're a beast hunter, aren't you? I knew it. That's precisely how I started out! Oh, beg pardon, you may call me Alfred. Protégé of Master Logarius, hunter of Vilebloods. So, what say you? Our prey might differ, but we are hunters, the both of us. Why not cooperate, and discuss the things we've learned?

Oh-hoh! Very good, very good indeed! Take this, to celebrate our acquaintance. Beast hunting is a sacred practice. May the good blood guide your way.

Well, that's most unfortunate. But, if you have a change of heart, you know where to come. We are, after all, fellow hunters, and tonight we hunt!

Oh, changed our mind, have we? Then perhaps we can cooperate, and discuss what we've learned. There must be oodles for us to share. Go on, just tell me what piques your interest.

Oh-hoh! Good to see you safe. Now, let's think up something to discuss. Just tell me what piques your interest.

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As you know, the Healing Church is the fountainhead of blood healing. Well, I'm a simple hunter, quite unfamiliar with the ins and outs of the institution. But I have heard that the holy medium of blood healing is venerated in the main cathedral. And that

councilors of the old church reside in the high stratum of the Cathedral Ward. If you seek blood healing, and the church is willing, you should pay them a visit.

Byrgenwerth is an old place of learning. And the tomb of the gods, carved out below Yharnam, should be familiar to every hunter. Well, once a group of young Byrgenwerth scholars discovered a holy medium deep within the tomb. This led to the founding of the Healing Church, and the establishment of blood healing. In this sense, everything sacred in Yharnam can be traced back to Byrgenwerth. But today, the college lies deep within a tangled wood, abandoned and decrepit. And furthermore, the Healing Church has declared Byrgenwerth forbidden ground. It's unclear how many of its scholars remain alive... ..but only they know the password that allows passage through the gate.

Ahh, there's something I want to tell you. A bit of wisdom from the eminent Master Logarius. Once, a scholar betrayed his fellows at Byrgenwerth... ..and brought forbidden blood back with him to Cainhurst Castle. It was there that the first of the inhuman Vilebloods was born. The Vilebloods are fiendish creatures who threaten the purity of the Church's blood healing. The Ruler of the Vilebloods is still alive today. And so, to honor my master's wishes, I search. For the path to Cainhurst Castle.

In his time, Master Logarius led his executioners into Cainhurst Castle to cleanse it of the Vilebloods. But all did not go well, and Master Logarius became a blessed anchor, guarding us from evil. ...Tragic, tragic times... that Master Logarius should be abandoned in the accursed domain of the Vilebloods. I must free him, so that he may be properly honored in martyrdom.

Ah-hah! Is that... the sigil of Cainhurst? I've heard tell of Cainhurst nobles, and their amusingly pompous invitations. Wonderful! I thank you profusely... I will depart immediately. But first, a token of my gratitude.

Ahh, I feel my master's hand at work. Praise the good blood! And let us cleanse these tarnished streets.

It has been an honor, but I must say good-bye. Let us cleanse these tarnished streets. And may the good blood guide your way.

Master, look! I've done it, I've done it! I smashed and pounded and grounded this rotten siren into fleshy pink pulp! There, you filthy monstrosity! What good's your immortality now! Try

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stirring up trouble in this sorry state! All mangled and twisted, with every inside on the outside, for all the world to see! He heh hah hah Hah! He heh heh ha ha haah!

Oh, you, is it? Look at this! Thanks to you, I've done it! Well? Isn't it wonderful? Now master can be canonized as a true martyr! Ha ha ha ha ha ha! I've done it, I have!!! Hah h-hah ha ha hah!

Just what is the meaning of this? Why turn your blade on me? You're jealous! Aren't you!

Pray for Master Logarius in my stead..

A hunter's grudge is an awful thing. You must find your own way on this hunt. As I have mine.

Ha ha ha ha ha! Hah hah hah hah hah!

Unclean wench! Vile monstrosity!

Bloody fool! Has the blood gone to your head?

Pathetic! As you deserve! The blood! You've spilled my blood!

You'll... regret this...

You let the blood get the best of you... Heh heh heh...

**Vicar Amelia:** Seek the old blood. Let us pray, let us wish. To partake in communion. Let us partake in communion, and feast upon the old blood. Our thirst for blood satiates us, soothes our fears. Seek the old blood. But beware the frailty of men. Their wills are weak, minds young. The foul beasts will dangle nectar, and lure the meek into the depths. Remain wary of the frailty of men. Their wills are weak, minds young. Were it not for fear, death would go unlamented.

**Djura:** You there, hunter. Didn't you see the warning? Turn back at once. Old Yharnam, burned and abandoned by men, is now home only to beasts. They are of no harm to those above. Turn back... ...or the hunter will face the hunt...

...You are a skilled hunter. Adept, merciless, half-cut with blood. As the best hunters are. Which is why I must stop you!

I should think you still have dreams? Well, the next time you dream, give some thought... to the hunt, and its purpose...

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Well, well... How did you get in here? Ah, it's no matter. What brings you to Old Yharnam? I've no interest in matters further up, but you must not disturb this place. The beasts do not venture above, and mean no harm to anyone. If you still insist on hunting them, then I will hunt you first. You understand me?

Yes, very good. I no longer dream, but I was once a hunter, too. There's nothing more horrific than a hunt. In case you've failed to realise... The things you hunt, they're not beasts. They're people. One day, you will see... Hmm, it's time you got going... But first, a farewell gift. I have no use for it anyway.

What is it? Surely I need not repeat myself. Go, I say. You have the whole night to dream. Make the best of it.

Of course, I thought as much. You are a true hunter. Which is why I must stop you!

You devious rat! The makings of a true hunter, this fellow/lass! Very well. Then there's no need to hold back! The beasts will feast tonight!

Is it the blood, or are you just raving mad?

When the frail of heart joins the fray... The hunter becomes the hunted!

Then come as often as you like, and I will show you another death.

...It's you... you're the beast... Just think about what you're doing. It's utter madness...

**Gascoigne's Younger Daughter:** Who... are you? I don't know your voice, but I know that smell... Are you a hunter? Then, please, will you look for my mum? Daddy never came back from the hunt, and she went to find him, but now she's gone, too... I'm all alone... and scared...

Really? Oh, thank you! My m-mum wears a red jeweled brooch. It's so big and... and beautiful. You won't miss it. Oh, I mustn't forget. If you find my mum, give her this music box. ...It plays one of daddy's favorite songs. And when daddy forgets us we play it for him so he remembers. Mum's so silly, running off without it!

Oh, alright... Well th-thanks mister/miss hunter, for talking, at least. Take care, on your hunt.

Thanks for chatting. Please be careful out there! Hello, [mister/miss] hunter. Still can't find my mum?

Yes, okay. I can wait. Mum knows I'm really brave, and you're very kind. I won't be afraid, I'll be a good girl, I promise.

Oh, okay. I can wait. But isn't there something I can do? Maybe mum and dad are stuck out there... ..waiting for me to come and find them. What do you think, mister/miss hunter?

Yes, okay! Thank you, mister/miss hunter. I love you almost as much as mum and dad, and granddad!

Yes, I see... I can wait. I won't be afraid. I know, I do. The morning always comes.

Mum, come home... I'm alone... I'm scared... It's not fair...

Mister/Miss hunter... was it really her? ...Mummy... mummy... Don't leave me alone...

**Gascoigne's Eldest Daughter:** Oh, you haven't by any chance... seen my little sister, have you? I told her to look after the house, but she's run off somewhere. She's still quite small, and wears a big white ribbon. Have you seen her out there anywhere?

Oh, how did this happen... Why would she ever go outside? At least... I'll have something to remember her by.

What a perfect ribbon... And now it's mine... I can't wait to try it on...

Oh, it's wonderful...

Oh, okay then. But if you do see her, would you give me word? She's a small girl, with a big white ribbon. My good little sister...

Oh, back again? Any news of my sister?

**Gatekeeper:** The password... The password...

...password... Got to close the... Ahh, ahh, ohhhhh....

**Patches:** Oh, a hunter of beasts, are you? Glory be. You know not the value you possess. But, more's the pity... The hours of the night are many, and the beasts more than I can count. A veritable hunt unending! Not even death offers solace, and the blood imbibes you.

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Ha, a most frightful fate, oh my. But I'm willing to do you a kindness. Step lightly round to the right of the great cathedral, and seek an ancient, shrouded church. The gift of the godhead will grant you strength... Yes, I'm unquestionably certain, heheh...

Oh Amygdala, oh Amygdala... Have mercy on the poor bastard...

What a joy it is, to behold the divine. It must be such a pleasure. You're in my debt, you know. You're nigh on a beast of the field, but here you are, treading a measure with the gods. Are your feet as fat as your Wits? Oh, cease this dithering! Take the plunge! Throw yourself to the wolves!

Don't dally, you lucky scamp! The gift of the godhead cometh! Oh, this cannot be, you cannot be... No, you didn't... lord Amygdala... ..How did this come to pass?

Hmph! Now, wait just a moment... Do you think ill of me, me?

Oh, it pains me to hear it. You've made yourself a misreckoning. I shared with you a thing most secret. Now you're witness to a miracle, and all the stronger for it! It's plain as a pikestaff. Now, say in my heart, you were as a lamb to my god. Well, you weren't to know, and it wasn't for you to know. All's well, that ends well, I say.

You should appreciate it, if you've a grain of gratitude in you! Appreciate it!

No matter. Such details are trifling. We're fast friends by now. Let this express what words cannot.

Oh, doubt me not, sweet compeer. What is friendship, but a chance encounter?

Ahh, well met. My apologies, but I feel a profound thought occurring... On the good grace of a certain god, and the way he meted out his love.

Ahh, well met. This is a most pleasing encounter. You see, I must depart erelong. My god is lost to me, so I must go away to find another. If the fates are kind, our paths may cross again. Sooner still... if you were you to take the leap...

Ahh, well met. Oh, think not of poor Amygdala. Upon that piteous bastard, you bestowed salvation. All's well that ends well.

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Aah! The sight of you is as balm to my eyes! Truly, you are an indubitable, irrefutable friend!  
And, my dear compeer, I vow once more to ease your burden! Truly, you are an indubitable,  
irrefutable friend!

The time has come again I fear. But if the fates smile upon us, we'll soon meet again. Farewell,  
dear friend. Farewell, dear friend.

Ergh, that was uncharitably done... That was uncharitably done, dear friend...

**Micolash, Host of the Nightmare:** Ooh! Majestic! A hunter is a hunter, even in a dream. But,  
alas, not too fast! The nightmare swirls and churns unending!

Ahh, Kos, or some say Kosm... Do you hear our prayers? As you once did for the vacuous Rom,  
Grant us eyes, grant us eyes. Plant eyes on our brains, to cleanse our beastly idiocy.

The grand lake of mud, hidden now, from sight. The cosmos, of course

Let us sit about, and speak feverishly. Chatting into the wee hours of... New ideas, of the higher  
plane!

Now I'm waking up, I'll forget everything...

Ahh, Kos, or some say Kosm... Do you hear our prayers? No, we shall not abandon the dream.  
No one can catch us! No one can stop us now!

**Provost Willem:** Oh, I know, I know. You think now, to betray me. ...The blood makes us  
human, makes us more than human, makes us human no more. Our eyes are yet to open...

By the gods, fear it, Laurence.

**Laurence:** Master Willem, I've come to bid you farewell.

No, but you will never listen. I tell you, I will not forget our adage.

Fear the old blood.

I must take my leave.

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**Annalise, Queen of the Vilebloods:** Visitor... I claim no subjects, but here lieth Our throne. Kneel afore Us... or get thee gone.

Visitor... Moon-scented hunter... I am Annalise, Queen of Castle Cainhurst. Ruler of the Vilebloods, and sworn enemy of the church. Yet, Our people are murdered, and We are prisoner to this wretched mask. What is it thou'rt in search of?

Visitor... Moon-scented hunter... Speak thy mind.

Well, well... An odd hunter thou art indeed... We've tired of these piteous nights... Share in Our plight, and take oath against the church. If thou wouldst this path walk... I prithee partake of my rotted blood.

An odd hunter thou art indeed... Very well. Drink deep of Our blood. Feel the spreading corruption burn. Now, thou'rt too a Vileblood. We two, the very last on this earth.

A wise choice... There is no more to be said. Away from mine gaze.

Such impudence. Defiled, are We, yet still Queen. We shall not give audience to an ill-mannered beast. We shall not give audience to an ill-mannered beast. Get thee gone.

Closest of kin, bearer of Our blood. I welcome thee. What is thy wish?

Closest of kin, last of Our kind. I welcome thee. What is thy wish?

More talk to be had?

Thy gift pleases Us. Let this reward be thine. Indulge thyself in Our tainted blood.

Speak not, those words. We have little need of a consort. Such a path would belike lead to further ruin. Thou'rt dear to Us. We would see no harm befall thee...

Ahh, still thy honeyed tongue... The thought alone sufficeth. Thy worth is too great. Now, speak no more on the matter.

Honestly!

Arrant fool. Vileblood or no, forget not; We are thy Queen. Bend the knee.

Vileblood or no, respect will be shown.

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We await thy return. For the honor of Cainhurst.

We await thy return. ...This chamber was made not for one alone...

How sad this is. If only Our life was so easily forfeit...

Art thou brave, or merely lacking in wit? It matters not. Our flesh is undying. Speak thy mind.

Well, well. Thou wearest a second face. It matters not. Our flesh is undying. Speak thy mind.

**Valtr, Master of the League:** Ahh, a new face, are you? And an accomplished hunter... it would appear. I am Valtr, Master of the League. Members of the League cleanse the streets of all the filth that's spread about during the hunt. Like any half-decent hunter ought to, you know?

Haven't you seen enough of these wretched beasts, freakish slugs, and mad doctors?

Sentence these fiends to death. With the help of your League confederates. What do you say?  
Why not join the League?

Yes. As a hunter well should. Commit this to heart. Our own Caryll rune, symbol of the League. The nights brims with defiled scum, and is permeated by their rotten stench. Just think. Now you're all set to hunt and kill to your heart's content. Hunt in co-operation with your fellows, your League confederates.

Yes, I suppose... I should not force your will. But you are a hunter, and will see soon enough.

That on a night of the hunt, no, on any night, nothing out there deserves to live.

Well, then? Seen enough out there? Fancy joining the ranks of the League?

Now, there is one thing you must know. By the oath of the League, those who bear its rune will see vermin. Vermin writhe deep within all filth, and are the root of man's impurity. ...All vermin are to be crushed. The League exists to expunge all vermin, ridding us of any trace of human corruption. And so, until we are rid of all vermin, you must continue to hunt and kill. This bloody fate is ours alone. Do not expect the world to grasp our work... But remember, the confederates will always have my blessing... And each other. Always.

Ahh, how goes your hunt? Do not forget the League's mission. To co-operate with confederates, find vermin, and stamp them out.

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Ahh, very good. You've crushed some vermin. I am the Master of the League, I can see it in your eyes. I'm pleased. This makes you a true fellow of the League. ...A confederate. Now, take this staff. A symbol of our oath, of our blood-drenched fate. You'll be welcomed as a true confederate. Go forth, with renewed vigor. ...In short time, you will see... How the mission takes hold of one's spirits.

Hello, confederate. Has your stomach not turned? Turned at the world of man, so wondrously wretched! And brimming with unsightly vermin. Much like our very own mission.

Hello, confederate. Your eyes say it all. You've crushed vermin time and time again... You've seen the filth that varnishes the world of man... Yet you are unbroken, you've the eyes of a hunter. You have blessed the League with your presence. This was my last, most pressing task...

My confederate. Promise me you'll crush all vermin, to rid us of our impurities. For the sake of our fellows, all blood-stained hunters of the League. My confederate. Promise me you'll crush all vermin, to rid us of our impurities.

Well, how quaint. You scoff at the League? Then you are yourself a beast. A defiled mess of rotten flesh!

When you are dead, your rank blood will curdle with vermin!

Look, look, I knew it! Vermin writhe and squirm... You vile lout.

My time is done... Glory to my League confederates...

**Suspicious Beggar:** Blimey, don't scare me like that! On a night like this... I took you for a monster. Oh, thank the stars, you're fairly normal... Was it you put down that awful beast? Oh, that thing had me trembling, frozen in me boots. And then you came along. Well, if you're a hunter... then... would you know of any safe havens?

Well, I'll be! Thank you! It's about time I made a move. I can't very well stay out on me own...

Oh, you've given me hope... Terribly kind of you. Take this. It's all I can offer as thanks.

Oh yeah, of course not... I should've known. This whole place's falling apart, once again... It's the curse of Yharnam...

Thank you. It's about time I made a move. I can't very well stay out on me own... Oh, you again!

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You find any nice, cozy places to hole up in? You find any nice, cozy places to hole up in?

Ah, hello again. I owe this to you. It's a wonderful place. They even let beggars like meself in! What's better... we keep our distance, don't step on anyone's toes, right? The way proper Yharnamites ought to live! Oh, let me share something with you. My secret stash. Really prime stuff...

Oh, hello again. I really do owe you a terrible lot. Finding me such a nice place to live...

Oh, hi. I'm afraid I don't have any more. Yeah, it's all sold out. Sorry, chum. But, you know... I'll try and get some more soon. But, you know it ain't easy, right? Yeah, it's all sold out. Sorry, chum.

Oh, you again. Perfect timing. I've got some more. See? Oh, oh my... you just can't get enough. Oh no, I understand, I'm the very same. This is a smashing place. It's everything Yharnam ever had, and more!

Have you got a screw loose? Or is it your... animal intuition? Oh, it doesn't even matter. You hunters've got more blood on your hands! Oh, you are a sick puppy! You drink the blood of half the town, and now this! And you talk of beasts? You hunters are the real killers!

Oh, you are a sick puppy!

Die! Die, die! Hunters are killers, nothing less! You call me a beast? A beast? What would you know? I didn't ask for this! You're no different than I. Rancid beasts, every last one of us...

**Bloody Corpse:** Ahh, ahh, please... help us... Ah... An unsightly beast... a great terror looms! Ahh! Ludwig the Accursed is coming! Have mercy! Have mercy upon us!

**Ludwig, the Holy Blade:** Aah, you were at my side, all along. My true mentor... My guiding moonlight...

Good hunter, have you seen the thread of light? Just a hair, a fleeting thing, yet I clung to it, steeped as I was in the stench of blood and beasts. I never wanted to know, what it really was. Really, I didn't.

Tell me, good hunter of the Church. Have you seen the light? Are my Church hunters the honorable spartans I hoped they would be?

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Ahh, good... that is a relief. To know I did not suffer such denigration for nothing. Thank you kindly. Now I may sleep in peace. Even in this darkest of nights, I see... the moonlight...

Oh, my. Just as I feared. Then a beast-possessed degenerate was I, as my detractors made eminently clear. Does the nightmare never end?!

**Yamamura:** Shrouded by night, but with steady stride. Colored by blood, but always clear of mind. Proud hunter of the Church.

Beasts are a curse, and a curse is a shackle. Only ye are the true blades of the Church.

**Simon the Harrowed:** You're a hunter with your sanity, aren't you? Must've taken a wrong turn then, eh? Well, we're more alike than you think. This is the Hunter's Nightmare, where hunters end up when drunk with blood. You've seen them before. Aimless, wandering hunters, slaving like beasts. This is what the poor fools have to look forward to. So, don't be brash, turn back before it's too late. Unless, you've something of an interest in nightmares?

Ahh, yes, I see... You sense a secret within the Nightmare, and cannot bear to leave it be. As if the spirit of Byrgenwerth lives on within you! Such inquisitive hunters will relish the Nightmare. If anyone deserves to have this, it is you. But beware, secrets are secrets for a reason. And some do not wish to see them uncovered. Especially when the secrets are particularly unseemly...

Yes, as it should be. Hunt your beasts, and think no more on the secrets of the night. That is the very best a hunter can do. Just don't let the blood intoxicate you.

What now? Take my word, and turn back before it's too late. Unless, I suppose, you've taken an interest in nightmares?

Oh, he's well and truly gone, now. A tragic figure. But he will shame himself no longer. He died with his ideals untarnished. He was a true hero, and earnt that much, at least.

Here, this is Ludwig's guiding light. The blinding thread that led, and misled, that consummate hero. The poor brute.

A tragic figure. But he will shame himself no longer. He died with his ideals untarnished. He was a true hero, and earnt that much, at least.

Do you know why the Hunters are drawn to this Nightmare? Because it sprouted from their very misdeeds. Things that some would rather keep secret. A pitiful tale of petty arrogance, really. High time someone exposed the whole charade.

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Now, now, go on ahead. You seek nightmares, and the secrets within, do you not?  
Oh, hello. Not a pretty sight, is it? The true face of the blood-worshipping, beast-purging Healing Church. But that's not all. You seek the secrets held by the Nightmare, do you not? Then here's what you must do. ...Climb the Astral Clocktower, and kill Maria. She hides the real secret...

Go on, kill Maria atop the Astral Clocktower. She hides the real secret...

...Oh, you, I'm afraid, I've made a botch of things... ...I can hear the bell, now... ...The beast-hide assassin, he's after me... ...Again and again... ...It never ends...

...Please, I need you to do something... ...This village is the true secret. Testament to the old sins... ...It feeds this Hunter's Nightmare... ...Please, bring to an end the horror...

...So our forefathers sinned? ...We hunters cannot bear their weight forever... ...It isn't fair, it just isn't fair...

Tsk! Taken by the Nightmare, are you? Then I've no choice. Prepare yourself!

Terribly sorry, but I couldn't let you stop me...

Curses. What a rotten place to die...

**Lady Maria of the Astral Clocktower:** Oh, I know very well, how the secrets beckon so sweetly. Only an honest death will cure you now. Liberate you, from your wild curiosity.

**Brador, Church Assassin:** Are you a hunter? Well, that's very odd. Do you hear the toll of the bell?

Hmph. Liar. Such pettiness will be your undoing. The beasts you seek will not be found here. Go back to your hunt, and if you have the chance, put this night behind you. ...places better left untouched, secrets better left alone... ...only a fool would so brazenly roam...

Very well. The beasts you seek will not be found here. Go back to your hunt, and if you have the chance, put this night behind you. ...places better left untouched, secrets better left alone... ...only a fool would so brazenly roam...

Bear in mind. Some places are better left untouched, and some secrets are better left alone. ...only fools do brazenly roam...

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Do you hear this? Fear the bell's toll. For only death awaits foolish prying eyes, and the Church assassins are never far behind.

Well, well, look who's here. Welcome to my quarters. I've never entertained a guest before. Are you going to kill me? After all you've done, kill me, as if to right your wrongs?

What is it? Aren't you going to kill me? Or perhaps, beg my forgiveness? Well, leave off. What's done is done.

Nothing changes, such is the nature of men...

...unending death awaits those who pry into the unknown...

**Fishing Hamlet Priest:** Byrgenwerth... Byrgenwerth... Blasphemous murderers... Blood-crazed fiends... Atonement for the wretches... By the wrath of Mother Kos... Mercy for the poor, wizened child... Mercy, oh please...

Atonement for the wretches... Lay the curse of blood upon them, and their children, and their children's children, for evermore. Each wretched birth will plunge each child into a lifetime of misery.

Mercy for the poor, wizened child... Let the pungence of Kos cling, like a mother's devotion...

Curse here, curse there. A curse for he, and she, why care. A bottomless curse, a bottomless sea, source of all greatness, all things that be. Listen for the baneful chants. Weep with them, as one in trance. And weep with us, oh, weep with us...

A call to the bloodless, wherever they be. A call to the bloodless, wherever they be. Fix your ears, to hear our calls.

...Ahh, sweet child of Kos, returned to the ocean... A bottomless curse, a bottomless sea. Accepting of all that there is and can be.

**Plain Doll:** Ahh, you've found yourself a hunter...

Hello, good hunter. I am a doll, here in this dream to look after you. Honorable hunter, pursue the echoes of blood, and I will channel them into your strength. You will hunt beasts... and I will be here for you, to embolden your sickly spirit.

Welcome home, good hunter. What is it you desire?

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Welcome home, good hunter. Very well, let the echoes become your strength. Let me stand close. Now shut your eyes...

Farewell, good hunter. May you find your worth in the waking world.

Did you speak with Gehrman? He was a hunter long, long ago, but now serves only to advise them. He is obscure, unseen in the dreaming world. Still, he stays here, in this dream... ..such is his purpose...

Ahh, the little ones, inhabitants of the dream... They find hunters like yourself, worship, and serve them. Speak words, they do not, but still, aren't they sweet?

Over time, countless hunters have visited this dream. The graves here stand in their memory. It all seems so long ago now...

Hunters have told me about the church. About the gods, and their love. But... do the gods love their creations? I am a doll, created by you humans. Would you ever think to love me? Of course... I do love you. Isn't that how you've made me?

Good hunter... Your presence somehow soothes... I sense the ancient echoes, they course your veins...

What... what is this? I-I can't remember, not a thing, only... I feel... A yearning... something I've never felt before... What's happening to me? Ahh... Tell me hunter, could this be joy? Good hunter, you have come... Dawn will soon break... This night, and this dream, will end. Gehrman awaits you, at the foot of the great tree. Go on, good hunter...

Farewell, good hunter. May you find your worth in the waking world.

And so, the hunt begins again.

Are you cold...? Oh, good hunter.

O Flora, of the moon, of the dream. O little ones, O fleeting will of the ancients... Let the hunter be safe, let him/her find comfort. And let this dream, his/her captor... foretell a pleasant awakening... be, one day, a fond, distant memory...

Welcome home, good hunter. I must have drifted off... What is it you desire?

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Ahh, welcome home, good hunter. That I may channel into your strength. Very well, let the echoes of blood become your strength.

Good hunter. This may sound strange, but... Have I somehow changed? Moments ago, from some place, perhaps deep within, I sensed a liberation from heavy shackles.

Not that I would know... How passing strange...

Oh, good hunter. I can hear Gehrman sleeping. On any other night, he'd be restless. But on this night, he sounds so very calm. ...Perhaps something has eased his suffering.

**Gehrman, The First Hunter:** Ah-hah, you must be the new hunter. Welcome to the Hunter's Dream. This will be your home, for now. I am... Gehrman, friend to you hunters. You're sure to be in a fine haze about now, but don't think too hard about all of this. Just go out and kill a few beasts. It's for your own good. You know, it's just what hunters do! You'll get used to it...

This was once a safe haven for hunters. A workshop where hunters used blood to enhance their weapons and flesh. We don't have as many tools as we once did, but... You're welcome to use whatever you find. ...Even the doll, should it please you...

The moon is close. It will be a long hunt tonight. If the beasts loom large, and threaten to crush your spirits, seek a Holy Chalice. As every hunter before you has. A Holy Chalice will reveal the tomb of the gods, ...where hunters partake in communion...

Oh, Laurence... what's taking you so long... I've grown too old for this, of little use now, I'm afraid...

Most of the Holy Chalice lie deep within the tomb of the gods. And the few that found their way to the surface... Were lost again in the hands of men. But if the old hunter tales remain true... one of the Holy Chalice is worshipped in the valley hamlet. Yet the town is in disarray... It was burned and abandoned, for fear of the scourge, home now only to beasts. The perfect place for a hunter, wouldn't you say?

One of the Holy Chalice is worshipped in the valley hamlet. A town of beasts... the perfect place for a hunter...

The Healing Church, and the Blood Ministers who belong to it... Were once guardians of the hunters, in the times of the hunter... Ludwig. They worked, and forged weapons, in their unique workshop. Today, most ministers don't recall the hunters. But they have much to offer you. And so, heed the message of your forebears. Ascend to Oedon Chapel.

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Ascend to Oedon Chapel. From there, you will find the church workshop.

...Oh, Laurence... Master Willem... Somebody, help me... Unshackle me, please, anybody... I've had enough of this dream... The night blocks all sight... Oh, somebody, please...

Good hunter, you've done well. The night is near its end. Now, I will show you mercy. You will die, forget the dream, and awake under the morning sun. You will be freed... from this terrible hunter's dream... Farewell, my keen hunter. Fear the blood.

Dear oh dear, what was it? The hunt, the blood, or the horrible dream? Oh, it doesn't matter. It always comes down to the hunters' helper to clean up after these sorts of messes. Tonight, Gehrman joins the hunt...

The night, and the dream, were long...

You must accept your death. Be freed from the night...

**Yharnamites:** Lousy offcomer. Who'd open their door on a night of the hunt! Away with you. Now!

Are you that outsider? Well, sorry, but I don't want anything to do with ya. Trot along, willya.

Praise you... praise the whole damn church... And best of luck hunting, best luck of all!

...Bless us with blood... ...Bless us with blood...

A night of curses, a night to remember! Wouldn't you say, friend?

Help me... Please help...

Ahhhh! Stop! You stop right there! Not an inch closer!

A celebration, a great night of celebration!

Wretched outsider! Tryin' to fool me to open this door? Heavens, the depths of depravity...

I don't reckon you're from 'round here! Well, pffft, stuck outside on a night of the hunt! Ahh, you poor, poor thing...

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Ahh, ohh... Oh, we've the deepest gratitude! For the church, and all they do for us. The deepest, widest, gratitude, yes!

...Oh, heavens... would you stop that? Every peep you make brings us bad luck! I have it bad enough already...Please, just leave a poor old woman be...

Do you hear the graveyard murmurs? Then it's almost time. Oh, I can't wait. I just can't wait!

Oh! Ah! My baby! My precious, little baby! Stay away, stay away from us!

**Research Hall Patients:** ...Kill me... please, just kill me... Free me from this place... before I go mad.

Ahh, Lady Maria, Lady Maria. Please. Take my hand. Please. Help me... don't let me drown...

Has someone, anyone, seen my eyes? I'm afraid I've dropped them in a puddle. Everything is pale, now...

Listen close... and you, too, will hear... The sound of water... Splish, splash, splish, splash... Plip, plop, plip, plop...

Ahh, someone... help me... I am guilty, I know. But I won't do it again, I promise. The damp darkness... it, it frightens me... And what rises from its very depths...

Oh, Lady Maria... Save me... please... I don't hear anything... I have failed. Please, Lady Maria...

Lady Maria, I'm a robin. Will I ever curl up and become an egg? What say you, Lady Maria? Lady Maria? Say something, anything...

Have you heard how curiously the sea churns? Like a storm, but like the rain, only gentle, like dripping water... It bellows, from deep inside of me... Here it comes, up through my insides... But gently, like little droplets... Splish, splash, splish, splash... Plip, plop, plip, plop...

Lady Maria, I'm a robin. Will I ever curl up and become an egg? What say you, Lady Maria? Lady Maria? Say something, anything...

Have you heard how curiously the sea churns? Like a storm, but like the rain, only gentle, like dripping water... It bellows, from deep inside of me... Here it comes, up through my insides... But gently, like little droplets... Splish, splash, splish, splash... Plip, plop, plip, plop...

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**Baneful Chanters:** Mother is dead, her baby, taken.

Scales are suffering, the grief of Kos.

Do you hear it? A sealess void, the lair of beasts. Where the blood-crazed roam.

Do you hear the sealess void? The lair of beasts, the blood-mad roam.

Curse the fiends, their children too. And their children, forever, true.

Kos we have beckoned, and Kos is dead. Forgive us, and curses upon the fiends.

Kos we beckoned, dear Kos, no more. Forgiveness upon us, curse the fiends.

**Enemy Yharnamites:** Die!

Cursed beast!

Vile beast!

Please, God!

You plague-ridden rat!

Beast! A foul beast!

You fiend!

You are not wanted here!

It's all your fault!

I'll mash up your brain!

Help me! Oh, God!

Away! Away!

This... This stench... Smells like you, stranger.

Oh, this curse. This is a damned curse.

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We all know who's at fault. We know precisely who it is.

We're finished.

There's no... hope.

We're cursed. We're all cursed.

Please, God, help me. I must live.

Oh, bugger! Where'd the beast go?

Damn! Where you hidin'?

Dammit! Where are you tryin' to go?

You foul beast! You can't hide for long!

Over here! The outsider!

Found you!

Burn! Burn!

Idola will be the judge!

Rip the kid apart!

Death to the minister! Death!

Kill! Yes!

This town's finished.

You are cursed, foul beast.

You won't last long. Death to all cursed beasts. Death upon you.

Please, God.

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Kill! Kill!

Die! Ha ha ha!

Die, you rat!

We're a-hunting! Cleanse this curse upon ye!

Blood! The streets will run red!

Busybody! Leave us be!

A mess of ash you'll be!

Cleanse this cursed filth!

Damned beast! Go on, be merry... and mad.

You'll pay for this.

You're better off dead!

It's your fault.

So cold... Dear sister...

Where are you!?

## Item Descriptions

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### Weapons:

**Hunter Axe:** One of the trick weapons of the workshop, commonly used by those who dedicate themselves to the hunt.

Retains the qualities of an axe, but offers wider palette of attacks by transforming. Boasts a heavy

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blunt attack, leading to high rally potential.

No matter their pasts, beasts are no more than beasts.  
Some choose this axe to play the part of executioner.

**Saw Cleaver:** One of the trick weapons of the workshop, commonly used in the hunting business.

This saw, effective at drawing the blood of beasts,  
transforms into a long cleaver that makes use of  
centrifugal force.

The saw, with its set of blood-letting teeth, has become  
a symbol of the hunt, and only grows in effectiveness  
the more grotesquely transformed the beast.

**Saw Spear:** One of the trick weapons of the workshop, commonly used by those who dedicate themselves to the hunt.

This saw, effective at drawing the blood of beasts,  
transforms into a medium-range spear.

The saw, with its set of blood-letting teeth, has become  
a symbol of the hunt, and only grows in effectiveness  
the more grotesquely transformed the beast.

**Threaded Cane:** One of the trick weapons of the workshop, commonly used by hunters on their duties.

Sufficiently deadly as a rigid bladed cane, but also serves as  
a whip when its blade is split into many.

Concealing the weapon inside the cane and flogging the  
beasts with the whip is partly an act of ceremony, an  
attempt to demonstrate to oneself that the bloodlust of the  
hunt will never encroach upon the soul.

**Kirkhammer:** A trick weapon typically used by Healing Church hunters.

On the one side, an easily handled silver sword.

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On the other, a giant obtuse stone weapon, characterized by a blunt strike and extreme force of impact.

The Church takes a heavy-handed, merciless stance toward the plague of beasts, an irony not lost upon the wielders of this most symbolic weapon.

**Rifle Spear:** A trick weapon crafted by the workshop heretics, the Powder Kegs.

A prototype weapon serving as a simple firearm and spear, possibly created in imitation of a lost Cainhurst weapon.

Lacks any notable functions, saving that it is the only trick weapon with an attached gun.

**Stake Driver:** A trick weapon fashioned by the workshop heretics, the Powder Kegs. Favored by the retired hunter Djura.

The stake driver, with its queerly complex design, violently drives thick stakes into the flesh of foes.

The stake driver allows for high-damage critical attacks, but is difficult to use and leaves its wielder wide open, but none of this should bother a mere Powder Keg.

**Ludwig's Holy Blade:** A trick weapon typically used by Healing Church hunters.

It is said that the silver sword was employed by Ludwig, the first hunter of the church. When transformed, it combines with its sheath to form a greatsword.

It exhibits several departures from the workshop's design, suggesting that the Church anticipated much larger inhuman beasts.

**Blade of Mercy:** A special trick weapon passed down among hunters of hunters. One of the oldest weapons of the workshop.

Splits into two when activated. The weapon's warped blades are forged with siderite, a rare mineral

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of the heavens. Most effective swift attacks,  
such as after a quick-stepping.

**Tonitrus:** A unique trick weapon contrived by Archibald, the infamous eccentric of the Healing Church workshop.

Striking this peculiar iron morning star flail like a match  
generates the same blue sparks that blanket a darkbeast.

Unfortunately, for reasons untold, the hunters of Archibald's  
time did not fully take to the device.

**Chikage:** Foreign-made weapon wielded by the royal guards who  
protect Annalise, Queen of the Vilebloods at Cainhurst  
Castle.

When the intricate, rippled engraving that spans the  
Chikage's blade is imbrued with blood, the sword sings in  
scarlet hues.

However, the rite eats away at the wielder's very essence.

**Reiterpallash:** Weapon wielded by the Knights of Cainhurst.

Combines an elegant knight's sword with the peculiar  
firearm wielded by the Cainhurst order.

The old nobles, long-time imbibers of blood, are no strangers  
to the sanguine plague, and the disposal of beasts was a  
discrete task left to their servants, or knights, as they were  
called for the sake of appearances.

**Logarius' Wheel:** Weapon wielded by martyr Logarius' band of executioners.

Used to slaughter the Vilebloods in Cainhurst. Bathed in  
pools of their blood, and forever steeped in their ire.

Transform to release the power of the wheel and manifest  
their lingering rage in a show of utter brilliance.

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**Burial Blade:** Trick weapon wielded by Gehrman, the first hunter.

A masterpiece that defined the entire array of weapons crafted at the workshop. Its blade is forged with siderite, said to have fallen from the heavens.

Gehrman surely saw the hunt as a dirge of farewell, wishing only that his prey might rest in peace, never again to awaken to another harrowing nightmare.

**Beast Claw:** Beastly weapon wielded by Irreverent Izzy.

Crafted by chiseling the long bones of an undead darkbeast and fastening them to the weapon. The bones are still alive, and when unleashed, grant its wielder a spurt of beastly power.

As flesh is flayed and blood is sprayed, the beast within awakens, and in time, the wielder of this weapon surges with both strength and feverish reverie.

**Amygdalan Arm:** The arm of a small Amygdala Great One.

Strictly speaking, the Amygdalan Arm is no trick weapon of any sort, but certain madmen wield them like clubs.

Starts as a large, tough blunt weapon formed of bone, but when extended, the arm quivers as if it were still alive.

**Beasthunter Saif:** A trick weapon used by the old hunters.

A second blade is found inside the curve of the main one. In its initial form, the saif can be wielded like a long curved sword, but when transformed, its blade is contracted, allowing for quick, repeated stabs.

Although this trick weapon allows for adaptive combat, it was later replaced by saws and similar weapons that were more effective at disposing of beasts.

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**Beast Cutter:** A trick weapon wielded by the old hunters.

This thick iron cleaver slices through the toughest of beast hides, and when transformed the blade splits into sections, allowing one to lash it in the fashion of a heavy whip.

The crude weapon relies on brute force and is regrettably inelegant, suggesting that the hunts of the earliest hunters made for horrific affairs, painted in sanguine blacks and reds.

**Bloodletter:** The demented hunter weapon brandished by Brador, the Healing Church assassin.

The Bloodletter assumes its true and terrifying form after it draws upon blood from the inner reaches of one's body and soul.

This is the only effective means of expelling tainted blood, or so Brador, isolated in his cell, continued to believe.

**Boom Hammer:** A trick weapon used by the old hunters, and crafted by the workshop heretics, the Powder Kegs.

A giant hammer equipped with a miniature furnace. When ignited and fired, it emits a volley of flame that explodes furiously upon impact.

Crush the beasts, then burn them - the brute simplicity of the Boom Hammer was favored by hunters with an acute distaste for beasts.

**Church Pick:** One of the old trick weapons of the Healing Church, a hunting weapon formed from one of the giant picks that appears in the old beast tales.

The Church Pick initially serves as a large sword, but when transformed, functions as an extended war pick. In spite of its origins, it is a highly practical weapon.

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**Holy Moonlight Sword:** An arcane sword discovered long ago by Ludwig. When blue moonlight dances around the sword, and it channels the abyssal cosmos, its great blade will hurl a shadowy lightwave. The Holy Moonlight Sword is synonymous with Ludwig, the Holy Blade, but few have ever set eyes on the great blade, and whatever guidance it has to offer, it seems to be of a very private, elusive sort.

**Kos Parasite:** When the carcass of Kos washed up on the coast, its insides were teeming with tiny parasites, unlike any found in humans.

This atypical weapon can only be clasped tight and swung, but a Kos Parasite is said to stimulate phantasms inhabiting a lumenwood.

**Rakuyo:** Hunter weapon wielded by Lady Maria of the Astral Clocktower.

A trick sword originated in the same country as the Cainhurst Chikage, only this sword feeds not off blood, but instead demands great dexterity.

Lady Maria was fond of this aspect of the Rakuyo, as she frowned upon blood blades, despite being a distant relative of the queen.

One day, she abandoned her beloved Rakuyo, casting it into a dark well, when she could stomach it no longer.

**Simon's Bowblade:** Choice weapon of Simon, one of the first Healing Church hunters.

Simon despised firearms, and so the Church workshop had this specially fashioned to his liking. The large curved blade serves as a bow when transformed.

But aside from a few close friends, Simon was scoffed at for his choice of arms, for who would dare face the beasts with a measly bow?

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**Whirligig Saw:** A trick weapon crafted by the workshop heretics, the Powder Kegs, and weapon of choice for the old hunter Valtr, the Beast Eater.

This weapon pummels beasts in its mace form, but its true strength lies in its attached mechanical saws.

These discs, lined with serrated teeth, spin rapidly, trashing the flesh of beasts into fine shreds.

**Hunter Blunderbuss:** A blunderbuss created at the workshop for the hunters' line of work.

Hunter firearms are specially crafted to employ Quicksilver Bullets fused with the wielder's own blood, boosting damage against beasts.

The impact of this highly-effective weapon counters beasts' swift movements, and its wide spread is nigh-on guaranteed to hit the mark.

**Hunter Pistol:** Pistol made at the workshop, for hunters stalking beasts.

Hunter firearms are specially crafted to employ Quicksilver Bullets fused with the wielder's own blood, boosting damage against beasts.

The pistol is a quicker draw than the blunderbuss, allowing for speedier responses to attacks.

**Flamesprayer:** A special weapon used by certain members of the Healing Church.

Spits searing flames by using blood-imbued Quicksilver Bullets as a special medium.

Not the most efficient weapon by any stretch, but sometimes a sea of flame is just what the doctor ordered.

Besides, the beasts of Yharnam can always use a good cleansing.

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**Repeating Pistol:** Repeating pistol typically used by Healing Church hunters.

Crafted with mostly metal parts and exhibiting a complex design, the repeating pistol fires two shots at once, making it a ravenous consumer of Quicksilver Bullets.

Should be used sparingly compared to its workshop counterpart, as the trump card in one's arsenal.

**Cannon:** Large prototype firearms fashioned by the workshop heretics, the Powder Kegs.

Use of this weapon is equivalent to toting a mounted cannon, complete with its ridiculous weight, staggering kick, and lavish use of Quicksilver Bullets, into battle.

Such a monstrosity was doomed from the start, and indeed its development was cut short. Yet, against impossibly gigantic foes, it might be just the thing.

**Ludwig's Rifle:** A rifle typically used by Healing Church hunters.

It is said that this rifle was employed by Ludwig, the first hunter of the Church. Its long, heavy barrel makes up in range for what it lacks in reload speed.

Ludwig's Rifle exhibits several departures from the workshop's design, suggesting that the Church anticipated much larger inhuman beasts.

**Evelyn:** Special pistol used by Cainhurst knights.

The Evelyn uses Quicksilver Bullets, just as any workshop firearm, but the Cainhurst variant relies more on bloodtinge.

Lovingly named after a woman and graced with an intricate design, Evelyns were adored by Cainhurst knights.

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**Rosmarinus:** A special weapon used by the Choir, high-ranking members of the Healing Church.

Sprays a cloud of sacred mist, created by using blood-imbued Quicksilver Bullets as a special medium.

Arias are heard wherever sacred mist is seen, proving that the mist is a heavenly blessing.

"Oh, fair maiden, why is it that you weep?"

**Church Cannon:** An oversized weapon used by the Healing Church. a type of cannon that fires with a curved trajectory and creates an explosion upon impact.

Originally designed for use by brawny men with deteriorated brains, not for just any ordinary hunter.

But the men lacked the wits to effectively operate firearms, and the weapon was quietly ushered into permanent storage.

**Fist of Gratia:** A chunk of iron fitted with finger holes.

The hulking hunter woman Simple Gratia, ever hopeless when handling hunter firearms, preferred to knock the lights out of the beasts with this hunk of iron, which incidentally caused heavy stagger.

Gratia was a fearsome hunter, and to onlookers, her unrelenting pummeling appeared oddly heroic. No wonder the weapon later assumed her name.

**Piercing Rifle:** A rifle engineered by the Oto Workshop, the precursor to the workshop of the heretical Powder Kegs.

Designed for hunting on narrow streets, this rifle has been optimized to cause perforation wounds, but is unfit for reliably countering attacks.

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**Gatling Gun:** This is a highly-customised, portable version of the stationary gatling gun operated by the old hunter Djura in Old Yharnam. It was the weapon of choice of the youngest of Djura's three companions.

The Gatling Gun boasts exceptional rapid-firing functionality, but is considered a cumbersome weapon, due to its excessive weight and insatiable consumption of Quicksilver Bullets.

**Wooden Shield:** A crude weapon shield used by the masses who have arisen to join the hunt.

Hunters do not normally employ shields, ineffectual against the strength of the beasts as they tend to be.

Shield are nice, but not if they engender passivity.

**Hunter's Torch:** A torch formed by wrapping a pine resin-drenched cloth around the end of a long stick. Once used in Old Yharnam.

Designed to incinerate beasts and victims touched by the scourge.

Its fire damage is highly effective against beasts.

**Torch:** A common torch formed by wrapping a pine resin-drenched cloth around the end of a long stick.

Hunters choose torches not only because the hunt leads them to the darkest nooks, but also because certain creatures they encounter are possessed of a deathly fear of flame.

**Loch Shield:** An artisanal shield crafted with blue glass.

Originally used to safeguard the leader presiding over a sacred Healing Church ceremony, and later supplied to tomb prospectors, in particular those exploring the labyrinth of Isz.

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The blue is fashioned after a lake, and the shield greatly reduces all forms of non-physical damage.

## Upgrade Materials:

**Blood Stone Shard:** A solid shard that forms in coldblood.

After death, a substance in the blood hardens, and that which does not crystallise is called a bloodstone.

At the workshop, these bloodstones are embedded in weapons to fortify them.

**Twin Blood Stone Shards:** A solid shard that forms in coldblood.

After death, a substance in the blood hardens, and that which does not crystallise is called a bloodstone.

At the workshop, these bloodstones are embedded in weapons to fortify them.

**Blood Stone Chunk:** A solid chunk that forms in coldblood.

After death, a substance in the blood hardens, and that which does not crystallise is called a blood stone.

A chunk will never appear in the blood of an ordinary human. Seek deadlier foes if bloodstone chunks are needed.

**Blood Rock:** A large solid chunk that forms in coldblood.

After death, a substance in the blood hardens, and that which does not crystallise is called a blood stone.

This is no mere chunk, it is nearly a boulder.

Few blood stones of such size have ever been discovered, even considering the combined experience of all the hunters.

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## Blood Gems:

**Tempering Blood Gemstone:** A blood gem that fortifies weapons and adds various properties. Blood gems are especially rare blood stones that grow on coldblood.

Blood gems are kneaded into weapons using workshop tools, but only when of matching shape.

Most triangular blood gems have effects that provide attribute bonuses and extra effects.

**Cursed Tempering Blood Gemstone:** A blood gem that fortifies weapons and adds various properties.

The sticky spots are indicative of a curse, but this gem's malicious effects are perfect for bolstering certain types of weapons.

Most radial blood gems have effects that bear upon physical attacks.

**Tempering Damp Blood Gem:** A blood gem that fortifies weapons and adds various properties. This particular specimen has a pronounced effect, due to its extended state of dampness.

Most radial blood gems have effects that bear upon physical attacks.

**Cursed Tempering Damp Blood Gem:** A blood gem that forfortifies weapons and adds various properties. The sticky spots are indicative of a curse, but this gem's malicious effect are perfect for bolstering certain types of weapons

Droplet gems are special gems that adapt to various weapons and shapes, naturally making them highly priced among hunters.

**Adept Blood Gemstone:** A blood gem that fortifies weapons and adds various properties. Blood gems are especially rare blood stones that grow on coldblood.

Blood gems are kneaded into weapons using workshop tools, but only when of matching shape.

Most radial blood gems have effects that bear upon physical attacks.

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**Cursed Heavy Abyssal Blood Gem:** A blood gem that fortifies weapons and adds various properties.

Abyssal blood gems are eldritch gems with a dim radiance that only grow deep inside the labyrinth.

Most radial blood gems have effects that bear upon physical attacks, and if cursed, also exhibit malicious effects.

**Damp Blood Gem:** A blood gem that fortifies weapons and adds various properties. This particular specimen has a pronounced effect, due to its extended state of dampness.

Most waning blood gems provide rare special effects such as fire, bolt, or healing.

**Gold Blood Gem:** A blood gem that fortifies weapons and adds various properties.

Most radial blood gems have effects that bear upon physical attacks, and this golden radial blood gem, kept for generations within the Church, strengthens attacks against those afflicted intensely by beasthood.

When clerics began transforming into unspeakable beasts, the Church needed something to retaliate with.

**Tear Blood Gem:** A blood gem that fortifies weapons and adds various properties. Droplet blood gems are special gems that adapt to various weapons and shapes.

Created from a shining silver doll tear, this blood gem is a quiet but unfaltering friend that continually restores HP, the life essence of a hunter. Perhaps the doll's creator had wished for just such a friend, albeit in vain.

**Red Blood Gem:** A blood gem that fortifies weapons and adds various properties.

Droplet blood gems are special gems that adapt to various weapons and shapes.

Created from a bright-red brooch, this blood gem strengthens the effect of rallying. A quintessential hunter skill, rallying symbolizes the battle-worn hunter who is often the only thing standing after a bloodbath.

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## Armor:

**Ashen Hunter Set:** Attire of the retired hunter Djura. Painted with ash in a ceremony to ward off blood. Djura is known through his contact with the Powder Kegs, the heretics of the workshop. He is said to have been both uncommonly kind and dreadfully foolish. Djura felt defeated by the state of Old Yharnam, and renounced his hunter's vows.

**Ashen Hunter Cap:** Attire of the retired hunter Djura. This worn cap was the lone-wolf's trademark. Djura is known through his contact with the Powder Kegs, the heretics of the workshop. He is said to have been both uncommonly kind and dreadfully foolish. Djura felt defeated by the state of Old Yharnam, and renounced his hunter's vows.

**Black Church Hat:** Attire of Healing Church hunters. Most Healing Church hunters are elementary doctors who understand the importance of early prevention of the scourge, achieved by disposing of victims, and even potential victims, before signs of sickness manifest themselves. Their black attire is synonymous with fear, and that peculiar Yharnam madness.

**Black Church Garb:** Attire of Healing Church hunters. The Holy Shawl, symbol of the Healing Church, flutters proudly on their backs. Most Healing Church hunters are elementary doctors who understand the importance of early prevention of the scourge, achieved by disposing of victims, and even potential victims, before signs of sickness manifest themselves. Their black attire is synonymous with fear, and that peculiar Yharnam madness.

**Surgical Long Gloves:** White surgical gloves. The intricate embroidery weaves a spell that protects their wearer. The Church engages in the hunt in a medical capacity. When a cancer is discovered, one must pinpoint its location, reach in, and wrench it from the host's bosom.

**Black Church Trousers:** Attire of Healing Church hunters. Most Healing Church hunters are elementary doctors who understand the importance of early prevention of the scourge, achieved by disposing of victims, and even potential victims, before signs of sickness manifest themselves. Their black attire is synonymous with fear, and that peculiar Yharnam madness.

**Bone Ash Mask:** A mask made of bone ash, worn by the oldest keepers. The keepers, who mind the slumbering great Ones, gained eternal life, preserved in ashen form in a ceremony of flame that cremated body and soul. The long, pointed hat is a symbol of the old keepers and is considered evidence of their companionship, forged in a certain sin.

**Bone Ash Armor:** Armor made of bone ash, worn by the oldest keepers. The keepers, who mind the slumbering great Ones, gained eternal life, preserved in ashen form in a ceremony of flame

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that cremated body and soul. Now, their frail armor is white and sinewy, a window into an arcane lost art.

**Bone Ash Gauntlets:** Gauntlets made of bone ash, worn by the oldest keepers. The keepers, who mind the slumbering great Ones, gained eternal life, preserved in ashen form in a ceremony of flame that cremated body and soul. Now, their frail armor is white and sinewy, a window into an arcane lost art.

**Bone Ash Leggings:** Leggings made of bone ash, worn by the oldest keepers. The keepers, who mind the slumbering Great Ones, gained eternal life, preserved in ashen form in a ceremony of flame that cremated body and soul. Now, their frail armor is white and sinewy, a window into an arcane lost art.

**Cainhurst Helmet:** Silver helmet worn by the royal guards who protect Annalise, Queen of the Vilebloods at Cainhurst Castle. This paper-thin silver armor is said to deflect blood of ill-intent, and is what allows the royal guards to capture prey for their beloved Queen, so that one day, she may bear a Child of Blood.

**Cainhurst Armor:** Silver armor worn by the royal guards who protect Annalise, Queen of the Vilebloods at Cainhurst Castle. This paper-thin silver armor is said to deflect blood of ill-intent, and is what allows the royal guards to capture prey for their beloved Queen, so that one day, she may bear a Child of Blood.

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**Cainhurst Leggings:** Silver leggings worn by the royal guards who protect Annalise, Queen of the Vilebloods at Cainhurst Castle. This paper-thin silver armor is said to deflect blood of ill-intent, and is what allows the royal guards to capture prey for their beloved Queen, so that one day, she may bear a Child of Blood.

**Rumpled Yharnam Hat:** Common Yharnam cap. Well-worn and losing its shape.

**Sweaty Clothes:** Common Yharnam Clothing. Well-worn and damp with sweat.

**Beak Mask:** Wood-carved mask of Eileen the Crow, Hunter of Hunters. The beak contains incense to mask scents of blood and beast. Hunters of Hunters dress as crows to suggest sky burial. The first Hunter of Hunters came from a foreign land, and gave the dead a virtuous native

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funeral ritual, rather than impose a blasphemous Yharnam burial service upon them, with the hope that former compatriots might be returned to the skies, and find rest in a hunter's dream.

**Crowfeather Garb:** Attire worn by Eileen the Crow, Hunter of Hunters, known in particular for her crowfeather cape. Hunters of Hunters dress as crows to suggest sky burial. The first Hunter of Hunters came from a foreign land, and gave the dead a virtuous native funeral ritual, rather than impose a blasphemous Yharnam burial service upon them, with the hope that former compatriots might be returned to the skies, and find rest in a hunter's dream.

**Crowfeather Manchettes:** Attire worn by Eileen the Crow, Hunter of Hunters, known in particular for her crowfeather cape. Hunters of Hunters dress as crows to suggest sky burial. The first Hunter of Hunters came from a foreign land, and gave the dead a virtuous native funeral ritual, rather than impose a blasphemous Yharnam burial service upon them, with the hope that former compatriots might be returned to the skies, and find rest in a hunter's dream.

**Crowfeather Trousers:** Attire worn by Eileen the Crow, Hunter of Hunters, known in particular for her crowfeather cape. Hunters of Hunters dress as crows to suggest sky burial. The first Hunter of Hunters came from a foreign land, and gave the dead a virtuous native funeral ritual, rather than impose a blasphemous Yharnam burial service upon them, with the hope that former compatriots might be returned to the skies, and find rest in a hunter's dream.

**Doll Hat:** A discarded doll's hat, likely a spare for dress-up. A deep love for the doll can be surmised by the fine craftsmanship of this article, and the care with which it was kept. It borderlines on mania, and exudes a slight warmth.

**Doll Clothes:** Discarded doll clothing, likely a spare for dress-up. A deep love for the doll can be surmised by the fine craftsmanship of this article, and the care with which it was kept. It borderlines on mania, and exudes a slight warmth.

**Doll Gloves:** A discarded doll gloves, likely a spare for dress-up. A deep love for the doll can be surmised by the fine craftsmanship of this article, and the care with which it was kept. It borderlines on mania, and exudes a slight warmth.

**Doll Skirt:** Discarded doll skirt, likely a spare for dress-up. A deep love for the doll can be surmised by the fine craftsmanship of this article, and the care with which it was kept. It borderlines on mania, and exudes a slight warmth.

**Gold Ardeo:** The odd helmet worn by the band of Executioners commanded by the martyr Logarius. The conical gold helmet, symbol of the executioners, represents luminosity, ambition, and an unflagging resolve to face impurity, staring it down with stern, golden spirit. As the great

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Logarius once said, "Acts of goodness are not always wise, and acts of evil are not always foolish, but regardless, we shall always strive to be good."

**Executioner Garb:** Attire worn by the band of executioners commanded by the martyr Logarius. Later became that basis for all Church attire, with its heavy draping of Holy Shawl. As the great Logarius once said, "Acts of goodness are not always wise, and acts of evil are not always foolish, but regardless, we shall always strive to be good."

**Executioner Gloves:** Gauntlets worn by the band of executioners commanded by the martyr Logarius. The brass rivets are unique to the executioners, and reflect their adoration of hand-to-hand combat. As the great Logarius once said, "Acts of goodness are not always wise, and acts of evil are not always foolish, but regardless, we shall always strive to be good."

**Executioner Trousers:** Attire worn by the band of executioners commanded by the martyr Logarius. Later became that basis for all Church attire. As the great Logarius once said, "Acts of goodness are not always wise, and acts of evil are not always foolish, but regardless, we shall always strive to be good."

**Black Hood:** Hood worn upon awakening to the nightmare of blood and beasts. Perhaps its wearer had to stay out of sight, and travel by cover of darkness. Without memory, who will ever know?

**Foreign Garb:** Clothing worn upon awakening to the nightmare of blood and beasts. Not typical clothing of Yharnam, perhaps it is of foreign origin, It is said, after all, the traveler came to Yharnam from afar. Without memory, who will ever know?

**Sullied Bandage:** Bandage worn upon awakening to the nightmare of blood and beasts. Terribly worn and unsanitary. A faint memory recalls blood ministration, involving the transfusion of unknown blood. Not long after, the nightmare began.

**Foreign Trousers:** Trousers worn upon awakening to the nightmare of blood and beasts. Not typical clothing perhaps it is of foreign origin. It is said, after all, the traveler came to Yharnam from afar. Without memory, who will ever know?

**Gascoigne's Set:** Hunter attire worn by Father Gascoigne. Similar to the hunter garb created at the workshop, only these are tainted by a pungent beastly stench that eats away at Gascoigne. "Father" is a title used for clerics in a foreign land, and there is no such rank in the Healing Church.

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**Gascoigne's Garb:** Hunter attire worn by Father Gascoigne. The Dingy scarf is a Holy Shawl and symbol of the Healing Church, from which Gascoigne would eventually part ways. "Father" is a title used for clerics in a foreign land, and there is no such rank in the Healing Church.

**Gehrman's Set:** Hunter attire of Gehrman, the first hunter. Created before the workshop existed by making adjustments to everyday clothing, and later became the basis for all hunter's garb. The hunter's emphasis on engaging beasts with speed, and therefore of selecting lightweight attire, no doubt traces back to Gehrman's own combat style.

**Graveguard Mask:** Mask of Does, graveguard of the Forbidden Woods. His pale countenance mimics the labyrinth watchers. Willem kept two loyal servants back at Byrgenwerth. When they were sent into the labyrinth, they encountered the eldritch Truth, and went mad. One became the password gatekeeper, while Does became a graveguard of the forest. Both remained loyal, even in madness.

**Graveguard Robe:** Robe of Does, graveguard of the Forbidden Woods. Countless bloodied ritual tools hang from its back. Willem kept two loyal servants back at Byrgenwerth. When they were sent into the labyrinth, they encountered the eldritch Truth, and went mad. One became the password gatekeeper, while Does became a graveguard of the forest. Both remained loyal, even in madness.

**Graveguard Manchettes:** Manchettes of Does, graveguard of the Forbidden Woods. Covered in the blood of untidy rituals. Willem kept two loyal servants back at Byrgenwerth. When they were sent into the labyrinth, they encountered the eldritch Truth, and went mad. One became the password gatekeeper, while Does became a graveguard of the forest. Both remained loyal, even in madness.

**Graveguard Kilt:** Leggings of Does, graveguard of the Forbidden Woods. Covered in the blood of untidy rituals. Willem kept two loyal servants back at Byrgenwerth. When they were sent into the labyrinth, they encountered the eldritch Truth, and went mad. One became the password gatekeeper, while Does became a graveguard of the forest. Both remained loyal, even in madness.

**Henryk's Hunter Cap:** Hunter's hat worn by Henryk, the old hunter. The taciturn old hunter Henryk was once partners with Father Gascoigne, and though they were a fierce and gallant duo, their partnership led to Henryk's tragically long life. Henryk's unique yellow garb is resistant to bolt and will be of great help to any hunter who has inherited the onus of the hunt.

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**Henryk's Hunter Garb:** Hunter's attire worn by Henryk, the old hunter. The taciturn old hunter Henryk was once partners with Father Gascoigne, and though they were a fierce and gallant duo, their partnership led to Henryk's tragically long life. Henryk's unique yellow garb is resistant to bolt and will be of great help to any hunter who has inherited the onus of the hunt.

**Henryk's Hunter Gloves:** Hunter's attire worn by Henryk, the old hunter. The taciturn old hunter Henryk was once partners with Father Gascoigne, and though they were a fierce and gallant duo, their partnership led to Henryk's tragically long life. Henryk's unique yellow garb is resistant to bolt and will be of great help to any hunter who has inherited the onus of the hunt.

**Henryk's Hunter Trousers:** Hunter's trousers worn by Henryk, the old hunter. The taciturn old hunter Henryk was once partners with Father Gascoigne, and though they were a fierce and gallant duo, their partnership led to Henryk's tragically long life. Henryk's unique yellow garb is resistant to bolt and will be of great help to any hunter who has inherited the onus of the hunt.

**Cape Hunter Set:** One of the standard articles of hunter attire fashioned at the workshop. A fine piece of hunter attire that provides stable defence to anyone facing Yharnam's beastly threat. Allows one to stalk beats unannounced, by cover of night.

**Charred Hunter Garb:** One of the staple articles of hunter attire, fashioned at the workshop. A product of the scourge of the beast that once plagued Old Yharnam and culminated in the town's fiery cleansing. The cape's dampness makes it highly resistant to fire. Wearers of this attire hunted down victims of the scourge who survived the raging flames and stench of singed blood.

**Charred Hunter Set:** One of the staple articles of hunter attire, fashioned at the workshop. A product of the scourge of the beast that once plagued Old Yharnam and culminated in the town's fiery cleansing. Designed to be highly resistant to fire. Wearers of this attire hunted down victims of the scourge who survived the raging flames and stench of singed blood.

**Blindfold Cap:** Attire of the Choir, high-ranking members of the Healing Church. Members of the Choir are both the highest-ranking clerics of the Healing Church, and scholars who continue the work that began at Byrgenwerth. The eye covering indicates their debt to the teachings of Master Willem, even though their paths diverged.

**Choir Set:** Attire of the Choir, high-ranking members of the Healing Church. Members of the Choir are both the highest-ranking clerics of the Healing Church, and scholars who continue the work that began at Byrgenwerth. Together with the left behind Great One, they look to the skies, in search of astral signs, that may lead them to the rediscovery of true greatness.

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**Knight's Wig:** Adornment prized by the knights of Cainhurst. Resembles a ponytail of silver hair. The Cainhurst way is a mix of nostalgia and bombast. They take great pride even in the blood-stained corpses of beasts that they leave behind, confident that they will stand as example of decadent art.

**Knight's Garb:** Attire of the knights of Cainhurst. A regal piece graced by intricate goldwork. The Cainhurst way is a mix of nostalgia and bombast. They take great pride even in the blood-stained corpses of beasts that they leave behind, confident that they will stand as examples of decadent art.

**Knight's Gloves:** Gloves of the knights of Cainhurst. A regal piece graced with goldwork on red fabric. The Cainhurst way is a mix of nostalgia and bombast. They take great pride even in the blood-stained corpses of beasts that they leave behind, confident that they will stand as examples of decadent art.

**Knight's Trousers:** Attire of the knights of Cainhurst. A regal piece made with the finest leather. The Cainhurst way is a mix of nostalgia and bombast. They take great pride even in the blood-stained corpses of beasts that they leave behind, confident that they will stand as examples of decadent art.

**Madman Hood:** Most tomb prospectors, members of the Healing Church chose to explore the old labyrinth, are unable to withstand the weight of the old knowledge, and go mad. This attire is worn by those lost souls. Truth often resembles madness, inaccessible to the dull of mind. Those who go mad are merely thoughtful souls who failed to reach any conclusions.

**Madman Garb:** Most tomb prospectors, members of the Healing Church chose to explore the old labyrinth, are unable to withstand the weight of the old knowledge, and go mad. This attire is worn by those lost souls. The appendages draped across them are said to be a kind of protective charm, or at least, that is what these lost souls believe with all their hearts.

**Madman Manchettes:** Most tomb prospectors, members of the Healing Church chose to explore the old labyrinth, are unable to withstand the weight of the old knowledge, and go mad. This attire is worn by those lost souls. Truth often resembles madness, inaccessible to the dull of mind. Those who go mad are merely thoughtful souls who failed to reach any conclusions.

**Madman Leggings:** Most tomb prospectors, members of the Healing Church chose to explore the old labyrinth, are unable to withstand the weight of the old knowledge, and go mad. This attire is worn by those lost souls. Truth often resembles madness, inaccessible to the dull of mind. Those who go mad are merely thoughtful souls who failed to reach any conclusions.

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**Cape Student Uniform:** Uniform of the students of Byrgenwerth, a bygone institute of learning. Features a thick cape. The Healing Church has its roots in Byrgenwerth, and naturally borrows heavily from its uniform design. The focus not on knowledge, or thought, but on pure pretension would surely bring Master Willem to despair, if only he knew.

**Student Trousers:** Uniform of the students of Byrgenwerth, a bygone institute of learning. The Healing Church has its roots in Byrgenwerth, and naturally borrows heavily from its uniform design. The focus not on knowledge, or thought, but on pure pretension would surely bring Master Willem to despair, if only he knew.

**Student Uniform:** Uniform of the students of Byrgenwerth, a bygone institute learning. This alternative lacks the thick cape. This Healing Church has its roots in Byrgenwerth, and naturally borrows heavily from its uniform design. The focus not on knowledge, or thought, but on pure pretension would surely bring Master Willem to despair, if only he knew.

**Tomb Prospector Set:** Attire of tomb prospectors who explore the old labyrinth on behalf of the Healing Church. The Healing Church traces its roots to Byrgenwerth, and is therefore aware of the ruins' true importance. They contain much more than mere hunter trinkets, indeed, they hide the very secrets of the old Great Ones, sought after by those with the insight to imagine greatness.

**Top Hat:** Hat worn by hunters who admire formality. Some hunters place an emphasis on form, as seen by the use of the threaded cane. For them, formality, beauty, and justice are the very essence of our humanity, and precisely what keeps hunters from becoming something else.

**White Church Set:** Attire of special Church doctors. These doctors are superiors to the black preventative hunters, and specialists in experimentally-backed blood ministration and the scourge of the beast. They believe that medicine is not a means of treatment but rather a method for research, and that some knowledge can only be obtained by exposing oneself to sickness.

**Black Hooded Iron Helm:** Iron helmet worn by hunters of the Unseen Village. The hunters of Yahar'gul answer to the village's founders, the School of Mensis. Hunters in name only, these kidnappers wear their black hoods low to shadow their eyes. This helm is made of metal, a rarity for hunter garb, and has high defence, but only against physical attacks.

**Iron Yahar'gul Helm:** Iron helmet worn by hunters of the Unseen Village. Removing the hood reveals something reminiscent of a warrior of a previous age. This headwear is made of metal, a rarity for hunter garb, and has high defense, but only against physical attacks.

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**Yahar’gul Black Garb:** Thick black pullover worn by hunters of the Unseen Village. The hunters of Yahar'gul answer to the village's founders, the School of Mensis. Hunters in name only, these kidnappers blend into the night wearing this attire. Designed primarily to defend from physical attacks, the binding of thick rope serves both to protect its wearer, and restrain his foes.

**Yahar’gul Black Gloves:** Thick black gloves worn by hunters of the Unseen Village. The hunters of Yahar'gul answer to the village's founders, the School of Mensis. Hunters in name only, these kidnappers blend into the night wearing this attire. Designed primarily to defend from physical attacks.

**Yahar’gul Black Trousers:** Thick black trousers worn by hunters of the Unseen Village. The hunters of Yahar'gul answer to the village's founders, the School of Mensis. Hunters in name only, these kidnappers blend into the night wearing this attire. Designed primarily to defend from physical attacks.

**Yharnam Hunter Set:** Ludwig, the first hunter of the Healing Church, once recruited Yharnamites to serve as hunters. This hunter's attire was made for new recruits, and has excellent straightforward defense. But not nearly enough to allow an ordinary man to stand any real chance against the beasts.

**Brador’s Testimony:** The scalp of a horrid cleric beast, indicating that hunter Brador, a Healing Church assassin, had killed a compatriot. Afterward, he wore his ally's own scalp, and hid himself away, deep below in a cell. The Church provided him with a single, soundless bell of death, to ensure their secrets would be kept.

**Beast Hide Garb:** The bloodied hide of a horrible cleric beast, pulled over the back. Without the attacked beast hide this foreigner garb wouldn't raise anyone's eyebrows. Brador donned a compatriot's beastly scalp and hide while still moist with blood. Most of the blood stains on this hide were from that day.

**Bloodied Arm Bands:** Bloodied arm bands. Brador donned a compatriot's beastly scalp and hide while still moist with blood. Most of the blood stains on this hide were from that day.

**Bloodied Trousers:** Bloodied foreign trousers. Brador donned a compatriot's beastly scalp and hid while still moist with blood. Most of the blood stains on this hide were from that day.

**Butcher Mask:** Mask of the Madaras twins, denizens of the Forbidden Woods, likely belonging to the older of the two. The twins grew up in silent kinship with a poisonous snake. Eventually they learned human ways, and became hunters. When they discovered vermin even in their beloved snake, the younger brother is said to have murdered the older.

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**Butcher Garb:** Garb of the Madaras twins, denizens of the Forbidden Woods, likely belonging to the older of the two. Both the twins became hunters, and brought back and dissected their beast prey, in order to support the villagers in their forbidden research.

**Butcher Gloves:** Gloves of the Madaras twins, denizens of the Forbidden Woods, likely belonging to the older of the two. Both the twins became hunters, and brought back and dissected their beast prey, in order to support the villagers in their forbidden research.

**Butcher Trousers:** Trousers of the Madaras twins, denizens of the Forbidden Woods, likely belonging to the older of the two. Both the twins became hunters, and brought back and dissected their beast prey, in order to support the villagers in their forbidden research.

**One-eyed Iron Helm:** An iron helm resembling an upside-down bucket. A single hole allows one to peek out with a single eye, which is probably all that its original owner had.

**Master's Iron Helm:** An iron helm resembling an upside-down bucket. A single hole allows one to peek out with a single eye, which is probably all that its original owner had. The iron helm is passed down among masters of the League. Valtr had in fact lost the ability to see vermin long ago.

**Constable Set:** Once upon a time, a troupe of foreign constables chased a beast all the way to Yharnam, and this is what they wore. The constables became victims of the beast, except for one survivor, who in turn devoured the creature whole, all by himself. The fable is a favorite among Yharnamites, who are partial to any stories of pompous, intolerant foreigners who suffer for their ignorance. It makes the blood taste that much sweeter.

**Decorative Old Hunter Set:** Old hunter garb decorated with brass trinkets. At the time, some hunters believed that certain metals would ward off beast blood. On a night of the hunt, it is no wonder that people would resort to superstition.

**Old Hunter Cap:** Old Hunter Cap with a wide brim that hides their sharp gaze. In the old days, when hunters were ten a penny, this was part of their standard garb.

**Old Hunter Top Hat:** Old hunter top hat, warped by blood stains. In the old days, when hunters were ten a penny, this was part of their standard garb.

**Old Hunter Garb:** Old hunter garb. One day, the hunters disappeared, and Yharnamites began to whisper of the hunters' sin. Drunk with blood, chasing after beasts, they would pass on to the Nightmare, every last one of them.

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**Old Hunter Gloves:** Old hunter gauntlets made of brass to protect their weapon-bearing hands. At the time, some hunters believed that certain metals would ward off beast blood. On a night of the hunt, it is no wonder that people would resort to superstition.

**Old Hunter Trousers:** Old hunter trousers that protected countless hunters from the beasts in an older age. A widespread belief of the period was that "beast blood crept up the right leg," and this led to the double-wrapped belt.

**Harrowed Set:** Certain Church hunters obfuscate their identities and slip into the nooks and crannies of the city. This is the garb that allows these harrowed individuals to go unnoticed. These hunters are keen to early signs of the scourge, serving as a first line of defense against its outbreak. Or perhaps, when the time is ripe, they find signs of the scourge where there are none. It just goes to show, the corner beggar is not always who he seems.

**Lady Maria's Set:** Among the first hunters, all students of Gehrman, was the lady hunter Maria. This was her hunter's cap, crafted in Cainhurst. Maria is distantly related to the undead queen, but had great admiration for Gehrman, unaware of his curious mania.

**Yamamura Hunter Hat:** A standard hunter's hat, worn by Yamamura the Wanderer. This hat and staff were given to him when he became a hunter and confederate of the League.

**Khaki Haori:** Garb of a distant Eastern land, worn by Yamamura the Wanderer. This Eastern warrior pursued a beast for honourable revenge, then became a hunter of the League. But when he stared straight into impurity, it drove him mad.

**Old Hunter Arm Bands:** Old Hunter arm bands wound tightly to prevent infection with the scourge. Of course, the idea that the scourge was infectious was pure hearsay.

**Wine Hakama:** Garb of a distant Eastern land, worn by Yamamura the Wanderer. This Eastern warrior pursued a beast for honourable revenge, then became a hunter of the League. But when he stared straight into impurity, it drove him mad.

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## Key Items:

**Cainhurst Badge:** Badge of the royal guards of Cainhurst, loyal guardians of the Vileblood Queen Annalise.

The Vilebloods are hunters of blood, and hunt prey as they search for blood dregs. The hunter who joins them is faced with a decision: to merely borrow their strength, or to become one of them, heart and soul.

**Cosmic Eye Watcher Badge:** Badge of a member of the Choir, elites of the Healing Church.

The eye signifies the very cosmos.

The Choir stumbled upon an epiphany, very suddenly and quite by accident. Here we stand, feet planted in the earth, but might the cosmos be very near us, only just above our heads?

**Crow Hunter Badge:** Badge of a hunter of hunters, who hunts those who have become intoxicated by their bloodlust.

The badge of the hunter of hunters is quietly passed down from generation to generation, usually to an outsider from the hinterlands.

To be entrusted with this cursed badge, one must be strong, resilient to the seduction of blood, and gracious when taking a comrade's life.

**Old Hunter Badge:** This hunter's badge, crafted in Gehrman's time, has no practical purpose, except perhaps to assist in romanticising about the past.

The badge was a special privilege for the hunters of the past, and should not be dishonoured.

It should be left in peace, unless one is truly prepared to assume the will of those gone before.

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**Powder Keg Hunter Badge:** Badge crafted by the Powder Kegs, the heretics of the Workshop.

The Powder Kegs aboration of complex design and big booms culminated in weapon designs that contrast with those traditionally of the Workshop.

The late Powder Kegs, bless their souls, had a motto:  
"If a weapon ain't got kick, it just ain't worth it."

**Radiant Sword Hunter Badge:** One of the badges crafted by the Healing Church.

The radiant sword indicates the heirs to the will of Ludwig.

These hunters, also known as Holy Blades, are what remains of an ancient line of heroes that date back to a very early age of honour and chivalry.

**Saw Hunter Badge:** Badge crafted long ago at the Workshop. Attests to one's prowess as a hunter of beasts.

The Workshop is gone, and no group recognises this meaningless badge, except the messengers in the bath, who understand its profundity.

Certain things can only be entrusted with a hunter in possession of this badge, or so they believe.

**Spark Hunter Badge:** Badge crafted in secret by Archibald, the infamous eccentric of the Healing Church, for his friends.

Archibald was fascinated by the blue sparks that emanate from the hides of the darkbeasts, and dedicated his life to its artificial reproduction, in a style of inquiry that, incidentally, closely followed the methodology of Byrgenwerth.

**Sword Hunter Badge:** One of the badges crafted by the Healing Church. The silver sword is a symbol of a Church hunter.

Ludwig was the first of many Healing Church hunters to

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come, many of whom were clerics. As it was, clerics transformed into the most hideous beasts.

**Wheel Hunter Badge:** Martyr Logarius led a band of Executioners, and this badge was crafted at their dedicated workshop. The wheel symbolizes righteous destiny.

Their workshop was a secretive enclave of mystical beliefs and heady fanaticism which served as the backbone of the Executioners' unique brand of justice.

**Firing Hammer Badge:** Badge crafted by the Oto Workshop, precursor to the workshop of the heretical Powder Kegs.

The Powder Kegs were driven by singular ideas, and crafted strange weapons of great intricacy. It is clear that the philosophy of the Powder Kegs was already established at this time.

**Cainhurst Summons:** An old blood-stained summons, inviting an honored guest to the forsaken Castle Cainhurst.

Rather bafflingly, it is addressed to you.

Do not hesitate; the stagecoach leaves from Hemwick crossing.

**Hunter Chief Emblem:** A cloth emblem that belonged to the captain of the Church hunters long ago. Opens the main gate that leads to the round plaza of the Great Cathedral.

The main gate is shut tight on nights of the hunt, and could only be opened from the other side with this emblem. In other words, the captain's return, and this emblem, determined the end of the hunt.

**Iron Door Key:** Of the three great bridges that link the two cathedral cradles, this key opens the iron door that leads to the midlevel bridge.

There are no thieves in the nightmare. Then, why lock a

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door? Be warned, there must be a very, very good reason.

**Lecture Theatre Key:** Key to the Lecture Theatre in the Lecture Building.

Today, the two-story Lecture Building is adrift in the nightmare, but once it was a place of reflection, where scholars learned of history and archaeology.

Perhaps it still is, as the students in the lecture theatre appear to await the return of their professor.

**Lunarium Key:** Key to the lunarium facing the lake on the second floor of Byrgenwerth College.

In his final years, Master Willem was fond of the lookout, and the rocking chair that he kept there for meditation. In the end, it is said, he left his secret with the lake.

**Oedon Tomb Key:** Key to the gate that blocks the Tomb of Oedon.

Beyond the tomb, Oedon Chapel can be found in the center of the Cathedral Ward.

Only today the church is abandoned, and some say that the residents of Oedon have all gone mad.

**Old Hunter Bell:** One of the resonating bells that cross the gaps of worlds. This bell is cracked and stained with the blood of beasts.

A human must expend Insight to ring this uncanny bell.

The old hunters, who have long passed from the dream but cannot forget the feeling of the hunt, rely upon messengers to relay their thoughts.

Ring the bell at their side, and they are certain to give a listen. For the night of the hunt is long, and unchanging.

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**Orphanage Key:** Key to the Orphanage, birthplace of the Choir.

The Orphanage, shadowed by the Grand Cathedral, was a place of scholarship and experimentation, where young orphans became potent unseen thinkers for the Healing Church.

The Choir, that would later split from the Healing Church, was a creation of the Orphanage.

**Queenly Flesh:** What remains of Annalise, blood queen of Cainhurst.

This pinkish lump of flesh remains warm, as if cursed.  
All hail the undying queen of blood!

**Ring of Betrothal:** The inhuman beings known as the Great Ones imbued this ring of betrothal with some special meaning.

In the age of the Great Ones, wedlock was a blood contract, only permitted to those slated to bear a special child.

**Short Ritual Root Chalice:** One of the root chalices that breaks various seals in the Old Labyrinth.

The glass chalice, when full, is used in a short ritual to quickly create and join a Chalice Dungeon (not for use in a ritual using standard materials).

Short rituals are conducted at the makeshift altar.

**Small Hair Ornament:** A small, very ordinary hair ornament.

Although it has been lost for quite some time, one can still see signs of the care with which this tasteful ornament was once kept.

Its colour would stand out most brilliantly against a head of greyish hair.

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**Tonsil Stone:** A latticed, deformed rock, or perhaps a meteorite.

Appears useless, but possesses some old gravitational force that prevents its riddance. A dubious soul once said:

"Step lightly round to the right of the great cathedral, and seek an ancient, shrouded church... The gift of the godhead will grant you strength..."

**Unopened Summons:** An old, sealed summons.

Like the first of its kind, it is an invitation to Cainhurst, but for whom is not known, as it lacks addressee.

**Upper Cathedral Key:** The key to the Upper Cathedral Ward seal.

The upper echelons of the Healing Church are formed by the School of Mensis, based in the Unseen Village, and the Choir occupying the Upper Cathedral Ward.

This key brings one a step closer to the Choir.

**Yharnam Stone:** A sacred heirloom left by Yharnam, Pthumerian Queen.

The Queen lies dead, but her horrific consciousness is only asleep, and stirs in unsettling motions.

**Astral Clocktower Key:** Key to the Astral Clocktower at the top of the Grand Cathedral.

The caretaker of the tower's numerous patients, known to them only as Lady Maria, made her home behind the giant star-interpreting clock.

**Balcony Key:** Key to the balcony on the first floor of the Research Hall.

Lady Maria of the Astral Clocktower gave this to the patient, Adeline.

Maria had hoped Adeline would find comfort in the faint

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breeze that carried the scent of flowers from the outside, but Adeline couldn't fathom her intentions.

**First Brain Fluid:** Greyish amoeba-shaped brain fluid. Wobbles and bounces.

Extracted from a patient whose head expanded until that was all that they were.

In the early days of the Healing Church, the Great Ones were linked to the ocean, and so the cerebral patients would imbibe water, and listen for the howl of the sea. Brain fluid writhed inside the head, the initial makings of internal eyes.

**Second Brain Fluid:** Greyish amoeba-shaped brain fluid. Wobbles and bounces.

Extracted from a patient whose head expanded until that was all that they were.

Once, a young girl had an older brother who was determined to become a doctor, and so she wilfully became his patient. In the end, this led to their encounter with the Eldritch Truth, for which they considered themselves blessed.

**Adeline's Brain Fluid:** Greyish amoeba-shaped brain fluid. Wobbles and bounces.

Extracted from a patient whose head expanded until that was all that they were.

We fail to realize our own latent potential, until the moment it is lost, and we sense its absence. Ironically, this is the very nature of insight, like the moment one licks one's own blood, only to be startled by its sweetness.

**Celestial Dial:** A celestial dial that functions with the giant Astral Clock in the Grand Cathedral.

When the dial is held up towards the Astral Clock, the clock will come to life, and reveal a secret to its curious interloper.

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**Eye of a blood-drunk Hunter:** The eye of a blood-drunk hunter. Its pupil is collapsed and turned to mush, indicating the onset of the scourge of beasts.

A hunter who goes drunk with blood is said to be taken by the Nightmare, destined to wander forever, engaged in an endless hunt. It is a fate that no hunter can escape.

**Eye Pendant:** An eye pendant which unlocks the surgery altar.

There are two cathedrals in the Hunter's Dream. One lies past the River of Blood, and another contains the private research hall of the Healing Church.

Only chosen members of the Healing Church, or their lamentable patients, can enter the research hall, using this eye.

Grant eyes to the surgery altar skull.

**Laurence's Skull:** Skull of Laurence, first vicar of the Healing Church. In reality he became the first cleric beast, and his human skull only exists within the Nightmare.

The skull is a symbol of Laurence's past, and what he failed to protect. He is destined to seek his skull, but even if he found it, it could never restore his memories.

**Underground Cell Inner Chamber Key:** Key to the inner chamber of the cell below the Grand Cathedral.

The innermost chamber of the underground cell holds a lone madman. He wears a beast hide, and rings a bell that emits no sound.

Unending death awaits those who can hear the soundless bell.

**Underground Cell Key:** Key to the cell below the Grand Cathedral.

Hunters are held within the underground cell, so that things

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better left unseen, and knowledge better left unknown, will  
decay quietly in the fallow darkness.

**Blood Gem Workshop Tool:** A misplaced workshop tool from the Hunter's Dream.

The hunter who retrieves this can fortify weapons by  
kneading blood gems into them.

Blood gems add properties to weapons when used to  
fortify them, as blood defines an organism.

**Rune Workshop Tool:** Runesmith Caryll, student of Byrgenwerth, transcribed the  
inhuman utterings of the Great Ones into what are now  
called Caryll Runes.

The hunter who retrieves this workshop tool can etch Caryll  
Runes into the mind to attain their wondrous strength.

Provost Willem would have been proud of Caryll's runes, as  
they do not rely upon blood in any measure.

**Workshop Haze Extractor:** A misplaced workshop tool from the Hunter's Dream.

The hunter who retrieves this can extract Arcane Haze  
from ritual materials.

But alas, spent materials are lost.

**Black Messenger Hat:** Hat that messengers are oddly fond of.  
Symbol of the preventative hunters of  
the Healing Church.

The inhabitants of the stump appear to have an  
interest in adornment. Why not let them be happy,  
and revel as babes?

**Blood Messenger Head Bandage:** Accessory adored by naive messengers imitating  
the bandages of scourge victims, unaware of their meaning.  
The spatters of blood give it a particularly  
nice touch.

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The inhabitants of the stomp appear to have an interest in adornment. Why not let them be happy, and revel as babes?

**Messenger Head Bandage:** Accessory adored by naïve messengers imitating the bandages of scourge victims, unaware of their meaning.

The inhabitants of the stump appear to have an interest in adornment. Why not let them be happy, and revel as babes?

**Messenger Top Hat:** Hat that messengers are oddly fond of.

A nice top hat rounds out any Yharnam gentleman.

The inhabitants of the stump appear to have an interest in adornment. Why not let them be happy, and revel as babes?

**Messenger Urn Festival:** Accessory adored by naïve messengers.

The messengers wear the urns, filled with incense that wards off beasts, on their heads upside-down, suggesting a predilection to the dark.

The inhabitants of the stump appear to have an interest in adornment. Why not let them be happy, and revel as babes?

**Red Messenger Ribbon:** Red ribbon that messengers are oddly fond of.

The thick, pungent red was drawn from the organs of some unfortunate victim.

A strange choice indeed, but perhaps for the messengers wearing this accessory constitutes a form of mourning.

**White Messenger Ribbon:** White ribbon that messengers are oddly fond of.

A ribbon made of fine lace that shines remarkably, more suited to pretty young girls than silly old messengers.

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**Worn Messenger Top Hat:** A worn, rumpled top hat that messengers are oddly fond of.

The inhabitants of the stump appear to have an interest in adornment. Why not let them be happy, and revel as babes?

**Yharnam Messenger Hat:** Hat that messengers are oddly fond of.

Commonly called a Yharnam hat.

The inhabitants of the stump appear to have an interest in adornment. Why not let them be happy, and revel as babes?

## Consumables:

**Antidote:** Small medicinal tablets that counteract poison.

Used to treat ashen blood, the baffling sickness that ravaged Old Yharnam long ago.

These tablets only provide short-term relief. The ashen blood ailment eventually triggered the spread of the beastly scourge.

**Beast Blood Pellet:** Large medicinal pellets, supposedly formed of coagulated beast blood. Banned by the Healing Church due to their unclear origin. Grants a spurt of beasthood.

Ripping apart the flesh of one's enemies and being rained upon by their splattering blood invigorates one's sense of beasthood, feeding strength and euphoric feeling alike.

**Blood of Adella:** Blood taken from Adella, nun of the Healing Church. Restores an amount of HP, then continues to gradually restore HP for a short time.

The Healing Church nuns are chosen for their merit as vessels for blood, and groomed as Blood Saints.

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The mere chance of being treated with their blood lends legitimacy to the Healing Church and communion.

**Blood of Arianna:** Blood taken from Arianna, Cathedral Ward woman of pleasure. The sweet blood of Arianna restores HP, and temporarily speeds stamina recovery.

A member of the old Healing Church would know that her blood is similar to precisely what was once forbidden.

**Blood Vial:** Special blood used in ministration. Restores HP.

Once a patient has had their blood ministered, a unique but common treatment in Yharnam, successive infusions recall the first, and are all the more invigorating for it.

No surprise that most Yharnamites are heavy users of blood.

**Great One's Wisdom:** Fragments of the lost wisdom of the Great Ones, beings that might be described as gods.

Use to gain Insight.

At Byrgenwerth, Master Willem had an epiphany:  
"We are thinking on the basest of planes. What we need, are more eyes."

**Iosefka's Blood Vial:** Blood vial acquired from Iosefka's clinic.

This refined blood, highly invigorating, restores a larger amount of HP.

The product of a slow and careful refinement process, this rare blood vial appears to be a clinic original.

**Madman's Knowledge:** Skull of a madman touched by the wisdom of the Great Ones.

Use to gain Insight.

Making contact with eldritch wisdom is a blessing,

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for even if it drives one mad,  
it allows one to serve a grander purpose, for posterity.

**Sedatives:** Liquid medicine concocted at Byrgenwerth.  
Calms the nerves.

Those who delve into the arcane fall all-too-easily  
to madness, and thick human blood serves to calm  
the frayed nerves of these inquisitive minds. Naturally,  
this often leads to a reliance on blood ministration.

**Workshop Third Umbilical Cord:** A great relic, also known as the Cord of the Eye. Every  
infant Great One has this precursor to the umbilical cord.

Every Great One loses its child, and then yearns for a surrogate. The Third Umbilical Cord  
precipitated the encounter with the pale moon, which beckoned the hunters and conceived the  
hunter's dream.

Use to gain Insight and, so they say, eyes on the inside, although no one remembers what that  
truly entails.

**Arianna's Third Umbilical Cord:** A great relic, also known as the Cord of the Eye. Every  
infant Great One has this precursor to the umbilical cord.

Every Great One loses its child, and then yearns for a surrogate, and Oedon, the formless Great  
One, is no different. To think, it was corrupted blood that began this eldritch liaison.

Use to gain Insight and, so they say, eyes on the inside, although no one remembers what that  
truly entails.

**"Iosefka's" Third Umbilical Cord:** A great relic, also known as the Cord of the Eye. Every  
infant Great One has this precursor to the umbilical cord.

Provost Willem sought the Cord in order to elevate his being and thoughts to those of a Great  
One, by lining his brain with eyes. The only choice, he knew, if man were to ever match Their  
greatness.

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**Mergo's Third Umbilical Cord:** A great relic, also known as the Cord of the Eye. Every infant Great One has this precursor to the umbilical cord.

Every Great One loses its child, and then yearns for a surrogate. This Cord granted Mensis audience with Mergo, but resulted in the stillbirth of their brains.

Use to gain Insight and, so they say, eyes on the inside, although no one remembers what that truly entails.

**Blood of Adeline:** Blood taken from Adeline, patient of the research hall. Restores HP, and continues to rejuvenate HP for some time.

Adeline was originally one of the Blood Saints who received treatment by the Church to cultivate worthy blood. Adeline's was one of the few cases that turned out favorably.

**Lead Elixir:** A heavy, syrupy liquid medicine. Temporarily shifts weight to make deflection of attacks easier, but must be used with care, as it also slows movement with no change to defense.

Its recipe for this mysterious concoction is unknown, but some postulate that it materializes only within the most desperate nightmares.

**Blue Elixir:** Dubious liquid medicine used in strange experiments conducted by high ministers of the Healing Church.

A type of anesthetic that numbs the brain.

Hunters, able to retain consciousness by force of will, make use of a secondary effect of the medicine, which dilutes their presence while standing still.

**Bold Hunter's Mark:** Dubious liquid medicine used in strange experiments conducted by high ministers of the Healing Church.

A type of anesthetic that numbs the brain.

Hunters, able to retain consciousness by force of will, make

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use of a secondary effect of the medicine, which dilutes their presence while standing still.

**Hunter's Mark:** Dangling, upside-down rune etched in one's mind. Symbol of a hunter.

By focusing one's thoughts on this rune, a hunter loses all Blood Echoes, but awakens afresh, as if it were all just a bad dream.

## Weapon Buffs:

**Bolt Paper:** Coarse paper that applies bolt to weapons when rubbed.

Invented by Archibald, the infamous eccentric of the Healing Church workshop. Artificially recreates the blue sparks that are said to surround darkbeasts.

Unlike the other strange weapons created by Archibald, this one was favored by many hunters, in particular those who had even once laid eyes on a darkbeast.

**Bone Marrow Ash:** Additional medium that strengthens Quicksilver Bullets.

According to the workshop, this is a special bone marrow ash collected from Hemwick Charnel Lane.

Invaluable to hunters with weak bloodtinge who require the use of stronger firearms.

**Fire Paper:** Coarse paper that applies fire to weapons when rubbed.

A hunter tool found in the Healing Church workshop.

Since the tragedy that struck Old Yharnam, fire has become a staple in beast hunts, and is thought to cleanse impurity.

Certain types of beasts have an abnormal fear of flame.

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## Throwable Items:

**Molotov Cocktail:** Explodes in raging flames when thrown against an object.  
One of the oldest hunter tools available in the workshop.

Since the tragedy that struck Old Yharnam, fire has become a staple in beast hunts, and is thought to cleanse impurity.

Certain types of beasts have an abnormal fear of flame.

**Oil Urn:** When this urn hits its mark, the target is drenched in oil, and made extremely flammable.

Fire is commonplace on the hunt, and oil urns accentuate its effect. Sometimes, when hunters burn beasts, they appear intoxicated by the euphoria of purification.

**Pebbles:** Small Pebbles found throughout Yharnam.

Can be thrown at foes.

Quite thrilling.

**Poison Knife:** A knife slathered in poison.

This curved knife is as thin and sharp as a surgeon's blade.  
Often used for self-defence by special doctors in the Healing Church.

They say that hunters traditionally avoid the use of poison, likely because the poison is too slow to act in the heat of the hunt.

**Quicksilver Bullets:** Special bullets used with hunter firearms.

Ordinary bullets have no effect on beasts,  
and so Quicksilver Bullets, fused with the wielder's own blood, must be employed.

The strength of Quicksilver Bullets depends greatly upon wielder's bloodtinge.

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**Rope Molotov Cocktail:** Exploding molotov cocktail that is thrown behind.

Allows for more maneuvering compared to an ordinary Molotov cocktail, and can catch foes off guard.

Since the tragedy that struck Old Yharnam, fire has become a staple in beast hunts, and is thought to cleanse impurity.

Certain types of beasts have an abnormal fear of flame.

**Shaman Bone Blade:** A blade of bone coated with gruesome spinal fluid. Used by old labyrinth watchers, in particular, those presiding over rituals.

When victim is cut by this blade, the green spinal fluid temporarily numbs the senses, disturbing the target's gross motor skills. The blade, never intended for battle, must cut deep to be effective, and breaks.

**Throwing Knife:** Throwing knife with a finely serrated blade.

One of the old hunter Henryk's favorite weapons.

Does not cause a great deal of damage to beasts, but with deft use, can distract attackers and keep them at bay.

**Delayed Molotov:** A special hunter tool crafted by the old Oto Workshop. These molotovs wedge into the ground when thrown, and explode on a timed delay.

A shame that such a complex gadget must be sacrificed with each use of this inefficient hunter tool. Nevertheless, delayed molotovs are cherished by the minority of hunters who prefer the trickier kill. This creation is one of the earliest-known roots of the Powder Kegs.

**Delayed Rope Molotov:** A special hunter tool crafted by the old Oto Workshop. These molotovs wedge into the ground when thrown behind one's back, and explode on a timed delay.

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A shame that such a complex gadget must be sacrificed with each use of this inefficient hunter tool. Nevertheless, delayed molotovs are cherished by the minority of hunters who prefer the trickier kill. This creation is one of the earliest-known roots of the Powder Kegs.

**Pungent Blood Cocktail:** Mature blood cocktail that releases a pungent odor when thrown that attracts blood-thirsty beasts.

A precious tool in sadly short supply.

In Yharnam, they produce more blood than alcohol, as the former is the more intoxicating.

**Numbing Mist:** Throw to create a mist cloud that numbs a hunter's life essence and prevents restoration of HP.

Said to be used by the blood hunters of Cainhurst, its recipe is a secret closely guarded by the line of nobles inhabiting the castle.

## Misc:

**Blood Dreg:** The Vilebloods of Cainhurst, blood-lusting hunters, see these frightful things in coldblood.

They often appear in the blood of echo fiends, that is to say, the blood of hunters. Queen Annalise partakes in these blood dregs offerings, so that she may one day bear the Child of Blood, the next Vileblood heir.

**Gold Pendant:** Pendant of Vicar Amelia. Use to change into a Blood Gem, which fortifies weapons.

This pendant, passed down among the vicars who head the Healing Church, is a reminder of the cautionary adage. To reveal the adage, touch the altar skull.

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**Hand Lantern:** Small portable lantern.

This hunting accessory provides light while leaving both hands free to hold weapons. The torch, however, provides a stronger source of light.

**Monocular:** Monocular used to View things up close.

Not a hunter's tool, but a simple antique, to be used as one sees fit.

**Red Jeweled Brooch:** A woman's bright-red brooch, engraved with the name Viola.

Perhaps the jewel is a gift from a hunter. Use to change into a droplet blood gem that fortifies any weapon.

With the proper workshop tool, various weapons can be fortified.

**Shining Coins:** Various coins that are particularly luminous.

There are very few uses for spare change during the hunt, but these will serve as guides through the darkness.

Or, one could save them until morning, if it ever comes.

**Tear Stone:** Silver-shining tear stone.

Use to change into a droplet blood gem that fortifies any weapon.

A doll sheds neither blood nor tears, and thus its nature remains unknown.

**Tiny Music Box:** A small music box received from a young Yharnam girl. Plays a song shared by her mother and father.

Inside the lid is a small scrap of paper, perhaps an old message. Two names can be made out, however faintly.

Viola and Gascoigne.

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**Vermin:** A centipede-like creature discovered on successful hunts by League hunters.

Vermin, found hidden within filth, are only seen by League confederates, and are the root of man's impurity. The League has assumed the task of finding and crushing all vermin.

Perhaps there is some mercy in the madness. Those who wish to see vermin can, and those who choose to are provided with boundless purpose.

## Coldblood:

**Coldblood Dew:** Droplet of coldblood containing Blood Echoes.

Use to gain Blood Echoes.

Hunters sustained by the dream gain strength from Blood Echoes. They imbibe the blood with thoughts of reverence, indeed gratitude, for their victims.

**Thick Coldblood:** A thick droplet of coldblood containing Blood Echoes.

Use to gain a larger amount of Blood Echoes.

A strong will produces thick blood. Doubtless, the product of obsession, a potent source of human strength.

**Frenzied Coldblood:** A rich droplet of coldblood containing Blood Echoes.

Use to gain frenzied Blood Echoes.

This manifestation of madness comes from a mind teetering on the very brink, but has a sane mind ever produced anything of true significance?

**Kin Coldblood:** Coldblood of inhuman kin of the cosmos, brethren of the Great Ones.

Use to gain unspeakable Blood Echoes.

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Dare not to delve into the world beyond humanity, the eldritch Truth touched upon long ago at Byrgenwerth.

**Great One Coldblood:** Relic containing the Blood Echoes of a Great One.

Use to gain cosmically nightmarish Blood Echoes.

Like a true revelation, this uncanny relic defies understanding.

**Old Great One Coldblood:** Relic containing the Blood Echoes of an Old Great One.

Use to gain cosmically nightmarish Blood Echoes.

Like a true revelation, this uncanny relic defies understanding.

**Revered Great One Coldblood\*:** Relic containing the blood echoes of a revered Great One.

Use to gain cosmically nightmarish Blood Echoes.

Like a true revelation, this uncanny relic defies understanding

\*Has not been found through normal means

## Arcane/Bloodtinge Tools:

**A Call Beyond:** One of the secrets of the Choir.

Long ago, the Healing Church used phantasms to reach a lofty plane of darkness, but failed to make contact with the outer reaches of the cosmos.

The rite failed to achieve its intended purpose, but instead created a small exploding star, now a powerful part of the Choir's arsenal.

At times, failure is the mother of invention.

**Augur of Ebrietas:** One of the secret rites of the Choir, high-ranking members of the Healing Church.

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Use spirits, the invertebrates known to be augurs of the Great Ones, to partially summon abandoned Ebrietas.

One of the few rites that allow one to directly utilize the power of the Great Ones, and evidence that the Choir had approached the eldritch Truth.

**Beast Roar:** One of the forbidden hunter tools made by Irreverent Izzy.

Borrow the strength of the terrible undead darkbeasts, if only for a moment, to blast surrounding foes back with the force of a roaring beast.

The indescribable sound is broadcast with the caster's own vocal cords, which begs the question, what terrible things lurk deep within the frames of men?

**Empty Phantasm Shell:** Empty invertebrate shell that is said to be a familiar of a Great One. The Healing Church has discovered a great variety of invertebrates, or phantasms, as they are called.

Shells with slime still harbour arcane power, and can be rubbed on weapons to imbue them with their strength.

**Executioner's Gloves:** One of the secret treasures hidden in Cainhurst. The gloves of an executioner from a faraway land.

Passed from executioner father to executioner son, these gloves can be used to summon wrathful spirits of the past by smearing them with blood.

It is said that the nobles found in immeasurable delight in the dances of these vengeful specters.

**Choir Bell:** Special hunter tool of the Choir, high-ranking member of the church. Fashioned after a bell that projects an arcane sound across planes of existence.

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The sound of this smaller, silver version of the bell does not cross planes, but grants vigor and healing to all cooperators.

**Messenger's Gift:** A strange gift from the messengers, inhabitants of the dream who revere the brave hunters.

Use to envelop oneself in a black nightmarish mist, then transform into a messenger. The illusion is a parlor trick, and any large movement will break the spell.

To preserve the guise, proceed very slowly.

**Old Hunter Bone:**

The bone of an old hunter whose name is lost.

It is said that he was an apprentice to old Gehrman, and a practitioner of the art of Quickening, a technique particular to the first hunters.

It is most appropriate that hunters, carriers of the torch who are sustained by the dream, would tease an old art from his remains.

**Tiny Tonitrus:** Tonitrus is a unique weapon crafted by Archibald, the infamous eccentric of the Healing Church workshop.

This is a similar morning star mace that utilizes Quicksilver Bullets. When struck into the ground, it recreates the blue sparks that are said to surround the darkbeasts.

Like Archibald's masterpiece, this too is a superb conductor of the powerful blue sparks.

**Accursed Brew:** Skull of a local from the violated fishing village. The inside of the skull was forcibly searched for eyes, as evidenced by innumerable scratches and indentations.

No wonder the skull became stewed in curses.

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They who offer baneful chants.  
Weep with them, as one in trance.

**Blacksky Eye:** Soft eye blessed by a phantasm. They were discovered through Byrgenwerth's contact with the arcane, but in the end revealed nothing.

Deep within the eye lies a vast stretch of dark sky that rumbles with an endless meteor storm. The slightest rub of the tiny orb, and the rock will tumble and soar.

**Madara's Whistle:** Whistle of the Madaras twins, denizens of the Forbidden Woods. The twins grew up alongside a poisonous snake, and developed a silent, inhuman kinship.

The poisonous snake grew uncontrollably, raised on a healthy diet of beast entrails. Even after their deaths, it is said to respond to the call of the twins' whistle from within the Nightmare.

## Online Items:

**Beckoning Bell:** Great Old Bell discovered in the underground labyrinth.

Its ring resonates across worlds, and the first hunter used it as a special signal to call hunters from other worlds to cross the gap and cooperate.

A human must use Insight to ring this uncanny bell, but the benefits of cross-world cooperation are many.

Note: Online use only. Cannot use this item offline.

**League Staff:** The League staff is the sign of a confederate. A directory within the hilt lists the names of fellow confederates.

Members of the League brandish this staff to indicate themselves to fellow members of the League.

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There shall be no sympathy for those engaged in the bloody mission of the League. No matter that an oath must be taken to uphold the illusion.

**Notebook:** Messengers are inhabitants of the dream who revere the brave hunters. Use them to send messages to other worlds.

Leave notes with messengers, read the notes left by messengers in other worlds, and rate notes to participate in the formation of a shared inter-plane intelligence.

Note: Online use only. Cannot use this item offline.

**Silencing Blank:** Hunters are linked by the resonance of bells with special encoded timbres. This inaudible burst disrupts such resonance.

Fire to end co-operation, and prevent further co-operation. Firing this does not disrupt the resonance of a sinister bell.

Note: Online use only. Cannot use this item offline.

**Sinister Resonant Bell:** A blood-stained bell discovered in the old underground labyrinth.

One of the resonating bells that cross the gaps of worlds, but this one knells for misfortune and malice.

The Sinister Bell is an object of dark thoughts. Ring it to become the enemy of a hunter in another world.

Note: Online use only. Cannot use this item offline.

**Small Resonant Bell:** Small bell discovered in the old underground labyrinth.

Its ring resonates across worlds, and the first hunter used it as a special signal to call hunters from other worlds to cross the gap and cooperate.

This bell resonates with its counterpart, the Beckoning

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Bell. Ring to help hunters in other worlds.

Note: Online use only. Cannot use this item offline.

**Vileblood Register:** Red-leather record of the Vilebloods loyal to the covenant of Annalise, Queen of the Vilebloods, at Cainhurst Castle.

A record of the Vilebloods, blood-lusting hunters who seek blood dregs of their prey, kept throughout the ages.

Note: Online use only. Cannot use this item offline.

## Chalice Ritual Materials:

**Arcane Haze:** Material used in a Holy Chalice rite.

The tiny smatterings of haze that are found in certain ritual materials. Sometimes required for special rites.

The additional rite Sinister Bell makes the bell-ringing woman appear, and when she rings a sinister bell, hunters from other worlds will be beckoned as adversaries.

**Bloodshot Eyeball:** Material used in a Holy Chalice rite.

An exquisite eyeball removed quickly after death, or perhaps even before. Used to unlock the seal of the old labyrinth hintertombs.

**Blooming Coldblood Flower:** Material used in a Holy Chalice ritual.

Pale vegetation that commonly grows on coldblood in a place long abandoned, that has bloomed into a bright red stygian flower.

**Coldblood Flowerbud:** Material used in a Holy Chalice ritual.

Pale vegetation that commonly grows on coldblood in a place long ago abandoned.

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**Coldblood Flower Bulb:** Material used in a Holy Chalice ritual.

Pale vegetation that commonly grows on coldblood in a place long abandoned, said to mature slowly in close proximity to death, and eventually bloom.

**Pearl Slug:** Material used in a Holy Chalice rite.

Of the all the strange lifeforms that reside in the nooks and crannies of the old labyrinth, the slugs are clear signs of the left-behind Great Ones.

**Red Jelly:** Material used in a Holy Chalice ritual.

Stillborn infants born of a creature of unknown origin, of the type found in some corners of the old labyrinth.

**Ritual Blood:** Material used in a Holy Chalice rite.

One of the basic ingredients used to satiate a Holy Chalice is this incoagulable blood.

When all is melted in blood, all is reborn.

**Tomb Mold:** Material used in a Holy Chalice ritual.

Mould that grows from rotten flesh and blood inside the old labyrinth. Matures to bear giant spores.

**Bastard of Loran:** Special material used in a Holy Chalice ritual.

Remains of Loran infant infected by the scourge.  
A harbinger of curses and symbol of defilement.

The additional rite Curse defiles dungeons in which hunters' HP is greatly eroded, but what better place to seek cursed blood gems but in the midst of defilement?

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**Inflicted Organ:** Special material used in a Holy Chalice ritual.

Special body parts collected by the Healing Church.  
What was this gruesome bait used to lure?

The additional rite Rotted Offering beckons ungodly forces, normally terrifying things, but also worthy prey for a special hunt.

**Living String:** Special material used in a holy chalice ritual.

The immense brain that Mensis retrieved from the nightmare was indeed lined with eyes on the inside, but they were of an evil sort, and the brain itself was terrible rotten.

But even still, it was a legitimate Great One, and left a relic. A living relic, at that, which is a precious thing indeed.

**Sage's Hair:** Special material used in a Holy Chalice ritual.

A body part of a saint, sacrificed by the Healing Church in their search for Truth.

The additional rite Fetid Offering invigorates the Watchers, making them more treacherous than normal, but also making them worthy prey for a special hunt.

**Sage's Wrist:** Special material used in a Holy Chalice ritual.

A body part of a saint, sacrificed by the Healing Church in their search for Truth.

The additional rite Fetid Offering invigorates the Watchers, making them more treacherous than normal, but also making them worthy prey for a special hunt.

**Yellow Backbone:** Special material used in a Holy Chalice rite.

Special body parts collected by the Healing Church.  
What was this gruesome bait used to lure?

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## Caryll Runes:

**Beast Rune:** A secret symbol left by Caryll, runesmith of Byrgenwerth.

A transcription of the roar of a labyrinth beast, the bearer of the "Beast" rune has accentuated transformation effects.

"Beast" is one of the early Caryll Runes, as well as one of the first to be deemed forbidden. The discovery of blood entailed the discovery of undesirable beasts.

**Blood Rapture Rune:** A Caryll rune that transcribes inhuman sounds. "Blood Rapture" is the raw euphoria of the warmth of blood. Restores HP with visceral attacks, one of the darker hunter techniques.

This rune resonates with servants of the Queen, carrier of the Child of Blood, who yearn for their Queen's blood with little hope of requitement.

For them, they find solace in "Blood Rapture," that serves as a surrogate for their desires.

**Clawmark Rune:** A Caryll rune that transcribes inhuman sounds.

The "Clawmark" is an impulse to seek the warmth of blood like a beast. It strengthens visceral attacks, one of the darker hunter techniques.

Although the difference is subtle, Runesmith Caryll describes the "Beast" as a horrific and unwelcome instinct deep within the hearts of men, while "Clawmark" is an alluring invitation to accept this very nature.

**Communion Rune:** A secret symbol left by Caryll, runesmith of Byrgenwerth.

Several runes relate to "blood," including "Communion," which raises the maximum number of blood vials one may carry.

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This rune represents the Healing Church and its ministers. Blood ministration is, of course, the pursuit of communion.

**Eye Rune:** A secret symbol left by Caryll, runesmith of Byrgenwerth.

A transcription of "eye," as spoken by left-behind Great Ones. Allows one to make additional discoveries.

Eyes symbolize the truth Master Willem sought in his research. Disillusioned by the limits of human intellect, Master Willem looked to beings from higher planes for guidance, and sought to line his brain with eyes in order to elevate his thoughts.

**Formless Oedon Rune:** A secret symbol left by Caryll, runesmith of Byrgenwerth.

The Great One Oedon, lacking form, exists only in voice, and is symbolised by this rune. Those who memorise it enjoy a larger supply of Quicksilver Bullets.

Human or no, the oozing blood is a medium of the highest grade, and the essence of the formless Great One, Oedon. Both Oedon, and his inadvertent worshippers, surreptitiously seek the precious blood.

**Heir Rune:** A Caryll rune that transcribes inhuman sounds.

The "Heir" sees sentimentality in the warmth of blood, and acknowledges visceral attacks as one of the darker hunter techniques.

More blood echoes gained from visceral attacks.

Perhaps the "Heir" is a hunter who bears the echoing will of those before him.

**Moon Rune:** A secret symbol left by Caryll, runesmith of Byrgenwerth.

A transcription of "moon," as spoken by the Great Ones

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inhabiting the nightmare.

Gain more Blood Echoes.

The Great Ones that inhabit the nightmare are sympathetic in spirit, and often answer when called upon.

**Oedon Writhe Rune:** A Caryll rune that transcribes inhuman sounds.

"Writhe" sees a subtle mucous in the warmth of blood, and acknowledges visceral attacks as one of the darker hunter techniques. Visceral attacks restore Quicksilver Bullets.

Human or no. the oozing blood is a medium of the highest grade, and the essence of the formless Great One, Oedon. Both Oedon, and Oedon's inadvertent worshippers, surreptitiously seek the precious blood.

**Guidance Rune:** A Caryll rune discovered by the old hunter Ludwig along with the Holy Moonlight Sword. Boosts amount of life recovered by rallying.

When Ludwig closed his eyes, he saw darkness, or perhaps nothingness, and that is where he discovered the tiny beings of light. Ludwig was certain that these playful dancing sprites offered "guidance," and emptied Ludwig of his fears at least in the midst of a hunt.

**Lake Runes:** A secret symbol left by Caryll, runesmith of Byrgenwerth.

This transcription of the Great Ones' inhuman voices ripples like a watery reflection. This rune means "Lake," and those branded by it enjoy augmented defense.

Great volumes of water serve as a bulwark guarding sleep, and an augur of the eldritch Truth.

Overcome this hindrance, and seek what is yours.

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**Anti-Clockwise Metamorphosis rune:** A secret symbol left by Caryll, runesmith of Byrgenwerth.

The twisted cross means "metamorphosis."

Rotated anti-clockwise, this rune boosts stamina.

The discovery of blood made their dream of evolution a reality, Metamorphosis, and the excesses and deviation that followed, was only the beginning.

**Clockwise Metamorphosis Rune:** A secret symbol left by Caryll, runesmith of Byrgenwerth.

The twisted cross means "metamorphosis."

Rotated clockwise, this rune boosts HP.

The discovery of blood made their dream of evolution a reality. Metamorphosis, and the excesses and deviation that followed. were only the beginning.

**Sea Runes:** A Caryll rune that transcribes inhuman sounds.

This transcription of the Great Ones' inhuman voices depicts downreaching currents. This rune means "Deep Sea," and grants augmented resistance.

Great volumes of water serve as a bulwark guarding sleep, and an augur of the eldritch Truth.

Overcome this hindrance, and seek what is yours.

**Corruption Rune:** A secret symbol left by Caryll, runesmith of Byrgenwerth.

Several runes contain a nuance of "Blood," including the rune of "Corruption," associated with the oath of the corrupt.

Pledgers to this oath are Cainhurst Vilebloods, hunters of blood who find dregs for their Queen in coldblood, particularly in that of hunters.

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Yet the corrupt are heretics in the eyes of the Church, and thus subject to the wrath of the Executioners.

**Hunter Rune:** A Caryll Rune that transcribes inhuman sounds.

This red-smudged rune means "Hunter," and has been adopted by those who have taken the Hunter of Hunters oath. These watchmen admonish those who have become addled with blood. Be they men or beasts, anyone who has threatened the pledgers of the "Hunter" oath surely has an issue with blood.

**Impurity Rune:** A Carryl rune that transcribes inhuman sounds.

This rune, discovered inside the forbidden beast eater, came to symbolize "Impurity," and the oath of the League.

Confederates of The League cooperate with hunters from other worlds, and hunt to discover vermin.

Vermin writhe within filth, and are the root of man's impurity. Crush all vermin without hesitation.

**Radiance Rune:** A secret symbol left by Caryll, runesmith of Byrgenwerth.

The rune for "Radiance," adopted by the sworn Executioners under Logarius' command.

The executioners despise the impure Vilebloods, and no matter what the circumstances, would never cooperate with the bloodthirsty hunters who serve the undead queen, Annalise.

**Beast's Embrace Rune:** After repeated experiments in controlling the scourge of beasts, the gentle "Embrace" rune was discovered.

When its implementation failed, the "Embrace" became a forbidden rune, but its knowledge became a foundation of the Healing Church.

Those who swear this oath take on a ghastly form, and enjoy accentuated transformation effects, especially while wielding a beast weapon.

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**Milkweed Rune:** A Caryll rune envisioned by Adeline, patient of the research hall.

A transcription of the inhuman, sticky whispers that reveal the nature of a celestial attendant.

Those who take this oath become a lumenwood that peers towards the sky, feeding phantasms in its luscious bed.  
Phantasms guide us and lead us to further discoveries.

## Holy Chalice:

**Pthumeru Chalice:** Ritual chalice found in the Church of the Good Chalice.

Use in a ritual at the tomb altar in the Hunter's Dream to break the seal of the old underground labyrinth.

Let the chalice reveal the tomb of the gods; let blood be the hunter's nourishment.

...And let ye partake in communion...

**Pthumeru Root Chalice:** Root Chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

Root Chalices, used in rituals to break old labyrinth seals, are said to change the labyrinth's form each time.

The old labyrinth was carved out by the Pthumerians, superhuman beings that are said to have unlocked the wisdom of the eldritch Truth.

**Central Pthumeru Chalice:** A chalice that breaks a labyrinth seal.

But only a Root Chalice changes the shape of the old labyrinth when used in a ritual.

The old labyrinth was carved out by the Pthumerians, superhuman beings that are said to have unlocked the wisdom of the eldritch Truth.

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**Central Pthumeru Root Chalice:** Root Chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

Root Chalices, used in rituals to break old labyrinth seals, are said to change the labyrinth's form each time.

The old labyrinth was carved out by the Pthumerians, superhuman beings that are said to have unlocked the wisdom of the eldritch Truth.

**Lower Pthumeru Chalice:** A chalice that breaks a labyrinth seal.

But only a Root Chalice changes the shape of the old labyrinth when used in a ritual.

The old labyrinth was carved out by the Pthumerians, superhuman beings that are said to have unlocked the wisdom of the eldritch Truth.

**Lower Pthumeru Root Chalice:** Root Chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

Root Chalices, used in rituals to break old labyrinth seals, are said to change the labyrinth's form each time.

The old labyrinth was carved out by the Pthumerians, superhuman beings that are said to have unlocked the wisdom of the eldritch Truth.

**Sinister Lower Pthumeru Root Chalice:** Root chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

When used in a ritual, this sinister chalice summons the Sinister Resonant Bell. The bell-ringing woman appears to be a mad Pthumerian.

The old labyrinth was carved out by the Pthumerians, superhuman beings that are said to have unlocked the wisdom of the eldritch Truth.

Note: Additional rite Sinister Bell is for online use only. The bell-ringing woman does not appear offline.

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**Defiled Chalice:** A chalice that breaks a labyrinth seal.

Only, this defiled chalice is cursed.

Curses are caused by inciting the anger of the Great Ones, and used to hex others. Special materials are required to complete the ritual.

To try one's hand at curses, first seek the Bastard of Loran.

**Cursed and Defiled Root Chalice:** Root Chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

This cursed chalice makes a special ritual possible, but must not be used lightly, as the resulting transformation can be utterly drastic.

The old labyrinth was carved out by the Pthumerians, superhuman beings that are said to have unlocked the wisdom of the eldritch Truth.

**Great Pthumeru Ihyll Chalice:** A chalice that breaks a labyrinth seal.

Great chalices unlock deeper reaches of the labyrinth. Pthumeru Ihyll was the title of both the Pthumerian monarch and its capital.

This reveals that while early Pthumerians were mere humble guardians of the slumbering Great Ones, their descendants felt entitled to name themselves a leader.

**Pthumeru Ihyll Root Chalice:** Root Chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

Root Chalices, used in rituals to break old labyrinth seals, are said to change the labyrinth's form each time.

The Pthumerian monarch was traditionally a woman who assumed a name with classical roots.

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**Sinister Pthumeru Ihyll Root Chalice:** Root Chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.  
When used in a ritual, this sinister chalice summons

the Sinister Resonant Bell. The bell-ringing woman appears to be a mad Pthumerian.

The Pthumerian monarch was traditionally a woman  
who assumed a name with classical roots.

Note: Additional rite Sinister Bell is for online use only.  
the bell-ringing woman does not appear offline.

**Hintertomb Chalice:** A chalice that breaks a labyrinth seal.  
Hintertombs are the peripheral catacombs  
of the old underground labyrinth.

To this day, the Watcher continue to expand the  
hintertombs, unceremonious catacombs filled with  
graves and death.

**Hintertomb Root Chalice:** Root Chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

Root Chalices, used in rituals to break old labyrinth  
seals, are said to change the labyrinth's form each time.

The hintertombs are unceremonious homes to graves  
and death, cesspools of noxious snakes and insects.

**Lower Hintertomb Chalice:** A chalice that breaks a labyrinth seal.  
Hintertombs are the peripheral catacombs  
of the old underground labyrinth.

To this day, the Watchers continue to expand the  
hintertombs, unceremonious catacombs filled with  
graves and death.

**Lower Hintertomb Root Chalice:** Root Chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

Root Chalices, used in rituals to break old labyrinth  
seals, are said to change the labyrinth's form each time.

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The hintertombs are unceremonious homes to graves and death, cesspools of noxious snakes and insects.

**Sinister Hintertomb Root Chalice:** Root chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals. When used in a ritual, this sinister chalice summons the Sinister Resonant Bell. The bell-ringing woman appears to be a mad Pthumerian.

The hintertombs are unceremonious homes to graves and death, cesspools of noxious snakes and insects.

Note: Additional rite Sinister Bell is for online use only. The bell-ringing woman does not appear offline.

**Ailing Loran Chalice:** A chalice that breaks a labyrinth seal. Loran is a tragic land that was devoured by the sands.

The tragedy that struck this ailing land of Loran is said to have its roots in the scourge of the beast.

Some have made the dreaded extrapolation that Yharnam may be next.

**Ailing Loran Root Chalice:** Root Chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

Root Chalices, used in rituals to break labyrinth seals, are said to change the labyrinth's form each time.

There are trace remains of medical procedures in parts of ailing Loran. Whether these were attempts to control the scourge of the beast, or the cause of the outbreak, is unknown.

**Lower Ailing Loran Chalice:** A chalice that breaks a labyrinth seal. But only a Root Chalice changes the shape of the Chalice Dungeon when used in a ritual.

There are trace remains of medical procedures in parts of ailing Loran. Whether these were attempts to control the scourge of the beast, or the cause of the outbreak, is unknown.

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**Sinister Lower Loran Chalice:** Root chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

When used in a ritual, this sinister chalice summons the Sinister Resonant Bell. The bell-ringing woman appears to be a mad Pthumerian.

There are trace remains of medical procedures in parts of ailing Loran. Whether these were attempts to control the scourge of the beast, or the cause of the outbreak, is unknown.

Note: Additional rite Sinister Bell is for online use only. The bell-ringing woman does not appear offline.

**Great Isz Chalice:** A chalice that breaks a labyrinth seal.

Great chalices unlock deeper reaches of the labyrinth. The Great Isz Chalice became the cornerstone of the Choir, the elite delegation of the Healing Church.

It was also the first Great Chalice brought back to the surface since the time of Byrgenwerth, and allowed the Choir to have audience with Ebrietas.

**Isz Root Chalice:** Root Chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

Root Chalices, used in rituals to break labyrinth seals, are said to change the labyrinth's form each time.

According to the Choir, the land of Izs lies in contact with the cosmos, which allowed the Great Ones to function on transcendental planes of thought.

**Sinister Isz Root Chalice:** Root Chalice that breaks multiple labyrinth seals.

When used in a ritual, this sinister chalice summons the Sinister Resonant Bell. The bell-ringing woman appears to be a mad Pthumerian.

According to the Choir, the land of Izs lies in contact with the cosmos, which allowed the Great Ones to function on transcendental planes of thought.

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Note: Additional rite Sinister Bell is for online use only.  
The bell-ringing woman does not appear offline.

## World Notes

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**Iosefka's Clinic:** Handwritten scrawl: Seek Paleblood to transcend the hunt.

**Old Yharnam 1:** This town is long abandoned. Hunters not wanted here.

**Byrgenwerth 1:** When the red moon hangs low, the line between man and beast is blurred. And when the Great Ones descend, a womb will be blessed with child.\*

**Hunter's Dream:** To escape this dreadful Hunter's Dream, halt the source of the spreading scourge of beasts, lest the night carry on forever.

**Old Yharnam 2:** The red moon hangs low, and beasts rule the streets. Are we left no other choice, than to burn it all to cinder?

**Hunter's Dream(At Gehrman's Spot):** Ascend to Oedon Chapel.  
A Holy Chalice is said to be enshrined in Old Yharnam, seated in the valley.

**Healing Church Workshop:** The sky and the cosmos are one. "The Choir"

**Yahar'gul, Unseen Village(Blood Moon):** The Mensis ritual must be stopped, lest we all become beasts.

**Yahar'gul Unseen Village(Evening 1):** Nightmarish rituals crave a newborn. Find one, and silence its harrowing cry.

**Lecture Building 1:** Master Willem was right. Evolution without courage will be the ruin of our race.

**Central Yharnam(Beyond Tomb of Oedon):** The Byrgenwerth spider hides all manner of rituals, and keeps our lost master from us. A terrible shame. It makes my head shudder uncontrollably.

**Yahar'gul, Unseen Village(Evening 2):** Madmen toil surreptitiously in rituals to beckon the moon. Uncover their secrets.

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**Lecture Building 2:** Hunt the Great Ones, Hunt the Great Ones.

**Cathedral Ward(Before Forbidden Woods):** A watchman of Byrgenwerth guards the gate with a password, the sacred adage of the Grand Cathedral.

**Yahar'gul, Unseen Village(Main Street):** Behold! A Paleblood sky!

**Lecture Building 3:** The nameless moon presence beckoned by Laurence and his associates. Paleblood.

**Grand Cathedral:** Heir to the ritual of blood, purveyor of ministration. Place your hand on the altar's sacred covering, and inscribe Master Laurence's adage upon your flesh.

**Byrgenwerth 2:** The spider hides all manner of rituals, certain to reveal nothing, for true enlightenment need not be shared.

**Lecture Building 4:** Three third cords.

\*The Grammar Error appears in-game.

## Character Classes

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**Milquetoast:** Ordinary happy upbringing. All attributes average.

**Lone Survivor:** Lone survivor of a lost hamlet. High life essence and vigour.

**Troubled Childhood:** Suffered misfortune in youth. Highly resilient as a result.

**Violent Past:** Terribly violent past. Rash, but stronger for it.

**Professional:** Born specialist, fit for sleuthing or academia.

**Military Veteran:** Experienced in war. A soldier with strength and skill.

**Noble Scion:** Scion to a respectable line with faith in your pedigree.

**Cruel Fate:** Faced terrible hardships, but now confident in your purpose.

**Waste of Skin:** You are nothing. Talentless. You shouldn't have been born.

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# Cut Content of Bloodborne

## Cut Dialogue

(If Italicised, the part was cut off a line already in-game)

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**Adella, Nun of the Healing Church:** *Oh, brave hunter, thank the gods you're safe.* I pray for your safety.

Tee hee. Oh, brave hunter. I pray for your safety.

*Oh, brave hunter, why?* What have I done...

*Oh, are you all right, brave hunter?* I will never leave your side...

**Alfred, Hunter of Vilebloods:** Long ago, Old Yharnam was overrun by the plague of beasts, and left to rot and decay. It was blocked off for good, and now the only voices heard there are the howls of beasts. One of the Holy Chalice that unlocks the tomb of the gods is said to be there. The church is determined to obtain this Old Yharnam chalice... But we've yet to hear word of any success. Perhaps they're facing some difficulties?

*But, why... Oh, a mercy killing! So must I pass on in my prime... Yes, of course... So thoughtful, as always... Pray for Master Logarius in my stead..*

You'll... regret this... *I had hopes for you...*

*You damned fool...* You let the blood get the best of you... Heh heh heh...

Here I am! At your service!

Ahh, glad you made it!

Terrific! Good hunting! To the both of us. Good hunting! To the both of us.

**Annalise, Queen of the Vilebloods(Current):** Ahh, a welcome offer. We offer no resistance. Do as thou wilt. Bring Us peace, if it is in thy power to do so... Proceed at thy leisure. I prithee succeed.

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*This gift is long-awaited. Speak not, those words. We have little need of a consort. Such a path would belike lead to further ruin. Thou'rt dear to Us. We would see no harm befall thee... Enough. If only Our life was so easily forfeit... Grieve not, for Us... Kneel.*

Well, well. Our flesh is undying. A trifling matter. Think on it no more. Speak thy mind.

**Arianna, Woman of Pleasure:** Oh, there you are... Forgive me, I'm a bit out of sorts... *Some stomach pain, you see... Some stomach pain, and I'm nearly ready to vomit...* So, no blood today, I'm afraid...

Oh, there's something wrong with me... *It hurts... my stomach, it hurts terribly...*

*Oh, horrors... Was this born of me? It can't be... this is a nightmare. Ohh, my baby... You're absolutely precious, aren't you? Well, what do you think? Isn't he wonderful? I've never been happier...*

Horrors, why... What have I done?

**Blood Minister:** Welcome, weary traveler. To the great city of Yharnam. The troubles you must have seen. Your homeland, plagued by a sickness that spares few. You suffer. Your loved ones suffer. It's like a curse. But there is hope for you yet. The blood used in ministration, the trade of Yharnam, is a special thing indeed... The only thing that can cure your sickness... Well then, let's draw you up a contract.

Oh, don't you worry. In a few moments, you'll be as good as new... Like it was all just a bad dream.

Welcome, traveler. You've suffered a long journey to this great city of Yharnam. And you should be glad you did. The blood used in ministration, the trade of Yharnam, is a special thing indeed... The only thing that can cure your sickness... Well then, let's draw you up a contract.

...Heh, heh, heheheh... Aren't you lucky. This blood's rather special. It may well cure you of your peculiar condition. Now, let's draw you up a contract.

Now, let's begin the transfusion. Oh, don't you worry. You'll be as good as new... Like it was all just a bad dream. ...Heh, heh, heheheh ...

Woken up with something of a nightmare, have you? A foul, murky story, quite beyond my own reckoning. Won't that be something to tell the grandkids, eh? ...Heh, heh, heheheh... Yes, yes, see? ...Heh, heh, heheheh...

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Oh, but I've nothing more to tell. I only show the way, and the way has been shown. Now... it's in your hands. Until the dank, sweet mud takes us all... Upon the awakening of Ebrietas....

...Heh, heh, heheheh ...

...Heheheh...

Heh, eh heh... My death matters not... It's your nightmare, after all... Heh, eh heh, eh heh heh heh...

**Chapel Dweller:** Oh, kind hunter! Thank you. So, that man, you told 'im about this place? I'm... I'm bloody glad you told 'im about us. Stop! Please! What's the- Why! Please, good hunter! I'm beggin' ya stop... Please, just stop... Please, good hunter! How did it come... to this... Kind... hunter... I just wanted to help... people... I only wanted... to be... your friend... *But you didn't want to be mine... did ya... Kind... hunter... But you didn't want to be mine... did ya...*

**Djura, Retired Hunter:** I'm afraid this is the best an old hunter can do... But remember one thing. You're not hunting beasts. You're hunting people...

*Heheh*, you devious rat! The makings of a true hunter, this fellow/lass! Very well. Then there's no need to hold back! The beasts will feast tonight!

*You still dream, I should think?* Then come as often as you like, and I will show you another death. *Even a beast will feel pain, eventually...*

Don't you understand? All beasts were once men. Where is the profit in their murder? Why? Why insist on hunting us? We will never leave Old Yharnam. What possible harm could we cause? Whatever feeds your bloodlust... ..is of your own creation, not ours!

**Plain Doll\*:** Oh, good hunter, I must have displeased you... Go on, shut me down... Even so, this vessel will remain in your service... So, have no fear... I must have displeased you...

\*She has also cut humming of a Russian lullaby, the same lullaby that the Winter Lanterns sing.

**Eileen the Crow:** *You ignored my warning... You killed Henryk... And made it back alive. Not bad at all. You must've killed Gascoigne as well, then? They were falling apart... I'm sure it had to be done.* But try to keep your hands clean. A hunter should hunt beasts. Leave the hunting of hunters to me...

Intoxicated by the hunt, drenched in the blood of beasts... What a sorry state you're in. I will be merciful, on my hunter's honor...

---

You can't go on like this... *I pity you. A hunter gone mad for the hunt...*

You still have dreams? *Then take a rest, and get your feet back on the ground...* ...Tell the little doll I said hello...

...Ahh... you monsters... All hunters must die! The hunt makes hunters mad... *Look at you, you're no different...*

**Fishing Hamlet Priest:** Kos! Fair child of Kos! Time is not, and the sea rumbles afar. And yet, a mother's pungent devotion can still be felt.

Ahh, thank you, messenger, I exude gratitude for one such as you. Kos, bless this messenger, this visitor from beyond.

**Father Gascoigne:** ...Well, well. A hunter is it? Ahh, tonight, there's something different in the air... Men leave as hunters, and return as beasts. ...Let there be no doubt. If it moves, you can be sure it's a beast. ...And even if it doesn't, well, don't take any chances! Ha ha ha ha ha hah!

...Well, well. A hunter is it? Beasts everywhere... I like the smell of this hunt already! Ha ha haa!

...Oooh, beasts and beasts and beasts and beasts...

...Ahh, the sweet stench of blood. Just... just marvelous!

That stench of squalid blood. No beast will be spared.

The reek of blood. That intolerable scent. It sickens me.

Sick creature, may you rest in peace. Umbasa.

**Gascoigne's Younger Daughter:** Are you that Hunter?

**Gatekeeper:** What's the password?

Ahh, my first visitor in two decades. I suppose it's just that kind of a night.

Ahh, my first visitor in two decades. Well go on, then, buzz off! The hunt is on tonight. No need to throw yourself to the wolves. Now, be gone!

---



I don't know how a hunter learned the password, but let me say this much... Down the embankment, beyond the forest, there it stands, old Byrgenwerth. But it's not what you think. They don't welcome newcomers, and their knowledge is better left untouched. No, the old college is not what it once was. Those who enter, never return. At least, not as who they were upon entering. ...Don't say you weren't warned...

I don't know how a hunter learned the password, but let me say this much... I cannot stop anyone who knows the password. I can only warn them. So, go on, visitor.  
For that's what the master wishes of you. Sometimes, master's whims are most mystifying...

So, go on, visitor. For that's what the master wishes of you. I cannot stop anyone who knows the password. You are free to go.

*...Ahh, ahh, ahh, a nightmare is upon us... Is this your doing, great master? Does it mean that my work is done? Ahh, ahh... Ohhhhhhh... Pass... word... The password... Say... the password... Say it, now.*

*...password... Got to close the... Ahh, ahh, ohhhhh.... I... I have failed... Forgive me... forgive me, Master Willem...*

Ah, my first visitor in a year!

Ah, my first visitor in a decade!

Ah, my first visitor in, ooh, half a century!

**Gehrman, the First Hunter:** ...It has been a long dream, a very long dream... Since I can no longer hunt, this is all I can do... I made a promise, to a dear friend... A promise...

Good, good. You're back, and it will all be over soon, then. The moon is close. How fitting, on this night to end all nights.

...Laurence, I'm getting old. I'm of little help, and to wake is to die... But I'm not entirely useless... I can still do my share. How long I've waited. For this chance to do something.

Fire, cast upon the workshop?

Well, my good hunter. The night is long, the darkness thick. Don't say you weren't warned... Yharnam... how easily she forgets, how quickly she dismisses.

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Time is a cruel, cruel thing. Haven't you noticed?

*What, looking to free me? Then I graciously accept. Forgive me, Laurence, I could not wait...*  
The night, and the dream, were long...

You must accept your death. *Forget the dream, wake up to the morning.* Be freed from the night...

What were you thinking? If I die, you are to be next... What is it you want, from this horrific nightmare?

Night will soon come again.

What's taking so long, Laurence... Yes, the hunt must go on. It is all that keeps us human, now. Farewell, Laurence. I await the realization of your "ministration."

How magnificently the flame burns.

Hunters are held here to be sent on horrific hunts, their souls rotted by blood and madness.

We've no need for this accursed abode. Let flame cleanse this house of horrors.

All these frightful things! Look at them burn!

Oh, ye Hunters, let it be known! We are free, free as the wind!

Laurence, the end is not far away, now.

Every last dream will burn out, and Flora will return from the moon.

As for us, the time has come to honour our vows.

Hunters are needed no longer.

You and I shall fight to the death, and she will consume the victor.

The way we've always said we'd end it, you recall.

Oh, Laurence. Of course you remember.

---

**Gilbert, Critically Ill Man:** Why, what's this? Are you sure about this? You must know its value? ...Thank you... It was never my intention to impose upon you, but your kindness is most welcome. You don't know how much this will help. Thank you, really...

Are you sure about this? You must know its value? It was never my intention to impose upon you, but your kindness is most welcome. Ahh, we'll be together again soon... You told me to live, and so I did. Please, tell me that it was enough. Please, my dear...

...Not me...

...Stay away... stay away from me...

...Enough blood...

...Keep it away...

**Imposter Iosefka:** Curse this oblivious fool... *You... bastard...*

**Laurence:** So, you're intent on hunting beasts? Even if they are men? But why must you... Indeed, Gehrman. It won't be long...

So, you're intent on hunting beasts? Even if... they are... But, Gehrman... Why must you... Indeed. It won't be long...

I must take my leave, Master Willem...

**Lady Maria of the Astral Clocktower:** Hmm... a visitor. How unexpected. Then the secrets of the Church have been laid bare.

Good hunter, lost in a nightmare, what did you think of that beastly legend and those ailing wards of the Church? I know what you did to them. It's not your fault. The nightmare held them, and now they are free. But what about you? Have you profited at all?

Oh, really? Well, that's a relief. Now you can leave this nightmare. Have respect for the beast hunter Gehrman's wishes. Besides, you will not find your enemies here. Take the relics in this room as your parting prize. Let them be your strength, and return to your hunt, good Hunter. I thought as much. Nightmares and secrets, they'll only get you so far. Now you can leave this place.

---

What's wrong, my Hunter? Don't you hear the Hunt calling? Or do you wish to tease something more from the depths of this nightmare, even if it means my murder?

*Hmm... look at you. That glint in your eyes. You, boy/girl, are insufferable. Oh, I know very well, how the secrets beckon so sweetly. Only an honest death will cure you now. Liberate you, from your wild curiosity.*

**Micolash, Host of the Nightmare:** Ah-hah, welcome to our dream. But we don't need anyone, not any more! The sacred rite nears completion. The dream will be real! We will be granted eyes! Catch us if you can, in this dream of dreams!

Well, come on! Ah-hah, welcome to our dream. Ah hah hah ha!

Please, somebody, anybody, somebody look into my eyes.

I hear prayers.

I can't sleep, not ever. So sit here, very, very quietly. A sort of sleepless sleep.  
Ah, Kosm, or some say Kos.

Rom, the downside-up fool.

The great lake, clouded by grime.

Great cosmos, of course.

I need more eyes to line the wrinkles of my brain.

The brain is all we have.

Please, somebody, anybody, my eyes, my sweet dreams.

Let us sit about and speak feverishly. Chatting into the wee hours... of my wonderful nightmare!

Oh, you kindred spirit, look into my eyes. No, no, look harder.

Oh, you are terrible.

We were friends! How could you?

---

There's nothing to be ashamed of! We were friends! How could you?

Look into my eyes. Deep into my eyes.

**Narrow-Minded Man:** You... you're not from around here are ya? An outsider who's come to join the hunt? What a pathetic idea. You what? What, you think I'm a beast? Well, maybe I think you're a beast. *You probably think every old man is some ghoul or villain!* Well, away with ya! And step away from my castle!

I heard you told the old hag about some shelter. Well, any sweet-talking stranger could fool an old hag. Me? I wouldn't touch 'er with a ten foot bargepole.

I heard you told the old hag about some shelter. Well, any sweet-talking stranger could fool an old hag.

*Oh, enough. Enough please. Look, I'm short on blood, and you're a real headache.* I've no time for your petty lies.

Oh, don't you ever... No, y'know what, wait a minute. I'm in a generous mood. Give me blood, as much as you can. And I'll forgive your lies and deceit. This is your last chance, outsider, to redeem yourself.

Heheh... yeah, as it should be. Outsiders will always be outsiders. What salvation could possibly await them here?

Heheh, as it should be. Outsiders will always be outsiders. I mean, what salvation could possibly await them here?

I'll spare you one nugget of advice. Beware the old hag. I saw her slipping away in the night. No one in their right mind would do that, not on a night like this. So, you see... that can only mean one thing...

I mean... what salvation could possibly await them here?

How dare ya. An outsider won't get far behaving like that.

Bloody offcomer... curse you... *Why me, eh...*

---

**Kind Old Dear:** What is it? I smell that... You must be a hunter. And not one of ours, either. Well, get lost, and don't come back! I wouldn't open my door for me own poor mother, not on a night of the hunt! And certainly not for a rotten offcomer. Go on, away with ya!

What's a hunter, anyway? Go feed yourself to a beast.

Get lost, enough of this! Oh, help me, gods...

Ahh, how di' we get into this rotten spot... My little sweet pea. You just need more blood, that's all... But the doctor's not in... What's a mother to do?

But the doctor's not in... Oh, my goodness... You just need a little more blood, is aII... Oh, look who's come, dear. The doctor's in! Ahh, fine, fresh blood. Everything'll be better now... Yeah, isn't that nice? We'll have to thank the good doctor. I know, we can share some of your little treats.

You're so sweet, aren't ya? My sweet little Patches... Oh, look who's come, dear. The doctor's in! Yeah, isn't that nice? We'll have to thank the good doctor. Aren't we an 'appy little tot! Mm-hmm, what a wonderful smell...

Oh, my. You poor thing... Now, now, be patient...

What's wrong with you? I'm your mother, don't you see? Oh... why on earth... My poor baby... what's happened to you... It's... your father's blood... My poor baby... what's happened to you...

**Patches:** Well, well! Perchance... a shortcut, here? Thank me not, your countenance speaks volumes.

What troubles you, dear companion? Are you in need of my assistance?

What troubles you, dear companion? Are you lacking, or just lost? Are you lacking, or just lost?

Ergh, that was uncharitably done... That was uncharitably done, dear friend... *Betrayer! False friend...*

**Research Hall Patients:** Ahh, my brain, I feel it melting... Almost there...

Wait, wait... Doctor, please, don't just leave me... Fix me, fix me up! Doctor, don't just leave me... It hurts, it hurts... My brain, it hurts! Stop, that hurts!

Ahh, I'm melting... I'm hot, so hot, feel me melt...

Please, help me... help me... What did you do to me? What in hell did you do!

Ahh, a gift of love, from the gods. Here you are, you deserve it, too. Let us melt, melt slowly, together...

**Simon the Harrowed:** Can't stand the thought of cutting her down? How positively naïve of you...

What is this, some petty revenge? You would kill for secrets, and still think yourself good of heart? What a joke, you filthy hypocrite! It'll be my pleasure to finish you off!

What a sham you were, from beginning to end.

...You're no different... Another blood-stained, wretched hypocrite.

**Slug Princess\*:** Varus Noks, Ves Hagos...Ves Hagos Noks.  
Imkompaslamont.

Injuksdeoma.

Ves Hagos...Varus Nok(s?).

Oimks, Inko...Noks Had.

\*This is an inhuman language most likely made up, this is just a basic phonetic translation.

**Suspicious Beggar:** Die! Die, die! Hunters are killers, nothing less! You call me a beast? A beast? What would you know? I didn't ask for this! You're no different than I. Rancid beasts, every last one of us... *Some of us are better at fakin' it, that's all... You call men beasts, and hunt them down. Well, hunter, I suppose you got what's coming...*

**Annalise, Queen of the Vilebloods(Beta):** Is someone there? Well, whoever you are, it matters not. I will not die, tarnished as I am. You came here for naught. Be off with you.

Cease this. I am Queen of the Vilebloods. The Healing Church binds our tongues. Now, off with you.

You are a peculiar one. You've nothing to gain by speaking with me. Well, if you truly do not fear the Healing Church, tell me of your thoughts, your desires.

---

I... I am afraid. That, I cannot do. Please, I do not wish to lose anyone else. But thank you, it was a kind offer. My ancestors smile.

I can help with other things, only no contracts. Anything that you wish. Anything at all.  
Very well.

You are kind to me. You are... a friend. I will help you however I can.

You are welcome here.

What do you require? I am pleased to oblige.

I see. Now, you must go. A blessing upon you, and your heartfelt kindness.

Oh, dear me... have I offended you?

I am undead. There is nothing you can do to hurt me. The failed, and so will you.

**Provost Willem:** Ahh... Aa... ...Eyes, eyes, where are the eyes...

...I need more, I can't see...

...Fetch me eyes...

...Oh, faster, somebody, argh...

...Be they round, be they young...

...Fetch me eyes, for my brain...

...More eyes, I need more...

..Agh, ooh...

There you are, finally. You are most welcome, my precious sacrifice... Now, now, over here, quick... Go on, give me your eyes...

...Yes, yes, a pleasure to have you...

You think now, as Gehrman did, to betray me.

---



The blood makes us human. Makes us more than human. Makes us human no more.

Dear friend, take heed...The blood is foul. And when the night falls, the hunters return...

The blood makes us human, makes us more than human, makes us human no more.

**Unused Yharnamite:** Not from around here, are ya? And outside, on a night of the hunt? You must be sick, mate. Black death upon you. I hope they have your head before morning, now be gone. Get away from me right now, go.

Mate, not you again. We're not like you. Don't you understand that, we're still normal, you see. ...But, I'll tell you what though, if you want to insist on asking me questions. Bring us blood. That's right, blood. Then, I'll tell you what I know. It hardly pays to be choosy these days.

As it's written in the good book, mate. "No blood is bad blood!" Hee hee hee! ...But, I'll tell you what though, if you want to insist on asking me questions.

Oh, you. Did you bring us blood? Did you bring us blood? Oh, ah, very good. Yeah, nice one mate. Yeah, very good. So, what do you want to know?

The blood of a sage? Hmm, I don't know nothing. Not a thing. It's some made-up nonsense, or... you know what... wait a minute, wait a minute... The minister at the cathedral might know something. Father Norbert's his name, quite an highbrow, you see but... Well, the only trouble is... On the nights of the hunt, the Western Quarter is boarded up, blocking passage to the cathedral in the Eastern Quarter. And once the hunt is done, well... well, you'll be dead, along with all the other sickos, you see. Hee hee hee!

The minds of the infected are frail. Perhaps you deserve mercy. I know nothing, but Father Norbert, head of the cathedral in the Eastern Quarter, might know something. Pay him a visit, if you dare! Hee hee hee, be gone.

Laurence? Ah yes Laurence, another outsider, like yourself? Yeah, I know him. He left for the cathedral in the Eastern Quarter. On my advice, even. Unlucky for him. You see, just after he left, the bell tolled, kicking off the hunt. And no offcomer ever lives through the hunt, trust me mate. Hee hee hee! Hee... hic!

My God, the minds of the infected are frail. Perhaps you deserve mercy.

---

The minds of the infected are frail. You can't be blamed. Off with you, now. Please go away. You're not normal, not normal no matter how hard you try to pretend. You're not normal. You're not normal. Give your blessing, and wash from us the blood of beasts... Umbasa.

**Yharnamites:** Lousy offcomer. What do you want, stranger? I'll have no business with anyone, while the hunt's on. Good luck staying alive till morning.

What do you want, stranger? Good luck staying alive till morning.

Good hunting, mate. We're all fine in here. Nobody's sick, not even a sniff of a cold. Don't you worry about us at all... Good hunting, mate.

Who are you? Another one... another beast? Yeah, I knew it... I knew it all along... You can't fool me!

Ohh, I'm terribly sorry... There's no one home... I'm really, really sorry... So sorry for ya...

Wh-what is it? We're all fine here, tip-top shape! No sickness here, no sign of trouble! So, don't you worry...

Too many corpses tonight... This grave is too, too shallow. So, go along home, and do me a favor... Come back as a corpse!

Ahhhhhhhh! Poor you! Poor, poor you! Poor you! Poor, poor you!

**Enemy Yharnamites:** Damn! Where you hidin'?

You foul beast! You can't hide for long!

Over here! The outsider!

Found you!

Kill the priest. Kill the priest.  
Hand over the children.

The children... Give them to me.

Judgement... This is the judgement of Louvan.

---

Aragon's justice is no more.

It hurts... stop it, please...

It hurts... it always hurts...

Why... it was all... me... sister... dear...

**Unused Old Yharnam NPC:** This town's finished. Just as they deserve!

For torching the Valley, murdering the diseased! For burning my wife, children, and those great beasts! Glory be! It's the curse of the Holy Chalice! Nah hah hah hah, hurrah! Yes, hahaha, hooray!

Ah, ah, still there, mon frere? Flame cometh. I hear it. Can you smell it? The aroma of scorched flesh. The town will not be spared. The Valley's Holy Chalice will curse them good! The wrath of the Old Gods, it be! Gah hah hah hah, hooray!

Oh, ah, oh, whoa!

I know a secret, I do!

In my home, the Valley, beasts be the true form of men, all-natural!

Such is par for the blood of the Old Gods. Oh, mercy upon me, why was I not chosen? And now, I'm just a man, deep down in a well! Deep down...in a BLOODY WELL!

Don't ever disturb, the ol' tomb of the Chalice. Don't ya NEVER disturb, the ol' tomb of the Chalice. Thence come the pale watchers, all hollow and howlin' like, gloo, gloo, gloo. Don't ya never disturb, the ol' tomb of the Chalice. Don't ever disturb, the ol' tomb of the Chalice. All ya false heirs, don't lust for their blood. Oh no, never lust for their blood.

**Beta Iosefka:** Oh, good. Feeling better, are you? But you mustn't exert yourself. After your ministration, you slept for a whole month.

Do you have your wits about you? Tonight is another beast hunt. Nothing for you visitors to worry about, only you mustn't go out. Keep your ears covered, it'll be over soon enough, don't you worry.

Oh, my. What is it, dear? Are you hungry?

---

Poor thing. Oh, what to do? With all these hunts, we've run out of food. Oh, I know. Here, try this. It's full of nutrition and should fill you up. You might not fancy it, but it's all I've got.

Really? Well, this is all I've got. Hope you don't mind.

Every so often, we're struck by a malady. The scourge of lycanthropy. When it spreads, they signal the Hunt. But don't worry, they know exactly what they're doing. You let the Hunters handle it, like always. This time, it's just a bit worse than usual, that's all. It'll all be over soon enough, dear.

You needn't concern yourself with that. The Hunters will take care of it. Tonight's Hunt will be the last, I'm sure of it.

What on Earth is that? I really don't know. Perhaps you should ask someone else. I'm sorry to be of so little help.

Oh, Laurence. Friend of yours, is he? Dear me, I should have known. He left to find a doctor to treat you, but the Hunt started soon after, and that was a full two weeks ago. Wonder where he's taken cover? He'll be back once the Hunts are over. He'll be wonderfully pleased to find you awake. He was very, very concerned about you.

Now, you be very, very careful, you hear? You've been given a second chance. Don't waste it.

Aah... you've been infected.

**Izzy(Became Gehrman):** Who are you? ...Could it be that you're a Hunter? You are? Oh my, then the stories are true! A moon-scented hunter hosted in the Dream Refuge, a hunter that vanquishes beasts... I've looked up to the likes of you, always have.

My name's Izzy. Master Hunter, if it's not too much trouble, may we...may we talk here for a while? I'm no genius, I know, but I can still be of help.

Thank you so much. It's an honour to talk with you. I'll do anything I can to help, master Hunter.

Master Hunter, do you wish to talk about the Holy Chalice? Underground, lies the Tomb of the Gods. Only a Holy Chalice can break the seal. It's a Yharnam legend, the city's secret. One of the

---

Holy Chalice is enshrined in Old Yarnam. It fell to the scourge, and its charred ruins lie in the valley. All that's left is a town full of beasts, and not even the Healing Church dare venture there. But there's nothing you couldn't deal with, Master Hunter.

Master Hunter, you're an outsider, aren't you?

It's not just how you talk, but the air you give off too. And, well, there aren't many Hunters around these days.

...That's alright, though...

I was born in Yarnam, but I wanna see the outside world one day!

...At the very least, it won't be in state this place is...

Master Hunter, why is it that you talk to that Doll sometimes?  
She doesn't move, but she's so, so beautiful.

So... I've spent a long time watching her myself. Is there any way I can make her talk to me?

Thank you so much. Master Hunter, do you...Do you know the history of the Church Workshop? The leaders of the Healing Church reside in the upper stratum of Cathedral Ward. Nearby is the Church's own Workshop. Ludwig was the first Hunter to join the Church, and most of those who came after followed in his footsteps.

The Church made them a Workshop where they forged their own weapons. Nowadays it's just an old story...You see, I like the stories of the Hunters... It's the only thing I can really talk about...

The thing we were just talking about? The Church Workshop is in the upper stratum of Cathedral Ward. I know it's just an old story, but...

**Archibald:** Who are you? A Hunter, are you? Ah, that's just perfect! My name is Archibald. No need to be wary. I'm an outsider of a decent sort, like you. I wish to uncover the truth about Yarnam.

If you're a Hunter, will you be exploring the Underground Labyrinths? If so, bring me back the Blood of the Gods, Blood Gems. I can use them to make your weapons stronger...

Ah, you're safe. Any news? Found any unusual Blood Gems?

---

Your face tells me something is amiss. Anything wrong? Have something else to give?

Farewell.

I expect you'll bring me some more rare Blood Gems. You are like a vampire, after all...

Oh my, that Blood Gem you have...Ah, magnificent... isn't its Aroma intoxicating...? Hurry and hand it over...

It's unbearable... Well, I understand why Byrgenwerth went mad... Even I seem to be losing myself...

...

There, it's yours. Isn't it tremendous? Be careful, make sure the blood doesn't get to you.

Such a...! Why!? Such cruelty!

So it's like this, then... Already half-dead!

Ah, have you reconsidered...?

...Ahh, you've reconsidered?

...I've been waiting for one like you...You have a Blood Gem, yes? I can smell it...Hurry... Hurry...how delightful, its smell...

When will you be back next? Don't make me wait too long. I need Blood Gems...

That scent of yours...So pungent...I can already taste it...Hurry up, hurry...!

Ah, this is for you. In a short while, very short, Mud will no longer obscure your vision.

...Ahh...Ahh...Ahh, Why...? ...Why do you say such unkind things to me...Ahh... Stop this unkindness...

...You, why are you...? Damn it all, this is... such cruelty...

...Even from within me...

It smells rather pleasant, doesn't it?

---

...Have you gone mad...?

...Well, I should have expected as much.

You're not a decent sort like me, are you?

...You've gone mad, haven't you?

Well, me... I'm already an unreasonable sort....

You...You, stop this treachery...Painful, so painful...

**Plain Doll(Early Draft):** Greetings, Diseased One.

This dream is the nightmare of those afflicted by the disease.

Always on the verge of death, consumed by madness, yet still willing themselves to survive.

That is the nightmare they live through.

You are the same, yes? That is why you wake up when you die.

Like it was all just a nightmare. That is what madness is, after all.

Diseased One.

Seek out madness. I will transform it into your strength.

Whatever it is that your will desires. Please, make use of me.

Welcome home, Diseased One.

Was the awakening eventful?

Farewell, Diseased One. I hope your awakening is pleasant.

I will channel your madness into strength. Stand close, and shut your eyes.

Many have visited this nightmare in the past, then gone to their deaths.

These gravestones are all that remain of them.

---

It all seems so long ago, now.

The little ones inhabit the nightmare. They adore and follow the Diseased.

I don't understand their language, yet they are still very kind.

Strange things like that make me curious.

Gods love their creations, don't they? I am a doll, made by you humans.

Do you love me?

So, the opposite must be true.

Then, I do love you. It must have been my creator's wish.

What... What is this? I don't remember anything, I don't know what's happening to me.

But, I feel this nostalgia... Something I've never felt before...

Does this all seem strange to you?

Ah...Diseased One, I thank you deeply.

You made me feel some happiness.

Forgive me if I caused you displeasure...Please shut me down.

Even so, this body will remain in service to you.

So please, do not worry.

**Micolash(Vicar Micolash, Early Draft):** ...Hello, how do you do?

I was the Healing Church's... leader. My name is Micolash. Father Norbert/Herbert was infected, but you liberated him.

I will thank you in his stead. Umbasa.

Ah, but you are a skilled Hunter.

---



... and yet ...

No, you need not say it, I understand.

You are trapped by a nightmare and seek the Blood of a Sage.

I'm very sorry, but I cannot help you.

I can tell you only one thing.

Seek out the old college.

Head west from the plaza in front of the Grand Cathedral and through the forest of snakes.

There, you will find an old, abandoned college.

The knowledge you seek will be there.

The Hunt is not over yet. Please be careful...Umbasa...

Someone, anyone, anyone...Please, look into my eyes...I hear bells... I hear prayers...I can't sleep, I can't sleep, not ever...Silence, silence, then more silence.

I'm always sleeping, I can't stay awake...

Ah, Kos, or some say Kosm.

Rom, the upside-down fool.

Sunk in the mud, we cannot see the waters of the lake. The cosmos!

I think the eyes aren't enough. For me, for my brain...Yes, my brain!  
Someone, please...My eyes, my eyes, my dream...

Let us speak feverishly through the night.

Of my wonderful nightmare! Ahh!

I see, just another madman taken by the nightmare after all...  
Good, Good that the blood sent you into madness...

---

**Unused Character 1:** Come now, bring forth your blood,  
so that the Great Lord may see into your thoughts.

**Unused Character 2:** You... You, you don't happen to know something about this, do you?  
Have you seen my head anywhere?  
It's been missing for so long. I can't find it anywhere. It's quite troublesome.  
Do you know anything?

Aah, that's excellent! Very good. If you know, that's wonderful.  
I can't thank you enough. Is there anything I can do for you?  
My greatest thanks. You've given me such hope.

Aah, yes... Yes, that's just how it goes.  
Even though it's my own head, I can't find it anywhere...  
Aah, where could it have gone..? My head...

**Unused Character 3:** Ahhh! ...My friend? My friend.

Good to see you're safe. What's the matter?

Do you need help with something?

...My friend, take heed and be careful.

Everyone else is against us. They hunger for knowledge.

Knowledge they don't have, knowledge not even we have... the futility of it all frightens me.

A mystery has no value once it's understood... It's all best forgotten...Remember that...

**Unused Character 4:** Ooh! Ooh!

Do you know of the great cosmos? Do you really know?

Inside of you? Inside of me? Where do you think it is?

Ooh! Ooh! Is that so!?

Let's go inside of you, then!

---

Ooh! Ooh! Is that so!? Well, come in, then! Inside of me!

Ooh! Ohh...This new philosophy... Should be forgotten...Should be forgotten...

**Unused Character 5:** ...Hey, do you remember?

I used to be sand, and I couldn't fly to the sky.

I'm still not flying, even now.

...And you. You're like me, when I was sand...

**Unused Character 6:** Give me your blood.

You want to make me your bride, don't you?

Please, think of your bride.

**Unused Character 7:** Aah, is that you, my boy?

Where were you? Your mother was so worried.

Everyone wanders off sometimes, I suppose.

Now, do you want something to eat?

Ah, your tummy's already full. That's good, good.

You come back soon...Definitely, soon...

**Unused Character 8:** ...Aah, it's rotting. Slurp, slop..

...Slurp, slop. The sound of my brain rotting...You, come and help me. My brain is rotting...Please, you must come...

...You are kind...

...What are you???

It's softening... Slurp, slop, slurp, slop...Slurp, slop...

**Unused Character 9:** Ah, ah, you, my dear friend!

Look, find my eyes. Let's see...

---

Oh, it's terrible! Dear friend, it's too late, too late. Nothing to be shy about now.

...Find my eyes...Find them...

**Unused Character 10:** You there!

Come this way.

Could you come and help me?

I'm in trouble.

You bloody idiot!

I'll kill and skin you!

## Unused Items/Descriptions

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### Fresh Livers:

(Equivalent to Dark Souls Boss Souls)

- Fresh Liver
  - Large Fresh Liver
  - Fresh Liver C-F
  - Fresh Liver of Father Gascoigne
  - Fresh Liver of Father Norbert/Herbert, Soul of the Church Leader
  - Fresh Liver of the Self Skinned, Soul of the Blood-Starved Beast
  - Fresh Liver of the Hemwick Witch, Soul of an Eye Collector
  - Fresh Liver of a Snake Ball
  - Fresh Liver of the Succubus, Soul of a Lesser Demon of Death and Darkness(Mergo's Wet Nurse)
  - Fresh Liver of Martyr Logarius, Soul of the King's Reaper
  - Fresh Liver of Micolash's "Cast-off Shell", Soul of the University Professor(Willem)
  - Fresh Liver of Vacuous Rom
  - Fresh Liver of the Incomplete God
  - Fresh Liver of the Apostle, Soul of the False God(Amygdala)
  - Fresh Liver of Laura, Soul of the Beast Saint(Now Vicar Amelia)
  - Fresh Liver of Kos, Soul of the Fallen Child of the Moon(Ebrietas)
  - Fresh Liver of Ebrietas' Inheritor
  - Fresh Liver of the Moon's Messenger, Soul of the Nightmare Inheritor
-

## Magic Items:

- Rage of Kos(A Call Beyond)
- Augur of Kos(Augur of Ebrietas)
- Reflective Light Wall(Beast Roar)
- Compelling Awakening(Choir Bell)
- Double Accelerator(Old Hunter's Bone)
- Cane of Shock(Tiny Tonitrus)
- Stalker(Executioner's Gloves)
- Opportunistic Chance(Shaman Bone Blade)
- Followers' Obligation(Messenger's Gift)

## Consumable Items:

- Foul-Smelling Pill
- Reset and Start Again(Hunter's Mark)
- Consumed Sacred Serum(Lead Elixir)
- Blood Purifier
- Beast Blood: Lowers Resistance to Therianthropy(Sedative)
- Beast Lure
- Healing Prevention(Numbing Mist)
- Cosmic Arrow
- Onryo Bullet

## Weapon Buffs:

- Blood Coating
- Magic Enchantment(Empty Phantasm Shell)
- Thunder Enchantment(Bolt Paper)
- Gunpowder Upgrade(Bone Marrow Ash)
- Petrified Blood Gems

## Tools/Key Items:

- Signpost(Notebook?)
  - Lulling Bell(Beckoning Bell)
  - Telescope(Monocular)
  - Time Management(?)
-

- Parting Shot(Silencing Blank)
- Hunter Bullets(Quicksilver Bullet)
- Key of the Great Bridge

## Weapons:

- Unused Shotgun
- Short Pistol
- Bloody Ludwig's Rifle
- Dagger\*
- Bloody Logarius Wheel
- Skull Weapon
- Unused Sword
- Unused Shield
- Unused Pistol
- Dummy(?)
- Prototype for every current weapon

\*Adella uses this weapon whilst trying to kill the hunter.

## Armor:

- Yharnam Spy Set
- Hunter of Gremia(Loran) Set
- Annalise's Set
- Garden of Eyes head
- Micolash Hand Bonds
- Alternate Djura Headpiece(Hood)
- Unused Medieval Armor Set

## Materials:

- Perfect Ritual Vestige
  - Ritual Vestige (6)\*
  - Tomb Mold Spore (6)\*
  - Coldblood Flower Bulb (6)\*
  - Soaring Tomb Mold
  - Hidden Incoagulable Blood
  - Cursed Incoagulable Blood
  - Vermiculum
-

- Radiant Eelworm

**Description for last four:** Special material used in a Holy Chalice ritual.

Strange creatures lurk in the nooks and crannies of the old labyrinth.

\*In the final game, 6th level chalices do not exist.

## Caryll Runes:

- Guidance Tier 3; Said to officially be in Chalices yet isn't.

**Book of Caryll:** A page from the lost book of runesmith Caryll.

Caryll devoted his life to transcribing the sounds spoken by the Great Ones.

Read a Caryll Rune to assume its form.

## Misc:

- Queenly Blood
- Clocktower Hunter Badge
- Bullet Recovery
- Doll Repair Kit

# Unused Characters(+ Enemies)

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## NPC'S:

- Bone Ash Hunter Carla
  - Vileblood Drifter Leo
  - Archibald
  - Defeated Hunter
  - Izzy
  - Slug Princess
  - Cainhurst Librarian NPC
  - Beta Iosefka
  - Laurence(MC's Best Friend)
-

## Enemies:

- King of Skeleton
- Rat Hog\*1
- Unused Knight
- Unused Knight with Horse
- Lesser Demon(Non-Boss)
- Screamer
- Unused Clay Doll Enemy
- Orb
- Evil Spirit
- Tiny Orphan of Kos
- Shrine Knight\*2
- Demon's Fanatic\*3

1\* The Rat Hog was seemingly extremely important with art of it even being the loading Screen of Project Beast

2\* The Pillars beyond the Hunters' Dream are called Shrines

3\* Demon's Fanatic became Oedon Chapel Dweller

## Bosses:

- Snake Ball
- Great One Beast\*1
- Lesser Demon
- King Ghost Low Class
- King in Blue
- Moon Presence True Form\*2
- Moon Presence "Ice" Form

1\* Can still be fought if you have PS+; Use this Glyph: **xxdy9dmm**

2\* Can still be fought if you have PS+; Use this Glyph: **sikgc3sm**

Whilst Cut Content is not a part of the Script, in Bloodborne it is always worth it to read up on it and see what could have been.



# Thank you

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Thank you mostly to the Bloodborne Wikia's Out there! I used every single one of them to find the information I got everything from. I mostly used this [Bloodborne Wiki](#). Thanks to Meph, Richard Pillbeam and all other Major Contributors to that Wiki for all of their hard work. 100% CHECK that one out for additional information, pictures and files for everything included here, please. I also thank Sanadsk, Lance McDonald and Zullie the Witch for their parts in uncovering the cut content so I can put it here.

This Script is more for quick reference and basically an "All-in-One" for the community just for fun. This isn't a Lore Analysis or anything, just the game text. Enjoy!

Hint: To find specific things, use Ctrl + F!

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