# **Anders and Aveline**

## **Act 1**

**6160605** Aveline: I hear good things about you, Anders. Not what I expected.

**6160608** Anders: From a mage, you mean.

**6160611** Aveline: I didn't say that.

**6160614** Anders: How else would you judge me? What else am I a shining example of?

**6160617** Aveline: I don't know... other Fereldans lurking in Darktown? Mage or not.

**6160620** Anders: You... have a fair point.

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**6157231** **6136325** Anders: So you married a templar, huh?

**6157234** **6153967** Aveline: What of it?

**6157237** **6153970** Anders: Are they all as dirty as they seem?

**6157240** **6153973** Aveline: What?

**6157243** **6153976** Anders: Did he ever ask you to play "the naughty mage and the helpless recruit?" Maybe the "secret desire demon and the upstanding knight?"

**6157246** **6153979** Aveline: That's disgusting!

**6157249** **6153982** Anders: I hear it's quite popular.

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**6160624** Aveline: I could use your consult Anders.

**6160627** Anders: Bring it to Darktown, and I'll get you a salve or something.

**6160630** Aveline: What? No! I need to know some things about mages.

**6160633** Anders: Why?

**6160636** Aveline: I'm a guard. I'm the first person who has to deal with... trouble.

**6160639** Anders: You want help killing people like me.

**6160642** Aveline: Not every mage can be trusted.

**6160645** Anders: Nor every guard.

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**6157250** Anders: Do you ever miss Ferelden?

**6157253** Aveline: Of course! It was home. I would never have left willingly.

**6157256** Aveline: But I'm not going to be my father and spend my life trying to live a memory.

**6157259** Anders: I didn't think I'd give it a second thought once I was gone. I mean, what did Ferelden ever do for me?

**6157262** Anders: But I do. I think about it. There's something here that just doesn't feel right.

**6157265** Aveline: You mean how mages are treated?

**6157268** Anders: No... I think there's not enough dog shit.

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## **Act 2**

**6160649** Aveline: You're glaring, Anders. Is there a reason, or is it one of your moods?

**6160652** Anders: Your term as captain hasn't been particularly "mage friendly."

**6160655** Aveline: I've only turned a handful over to the templars.

**6160658** Anders: Every despot starts somewhere.

**6160661** Aveline: And yet I allow an abomination to whine at me! Credit where it's due.

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**6160665** Aveline: So you're two people, Anders and... Justice?

**6160668** Anders: That's not strictly accurate.

**6160671** Aveline: But you are of two minds.

**6160674** Anders: Many people are.

**6160677** Aveline: Now you're the one not being accurate.

**6160680** Anders: I thought those were the rules of this game.

**6160683** Aveline: I never know who I'm talking to with you.

**6160686** Anders: Then it's fortunate it doesn't occur often.

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**6157269** **6136327** Anders: So, I never expected to be palling around with the captain of the guard.

**6157272** **6154003** Aveline: We're not "pals."

**6157275** **6154006** Anders: We're not? What about that time we painted each other's toenails?

**6157278** **6154009** Aveline: Do you want something?

**6157281** **6154012** Anders: Love, life, and liberty. What more does a man need?

**6157284** **6154015** Aveline: You're in a jolly mood.

**6157287** **6154018** Anders: Well, when you're here, I know you're not leading men into Darktown to arrest me.

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*(If Ella was killed during Dissent)*

**6157288** **6136328** Anders: Can I ask you something, Aveline?

**6157291** **6154021** Aveline: I cannot look the other way when mages break the law--

**6157294** **6154024** Anders: That's not what I was going to ask.

**6157297** **6154027** Anders: There's a girl. A mage apprentice. She...was murdered in the Gallows recently. Have you heard anything of it?

**6157300** **6154030** Aveline: You mean the girl you killed.

**6157303** **6154033** Anders: Yes. I'd like to... attend the funeral. Do something.

**6157306** **6154036** Aveline: The official templar report says she was killed by a demon of unknown origin.

**6157309** **6154039** Aveline: Let her family mourn in peace.

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## **Act 3**

**6157310** **6136329** Anders: I suppose you're just thrilled how the knight-commander's basically stepped into the viscount's seat?

**6157313** **6154042** Aveline: She can't stall the process forever. It's not her place.

**\*6157316** **6154045** Aveline: Leaving the viscount's seat empty will just tempt people to fight for it. It will cause more trouble than it prevents.

**6157319** **6154048** Anders: Well. You've got a brain in there after all.

**6157322** **6154051** Anders: I was convinced that headband was to keep it from falling out.

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**6160690** Aveline: I have to admit, Anders. Of the mages I know, you're the one I expected to go out in a blaze.

**6160693** Anders: The day is young.

**6160696** Aveline: It was a compliment, you ass.

**6160699** Anders: No, it wasn't.

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**6157323** **6136330** Anders: Your husband agrees with me.

**6157326** **6154054** Aveline: About what?

**6157329** **6154057** Anders: He thinks the knight-commander's mad. He told me she's gone behind your back to investigate guardsmen she suspects as secret mages.

**\*6157332** **6154060** Aveline: Even if that were true, he wouldn't tell you.

**6157335** **6154063** Anders: He won't fight for her when the time comes. Would you turn against your own husband?

**6154066** Aveline: I don't know if you're lying or crazy.

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*(During The Last Straw)*

**6200734** Aveline: Just to be clear Anders: when this is over, you will turn yourself in for your crime.

**6200737** Anders: I'm well aware of your commitment to oppression.

**6200740** Aveline: The laws of the land. Fairly applied to everyone.

**6200743** Anders: That...is actually something I'd very much like to see.

# **Anders and Bethany**

**6157520** **6136444** Bethany: So, you were in the Circle and ran away. I don't know if I'd be brave enough to do that.

**\*6157523** **6151224** Anders: You've been an apostate your whole life.

**6157526** **6151227** Bethany: Exactly. It was never anything I had to work for.

**6157529** **6151230** Bethany: Other people always took the risks, to keep me free.

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**6157345** **6136334** Anders: Where did you learn your magic?

**6157348** **6154098** Anders: I mean, you know my feelings on the Circle, but usually it's the only decent training a mage can get.

**6157351** **6154101** Bethany: My father taught me. He was in the Circle once, trained there. But he got away.

**6157354** **6154104** Anders: You don't know how lucky you were, to have someone who loved you and could help you. Most mages would kill for that.

**6157357** **6154107** Bethany: You remind me of him.

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**6157358** **6136335** Anders: The Rite of Tranquility is the whole problem. If they didn't have that to hold over us, we'd have so many more options.

**6157361** **6154110** Bethany: Right! If we want to fight back... or just engage in intelligent debate... they make sure we can't do it.

**6157364** **6154113** Anders: They're forcing our hands. There's no way to change things peacefully.

**6157367** **6154116** Bethany: There must be something.

**\*6157370** **6154119** Anders: If it's Tranquility or death, we have no choice but to make every confrontation a life-or-death struggle.

**\*6157373** **6154122** Bethany: I know, but... there are good people in the Circle, the Chantry.

**6157376** **6154122** Bethany: There has to be a way to reason with them.

**6157379 6154128** Anders: Not if they take away your ability to reason.

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**6157530** **6136445** Bethany: I know it didn't work the way you wanted, but... it was brave, what you did with Justice.

**6157533** **6151233** Anders: It was meant well. I don't know if that's enough to forgive me.

**6157536** **6151236** Bethany: It must have been hard for him, being trapped outside the Fade. In a place where no one's like him.

**6157539** **6151239** Bethany: I bet he appreciated having a friend.

**6157542** **6151242** Anders: He did.

# **Anders and Carver**

Anders: You don't like me, Carver?

Carver: I don't like you.

Anders: That's unfortunate. Hating someone just because they're a mage is a shameful thing.

Carver: I don't hate you because you're a mage. I hate you because you won't shut up about it.

Carver: Oppression this, templars that. I'd heard enough long before you.

Anders: Maybe it's time you put some thought into it.

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Carver: What are you looking at?

Anders:

(If Hawke is male) Your brother is a mage. As was your sister and father?

(If Hawke is female) Your sisters are... were both mages, as was your father?

Carver: And I'm not. What of it?

Anders: Nothing, it's not always passed to all siblings. But it's good to know that you understand our plight.

Carver: Shove your plight.

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Anders: I'm sorry about your sister. She sounds like a special girl.

Carver: Why? Because she was a mage?

Anders:

(If Hawke is male) Your brother says she had a good heart. Being on the run never made her bitter.

(If Hawke is female) Your other sister says she was a good person. That she never turned down a chance to help people.

Carver: Yes, yes. I'm sure the Chantry's got a shrine with her portrait on it.

Anders: I was trying to be nice.

Carver: Stick to surly. It works for you.

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Anders: Nice day to be planning a trip into the Deep Roads, don't you think?

Anders: The Blight, the dampness, the festering darkness filled with tainted rats...

Carver: Shut up.

Anders: You've got a real chip on your shoulder, you know?

Carver: I've got a big blade on my shoulder, magey.

Anders: Right. Wonder what you're compensating for.

# **Anders and Fenris**

## **Act 1**

Anders: You ever going to stop harping on the mages here?

Fenris: No.

Anders: They aren't what you saw in Tevinter.

Fenris: The moment they are free, mages will make themselves magisters.

Anders: They're slaves! You should want to help them.

Fenris: I don't.

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Anders: So, there must be mages in Tevinter that don't use blood magic.

Fenris: Of course. There are slaves. The magisters do not hesitate to collar their own kind.

Anders: But no magisters?

Fenris: Why must you go on about this? No magister would turn down an advantage over his rivals. If he did, he'd be dead.

Anders: You know, to use blood magic you must look a demon in the eye and accept his offer.

Anders: I just figured some of them would say no. For aesthetic reasons, if nothing else.

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*(After completing Tranquility)*

Fenris: Did I hear correctly? You are an... abomination?

Anders: Why don't you shout? I don't think everyone heard you.

Fenris: Do you see yourself as harmless, then? An abomination who would never harm someone?

Anders: Like ripping someone's heart out of his chest?

Fenris: I did that at the behest of no demon.

Anders: So we agree that it doesn't take a demon for someone to be a vicious killer? Good.

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Fenris: Why was your friend made Tranquil? Do you know?

Anders: No, and it doesn't matter. Nobody deserves that.

Fenris: I know some mages that deserve that.

Anders: Really? Perhaps they should start making slaves Tranquil—then they wouldn't dream of escaping! Wouldn't that be wonderful?

Fenris: Slaves do not attract demons that try to possess them.

Anders: Which clearly justifies it? What a perfect solution!

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## **Act 2**

Fenris: Is there something you want, Anders?

Anders: You really don't have the temperament for a slave.

Fenris: Is that a compliment or an insult?

Anders: I'm just wondering how your master didn't kill you.

Fenris: How have the templars not killed you?

Anders: I'm charming.

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Anders: Did you ever think about killing yourself?

Fenris: I could ask you the same thing.

Anders: I'm serious. To get out of slavery, to escape Danarius... don't tell me you never thought about it.

Fenris: I did not. To kill oneself is a sin in the eyes of the Maker.

Anders: You... believe that?

Fenris: I try to. Some things must be worse than slavery.

Anders: Some things are worse than death.

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Fenris: You should have lived in Tevinter. You'd be happier there.

Anders: You're probably right.

Fenris: There, your magic would be a mark of honor. Apprenticed to the right Magister, you would do well.

Anders: Is there a down side?

Fenris: Only if you're bothered by owning a few slaves and performing the occasional blood ritual.

Anders: So they all do those things?

Fenris: Just the ones who don't complain about how powerless and persecuted they are.

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*(If you complete Dissent)*

Fenris: I seem to recall you saying something a while ago...

Anders: Shut up.

Fenris: "I can control it." Wasn't that what you said?

Anders: So help me...

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*(If Hawke spent the night with Fenris)*

Anders: I can't imagine what Hawke sees in you.

Fenris: It is done. Leave it be.

Anders: Well, good. I always knew she/he had some sense.

Fenris: Do not make light of this. Leaving was the hardest thing I've ever done.

*(If Isabela is in the party)*

Isabela: Oh, will you two get over yourselves? You're like two dogs around a bitch in heat.

Fenris: We were talking about Hawke. Not you.

*(If Isabela is in the party and you slept with her as well)*

Isabela: Oh, will you two get over yourselves? I did her/him too.

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## **Act 3**

Anders: Do you still support the Knight-Commander?

Fenris: I don't care a fig for her. But she's the only one holding back the madness in this city.

Anders: Holding back? She's howling at the bloody moon!

Anders: Even her own people think she's lost it.

Anders: What will it take for you to see that she's crazy?

Fenris: Mages in glass houses shouldn't throw fireballs.

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Anders: By now, you must see what an injustice the templars are.

Fenris: Must I? I see templars trying to control what they have good reason to fear.

Anders: But they go too far.

Fenris: Talk to Hawke about his/her mother. Ask him/her who went "too far."

Anders: You can't hold all mages responsible for that!

Fenris: It doesn't take all mages to cause this. Only the weak ones.

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Anders: Not all mages are weak.

*(If Hawke is a mage)*

Fenris: True. Hawke, for instance, is not weak.

*(Otherwise)*

Fenris: Bethany, for instance, was not weak.

Anders: You specifically don't mention me.

Fenris: That's also true.

Anders: I'll prove to you that I'm not weak

Fenris: Prove it to yourself. You're convincing no one else.

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*(If Hawke spent the night with Fenris, but moved on to Anders)*

Anders: You were an idiot to leave Hawke.

Fenris: And you were fast enough to replace me.

Anders: I love him/her. You can't even imagine what that is.

Fenris: Do not bare your heart to me, mage, unless you would have me rip it out.

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*(If Hawke spent the night with Fenris, but moved on to Anders)*

Fenris: You... are living with Hawke now?

Anders: What's it to you?

Fenris: Be good to him/her. Break his/her heart, and I will kill you.

# **Anders and Isabela**

## **Act 1**

Isabela: Hello? Is Anders there? Can I speak to Anders?

Anders: You can stop yelling. It's always me.

Isabela: Oh, good. I didn't want to talk to that other guy. You know, the stick-in-the-mud.

Anders: He can still hear you. Justice and I are one.

Anders: Anyway, you wanted to talk to me?

Isabela: Not really. I just wanted to make sure it was you.

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Anders: I keep thinking I know you from somewhere...

Isabela: You're Fereldan, right? Ever spend time at the Pearl?

Anders: That's it!

Anders: You used to really like that girl with the griffon tattoos, right? What was her name?

Isabela: The Lay Warden?

Anders: That's right! I think you were there the night I—

Isabela: Oh! Were you the runaway mage who could do that electricity thing? That was nice...

Hawke: Please stop talking. Now.

*(Or if Varric is in the party)*

Varric: I don't think I need to know this about either of you.

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Anders: Isabela, you never talk about the mages' plight.

Isabela: What's there to say?

Anders: There's plenty to say.

Isabela: And you say enough for the lot of us, don't you think?

Anders: So you're telling me you have no opinion on the matter?

Isabela: None whatsoever!

Anders: That can't be true.

Isabela: No, I'm afraid I'm really this shallow.

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Anders: Sometimes, I think you have the right idea.

Isabela: Handcuffs, whipped cream, always be on top?

Anders: I never used to give two bits what anyone thought of me.

Anders: Justice once asked me why I didn't do more for other mages. I told him it was too much work.

Anders: But I couldn't go back after that. Couldn't stop thinking about it.

Anders: Sometimes, I miss being that selfish.

Isabela: Huh? Were you talking? I was still at "whipped cream."

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## **Act 2**

Anders: What makes this relic of yours so valuable?

Isabela: The same thing that makes anything valuable. Someone's willing to pay for it.

Anders: That's not evasive.

Isabela: Look, I didn't get where I am by showing my hand, you know?

Anders: No, your hand isn't what I hear you've been showing.

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Anders: Do you ever have any regrets?

Isabela: About what?

Anders: Anything? Everything? I can't figure you out.

Isabela: The past's past. I learned that young. If it can't bring you gold or giggles, what's the point in dwelling on it?

Anders: Maybe the chance to fix a mistake? Make things right again?

Isabela: Eh. Our mistakes make us who we are.

Anders: That was almost profound.

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Anders: So, this relic you lost... how is it you don't know what it is?

Isabela: It was in a box.

Anders: And you didn't open it? You managed to resist the urge?

Isabela: It was locked. It was a locked box!

Anders: Hasn't stopped you before.

Isabela: What do you want me to say?

Anders: Nothing. I just found it curious, that's all.

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Anders: You do have an opinion on mages, don't you?

Isabela: Of course I do. I just don't feel a constant need to bring it up.

Isabela: (Sighs) Mages don't worry me. And I don't believe the templars when they say I should be worried.

Isabela: I'm more likely to be shanked in a bar than eaten by an abomination. You can hear those coming a mile away.

Isabela: "Grr. Argh!" "Oh, is that an abomination coming to eat us? We should get out of here!"

Anders: Abominations don't go, "Grr. Argh."

Isabela: They don't? I should rethink the whole thing, then.

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## **Act 3**

Anders: You're not nearly as selfish as you pretend.

Isabela: Hey! You take that back!

Anders: You had your relic. You were gone. There was no reason for you to come back and face the Qunari.

Isabela: I still don't have a ship. I thought I could get one.

Anders: From a bunch of shipwrecked Qunari?

Isabela: From the Viscount. I just got here late.

Anders: I always knew you had a heart of gold.

Isabela: Shh! Don't tell anyone.

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Anders: I don't know how you live the way you do, blithely ignoring the consequences of your actions.

Isabela: This is about the Qunari thing, isn't it? I'm not ignoring it. I just recognize that it happened years ago.

Isabela: There's this fantastic thing called "moving on." You should try it sometime.

Anders: Has it occurred to you that Kirkwall is only just recovering from the Qunari attack?

Isabela: And you want me to... what? Flog myself daily?

Isabela: Has it occurred to you that maybe there's no justice in the world? Other than that voice you keep in your head.

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Anders: There is justice in the world.

Isabela: Is there? You want to free the mages. Let's say you do, but to get there, you kill a bunch of innocent people.

Isabela: What about them? Don't they then deserve justice?

Anders: Yes.

Isabela: And then what? Where does it end?

Isabela: It's like a bar brawl. People are continuously pulled into the fray, and nobody remembers why it started.

Isabela: Justice is an idea. It makes sense in a world of ideas, but not in our world.

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Anders: I can't believe you're still not taking sides.

Isabela: I told you, I only like to be on top.

Anders: I mean against the templars! You like freedom, right? You hate slavery.

Anders: Why wouldn't you side with the mages?

Isabela: Maybe I just don't like you.

# **Anders and Merrill**

## **Act 1**

Anders: So, when you first did blood magic, it was... just an accident, right?

Anders: You cut yourself and realized the power? You didn't actually deal with a demon?

Merrill: Oh, no. I did.

Anders: Why would you do that?

Merrill: I needed his help. He was really very nice about it.

Anders: Of course he was! He's using you to get a foothold in a mortal brain!

Merrill: He's a spirit. He offered me his aid. I hardly think you're one to criticize.

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Merrill: I heard Varric saying you were a Grey Warden.

Anders: I was.

Merrill: I met a warden once. Back in Ferelden. Duncan, I think his name was. Very odd man.

Merrill: He had a marvelous beard, though. I'd never seen one before. I thought a squirrel had grabbed him by the chin.

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*(If the Hero of Ferelden was Dalish and survived the battle with the Archdemon)*

Merrill: I heard Varric saying you were a Grey Warden.

Anders: I was.

Merrill: Did you... did you ever meet a Dalish Warden? Mahariel?

Anders: As a matter of fact, I did.

Anders: Do you know her/him?

Merrill: We grew up together. S/He was one of my clan.

Merrill: I keep hoping to hear some news...

Anders: I wouldn't get your hopes up. The Hero of Ferelden values privacy rather highly.

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*(If the Hero of Ferelden was Dalish, but died killing the Archdemon)*

Merrill: I heard Varric saying you were a Grey Warden.

Anders: I was.

Merrill: Did you... did you ever meet a Dalish Warden? Mahariel?

Anders: No. I had a friend who did, though. Told the most impossible stories.

Merrill: I'd like to hear them, sometime. If you don't mind.

*In all likelihood, the friend Anders is referring to is Oghren*

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Merrill: Ser Pounce-a-lot... who knighted him?

Anders: Is that a serious question?

Merrill: Did he have a little sword, or just his claws? I bet he had a dashing cap with a feather in it!

Anders: Would you stop making fun of my cat?

Merrill: Oh... no hat, then?

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Anders: Maybe you don't really understand the difference between spirits and demons.

Merrill: Did I ask you?

Anders: Spirits were the first children of the Maker, but He turned his back on them to dote on His mortal creations.

Anders: The ones who resented this became demons, driven to take everything mortals had and gain back the Maker's favor.

Merrill: Your "Maker" is a story you humans use to explain the world.

Merrill: We have our own stories. I don't need to borrow yours.

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## **Act 2**

Merrill: You could get another cat, you know. There's one in the Lowtown market with a litter of kittens ready to wean.

Anders: You don't pay attention to templars, Qunari or politics, but you notice kittens?

Merrill: Templars, Qunari, and politics don't meow and attack your feet when you're buying food.

Anders: Are there any tabbies? I'd like a tabby.

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Anders: Do Dalish honestly not recognize the difference between demons and beneficial spirits?

Merrill: We've never thought of the Fade as the home of our gods.

Merrill: It is another realm, another people's home. No different or more foreign than, say, Orzammar.

*(If Varric is in the party)*

Varric: You can say that again.

Anders: But have you never studied the types of demons? They break down very clearly into different sins—

Merrill: Spirits differ from each other, just as you and Hawke and Isabela are all human.

Merrill: More or less...

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*(If you complete Dissent and stop Anders from killing Ella)*

Merrill: Are you all right?

Anders: I nearly killed an innocent girl. How could I be all right?

Merrill: I'm sorry.

Anders: You're sorry? For me? This could be you! You could be the next monster threatening helpless girls!

Merrill: Anders... There's no such thing as a good spirit. There never was.

Merrill: All spirits are dangerous. I understood that. I'm sorry that you didn't.

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*(If you complete Dissent on a rivalry path with Anders)*

Anders: It's not a good feeling, you know.

Merrill: What?

Anders: Being an abomination. I just got a taste of your future.

Merrill: I'm not that foolish. Our relationship is, um, strictly platonic.

Anders: It's like you're trapped in your own body, seeing out your eyes, while someone else moves you like a puppet.

Anders: And you're trying to scream, to move a single muscle, but there's no escape. Until you look down at the blood on your hands...

Merrill: Stop it. You're scaring me.

Anders: That's the point.

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## **Act 3**

Anders: You must join us. Do you see that now? You must stand with Kirkwall's mages.

Merrill: It's not my fight.

Anders: You can't hide in Sundermount.

*(If the Dalish were killed during A New Path)*

Anders: Your clan is dead.

*(Otherwise)*

Anders: There is no place for you among the Dalish.

Merrill: No! My clan is all I ever cared about! Everything I did, I did for them!

Anders: On second thought, maybe don't try to help us.

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Merrill: Have I ever mentioned I like your coat?

Anders: You do?

Merrill: It's very lively! Like a crow in the middle of anting!

Anders: That's.... that's great. Thanks, Merrill.

*(If Varric is in the party)*

Varric: I tried to warn you, Blondie.

Anders: You're not helping.

*(If Isabela is in the party)*

Isabela: I wouldn't have called them "lively." Bedraggled, maybe. Or just... fluffy.

Anders: You're not helping.

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Merrill: You really believe don't you?

Anders: What are we talking about?

Merrill: Believing. You do I can tell, in freedom, in mages, in good spirits and bad templars. With more fire than the sun.

Anders: And your point is?

Merrill: I miss it sometimes, things being certain.

Anders: Some things are certain.

Merrill: Not anymore.

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*(During A New Path)*

Anders: I don't know why I'm bothering with this, but you do realize it is crazy, right?

Merrill: Believe me I noticed, if I had any other choices, I'd take them.

Anders: You have choices! You always had choices! Stop using blood magic. Get rid of that damned mirror.

Merrill: Oh in that case, I will head back to Kirkwall and throw it away, right after you abandon the plight of the circle of mages.

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*(If you complete A New Path)*

Anders: Your Keeper did not deserve that death.

Merrill: It was my risk to take! I never asked her to do this for me.

Anders: She knew you didn't have the strength to resist the demon. That's why it picked you.

Merrill: Why are you doing this? What can I do about it now?

Anders: Make up for your mistakes. Most blood mages never get a second chance.

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*(If Hawke romanced Merrill but also slept with Isabela)*

Anders: Hawke was a fool to let you move in. You'll only betray him/her. That's all your kind can do.

Merrill: Why do you only do this to me? Are you jealous? You don't get upset about Hawke and Isabela.

Anders: You can't really get jealous of someone for sleeping with Isabela. It's just...understood.

Anders: She's like a side dish. She comes with the meal.

*(If Isabela is in the party)*

Isabela: Only if it's a good meal.

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*(If Hawke romanced Anders)*

Merrill: Are you happy?

Anders: Beg your pardon?

Merrill: S/He seems happy. Hawke, I mean. Are you?

Anders: Yes, I suppose I am.

Merrill: Good! You've spent much too much time being grumpy. It's a nice change.

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# **Anders and Sebastian**

## **Act 2**

Anders: Is that supposed to be Andraste's face on your crotch?

Sebastian: What?

Anders: That... belt buckle thing. Is that Andraste?

Sebastian: My father had this armor commissioned when I took my vows as a brother.

Anders: I'm just not sure I'd want the Maker seeing me shove His bride's head between my legs every morning.

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Anders: So, you were invested as a brother in the chantry, right?

Sebastian: I had just taken my vows when I learned my family was killed.

Anders: But you... gave sermons and took confessions and such, right?

Sebastian: Do you have something you wish to confess?

Anders: I just want to know, what do you say when people have questions?

Anders: What's your answer when someone asks, "so if Andraste preached freedom and ended slavery, why do you lock up mages and keep them as slaves?"

Sebastian: No one ever asked that.

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Sebastian: You seem very angry.

Anders: And here I thought the Chantry was against mind-reading.

Sebastian: Did something happen to you in the Circle? I understand there were problems in Ferelden...

Anders: Are you saying a mage can only be unhappy in the Circle if demons were involved?

Anders: No, it's not about Uldred. It's not about being beaten or raped by a templar— that does happen, but I've been fortunate.

Anders: It' s a larger principle: the freedom every man, woman, and child born in Thedas have as a natural right.

Sebastian: You were given to the Circle. I was given to the Chantry. Hawke was driven away from home by the Darkspawn.

Sebastian: None of us are free.

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*(If you complete Dissent)*

Sebastian: So your "Tranquil Solution" was hardly the holocaust you imagined.

Anders: You've been seeking revenge for the death of one family for as long as I've known you.

Anders: Are you honestly judging me for trying to save the lives of every mage in Thedas?

Sebastian: But they were never threatened. It was a single man's lunacy.

Sebastian: The Chantry would never follow through with such a thing.

Anders: Yet.

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## **Act 3**

Anders: How can you keep standing up for her?

Sebastian: Who?

Anders: That doddering old biddy of a Grand Cleric.

Sebastian: How dare you! Elthina is everything a grand cleric should be. She's holy, wise—

Anders: Spineless... hesitant. She's clay in Meredith's hands.

Sebastian: In the face of danger, sometimes the bravest thing is to stand back and trust that the Maker will see justice done.

Anders: Well if doing nothing sums up your religion, then Elthina is perfect. Personally, I'd prefer a Chantry that favors action over sloth.

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Sebastian: You've made no secret of your intent to lead the mages here in revolution.

Anders: Well, I've tried not to shout it from the rooftops. You've just been around when I talk with my friends.

Sebastian: Well, as we have mutual friends—who for some reason don't want you to get hurt—let me tell you this:

Sebastian: If you go forward with this revolt, the Chantry will bring its full might to bear. They will kill you.

Anders: Andraste was killed. That doesn't mean she failed.

Sebastian: Do not compare yourself to Andraste.

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Anders: Go ahead. Say it.

Sebastian: Say what?

Anders: I saw you watching me.

Sebastian: I was looking at the clouds.

Anders: Don't give me that. I know you've been judging me.

Anders: You think I'm out of control. How can I claim to speak for mages when I'm half demon myself?

Sebastian: The one over there looks a bit like a bunny rabbit.

*(If Merrill is in the party)*

Merrill: I saw that too!

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Anders: How can you have so much faith? Does nothing bother you?

Sebastian: You're bothering me.

Anders: The Maker left us to our own devices generations ago.

Anders: He's never going to step back in, start listening to our prayers again. He's gone.

Anders: Doesn't that bother you?

Sebastian: He's a merciful lord. He could have destroyed our world when we failed Him, but instead He gave us a chance at redemption.

Sebastian: Should we not be joyful?

# **Anders and Varric**

## **Act 1**

Anders: What?

Varric: Just wondering if the feathered pauldrons are an essential part of the moody rebel mage persona.

Anders: What are you talking about?

Varric: I'm working on an epic poem about a hopelessly romantic apostate waging an epic struggle against forces he can't possibly defeat.

Anders: What do you mean, "can't possibly defeat?"

Varric: Well, it's not a good story unless the hero dies.

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Anders: I've always wondered, why is every surface dwarf a merchant or a smith?

Varric: You left out criminals and hired muscle.

Anders: They don't count.

Varric: We dwarves are drawn to shiny objects. Sort of like Magpies, but with business sense.

Anders: You're kidding.

Varric: Of course I am. We come to the surface with the skills our ancestors had, Blondie.

Varric: You think there's a tradition of dwarf woodcutters in Orzammar? Bee keepers? Sailors?

Anders: Well, there could be mushroom growers and nug wranglers.

Varric: Orzammar will never let those people go topside. Too vital. Also, embarrassing.

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Varric: So a human, an elf, and a dwarf walk into a bar...

Anders: The human says, "You're lucky you're so short. That hurt like mad!"

Varric: You could have just stopped me, Blondie.

Anders: Why waste a perfectly good set-up?

───────

## **Act 2**

Anders: Boiling in oil.

Varric: Too prosaic. Trapped in a cave with hungry bears, right at the spring thaw.

Anders: That lets him off too easy. Dipped in molten gold and left as a statue in the Viscount's Keep.

Varric: Ooh. That's poetic!

Hawke: What are you two talking about?

Varric: What to do to Bartrand when I find him.

Anders: Any suggestions?

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Varric: Blondie, I don't mean to sound critical, but have you considered a new line of work?

Anders: Such as?

Varric: Pretty much anything? I don't think "renegade mage" has a bright future. Or any retirement plan.

───────

Varric: If you've got something to say, just spit it out.

Anders: Are you sure you want to encourage me? I might be about to confess my undying love.

Varric: I get that a lot. So what's on your mind?

Anders: I just realized it's been a while since any of the gangs in the Undercity came to my door.

Varric: They're busy people. Places to go, throats to cut. Maybe you've slipped their minds.

Anders: Right. The apostate running the free clinic in the sewers. Easy to forget. You didn't have anything to do with this?

Varric: You must have me confused with someone else! I'm just a businessman and a storyteller.

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*(If you complete Dissent)*

Varric: Oh, cheer up, Blondie. You're making me cry just looking at you.

Anders: Don't.

Varric: You made a mistake. It happens.

Anders: I almost killed a girl.

Varric: You've killed two-hundred and fifty-four by my last count. Plus about five hundred men, a few dozen giant spiders, and at least two demons.

Anders: It's not the same.

Varric: Why? Because this one you feel bad about? Maybe that's the problem.

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## **Act 3**

Varric: So, three templars walk into a tavern.

Anders: Not right now, Varric.

Varric: You feeling all right, Blondie? You're always in the mood for templar jokes.

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Varric: So, the knight-commander... Boiling in oil? That one never gets old.

Anders: This is past time for joking.

Varric: I'm helping you indulge in elaborate revenge fantasies. I think it's good for you.

Anders: Meredith will die. Do not doubt that.

Varric: Go away, Justice. Can Anders come out and play?

Anders: [Justice voice] Stop.

Varric: You are no fun anymore.

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Varric: You've been glowering for days. Your face is going to get stuck that way.

Anders: My face is the least of my concerns right now.

Varric: That's because you don't have to look at it.

Varric: If you could see it from this angle, Blondie, it'd be at least a close second on your priority list.

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*(If Hawke romances Anders)*

Anders: You're giving me that look again. What are you writing this time?

Varric: So, you and Hawke... I need some details. Did you go down on one knee? Did he/she jump you? Did you swear eternal vows of love, or is this just a physical thing?

Anders: I don't see how that's any of your business.

Varric: Fine, but if you don't tell me, I'm just going to have to make it up.

# **Aveline and Bethany**

Bethany: Was Wesley based out of the Lothering chantry? I don't remember seeing him there.

Aveline: He served elsewhere. He was coming to find me at Ostagar.

Aveline: Were you familiar with every templar in Lothering?

Bethany: How else was I supposed to know when to run and hide?

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Bethany: Being a guardsman seems like a better life than being a soldier.

Aveline: Oh?

Bethany: My brother was a soldier. It's all about taking land and serving some king you've never met.

Bethany: Guardsmen, they do something real. They protect people. They make their lives better.

Aveline: I don't know if I agree.

Bethany: Neither would my brother.

───────

Bethany: How come you and Wesley never had children? I mean, sorry if that's too personal—

Aveline: It's all right.

Aveline: I was a soldier and he was a templar. We knew that our personal lives would have to wait.

Aveline: Distance never mattered, but we ran out of time. It is what it is.

Bethany: Now that he's gone, do you ever wish—

Aveline: That's too personal.

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Aveline: You show admirable restraint, Bethany.

Bethany: For a mage, you mean.

Aveline: I could also say, "for a Hawke," but yes, for a mage.

Bethany: You have a sword. Why aren't you killing someone right now?

Aveline: Fair point, but I can put my sword down.

Bethany: Believe me, I have tried.

───────

Aveline: I'm sorry I couldn't get you more information about the Circle, Bethany. It's difficult without naming you.

Bethany: Thank you for being discreet. I don't want the templars at my door.

Aveline: No one does.

Bethany: Let them corral the troublemakers. I just want information.

Aveline: Right. Right.

Bethany: It sounds like I'm trying to convince myself, doesn't it?

Aveline: I wouldn't have said. But yes.

# **Aveline and Carver**

Carver: Did you approve my application?

Aveline: I can't make you a guard, Carver.

Carver: We were both soldiers. Why won't they take me?

Aveline: I was an officer. And I follow orders.

Carver: (Laughs) No you don't.

Aveline: I also think of others before myself. You seem tired of that, and that's dangerous.

Carver: Just when it's not my choice. You told them not to take me, didn't you?

Aveline: Yes.

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Carver: I'm surprised you still travel with us, Aveline.

Aveline: Carver, don't.

Carver: You're ever so busy with the guardsmen. It must be a burden to slum with the refugees.

Aveline: It's oddly comforting that you insult me like I'm family.

Carver: That wasn't... no, I didn't mean that.

Aveline: I know. But you should be glad that's how I took it.

───────

Aveline: I don't like some of the people you've been associating with, Carver.

Carver: Talk to my brother/sister. He/She's the one in charge.

*(If on friendship path with Aveline)*

Aveline: Maybe, but I know you get around.

*(If on rivalry path with Aveline)*

Aveline: Who says I don't mean him/her too?

Aveline: This city's full of people who are dead set on ending badly. I don't want to see you end up the same way.

Carver: Would asking you to stop spying on me help in the least?

Aveline: No.

───────

Aveline: So, Carver, have you thought about what you'll do if your expedition doesn't pay off?

Carver: This is our only chance and you know it.

Aveline: You're so damned proud you couldn't pick up a trade?

Carver: And who would take on a Fereldan apprentice? Maybe in another year I could work my way up to pissboy.

Aveline: Fine, let's crawl down some holes. Good bloody luck for your sake.

───────

Aveline: Tell me, how did your family escape Lothering? Almost everyone who hadn't fled...

Carver:

(If Hawke is male) My brother. If he wasn't with us, I don't think we'd be here.

(If Hawke is female) My older sister. If she wasn't with us, I don't think we'd be here.

Aveline: But you seem quite skilled as well.

Carver: I'm not my brother/sister.

# **Aveline and Fenris**

## **Act 1**

Aveline: Are you safe, Fenris?

Fenris: No.

Aveline: You know, some guards give people the opportunity to lie if it will keep the peace.

Fenris: You can see what I am. Lie to yourself if you must.

───────

Fenris: I understand you're named after a famous knight?

Aveline: Everyone always brings up the name.

Fenris: I've not heard of Ser Aveline—is she very famous?

Aveline: Really? They don't tell of her glorious downfall in Tevinter?

Fenris: Not to slaves.

Aveline: Pardon me for saying so, but thank the Maker for that.

───────

Fenris: You do not like your name?

Aveline: My name is a wish my father made. And I did want to be a knight, but...

Fenris: I see. Still, it's a good name. A strong name.

Aveline: What were you named after?

Fenris: I don't know my real name. My master called me Fenris, his "little wolf."

Aveline: Could you not call yourself something different now?

Fenris: Couldn't you?

Aveline: A fine point.

───────

*(Only if you complete The Way It Should Be)*

Aveline: You are known, Fenris.

Fenris: What?

Aveline: I'm going through Jeven's neglected reports. Some involve you. And requests about you.

Fenris: By whom?

Aveline: I don't know. They're old, poorly kept. But you should be on your best behavior.

Fenris: Thank you for getting rid of them.

Aveline: I didn't.

───────

## **Act 2**

Aveline: All right, I'm just going to say it. Fenris, you need to present yourself better.

Fenris: What are you talking about?

Aveline: You're squatting in Hightown. I sympathize with your claims, but your neighbors have influence.

Fenris: My claims?

Aveline: To the estate. "Rightfully stolen" isn't exactly something I can forward to the Viscount. Be more discreet about... yourself.

Fenris: I shall endeavor to exist with less offense.

───────

Aveline: Fenris, did you consider my offer for you to train the guard in Tevinter fighting techniques? I've heard nothing.

Fenris: My abilities were inflicted, not taught. I will not pass that on.

Aveline: Some good should come of them.

Fenris: No.

───────

Fenris: It feels good to be captain of the guard, yes?

Aveline: No, I will not change the patrols around your mansion again. There's already been too many questions.

Fenris: You wound my pride with such accusations.

Aveline: But you were going to ask.

Fenris: Eventually.

Aveline: (Laughs) I'll look at the roster and see what I can do.

───────

*(During A Bitter Pill, in the Abandoned Slaver Den, when the Blood Sacrifice is examined)*

Fenris: See for yourself. The legacy of the magisters.

Aveline: Is this... allowed in Tevinter?

Fenris: In a society where mages rule, they find many ways to justify their need for power.

───────

## **Act 3**

Fenris: I was speaking with Donnic the other day...

Aveline: Since when do you talk with my husband?

Fenris: He... comes to the mansion once a week? We play diamondback.

Aveline: What? Why am I not invited to these games?

Fenris: He says you get angry when you lose.

Aveline: I do not! All right, perhaps I do. Still, that's no reason not to tell me.

*(If Isabela is in the party)*

Isabela: Perhaps he longed for less masculine companionship?

Aveline: Shut up, whore.

*(If Varric is in the party)*

Varric: It is if he's a betting man.

Fenris: I disavow any knowledge of gambling occurring in my house.

*(Otherwise:)*

Fenris: He's a good man, Aveline. I enjoy his visits.

Aveline: Fine, fine. Have your "man time," then.

───────

Aveline: Do you feel like a citizen, Fenris?

Fenris: Excuse me?

Aveline: You've been in Kirkwall as long as I have. Does it feel like home?

Fenris: I have no comparison, really. It feels like a free place.

Aveline: Maybe that's enough.

Fenris: We shall see.

*(Alternately, if Fenris is in a relationship with Hawke)*

Aveline: You've been in Kirkwall as long as I have. Does it feel like home?

Fenris: It feels. That itself has been a surprise.

Aveline: *(If The Long Road was completed)*I think I know what you mean.

(or)

Aveline: *(If The Long Road was not completed)*I think I had a chance for that and missed it.

───────

Aveline: There's a war coming. Does it feel different, fighting by choice?

Fenris: You were never ordered to kill?

Aveline: I was a soldier, but I was willing.

Fenris: I was willing, as well, but not by choice. (Laughs) If that makes any sense.

Aveline: Does anything in this mess?

───────

Aveline: Thank you for that tip, Fenris.

Fenris: You caught them, then?

Aveline: Yes—a whole nest of slave runners working out of the Undercity.

Fenris: I imagine you imprisoned them?

Aveline: Sadly, they never made it to prison.

Fenris: You always know how to make me smile, Aveline.

# **Aveline and Isabela**

## **Act 1**

Aveline: So, Isabela. You're a captain?

Isabela: That's right, big girl. What of it?

Aveline: I don't remember your name on any registries. Every ship that docks has to declare.

Isabela: I never docked, and you're no port authority.

Aveline: And you... are no merchant.

Isabela: Ooh... scrutiny.

───────

Isabela: Do men find you intimidating? What about Wesley? Did he?

Aveline: Isabela...

Isabela: What? Too soon?

Aveline: Too soon, too personal, too... everything coming from you!

Isabela: Ooh, sore spot?

Aveline: If you don't shut up, I'll give you a sore spot.

───────

Isabela: You have such pretty hair. What a lovely color.

Aveline: Other children used to laugh at me for having ginger hair.

Isabela: Really? Aww. I bet you were cute. Did you have pigtails?

Aveline: Sometimes.

Isabela: How precious! Little Aveline, running around the village with her flaming orange pigtails streaming behind her...

Isabela: ... and little boys all scattering and screaming for mercy as she approached.

Aveline: Shut up, whore.

───────

*(Only if you complete The Way It Should Be)*

Isabela: Well. "Captain." Can I call you captain? You can call me captain.

Aveline: I won't be doing that.

Isabela: Neither will I. Because you're a guard captain. No real authority. Not like on a ship.

Aveline: Well, you would know about having a large number of men under you.

Isabela: You've been waiting to use that one. Did you practice?

Aveline: Shut up.

───────

*(When entering the Blooming Rose for the first time)*

Isabela: "The difference between whores and courtesans is... well, they have nicer shoes."

Aveline: I think your shoes are fine.

Isabela: Look at you being funny! That might even get you a man someday.

───────

## **Act 2**

Aveline: I had trouble with another one of your women, Isabela. She stole from a... distracted client. You're lucky she wasn't jailed.

Isabela: My women? I am but a shepherd. And what free enterprise are you oppressing now?

Aveline: Theft is not enterprise.

Isabela: Opportunities insufficiently guarded. Victimless crimes.

Aveline: Except for all the victims.

Isabela: Details. Victimless details.

───────

Aveline: How are you so successful with men? You're not that pretty.

Isabela: Cast a wide enough net, and you're bound to catch something.

Aveline: (Laughs) At least you're willing to admit it.

Isabela: Trust me. I've heard, "Get away from me, you pirate hag!" more times than I care to count.

Aveline: Doesn't that bother you?

Isabela: Why should it? They don't know me. I know me.

───────

Aveline: You're right.

Isabela: About?

Aveline: About knowing who you are.

Aveline: I'm the captain of the guard. I'm loyal, strong, and I don't look too bad naked.

Isabela: Exactly. And if I called you a mannish, awkward, ball-crushing do-gooder, you'd say...?

Aveline: Shut up, whore.

Isabela: That's my girl.

───────

*(After completing The Long Road)*

Isabela: So, how good is Donnic? Is he cocksure?

Aveline: (Sighs) Just... get it out of your system.

Isabela: Did he curl your toes?

(Isabela will say four of the following at random:)

Isabela: Dwarf your beard?

Isabela: Arl your Eamon?

Isabela: Shank your Jory?

Isabela: Praise your Maker?

Isabela: Grope your grinder?

Isabela: Establish his canon?

Isabela: Kaddis your Katie?

Isabela: Dampen your Divine?

Isabela: Pamper your Paragon?

Isabela: Grey your Warden?

Isabela: Pudding your peach?

Isabela: Float your frigate?

Isabela: Explore your Deep Roads?

(The fifth will always be one of the following)

Isabela: How about "satisfy a demand of your Qun."

Isabela: Or did he Cup your Joining?

Isabela: Or master your taint? That's an old one.

Aveline: Yes, all right? He is an incredibly proficient lover. Happy?

Isabela: Well that's rather personal, don't you think?

───────

## **Act 3**

Aveline: You didn't come to my solstice dinner party.

Isabela: Look at you! Dinner parties, cooking... do you have a lace apron yet, or should I get one for you?

Aveline: Don't change the subject. I sent you an invitation, and you didn't show up.

Isabela: I thought it would be... I mean, I don't know. I just don't do family gatherings.

Isabela: Besides, one day you and Donnic will have children, and I'll be the last person you want around them.

Isabela: Imagine all the awkward questions you'd have to answer. "Mother, what's a Slattern?"

Aveline: I'll just point at you and say, "That's a Slattern."

───────

*(If The Long Road was completed)*

Isabela: So, Donnic was in the Rose.

Aveline: He was not!

Isabela: Easy, big girl. He wasn't shopping for himself. You're lucky to have a man who wants to please you.

Isabela: But, maybe you could indulge him more. Are there areas of intimacy you haven't explored?

Aveline: Why? Why do you give me these doubts!

Isabela: Aveline. If you shove your thumb up his ass, I win.

*(The last line depends on who else is in the party)*

Anders: Just... no.

Fenris: (Laughs)

Merrill: Ew!

Varric: Ah, that old chestnut.

Sebastian: Ugh. Maker.

Hawke: (Coughs)

───────

*(If The Long Road was not completed)*

Isabela: So, Donnic was in the Rose.

Aveline: Good. Happy for him. He needs to calm down.

Isabela: You're tough on the man. I don't see how it's his fault if you missed your chance.

Aveline: Isabela, I realize that you are always prepared for a sudden random phallus, but for your own safety, shut your mouth!

───────

*(If The Long Road was completed)*

Isabela: How's marriage been treating you, big girl?

Aveline: It's been good. No, great. I'd forgotten what it was like to...

Isabela: Be flipped ass over tits and hammered like a bent nail?

Aveline: To. Be. Loved.

Isabela: Oh. Right, of course.

Aveline: Not that I'm complaining about the other thing.

───────

*(If The Long Road was not completed)*

Isabela: So how long has it been? Six years? Seven?

Aveline: None of your business.

Isabela: You ever thought of going to the Rose? They're discreet and remarkably affordable if you forgo all the extras.

Aveline: Quiet!

Isabela: Not that sensual massages aren't lovely, but in a dire situation like yours, you need to get straight to the point.

Isabela: Some good old fashioned, headboard slamming-

Aveline: If you don't shut your mouth, I'm going to slam your head against something.

Isabela: (Whistles) Touchy...

───────

Aveline: You know, Isabela, if someone had told me that I'd put up with you for all these years, I'd have punched them flat.

Isabela: And if someone had told me I'd still be here, I'd have done the same.

*(If No Rest for the Wicked has been completed and Isabela blackmailed Castillon)*

Aveline: You have your ship, what's stopping you?

*(Otherwise)*

Aveline: Save your bits, you'll have your ship one day.

Isabela: And what would you do without me as a constant headache in the Rose?

Aveline: Someone would rush to fill the hole. You know, like you never left.

Isabela: That's my girl.

Aveline: Maybe you win once in a while.

───────

# **Aveline and Merrill**

## **Act 1**

Merrill: You must really like the Hawke family.

Aveline: Why do you say that?

Merrill: You came all the way from Lothering with them, didn't you? And they're not even your clan.

Aveline: Humans don't have clans, Merrill.

Merrill: Exactly! You came so far together, and you didn't even have a Keeper to make you get along.

Aveline: So your Keeper tells you to stop kicking each other, or she'll turn the aravel around?

Merrill: Sometimes she also warns us to stop pulling hair.

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Merrill: I would like to know more about being a guard, Aveline.

Aveline: I don't think that's the job for you.

Merrill: I know, but it might help me not get caught.

Aveline: You probably shouldn't have said that part.

Merrill: Why?

Aveline: Just... never mind.

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Merrill: Did Lothering have an alienage?

Aveline: It wasn't a big enough village to have a wall around it, let alone a place for elves.

Merrill: Where did the elves live, then?

Aveline: Stables and outbuildings, mostly.

Merrill: I think I like alienages better.

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Merrill: Why don't you arrest us, Aveline?

Aveline: What?

Merrill: We break the law. I'm pretty sure. There are laws for almost everything. You're not a bad guard, are you?

Aveline: No!

(If on a friendship path with Merrill)

Merrill: That's good. Is it because you're fond of Hawke? I kind of am.

Aveline: How very nice for you. Keep it to yourself.

Merrill: I'd rather keep it with her/him.

(If on a rivalry path with Merrill)

Merrill: That's good. You look uncomfortable. Did I say something wrong again?

Aveline: No, Merrill, that's fine.

Merrill: Ah, maybe it's your shoes.

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## **Act 2**

Aveline: You're incredibly talented, Merrill. I can see you are meant for great things.

Merrill: Thank you!

Aveline: But... You're stupid.

Merrill: I'm sorry, what?

Aveline: Don't you think it would be better to work on where you are now, instead of recreating old glory?

Merrill: No. No, that's kind of the opposite of what I've been saying. I'm the stupid one? Whatever.

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Merrill: The Qunari must like it here, to stay so long.

Aveline: From what I've seen, the Qunari don't like anything.

Merrill: That can't be true. They must like some things... Sunshine? Butterflies? Rainbows?

Aveline: If I spot a Qunari admiring butterflies, Merrill, you'll be the first person I tell.

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*(After completing The Long Road)*

Merrill: (Giggles)

Aveline: Yes?

Merrill: Is it like you thought? It's nice, isn't it? He seems nice.

Aveline: Yes, he's very nice.

Merrill: I know! And you're so cute when you're with him! Not like normal-you at all!

Aveline: Haven't you got something unholy to do?

Merrill: No, we're following Hawke. That's important, too.

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*(If you complete Mirror Image)*

Aveline: This mirror of yours — what does it do?

Merrill: Mostly it stands in my house, looking a bit spooky.

Aveline: But its magic, right? So it can do... Magic things? Is it dangerous?

Merrill: It could fall on someone, but you'd have to push it really hard. It's quite heavy.

Aveline: Merrill, is it a danger to the people of Kirkwall or not?

Merrill: Oh! Only to anyone sitting right under it.

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## **Act 3**

Merrill: Aveline, you'll look after Hawke, won't you?

Aveline: The champion of Kirkwall doesn't need my protection (Rivarly with Hawke)

Aveline: Of course I will. What kind of a question is that? (Friendship with Hawke)

Merrill: And sometimes Isabela gets into awful trouble. You'll watch out for her, too?

Aveline: Merrill... what brought this on?

Merrill: Anything could happen. You'll protect them, though. It's what you do.

Aveline: There's nothing to worry about, Merrill.

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Merrill: Aveline, what's in your mirror?

Aveline: What do you mean?

Merrill: In your mirror. What do you see?

Aveline: A warrior. A wife. All the mistakes I made to get here and make it right.

Aveline: Why? What have you decided to see?

*(If after A New Path and Merrill decided to break the Eluvian)*

Merrill: My mirror is broken. But I think... I think I see good things.

Merrill: Maybe a headband...

*(If after A New Path and Merrill did not break the Eluvian)*

Merrill: Demons. And... cracks.

*(Otherwise)*

Merrill: Sometimes it's hard to tell. Cracks, mostly.

Merrill: Maybe I'll borrow yours sometime. If that's all right?

Aveline: It's all right.

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Aveline: I didn't expect you to stick around for this mess Merrill. This has nothing to do with your elves.

*(If Hawke is romancing Merrill)*

Merrill: I love Hawke, I wouldn't go anywhere.

Aveline: But it's not your fight.

Merrill: I love Hawke.

Aveline: You said that.

Merrill: I say it a lot. It makes things clearer, takes away doubt when everything is crazy and people are dying.

Aveline: I understand.

Merrill: Oh, good. Someone should.

*(If not romanced)*

Merrill: Everything affects everything. We were born, a bunch of things happened, and now we're in a mess with our friends.

Aveline: That seems too simple.

Merrill: Simple is good. It sneaks up on you, makes you smile.

Merrill: Maybe that should be enough once in a while.

Aveline: Simple it is.

*(If after A New Path)*

Aveline: That seems too simple.

Merrill: Simple is good. It sneaks up on you, makes you smile.

Merrill: Or it says "Hey over there!" And kills with a pin.

Aveline: Merrill?

Merrill: Simple Aveline. Not stupid.

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Merrill: Aveline... do you think we'll win?

Aveline: Win what?

Merrill: In the end. It feels like something is ending, doesn't it? Do you think we'll win?

Aveline: Nothing is ending, Merrill. Things are a little tense, but it will pass.

Merrill: I hope we win. Varric will make it a good story, I'm sure.

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*(During A New Path)*

Aveline: What should we be prepared for if something goes wrong?

Merrill: I'm not entirely sure. I've never seen an abomination myself. The keeper said they... warp and change before your eyes.

Aveline: So you want us to come along and watch for something, but you don't know what?

Merrill: It's just a precaution, Aveline. Nothing will go wrong.

Aveline: Oh. That's reassuring.

# **Aveline and Sebastian**

## **Act 2**

Sebastian: I understand you are of noble birth.

Aveline: My father was a chevalier. He had to flee Orlais when his patron was murdered.

Sebastian: I'm sorry.

Aveline: I wouldn't have been suited for the life of an Orlesian noblewoman, anyway.

Sebastian: But surely you wish it had been different? To be a lady of Orlais and not a... city guardsman?

Aveline: Not for one moment.

Aveline: I'd rather kill a bandit and save a merchant's family than know the correct dance steps and which rouge is in fashion.

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Sebastian: I hope this wasn't presumptuous, but I added your husband's name to the memorial wall in the Chantry.

Aveline: Wesley? But... you never knew him.

Sebastian: He was a templar. He refused to abandon the people of Ferelden to the Blight. He died too young.

Sebastian: The grand cleric will read his name during the Chant of Remembrance.

Aveline: Thank you. That is... very kind.

Sebastian: He walks with the Maker. But it is no shame for those left behind to mourn.

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Aveline: So you're a prince, are you?

Sebastian: That is apparently true.

Aveline: There's doubt?

Sebastian: I've accepted the burden. That's all that matters. Why do you ask, Guard-Captain?

Aveline: The entitled types are always trouble.

Sebastian: In that case, I'm glad I don't count myself as one.

Aveline: They never do.

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Sebastian: You don't like me, Guard-Captain?

Aveline: I've no issue, so long as the fight over your title remains in Starkhaven. Exactly like it hasn't.

Sebastian: Should I apologize for trying to take back what is rightfully mine?

Aveline: Whatever it takes? No matter the cost?

Sebastian: It feels like your're blaming me for some personal experience of yours.

Aveline: I was at Ostagar. Good people die when leaders "do whatever it takes."

Sebastian: Good people know the necessity.

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*(Once you complete Repentance)*

Sebastian: What have I done now? You look like you wish to scold me.

Aveline: I just can't fathom why you're still in Kirkwall.

Aveline: For six years you've been claiming you'll retake your parent's lands.

Aveline: You're smart, you'd be a capable ruler. What are you waiting for?

Sebastian: I don't know if it's the right thing to do.

Aveline: Do we ever get to know that?

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*(Once you complete Repentance)*

Aveline: Has Starkhaven called for its lost prince, Sebastian? Would you give up if the city has moved on?

Sebastian: Like Ferelden "moved on" after Cailan?

Aveline: You've been reading.

(If Alistair was made king)

Sebastian: It's a good tale. King Alistair is particularly inspiring. But I doubt that's how you see me.

*(Otherwise)*

Sebastian: It's a good tale. I'm inspired by the Warden Alistair. But I doubt that's how you see me.

*(If on rivalry path)*

Sebastian: I'm no tyrant, Aveline. If people die restoring me to my place, they'll do it knowing the risk. If that doesn't satisfy, so be it.

Aveline: After your actions here? No, it doesn't.

*(If on friendship path)*

Sebastian: I don't intend to let anyone die restoring me to my place, Aveline. The risks are mine. And that will have to satisfy.

Aveline: It was well said, I give you that. We'll see.

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## **Act 3**

Aveline: Are you loyal, Prince?

Sebastian: Guard-Captain?

Aveline: To Kirkwall. Are you loyal?

Aveline: You're set on a title in Starkhaven, but we're having a crisis here.

Sebastian: This isn't just Kirkwall's concern. If this chaos spreads, Starkhaven will need a strong ruler to beat back the tide.

Aveline: I've seen greater men than you use that excuse.

Sebastian: Noted and ignored, Captain.

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Sebastian: Do you have many dealings with the knight-commander?

Aveline: Please don't start with that. I'm not a templar. I'm the captain of the guard.

Aveline: We arrest burglars. The knight-commander never gives us a thought.

Sebastian: Grand Cleric Elthina is worried about her. She's stopped taking the Chantry's advice.

Aveline: Her job's not easy. Certain... forces in the city are allied against her.

*(If Anders is in the party)*

Anders: Don't try to be subtle. I'm right here.

Sebastian: Clearly, our templars need strong leaders.

Aveline: Until something changes, that's Meredith. And we must give her any support we are able.

# **Aveline and Varric**

## **Act 1**

Aveline: Varric, do you do anything?

Varric: Am I the next stop in your career evaluations? Joy of joys.

Aveline: You watch and you talk. Is that it?

Varric: You are dismissing hallmarks of both the utterly ineffectual and the incredibly dangerous.

Aveline: I don't know what you mean.

Varric: It means coins flow when I talk and when I shut up. Like if you got paid to guard or unguard.

Aveline: That makes no sense.

Varric: Good.

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Aveline: Maybe I should put you to use Varric. Have you pen some warnings for the lawless.

Varric: Who's that for? Are most criminals big readers? Seems like pacifying the nobles.

Aveline: Pictures then. It was just a suggestion.

Varric: Well how about a giant sign that just says "Don't." You could hit people with it.

Aveline: Thank you, I get the point.

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Varric: A Fereldan in the guard. What will they think of next?

Aveline: You have a problem with that?

Varric: Me? My family's not native either. I'm just surprised. Lots of old prejudice in the guard.

Aveline: I'll give them plenty of reason to change their minds.

Varric: You know, it's possible they're just scared shitless of you. That's my theory, anyway.

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Varric: So what do you do, Aveline?

Aveline: You know I'm a guard, why are you asking?

Varric: I mean in your off-duty hours. For fun. You've heard of it, I hope?

Aveline: These are my off-duty hours.

Varric: And the trend of you scaring the piss out of me continues.

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## **Act 2**

Aveline: Blondie, Sunshine, Daisy, Rivaini... What am I?

Varric: Beg your pardon?

Aveline: You don't call anyone by name except for me. Where's my nickname?

Varric: That's not true. There's Hawke. And Bianca.

Aveline: "Hawke" is a family name and Bianca is a crossbow. Don't change the subject.

Varric: Haven't thought of a good one yet. What do you think of "Red?"

Aveline: Too common.

Varric: Well, when you think of one, let me know.

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Aveline: You, Varric, have a very large mouth.

Varric: And here I've always looked up to you. What is it now?

Aveline: There were fistfights in the barracks over who is the model for your guard serial.

Varric: Hard in Hightown. Riveting stuff. Everyone loves a dirty guard on the edge.

Aveline: Varric.

Varric: Fine. I'll start his big finish. Three chapters until Donnen Brennicovick retires and opens a tavern on the coast.

Varric: I sure hope he makes it. He's getting too old for this shit.

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Aveline: You are very close to losing your printing blocks, Varric.

Varric: Once more I am falsely accused of whatever it is that I am accused of. Falsely.

Aveline: Someone swapped the text of my recruitment poster with some filth from the Blooming Rose.

Varric: That does sound pretty good.

Aveline: Sure, fill barracks with whores. But you've also filled the Rose with guards.

Varric: It is true what they say. The best comedy comes from tragedy.

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Aveline: You know the Tethras family businesses are registered in your cousin Elmand's name?

Varric: You don't say?

Aveline: But I can't find any record of you having a cousin Elmand.

Varric: I'll introduce you some time. He's a little on the shy side.

Aveline: Varric. He's imaginary.

Varric: Which makes him a much better head of the household than I am. He never misses the Merchants Guild meetings, for one.

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## **Act 3**

Aveline: You're too quiet, Varric.

Varric: I'm thinking of switching to romances. Nothing? Not even a foreboding frown?

(Only if The Long Road has been completed)

Aveline: I am content. Write what you will.

Varric: Well that certainly takes the fun out of it. Contentment in the barracks? Who'll pay to hear that shit?

Aveline: Then I should have thought of it years ago.

(Otherwise)

Aveline: Do what you will. I don't care.

Varric: That is... not a comforting thought.

Aveline: It is what it is. I'm used to it.

Varric: I think we've both lost some inspiration.

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Aveline: Why are you still here, Varric?

Varric: Starkhaven's too pretentious for me and Cumberland's too boring.

Aveline: You always say you hate commitment, but here you are, six years later, still at Hawke's side.

Varric: Aveline, I thought you'd have noticed by now: I lie a lot.

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Aveline: Strange, I always thought I'd wind up arresting you some day.

Varric: If I ever decide to get caught, Aveline, you'll be the guard I let catch me.

Aveline: "Let catch you?"

Varric: "Decide to get caught" didn't trip you up though. Good to know!

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Aveline: How are you at finales, Varric?

Varric: I'm expecting some practical experience fairly soon.

Aveline: Make it a good one, will you?

Varric: For you, madam, endless sunsets and roses.

Aveline: Varric.

Varric: And the swift hand of the law sweeping all aside. I thought it went unsaid.

# **Bethany and Fenris**

Fenris: You've been an apostate your whole life, then?

Bethany: Like my father before me. What of it?

Fenris: Didn't your family consider that dangerous?

Bethany: There are mages who go their whole lives without ever falling prey to a demon. Many of them, in fact.

Fenris: And if the Templars came looking for you? That would not be danger enough?

Bethany: Perhaps there shouldn't be any Templars.

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Fenris: You know, you cannot wish the Templars away.

Bethany: I can try.

Fenris: Is the Circle here truly so terrible an option?

Bethany: Do you really have to ask that?

Fenris: You would be kept safe from others as well as yourself, and they would be kept safe from you.

Bethany: I... didn't ask for this.

Fenris: Nobody asks for their fate.

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Bethany: Do you ever miss Tevinter?

Fenris: I was a slave.

Bethany: Still, it was your home, right? The only one you remember?

Bethany: Does it ever feel strange not to be there?

Fenris: Sometimes. That does not mean I would go back.

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Bethany: So, the magister put lyrium in your skin?

Fenris: So I'm told.

Bethany: Does it hurt?

Fenris: You do not want to know the answer to that.

# **Bethany and Isabela**

Bethany: What were you before you were a pirate?

Isabela: I had a husband. He didn't beat me, that's about the best I can say about it.

Bethany: So you left him?

Isabela: He was murdered. By my lover. It was all very... Antivan.

Bethany: Oh. I don't think I'd like to live in Antiva.

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Bethany: So you've... been with women. In bed?

Isabela: I know. Shocking, isn't it?

Isabela: You see, sweetness, men are only good for one thing. Women are good for six.

Bethany: Six? Which six?

Hawke: Isabela!

Isabela: (Laughs)

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Bethany: I guess you've been with a lot of men.

Isabela: Men. Women. Elves. A dwarf in drag once, but I don't recommend that.

Bethany: Oh.

Isabela: Aw... you're blushing! Why? How many lovers have you had?

Bethany: I-I never—

Isabela: You're a virgin? Hawke, you've been holding out on the poor girl! Get her a night at the Blooming Rose. On me!

Bethany: That's, um, very generous.

Isabela: I'm a giver.

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Bethany: That book you were reading this morning, "Hessarian's Spear"— I don't think he had a spear in the legends.

Isabela: He does in this one. Read the description.

Bethany: "Andraste knelt before no man but her Maker, but she hadn't counted on the archon Hessarian."

Bethany: "Can Hessarian penetrate the tight-knit defenses of the warrior-prophetess? Will she be prepared to face the full blast of his... power?"

Bethany: Wait a minute... Isabela! This is a vulgar thing!

Isabela: You want to borrow it?

Bethany: No!

Isabela: You sure? It has pictures!

Bethany: Not listening! I'm not listening!

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*((When entering the barracks in the Viscount's Keep)*

Isabela: Coming here of my own free will feels wrong... Like diddling a sister.

Bethany: Why? Why do you say these things?

# **Bethany and Merrill**

Bethany: So, there's no Circle among the Dalish?

Merrill: Any child with the gift of magic is apprenticed to a Keeper... in another clan if there's no need in her own.

Bethany: That sounds nice.

Merrill: Magic is a gift of the Creators. Why wouldn't we use it?

Merrill: It just seems... wasteful for humans to lock their mages away where they can't do any good.

*(If Fenris is in the party)*

Fenris: Of course, you're a blood mage.

Bethany: Oh. Right.

*(Otherwise)*

Bethany: But... you are a blood mage.

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Bethany: So, is the Keeper... your mother?

Merrill: I left my clan when I was a child to become Marethari's First.

Merrill: I haven't seen my parents in more than ten years.

Bethany: I'm so sorry! My father died in the Blight. You must really miss them.

Merrill: I remember my mother singing to me, when I was a little girl and I'd get sick. I think that's what I miss the most.

Merrill: The Keeper has a terrible singing voice.

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Merrill: You're so lucky.

Bethany: How do you figure?

Merrill: I wish I had a brother/sister and a mother and an uncle.

Merrill: It must be wonderful. You'd never be alone!

Bethany: It is wonderful. Although it might be better without Uncle Gamlen.

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Merrill: If you could do anything - just anything at all - what would you do?

Bethany: That's easy. Be normal. No magic, just... normal.

Merrill: Really? You wouldn't fly across Thedas or eat a cake the size of Kirkwall? Keep a baby griffon for a pet?

Bethany: Well, now that you say it, the griffon might not be so bad.

Merrill: I'd name mine "Feathers."

# **Bethany and Varric**

Bethany: You don't seem to like your brother very much.

Varric: And here I thought it took blood magic to read minds.

Bethany: I had a twin brother, Carver. He used to nail my braid to the bed while I was sleeping.

Bethany: I never thought I'd miss him this much.

Varric: Sorry about your brother.

Varric: Hey, you want mine? I've got a spare...

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Bethany: Do you ever wish you lived in Orzammar?

Varric: Great Ancestors, no! You know what Orzammar is?

Varric: It's cramped tunnels, filled with nug-shit and body-odor.

Varric: And every person there thinks he's better than you because his great-great-great grandfather made a water-clock or something.

Bethany: But they're your people. Don't you even wonder what it would be like?

Varric: I have a good imagination. Why would I waste it on that?

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Bethany: Are you really not afraid of apostates? Not even a little?

Varric: Sunshine, I'm a dwarf. In case you missed that detail.

Bethany: Dwarves aren't completely immune to magic, you know.

Varric: Who has time to worry about apostates with a Merchant's Guild breathing down your neck?

Bethany: In that case... I see.

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Bethany: Your family used to be noble, right?

Varric: By some definition of the term.

Bethany: Do you ever wonder what your life would have been like, if you were still nobles?

Varric: Sunshine, nobility is just an expensive lifestyle. I've already got one of those.

Bethany: Nobles have power, too. And responsibilities.

Varric: Estates, servants, investments, mercenaries, assassins? We've still got all those things.

Varric: It's sunnier here, and nobody calls me my lord. I think I can live with that.

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*Only if Birthright has been completed:*

Varric: So... Milady Sunshine, what's your first act as a noblewoman going to be?

Bethany: A noblewoman with no fortune and no title? Looking for work, probably.

Varric: Practicality is for peasants, my lady. You need to do something frivolous to celebrate your birthright.

Bethany: Such as...?

Varric: Come up to the Hightown Market and complain bitterly that there's no Orlesian silk that matches your eyes.

Bethany: But what if something does match my eyes? What will I do, then?

Varric: Insist that they're blatantly copying you, and demand royalties. A good noble always has a complaint ready, Sunshine.

# **Carver and Fenris**

Carver: So... this master of yours wants your markings back? Skin and all?

Fenris: So his hunters told me. Unwillingly.

Carver: So why not cover them up? Wouldn't that make you harder to find?

Fenris: Let them come. I am not one to hide.

Carver: Still, if it were me—

Fenris: It's not.

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Carver: So you've really never thought of hiding from those hunters?

Fenris: To what end?

Carver: So you could, I don't know, have a life?

Fenris: What life do you have? There are no hunters after you at all.

Carver: I have a life!

Fenris: One that you complain about. We are not always free to do as we wish, as you should well know.

Carver: I do have a life.

Fenris: Then I stand corrected.

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Carver: You're very different from other elves.

Fenris: Oh? You know them all?

Carver: No. I just... you look different. There's no denying that.

Fenris: It is what I am. And unlike the problems you claim to have, I really did have no choice.

Carver: Do we know anyone who isn't brooding every hour of the day?

Fenris: Like attracts like, it seems.

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Carver: You know, Fenris, I have a tattoo.

Fenris: You have a what?

Carver: A tattoo. A lot of us got them before Ostagar. It's a Mabari. For strength.

Fenris: Does it curse you with the ability to reach into a man and tear out his insides?

Carver: Uh. I can make it bark.

Fenris: Please don't.

(Next line depends on the third companion present)

Anders: Yes, refrain.

Aveline: Agreed.

Isabela: Rather see it wag.

Merrill: That's... ew.

Varric: Seconded.

Hawke: (Sighs)

# **Carver and Isabela**

Isabela: I saw you at the Blooming Rose the other night.

Carver: What? No you didn't.

Isabela: I suppose someone else stole your chin to romance Faith?

Carver: (Scoffs) That's unlikely. She wasn't even working.

Isabela: Mm-hmm. Got you.

*(The next line changes depending on your third party member)*

Aveline: Carver!

Varric: Oh ho! Nicely done.

Merrill: I don't get it.

*(If one of the previous lines didn't trigger, and Hawke has not slept with anyone in the Blooming Rose)*

Hawke: Carver, what would Mother say?

Carver: You're just... that's not what I... shit!

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Carver: So, Isabela. You captained a ship? That's a lot of men to handle. For you to command.

Isabela: Well aren't you just adorable fumbling for a topic.

Carver: You say that like I'm harmless.

Isabela: As harmless as a pup that will someday grow into its fangs and sink them deep.

Carver: Sure, keep teasing. I'll show you how much of a pup I am.

Isabela: I know. That's why I do it.

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Isabela: You look like a man I once dueled.

Isabela: He was a little intimated by my reputation as a vicious pirate, but rose to the challenge.

Carver: He looked like me, you say?

Isabela: It went on all night, under the stars, the waves lapping at our ankles.

Carver: On the beach? In the surf? How did you get proper footing?

Isabela: We didn't. There was quite a bit of tumbling around, and we were soaked and sore by the time the sun came up.

Carver: Did you... win?

Isabela: I managed to get on top in the end, but I considered it a tie.

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Carver: Why is it always about sex with you?

Isabela: It's not. Sometimes it's about sex with other people.

Carver: You see? It comes up every single time we talk.

Isabela: We're just talking, Carver. If it comes up, that's not my fault.

Carver: What? I mean... that's not what I meant. It... it doesn't!

Carver: I hate you so much.

# **Carver and Merrill**

Carver: So, you're not like a lot of other girls.

Merrill: No, I'm an elf.

Carver: Right, alright then.

Merrill: Oh, did I miss something dirty?

Carver: What? No! It wasn't dirty. It wasn't anything.

Merrill: Oh? Right, because I miss a lot of dirty things and sometimes I wouldn't mind hearing them.

Carver: Would you now?

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Carver: Your people came a long way Merrill, but I like to think that we have Ferelden in common.

Merrill: I never saw Lothering. Did you walk as much as we did? Probably more, you didn't start with halla. Our ship stunk.

Carver: Your ship?

Merrill: There was something foul in the hold. I can still smell it.

Carver: Oh, well, that must have been unpleasant.

Merrill: It was. Did I miss something dirty again?

Carver: No.

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Merrill: Do you miss it? Ferelden I mean.

Carver: Sometimes.

Merrill: Blackberries. They don't seem to grow here. And there were little song birds with black caps on their heads.

Carver: I sort of miss the dogs barking.

Merrill: Yes... It's been mostly humans barking at me here. Not nearly as cute.

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Merrill: How did you learn swording?

Carver: "Swording"?

Merrill: Those things you do with the sword. It looks tricky. Was it hard to learn?

Carver: It takes a lot of practice.

Merrill: Well, you seem good at it! I bet one day you'll be best sworder in Kirkwall.

Carver: Merrill...

Merrill: I said something wrong again, didn't I? Maybe I'll just stop talking.

# **Carver and Varric**

Varric: You know, Junior, it's eerie how much of a resemblance there is between you two.

Carver:

(If Hawke is male) We're brothers. What's eerie about that?

(If Hawke is female) She's my sister. Of course there's a resemblance.

Varric: Ooh, you thought I meant Hawke. I was talking about Gamlen.

Carver: Maker, I hate you dwarf.

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Carver: Don't look at me.

Varric: What's your issue now, little Hawke?

Carver: Don't call me...just don't alright? You're just looking for fodder for your stories.

Varric: You think you're that interesting?

Carver: I have enough trouble being overshadowed as it is. I don't need to get caught under an imaginary me, too.

Varric: Don't you worry. I'm not in the business of lullabies or children's stories.

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Carver: I'm surprised these tunnels don't simply collapse.

Varric: Dwarves made them.

Carver: Then I'm surprised they're not smaller.

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Varric: You know, Junior, you're looking at this all wrong.

Carver: Whatever it is you're about to say, I'm not interested.

Varric: I'm a professional younger brother. Trust me, the center of attention's the worst place to be.

Varric: When things go wrong, and they always do, that's where all the fingers point. Look at any kingdom in Thedas.

Varric: You've got people who warm thrones, and people nobody sees who do the real work.

Carver:

(If Hawke is male) So my brother is a king now? Just what he needed.

(If Hawke is female) And my sister is a queen in this scenario. Perfect.

Varric: Point. Missing it. Ah well.

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Carver: Varric.

Varric: Carver.

Carver: Still think you're helping while burying us in debt to your brother?

Varric: Still riding side-saddle while bitching at your betters?

Carver: Drinks later?

Varric: Never miss'em.

# **Fenris and Isabela**

## **Act 1**

Isabela: So what's with that magical fisting thing you do?

Fenris: I'm... sorry?

Isabela: You know, when you stick your hand into people.

Fenris: Oh. That. Yes. It's a... talent.

Isabela: You could make so much coin with that.

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Isabela: This one time, I was sailing to Llomerryn, and there was a fight between two of my men.

Isabela: It was over a dice game, or the last piece of toast, or something. Sailors—they're touchy about their toast.

Fenris: Is this going anywhere?

Isabela: It will if you let me finish.

Isabela: So, there's a knife fight, and Jim ends up with a broken-off blade stuck in his shoulder.

Isabela: It's buried deep in there, and we're out at sea, at least a week from the nearest port.

Isabela: If you were there, you could've reached in and plucked that blade right from his flesh.

Fenris: That's your whole point?

Isabela: Pretty much.

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Isabela: I enjoy a man with markings like that.

Fenris: You've enjoyed many, I suspect.

Isabela: Where I come from, they're called "tattoos." Sailors get them all the time.

Fenris: Not made of lyrium, I'd imagine.

Isabela: Not a one. And the pictures are different—usually breasts.

Fenris: I suppose a pair of lyrium breasts tattooed onto my chest would make things better.

Isabela: That's me. I'm a helper.

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Fenris: So this relic you mentioned losing...

Isabela: You have pretty eyes.

Fenris: I... have pretty eyes.

Isabela: You elves have such pretty eyes, even the men. It makes me want to pluck them out and wear them as a necklace.

Fenris: I wouldn't suggest trying.

Isabela: Oh, I would never try. Not without reason, of course.

Fenris: Forget I said anything.

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Fenris: So you freed a group of slaves?

Isabela: Would-be slaves. They weren't slaves yet.

Fenris: Still, you did the right thing. Many would turn a blind eye.

Isabela: Don't read too much into it, all right? It just seemed a good idea at the time.

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## **Act 2**

Fenris: So I hear you think mages should be free.

Isabela: Everyone should be free. Not just mages.

Fenris: Not everyone's dangerous.

Isabela: It's not about who's dangerous. It's about having choices made for you.

Isabela: Don't you wish you had the choice not to have lyrium stuck under your skin?

Fenris: I do.

Isabela: (Sighs) This is silly. I don't want to argue.

Fenris: Do you want to guess what color my underclothes are again?

Isabela: Oh, yes, that's much more fun.

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Fenris: You keep staring at me. Is it my eyes again?

Isabela: You're very lanky, for an elf. I like lanky.

Fenris: From what I gather, you like a lot of things.

Isabela: Nonsense. But when I see something I like, I go after it.

*(If Hawke is romancing Fenris)*

Fenris: I suggest keeping your distance.

Isabela: Now you're just making it challenging.

*(Otherwise)*

Fenris: Do you intend to go after me, then?

Isabela: Will you take off all that spiky armor you're wearing?

Fenris: It's been known to happen.

Isabela: Then forget it.

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Isabela: So what duties did you have? As a slave, I mean?

Fenris: Not this again.

Isabela: I heard that Tevinter slaves are kept oiled so they glisten. Did your master oil you up? Did you glisten for him?

Fenris: I was his bodyguard.

Isabela: Always close at hand. Always within reach. Glistening.

Fenris: You have an entire story written in your head already, don't you?

Isabela: Mmm.

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*(In front of The Hanged Man)*

Fenris: I still don't get the name. Did they hang someone here?

Isabela: It means being drunk.

*(If Varric is in the party)*

Varric: Actually they used to hang men there. By their feet. Till they starved to death.

Fenris: Well, good thing they were drunk then.

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## **Act 3**

Isabela: You seem especially broody today.

Fenris: Does it bother you? Should I stop?

Isabela: No, don't stop. But could you add some smoldering to the routine? Just for me?

Fenris: Smolder?

Isabela: Oh, and while you're at it, perhaps some cold insolence.

Fenris: You want me to smolder and be cold at the same time? Those don't go together...

Isabela: Shush. Don't distract me with your logic.

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Fenris: So you engaged a Qunari dreadnaught in battle.

Isabela: They engaged me in battle. I was just trying to get away.

Isabela: Sailing into the storm was a gamble. Took care of the Qunari, but it did us in too. Can't win them all.

Fenris: Where I come from, we would call that insanity.

Isabela: Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

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Fenris: I still can't believe Hawke saved you.

Isabela: You've been saying that for years. Would you have turned me over to the Qunari?

Fenris: No, but I know what they do to their prisoners.

Isabela: Execute them horribly, I imagine.

Fenris: The Qunari waste nothing. They would reeducate you into a loyal follower of the Qun.

Isabela: Pfft. Could I refuse?

Fenris: There's always qamek, which turns you into a mindless laborer. Like I said, they waste nothing.

Isabela: Oh.

Fenris: If you wish to thank Hawke, he's/she's standing right there.

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*(If neither is in a romance with Hawke)*

Isabela: That night...I can't stop thinking about it.

Fenris: Well, then I'll see you later.

Isabela: That was direct.

Fenris: I thought I'd get straight to the point. Were you expecting flowers or something?

Isabela: Don't be absurd.

Fenris: Then I'll see you tonight.

# **Fenris and Merrill**

## **Act 1**

Merrill: You've probably never met a Dalish before, have you?

Fenris: I wouldn't know.

Merrill: I'm sure you'd be able to tell. Dalish aren't much like the elves in the cities.

Fenris: The smug sense of superiority does give you away.

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Merrill: Certainly your people have stories about the Dalish. No?

Fenris: My people?

Merrill: The elves in Tevinter. They must have heard of us.

Fenris: They've heard. They just don't care.

Merrill: But if they ran away, the Dalish would help them.

Fenris: You might as well say, "If they flew into the sky, they could live in the clouds."

Merrill: What would they eat in the clouds? There's nothing there but fluff and the occasional bird.

Fenris: This is why nobody takes the Dalish seriously.

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*(After you bring Fenris to the Gallows for the first time)*

Fenris: Why are you watching me like that?

Merrill: You have vallaslin. The same markings that the Dalish have.

Fenris: Yours are not made of lyrium.

Merrill: No, they're made of blood. Our blood. That's what vallaslin means: blood writing. It's a mark of adulthood.

Fenris: Mine were carved into my flesh against my will, in a ritual I remember only for the agony it caused me.

Merrill: I'm... so sorry.

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Fenris: I don't want your pity.

Merrill: Are you talking to me?

Fenris: You said you were sorry about the ritual I endured. Keep your sorrow.

Merrill: I only meant—

Fenris: You have all the freedom none of our kind enjoy, and you throw it away. On what?

Merrill: Our people need to reclaim their heritage.

Fenris: A heritage of defeat? To what end?

Merrill: Would you truly turn your back on your own history? There's so much we don't know...

Fenris: It's not my history. It's simply history.

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Fenris: Tampering around in mud all day, how do the Dalish do it?

Merrill: Do you like the crowded cities better?

Fenris: It's a smell I'm more familiar with, yes.

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## **Act 2**

Merrill: You never come to the alienage, Fenris.

Fenris: I don't live in the alienage.

Merrill: Don't you care about the plight of our people? Not even a little bit?

Fenris: I don't need to visit the alienage to know what they suffer. I know it better than you.

Merrill: I've lived there for years! I see it firsthand!

Fenris: And I lived it.

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Merrill: Did you step on something sharp, Fenris?

Fenris: No.

Merrill: Slam your fingers in a door?

Fenris: No.

Merrill: Smack your head on a low beam?

Fenris: Is there a point to this line of questioning?

Merrill: Just wondering why you're so cross all the time.

(If Varric is in the party)

Varric: I think he jabs himself with those spikes, personally.

Fenris: Perhaps it's the inane prodding.

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*(During A Bitter Pill, in the Abandoned Slaver Den, when the Blood Sacrifice is examined)*

Fenris: See for yourself. The legacy of the magisters.

Merrill: They sacrifice the unwilling?

Fenris: Is that so hard to believe? You are only a step away from it yourself.

Merrill: That's not true.

Fenris: Believe what you like. In my experience, mages always find a way to justify their need for power.

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*(After you complete A Bitter Pill)*

Fenris: Avert your eyes, witch.

Merrill: You said I was dwelling on "useless" history, but what are you doing?

Merrill: The past is important, to you and to all of us. We must know it to move forward.

Fenris: Yet I have made no deal with a demon to learn of my past.

Fenris: You had a life. You had a family. And you abandoned them to chase after ghosts.

Fenris: We are nothing alike. Don't even begin to think that we are.

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*(If you complete Mirror Image)*

Fenris: You are more naive than I thought.

Merrill: What have I done to you now?

Fenris: To me? Nothing. Not yet.

Fenris: To yourself—you can't even begin to imagine the number of mages that have walked down the path you're now on.

Merrill: My clan didn't believe in me. If you don't believe in me either, I won't mind.

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*(During Mirror Image)*

Merrill: Pol... What was he thinking? ... He acted like I was a monster...

Fenris: You are a monster.

(If Isabela is in the party)

Isabela: You aren't helping.

Fenris: Good.

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## **Act 3**

Merrill: Poor Anders.

Fenris: You pity him? He's dangerous to himself and everyone around him.

Merrill: I think he's broken the thing he wanted to save.

Fenris: You pity him because he's you.

Merrill: Breaking the things you love most isn't restricted to mages, Fenris.

Fenris: Sadly true.

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Merrill: Your master must have been a terrible man, to make you hate mages so.

*(If Alone has been completed)*

Fenris: He was, now he's dead.

*(Otherwise)*

Fenris: He is a terrible man. He's not dead.

Merrill: We're not all like him.

Fenris: How often I hear that, and yet, how often I find it's not true.

Merrill: The Keepers are different. They exist to preserve the old ways, and to protect our people.

Fenris: And none of them would ever fall prey to a demon. Or perform blood magic.

Merrill: It's impossible to talk to you.

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*(If Hawke is romancing Fenris)*

Merrill: (Giggles)

Fenris: What? Why are you looking at me like that?

Merrill: You're in love!

Fenris: I am not.

Merrill: You keep looking at Hawke with sad puppy eyes every time his back is turned. (male Hawke)

Merrill: Everytime she looks away, you stare at Hawke with those sad puppy eyes. (female Hawke)

Fenris: There are no puppy eyes.

Merrill: It's all right, you know. Even you can be happy once in a while. It won't kill you. But your face might crack if you smile, so be careful.

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*(If Alone & Questioning Beliefs has been completed)*

Merrill: Do you regret it? What happened with your sister, I mean.

Fenris: No.

(If Fenris killed Varania)

Merrill: You don't feel bad about killing her? Not even a little?

Fenris: It was necessary.

(Otherwise)

Merrill: You don't wish... that maybe you hadn't found her again?

Fenris: Whatever I wish, it is already done.

Merrill: You're lucky, then. There are so many things I wish I could undo.

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*(If A New Path has been completed)*

Fenris: This... Keeper of yours, she was a friend?

Merrill: She was like a mother to me. To all of us.

Fenris: Then I'm sorry.

Merrill: No you're not. She's just one more mage to you. Why would you be sorry she's dead?

Fenris: I'm not sorry she's dead. I'm only sorry she died for you.

Merrill: What?

Fenris: Let's hope the sacrifice of someone who cared for you that much isn't wasted.

# **Fenris and Sebastian**

## **Act 2**

Sebastian: Are you an Andrastian, Fenris?

Fenris: If I say no, will you attempt to convert me?

Sebastian: Many elves believe in the Maker. I ask only because I wonder if your experiences... soured your faith.

Fenris: My faith was never strong. It's difficult for a slave to have faith in someone who abandoned them.

Sebastian: The Maker didn't enslave you, Fenris.

Fenris: He didn't help me much, either.

Sebastian: And yet you stand here, free. Perhaps He helped you more than you think.

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Fenris: The Maker didn't free me.

Sebastian: I see you've been thinking about what I said.

Fenris: I freed myself. If the Maker did anything, He watched. Why should I thank Him for that?

Sebastian: Is it so hard to believe the Maker cares for you? Maybe He gave you the chance to escape.

Fenris: It doesn't feel like the Maker cares for me... or anyone.

Sebastian: We all make our own choices, to do good as well as evil. That is our doing, not the Maker's.

Fenris: Perhaps. It's... been a long time since I gave it any thought.

Sebastian: It's not too late to start.

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Sebastian: Were you ever dedicated in the faith of the chantry?

Fenris: I have no memory of my childhood.

Fenris: Danarius had no desire to teach his slaves anything that made them think they're worthy beings.

Sebastian: I'm sorry. I can't imagine how difficult your life has been.

Fenris: No, you can't.

Sebastian: Whether you were taught it or not, the Maker has room at His side for every soul. Even yours.

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Sebastian: You know, when I return to Starkhaven you're welcome to come with me.

Fenris: And do what, exactly?

Sebastian: You're a fine warrior. If you could train men to fight like you do, we'd be unstoppable.

Fenris: I'm no leader, and I doubt humans would want me training them.

Sebastian: Then why not train elves? I bet there's plenty who would admire all you've accomplished.

Fenris: I... haven't accomplished anything.

Sebastian: No? You are your own man, living as you see fit—you give yourself too little credit.

Fenris: You are being kind.

Sebastian: Not at all. Think about it.

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*(Once you complete Repentance)*

Sebastian: You know, Fenris, as a brother in the Chantry, I'm allowed to hear confessions.

Fenris: Why would you tell me this?

Sebastian: I know Danarius made you do things. I thought you might be more comfortable talking to a friend.

Sebastian: You should know, a murder committed under duress is a sin on the one who ordered it, not the one whose hands carried out the deed.

Fenris: Have I not spoken enough of my past? Does everyone in Kirkwall wish to hear every sordid detail?

(If Isabela is in the party)

Isabela: I know I do.

Sebastian: Sometimes, it's painful to speak. But it's the only way the wound can be lanced.

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## **Act 3**

Sebastian: I saw you at the Chantry last week, Fenris, but I haven't seen you back since.

Fenris: I was only delivering something: you needn't concern yourself.

Sebastian: But you were praying. Or was that part of the delivery?

Fenris: I was... trying to blend in.

Sebastian: (Laughs) Oh, yes! You wouldn't want to ruin your reputation.

Fenris: Don't you have a city to re-conquer?

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Fenris: Terrible things do happen, Sebastian.

Sebastian: But what we see is only a piece of the puzzle. Only the Maker can see the greater picture.

Fenris: The guilty prosper. Innocents die.

Sebastian: And then they are brought to the side of the Maker. Their suffering ends. There is always a greater purpose.

Fenris: Danarius once killed a little boy to fuel blood magic that let him impress his fellow Senators at a party. What was the purpose there?

Sebastian: Perhaps it was witnessing that which will give you the strength to prevent it ever happening again.

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Sebastian: It's our duty to tell the templars.

Fenris: Then why haven't you done it?

Sebastian: I guess I was hoping they'd come to it on their own.

Fenris: And then you wouldn't have to betray Hawke's friends, right?

Sebastian: That's not reason enough to allow a maleficar to walk free.

(If Anders is in the party)

Anders: You think the templars don't know I'm here? They just haven't caught me yet.

(If Merrill is in the party)

Merrill: Are you talking about me?

Sebastian: Which of us should do it? Shall we draw lots?

Fenris: Uh-uh. You want to turn them in, you work it out with Hawke.

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*(If Faith has been completed)*

Fenris: So that's it? You're not returning to Starkhaven now?

Sebastian: There are greater things that need to be done, Fenris.

Fenris: And what about avenging your family? Does that not need to be done?

Sebastian: What has my vengeance accomplished except to spill more blood?

Sebastian: No, I must put my faith in the Maker. He will set my path before me.

Fenris: I can't decide if it is certainty you have, or blindness.

Sebastian: (Chuckles) At least you can't decide.

# **Fenris and Varric**

## **Act 1**

Fenris: I thought all dwarves had beards. Where's yours?

Varric: I misplaced it, along with my sense of dwarven pride and my gold-plated noble caste pin.

Fenris: I thought maybe it fell onto your chest.

Varric: Oh-ho! The broody elf tells a joke!

Fenris: I don't brood.

Varric: Friend, if your brooding were any more impressive, women would swoon as you passed. They'd have broody babies in your honor.

Fenris: You're a very odd dwarf.

Varric: And you thought I was joking about the pin.

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Varric: So where's your beard, elf?

Fenris: Elves don't grow beards.

Varric: Huh. I thought maybe you'd shaved it off in a fit of broody pique.

Fenris: So you're a funny dwarf.

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Varric: So, elf. That thing you do with your hand...

Fenris: I can already tell this isn't going anywhere pleasant.

Varric: I bet that makes pickpocketing easier.

Fenris: I'll try it some time and find out.

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Varric: Is brooding a sport in Tevinter? Do they hold competitions? Hand out trophies for the best scowls?

Fenris: I'm not "brooding."

Varric: Moping, then. You seem like you're a champion at it.

Fenris: I'm perfectly content at the moment.

Varric: Oh, so that's you smiling? Glad you clarified that. I'd never have known.

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## **Act 2**

Varric: You know, if you need advice on how to lay low I can give you some.

Fenris: Being short would make for an excellent start, I suspect.

Varric: Keep that up, serah, and you can keep on hiding like a rank amateur.

Fenris: What would you suggest, Varric? Cower in the shadows like a rat?

Varric: You could try wearing something that didn't scream: "I hate you all, I was a slave!"

Fenris: The markings would still show.

Varric: Really? Through anything? That's... kind of cool.

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Varric: You really ought to take that offer, elf. It would keep the Coterie off your back pretty much permanently.

Fenris: I don't need employment.

Varric: But it wouldn't kill you to make some friends in this city. Three years, and you're practically a ghost.

Fenris: I prefer it that way.

Varric: Healthy attitude there. Forget I said anything.

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Varric: So what do you do in that gigantic house all day?

Fenris: Dance, of course.

Varric: Really?

Fenris: I run from room to room, choreographing routines.

Varric: You're actually joking. Alert the Chantry! They need to put this on the calendar!

Fenris: And you thought I was always serious.

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*(If you complete Family Matter)*

Fenris: So you found your brother.

Varric: I did! Wasn't expecting that.

Fenris: I assume there was a time when you and he were friends?

Varric: With Bartrand? No, just brothers. Occasionally he wasn't insufferable.

Fenris: And yet you remained at his side.

Varric: Too bad he didn't do the same.

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*(In front of The Hanged Man)*

Fenris: I still don't get the name. Did they hang someone here?

(If Isabela is in the party)

Isabela: It means being drunk.

(If Anders is in the party)

Anders: Someone is "hung" if they are drunk, I believe.

Varric: Actually they used to hang men there. By their feet.

Fenris: Well, good thing they were drunk then.

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## **Act 3**

Fenris: So who is "Bianca"?

Varric: My crossbow. Say hello, Bianca.

Fenris: But why Bianca? You must have named her after someone.

Varric: Nope. Mirabelle was taken.

Fenris: The way you fondle your weapon is disturbing.

Varric: Hey! I'm a perfect gentleman. In public.

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Fenris: I notice you hardly ever comment on mages and templars and such.

Varric: It's a lot of humans in skirts. I get them mixed up.

Fenris: I highly doubt that. The subject comes up all the time.

Varric: Tell me about it.

Fenris: And no opinion? One way or the other?

Varric: Opinions are like testicles. You kick them hard enough, doesn't matter how many you got.

Fenris: That's... something.

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Varric: You know you still owe me five sovereigns, elf.

Fenris: I'm good for it.

*(If Isabela did not leave the party)*

Varric: So, you think you can win the coin from Isabela? Good luck with that.

(Otherwise)

Varric: Meaning you'll borrow it from Hawke, probably.

Varric: Coming to the Hanged Man for Wicked Grace later?

Fenris: Never miss it.

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(If Hawke romanced Fenris)

Varric: So...you and Hawke?

Fenris: What about us?

(If Hawke is female)

Varric: I want to make sure I get all the details right when I tell this story. Did you sweep her off her feet or was it the other way around?

(If Hawke is male)

Varric: I want to make sure I get all the details right when I tell this story. Did he sweep you off your feet? I'm assuming he did the sweeping. He's taller than you. Awkward, otherwise.

Fenris: I'm not telling you anything but this: There was no actual sweeping involved.

Varric: Every little bit helps, elf.

# **Isabela and Merrill**

## **Act 1**

Merrill: How do you do that?

Isabela: Do what, Kitten?

Merrill: You sort of... swagger when you walk. I've been trying, but I trip over my own feet when I do it.

Isabela: You just strut. It's not something you practice.

Merrill: How do I learn it, then?

Isabela: It comes to you. Usually at night. It's like a lover... or maybe a burglar.

Isabela: Either it ravishes you or runs off with all your jewelry. And you have to run it down and stab it in the heart.

Isabela: And... that metaphor got a bit away from me, didn't it?

Merrill: I think it did, but it was certainly exciting!

───────

Merrill: Do you really like sailing?

Isabela: Like it? I love it! The salt spray on my face, the wind whipping by my ears, the gulls screaming overhead—I love it all.

Merrill: Don't you get sick? I was so sick on our trip across the sea.

Isabela: Were you in the hold?

Merrill: Everyone was in the hold.

Isabela: There's your problem. You need to be up on deck, under the sky, with nothing between you and the horizon.

Isabela: Sailing is like sex. Do it wrong, and it'll make you sick.

Isabela: But do it right, and there's no feeling in the world like it.

───────

Merrill: Do you have a parrot, Isabela?

Isabela: What would I want a parrot for?

Merrill: What about a peg leg? Do you have one of those?

Isabela: You can see that I don't, dear.

Merrill: Eye patch?

Isabela: I'm disappointing you terribly, aren't I? And no hook for a hand, either.

Merrill: Seems that Varric's pirate stories are awfully inaccurate.

Isabela: He knows, Kitten. He likes them better that way.

───────

Isabela: It's not always fun and games on the sea, though. There are storms and hostile pirates.

Isabela: And it's trying being cooped up with men who haven't seen a woman in months.

Merrill: You're a woman.

Isabela: Exactly. And I don't usually let them touch me, so they get... frustrated.

Isabela: I insist all of them get alone time. Helps with the crankiness.

Merrill: But they're already lonely! Why would you insist that they be alone some more?

Isabela: Merrill.

Merrill: What? Did I miss something?

Isabela: Go think about it. Maybe it'll come to you.

───────

(While speaking to Jethann in The Blooming Rose during the quest The First Sacrifice)

Isabela: Ooh, I like him. He reminds me of someone.

Merrill: He does? Who is it?

(If Varric is in the party)

Varric: I'll tell you when you're older, Daisy.

Isabela: Think about it, Kitten.

Merrill: Well, you couldn't have meant Varric, because he's not even an elf—oh... Ohh! You were referring to yourself. Sorry!

Isabela: See? I knew it'd come to you.

───────

## **Act 2**

Merrill: (Sighs) Why do you even like me? I must seem so dull.

Isabela: What brought this on?

Merrill: Your life has been... so exciting. The adventures, the duels, the passionate love affairs.

Merrill: Compared to that, my life is a stale, dry biscuit. (Sighs) I wish I had your life.

Isabela: No. You don't want my life.

Merrill: Why?

Isabela: Because you have a good heart, and you deserve better.

───────

Merrill: What was Llomerryn like? I've never heard of a Dalish who's been there.

Isabela: I don't imagine your people travel between islands much.

Merrill: Not really, no.

Isabela: I wouldn't start waterproofing your wagons, then. I don't think Llomerryn is ready for the Dalish.

Merrill: What do you mean? Would we upset the people there?

Isabela: It's not really the kind of place where one turns down a tumble. Even refuse a fortune teller, and they'd run your lot out of town.

───────

Merrill: How do you suppose the Qunari scratch their heads with those horns in the way?

Isabela: Why do you think I would know?

Merrill: Because you know lots of things! I wonder if they rub their heads against tree trunks like halla do.

Isabela: I'd pay a sovereign to see that.

Merrill: No wonder they seem so cranky all the time.

───────

Merrill: You've had many lovers, haven't you?

Isabela: Fewer than some think.

Merrill: But you never stay with them.

Isabela: No, why should I?

Merrill: But the act of lovemaking is so... intimate.

Isabela: I don't "make love." What I do is only skin-deep, Kitten.

Isabela: Don't worry your pretty little head about it.

───────

*(If Hawke is romancing Merrill)*

Isabela: You and Hawke... something's there, isn't there?

Merrill: He's clever, strong, and wonderful. How can anyone not love him?

Merrill: She's so amazing and beautiful. How could anyone not love her? (if Hawke is female)

(If Hawke also romanced Isabela:)

Isabela: How could anyone not?

Merrill: You're very quiet today. Is something wrong?

Merrill: (Gasps) It's me. I said something wrong, didn't I?

Isabela: No, of course not. You could never say anything wrong.

Isabela: I'm happy for you, Kitten. You've been alone long enough.

*(Otherwise)*

Isabela: Oh, I could give you a list, but that might just bore you.

Isabela: So... did you get naked?

Merrill: Isabela!

Isabela: Ooh, look at that blush. That good, huh?

───────

## **Act 3**

*(If Hawke has accepted Isabela's love)*

Merrill: I think Hawke likes you, Isabela

Isabela: I certainly hope so!

Merrill: Of course, it's not surprising at all that anybody would love you, but it's nice to see you two happy.

Isabela: Merrill, sometimes you're so sweet I could eat you for dessert.

───────

*(If Hawke hasn't accepted her love yet)*

Merrill: I think Hawke likes you, Isabela.

Isabela: You think so, do you?

Merrill: S/he looks at you all the time, and then s/he looks embarrassed and pretends s/he's busy with something else.

Hawke: I can hear you, you know.

Merrill: (Giggles) See?

Isabela: Hmm. I'll have to think about that...

───────

Merrill: Do you think you'll leave Kirkwall someday?

*(If Hawke has romanced Isabela)*

Isabela: I might if I can persuade the right person to come away with me.

*(If not)*

Isabela: Of course I will! As soon as I get myself a ship, I'm sailing wherever the sea takes me.

Merrill: I'll miss you. You'll write to me, won't you? Do pirates write letters?

Isabela: Badly. Hook hands make for awful pennmanship, Kitten.

───────

*(If No Rest for the Wicked & Questioning Beliefs have been completed and Hawke accepted Isabela's love)*

Merrill: Why are you smiling?

Isabela: No reason.

Merrill: Ooh, ooh! It's something dirty, isn't it? Tell me, tell me!

Isabela: It... it isn't anything dirty. I'm just... happy.

Merrill: Oh. That's good, too, but I was hoping for something dirty.

Isabela: Come by the tavern later. I've got stories that will make your toes curl.

# **Isabela and Sebastian**

## **Act 2**

Sebastian: Is this getting you any closer to your ship?

Isabela: Huh?

Sebastian: I just... don't understand why you're working with Hawke. You don't seem to care about anything we do.

Sebastian: What's keeping you here?

(If Hawke and Isabela have slept together)

Isabela: Mostly the sex. Hawke is an absolute tiger between the sheets. I mean all night, every night.

Isabela: Oh cute! You're blushing.

(If not)

Isabela: Mostly the Blooming Rose. I'm paid up through the end of the year. I'd hate not to use it.

Sebastian: The... brothel?

Isabela: What? Women can't go to brothels, too? You're just not using your imagination.

Isabela: Oh, look! Now you are. You're cute when you're blushing.

───────

Sebastian: I notice you talk about... vulgar things quite a bit.

Isabela: Do you want me to stop? Do I make you... uncomfortable?

Sebastian: It was just an observation, really.

Isabela: It's a bad habit I picked up, spending years with foul-mouthed pirates.

Isabela: Pirates only care about a small number of very specific things: the sea, strong drink, and booty. Both kinds.

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Sebastian: I used to be like you, you know.

Isabela: You used to be a woman?

Sebastian: No!

Isabela: That explains a lot.

Sebastian: My family put me in the Chantry because I was giving them a bad name.

Sebastian: It was the best thing that ever happened to me. I found peace. I found a purpose.

Sebastian: Before I came here, I used to be out to all hours, drinking and whoring. I didn't believe in anything except my own pleasure.

Isabela: Why couldn't I have met you then?

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Isabela: All right, let's just get this over with.

Sebastian: A duel?

Isabela: No, the sermon. The finger-wagging, the guilt-trips, telling me how an unexamined life isn't worth living.

Sebastian: I wasn't going to—

Isabela: You weren't? You weren't going to tell me to comfort the needy and give freely of myself?

Sebastian: From what I hear, you already give yourself quite freely.

Isabela: Ooh. You got me there.

───────

## **Act 3**

Sebastian: That was very brave, coming back to face the Qunari.

Isabela: It was idiotic. They would have killed me.

Sebastian: And you returned anyway. You couldn't face the thought of so many innocents dying for something you could prevent.

Isabela: Tell that to the viscount.

Sebastian: It's frightening, isn't it, to realize you have the potential to be a better person?

───────

Sebastian: You've been watching me all day. It's getting a little... distracting.

Isabela: Merrill's right. Your armor is shiny. I can see myself in it. Look!

Isabela: Shit. Oh, shit. Is that a wrinkle? Is that a wrinkle between my brows?

Sebastian: Um. I don't see—

Isabela: Hold still!

───────

Isabela: So, I've never understood why the Chantry says if you're good, you'll be taken up to the Maker's side.

Sebastian: Those who die with the sins cleansed from their souls will walk beside the Maker in eternity.

Isabela: That doesn't sound fun!

Isabela: If they really want people to be good, shouldn't they offer an afterlife with... lakes of wine and a dozen naked virgins?

Sebastian: Anyone who wants that will be going to the Void.

Isabela: Sounds like that's where all the good parties will be.

───────

Isabela: It's been years, and not once have you tried to get me to repent or turn to the Maker.

Sebastian: Preaching seldom works, Isabela. To change a person's heart, one has to lead by example.

Isabela: Huh. That makes sense. I can respect that.

Sebastian: I grew weary of the strings of nameless lovers and the nights full of mindless pleasure. You will, too.

Isabela: (Gasps) That's the cruelest thing anyone's ever said to me!

Isabela: I think I'm going to cry.

# **Isabela and Varric**

## **Act 1**

Varric: I shit you not, Rivaini, it was this big.

Isabela: There's no way. Impossible! I've had hundreds of those in my hands, and they're never that size.

Varric: Would I lie about something so critical?

(Next line is dependent on third party member)

Anders: I can't stand it anymore—what are you two talking about?

Aveline: I'm afraid to ask, but... what are you two going on about?

Carver: What is wrong with you two? Can't you ever have a conversation that isn't dirty?

Hawke: What are you two talking about?

Varric: We're discussing knives, of course. Well, daggers, technically. I never remember the difference.

Varric: Why? What did you think we were talking about?

───────

Varric: Rivaini, stop looking at my chest. My eyes are up here.

Isabela: But the chest hair...

Varric: Do you know how much I suffer under your gaze? I am a person, not an object!

Isabela: Uh, Varric?

Varric: (Laughs) Just shitting you.

───────

Varric: You know, Rivaini, you promised me you'd tell me how your ship wrecked.

Isabela: I was drunk. I thought the reefs around the Wounded Coast were made of candy.

Varric: Oh, come on.

Isabela: And a demon told me to do it. It bet me sixty sovereigns and a bottle of port.

Isabela: You're not the only one here who can bullshit, you know.

───────

Varric: I'll let you run your fingers through it, if you want.

Isabela: Your chest hair? My fingers? Oh, Varric, stop! You're making me quiver.

Varric: You know you want to.

Isabela: Oh, I do... I can't resist you. No woman can.

Varric: I know. It's a terrible burden.

───────

## **Act 2**

Varric: Were you listening to that guy in the Hanged Man last night?

Isabela: "Your eyes are like bumblebees, flying into the window of my soul." (Laughs)

Varric: My favorite was, "Your lips are like the wings of sparrows. Red ones. With no feathers."

Isabela: "Oh, speak! And send the plucked wings of your lips soaring."

Varric: I'd buy the guy a drink, but I don't think he needs one.

───────

Varric: You have got to tell me what was in that box, Rivaini.

Isabela: Which box? I've opened so many...

Varric: Well, those too. But later. Right now: that Qunari relic.

Isabela: I'll make you a deal: I'll tell you what was in that box if you tell me how Bianca got her name.

Varric: Fine, forget I asked. Evil woman.

───────

Isabela: Come to me, and I'll take you to places you've never been...

Varric: Isabela... Are you talking to Bianca?

Isabela: I think she deserves to feel a woman's touch on her trigger, don't you?

Varric: Bianca responds to my touch. She'd never give it up for you.

Isabela: That's what they always say, and I always prove them wrong.

Varric: Stop it. You're confusing her. And me.

───────

(If you complete The Long Road)

Isabela: Psst. I've got some of it written down now.

Varric: Give it here.

Varric: "Her breasts strained against the leather jerkin like two wild stallions corralled against their will." (Chuckles)

Varric: "She pounced—the smooth moves of a jungle cat—and locked her thighs around Donnic's waist. He—"

(If Aveline is in the party)

Aveline: What?

Isabela: Nothing.

Aveline: What is that?

Isabela: Shh! (Giggles)

Varric: Isabela just thought she'd celebrate your love affair with a... written dedication.

Isabela: It's "friend-fiction!" I do it out of love.

Aveline: I will never, ever be clean again.

(If not)

Isabela: Maybe you should read the rest of it in private.

Varric: I think that's best.

───────

## **Act 3**

Isabela: Varric, how does one get made a Paragon?

Varric: The Assembly votes on it. Enough votes, and—BAM!—you're a living God!

Isabela: You should ask to be made a Paragon. Of manliness.

Varric: I like the way you think, Rivaini, but one doesn't just ask to be made a Paragon.

Isabela: Why not? Everyone can see you're a paragon of manliness. It's just a matter of making it official.

───────

Varric: After all this, the life of a pirate is going to be dull, isn't it?

Isabela: I know! I'll have to steal myself another Qunari relic.

Varric: The scary thing is, I don't know if you're joking!

Isabela: Of course I'm joking. I'm not getting involved with those people again.

Isabela: No... this time, I'll steal the Queen of Antiva. There's no way that could go wrong.

───────

*(If Hawke romances Merrill)*

Varric: So, Hawke and Daisy.

Isabela: I think they're darling together.

(If Hawke previously slept with Isabela)

Varric: Really? You're not at all jealous? Because I thought you and Hawke...

Isabela: Hawke was just a dalliance. You know I've still got my eye on you.

Varric: Keep dreaming, Rivaini.

(Otherwise)

Varric: It's almost too adorable. Well, except for the evil blood magic thing.

Isabela: The most evil thing Merrill does most days is pick the flowers out of other people's gardens.

Varric: I know, I have to bribe most of the gardeners in Hightown to keep it quiet.

───────

*(During The Last Straw after choosing sides)*

Varric: Just curious, does any of this make sense to you?

Isabela: What? This whole "everyone's waiting for the world to end" thing?

Varric: That, yes.

Isabela: Not remotely.

Varric: Good. It's not just me, then.

# **Merrill and Sebastian**

## **Act 2**

Sebastian: Have you heard the Chant of Light?

Merrill: That's the song they sing at the Chantry, right? It's pretty... but a little repetitive.

Sebastian: Then you know the story? How Andraste became the Maker's divine bride and convinced Him to offer us a second chance?

Merrill: Right. But I never understood why she had to die.

Sebastian: Her mortal husband betrayed her out of jealousy.

Merrill: But if He wanted her to spread her faith, couldn't she do that better alive?

Sebastian: The Maker gave us free will. By his betrayal, Maferath showed us that men were not yet worth saving.

Merrill: I don't know. It's a nice story, but I think it's got some holes.

───────

Merrill: Your armor is very shiny, Sebastian. Doesn't that make you an easier target?

Sebastian: The Light of the Maker is my armor, Merrill. I am not afraid.

Merrill: Maybe you could ask Him to make His Light less shiny? Then you wouldn't need as much armor.

───────

Merrill: If your city was stolen, why didn't you just call the guards?

Sebastian: I'm afraid the matter can't be handled by guards, Merrill.

Merrill: Aveline could help you! She's very good at making thieves give things back. I think it's because she's so tall.

Sebastian: This is beyond even Aveline's power, I'm sorry to say.

Merrill: Are you sure? Have you seen her hit people?

(If Aveline is in the party)

Aveline: I can hear every word you're saying.

───────

Sebastian: So what do you believe, Merrill?

Merrill: Our gods abandoned us long ago. They haven't answered our prayers since the fall of Arlathan.

Merrill: When we've proven that we're elves again, that we didn't lose everything, they'll come back to us.

Sebastian: We say the same of the Maker.

Sebastian: Perhaps they're only different names for the same divine force that created the world.

Merrill: The Maker wants you to be elves?

───────

## **Act 3**

Merrill: I've always wondered: how do your Divines choose their names?

Sebastian: They write all the best sacred names on slips of paper and stuff them in a miter.

Sebastian: Then the newly elected Divine picks a name out of the hat.

Merrill: What if she picks a name she doesn't like? Does she have to keep it?

Sebastian: Of course she does. How do you think we got four Divines named Hortensia?

───────

Merrill: Does your bow have a name? Varric's bow has a name.

Sebastian: I'm afraid I can't compete with our dear dwarf's... relationship to his weapon.

Merrill: You could call it Philomela!

Sebastian: Why would I do that?

Merrill: Because it reminds me of a woman in the alienage. Skinny, pointed, and always throwing things at people.

───────

Merrill: What does your Chantry do?

Merrill: I mean, you keep saying how great it is. Anders and Isabela tell me to stay away from it. But what does it do?

Merrill: Among the Dalish, the Keepers teach the children, preserve our history, perform magic. The priestesses here just... sing.

Sebastian: The Chantry does many charitable works. It cares for widows and orphans—

Merrill: Who in the Dalish would just be part of the clan, like everyone else.

Merrill: I just don't get it.

───────

(After completing A New Path)

Sebastian: You need to seek atonement.

Merrill: I know I should've died there, not Marethari. Don't you think I feel guilty enough?

Sebastian: Guilt isn't a punishment. It's a reminder of the things you haven't set right.

Sebastian: The only way to shed its burden is to repent with a sincere heart and to rectify your failings.

Merrill: But how?

Merrill: The Keeper is dead, my clan lost everything because of me.

Merrill: There's not enough I can do in this lifetime to make up for that.

Sebastian: It was your pride that led you to the demon. Admitting what you can't do is a good first step.

# **Merrill and Varric**

## **Act 1**

Merrill: I've never met a dwarf before.

Varric: That's because you spend too much time frolicking in the woods, Daisy. Dwarves don't frolic.

Merrill: Dalish don't really frolic, either. Not in the woods anyway.

Varric: You have sanctioned frolicking areas?

Merrill: No, just not in the woods. The trees get jealous.

Varric: But you do frolic?

Merrill: Of course we do! We wouldn't be elves, otherwise.

───────

Merrill: You remind me of Hahren Paivel, Varric. Only younger. And shorter. And not as serious.

Varric: So it's a close resemblance, then.

Merrill: Well, he tells stories. And you tell stories. Although none of his begin, "No shit, there I was."

Varric: I'll have to give him some better stories, then.

───────

(After you speak to Merrill in her home for the first time)

Merrill: Thank you very much for the help earlier, Varric!

Varric: You made it back to the Alienage in one piece, then?

Merrill: I don't know how I wound up in Darktown. There are just too many corners in Kirkwall.

Varric: Still got that ball of twine?

Merrill: I left it at my house. Don't worry! I won't get lost while we're following Hawke.

Varric: Bring it next time, Daisy. Just in case.

───────

Varric: Daisy, for my sake, please quit cutting through the alleys in Lowtown alone at night.

Merrill: Nothing ever happens. I'm perfectly safe, Varric.

Varric: Yes, I know. And that nothing is costing me a fortune.

───────

## **Act 2**

Varric: So, I hear you've been visiting the viscount's garden, Daisy.

Merrill: They're enormous! And they're always empty. Why don't more people go to see them?

Varric: Probably because they're private and surrounded by guards.

Merrill: I thought all those men looked a bit cross.

───────

Merrill: Bianca is a very pretty name.

Varric: I'll tell her you said so, Daisy.

Merrill: She can't actually hear you, can she?

Varric: Of course she can. What kind of a question is that?

Merrill: Wait, are we talking about your crossbow or something else now?

───────

(If you complete Family Matter)

Merrill: I'm sorry about your brother, Varric. Have you any other family?

Varric: (Snorts) I have family like a rat has fleas, Daisy.

Merrill: Does that mean you have a lot of family, or that they make you itch a lot?

Varric: Both.

(Alternatively)

Varric: I'm sure any priest who would pray for Bartrand would burst into flames.

Merrill: Oh, I didn't know priesthood was so dangerous.

Varric: Don't worry Daisy, the chantry keeps a lot of water on hand.

───────

(If you complete Mirror Image)

Varric: Why a mirror?

Merrill: I don't understand the question.

Varric: If your people were going to make a magical whatever for talking to each other, why choose a mirror?

Varric: Do elves spend a lot of time talking to their own reflections?

Merrill: I suppose the ancient elves would have felt silly talking to a wardrobe or an urn.

───────

(If Isabela is gone at the end of Act 2)

Merrill: Do you ever miss her?

Varric: Isabela? Of course I do.

Merrill: You call her by her name! I've never heard you do that before.

Varric: No fun in calling her Rivaini if she's not here to be annoyed by it.

───────

## **Act 3**

Merrill: You should have this back.

Varric: Twine? When did I loan you a ball of twine?

Merrill: You gave it to me when I first moved here when I kept getting lost in Lowtown.

Merrill: It drove the merchants in the market completely batty, but it did help me find my way.

Varric: Keep it, Daisy.

Merrill: I don't think I'll be getting lost again anytime soon.

Varric: You never know. You might need to tie a package up, hang a lantern, dress a roast chicken. It's multipurpose.

───────

Merrill: Is there a story behind Bianca?

Varric: There's a story behind everything, Daisy.

Merrill: So tell me!

Varric: I can't.

Merrill: Why not?

Varric: There was a girl, and I made a promise. Bianca is the only story I can never tell.

Merrill: You can't say that! Now I want to know even more!

Varric: That was the idea, Daisy.

───────

(During A New Path)

Varric: Does anybody else get the feeling that this is going to end badly? Just me huh?

Merrill: It's not all bad Varric, think of the stories you'll be able to tell later.

Varric: No offense Daisy, but I could live without telling anyone that we murdered you on some mountain side, it's little hard to made that one sound good.

───────

(During A New Path)

Varric: Who thought putting a demon in a cave on Sundermount was a good idea in the first place?

Merrill: Where would you have put him?

Varric: Tevinter maybe? Or in the Anderfels? Further away from Kirkwall that's for sure.

───────

Merrill: How do you do it, living in the city without picking a side? Doesn't it matter to you?

Varric: Of course it does. That's why I don't take sides.

Merrill: That doesn't make any sense.

Varric: I've got you and Aveline, Fenris and Anders. Hawke. Isabela.

Varric: I've got friends in the Circle and drinking buddies in the templars. All of them matter.

Merrill: But you're going to fight. If it comes to that, I mean.

Varric: I fought my own brother, Daisy. Nobody said this was going to be happy story.

───────

(During The Last Straw)

Merrill: Varric, how does the story end?

Varric: Which story, Daisy?

Merrill: The big one. With us and Hawke, the mages and templars. Everything.

Varric: You want to know before it happens? You're not worried about spoiling the surprise?

Merrill: I might not see it end.

Varric: You have to stick with us if you want to find out how it turns out, Daisy.

# **Sebastian and Varric**

## **Act 2**

Sebastian: It's been very exciting working with Hawke.

Varric: Are you for real?

Sebastian:

(If Hawke is male) It seems like he's involved every time there's a crisis in Kirkwall.

(If Hawke is female) It seems like she's involved every time something goes wrong in Kirkwall.

Sebastian: I've never had so many opportunities to help people!

Varric: All right. I thought I was getting tired of moody. I take it back.

Varric: You're making my teeth ache.

───────

Varric: So, Choir Boy, this usurper of yours is... twenty feet tall?

Sebastian: Not even close, no.

Varric: But he has claws for hands, right?

Sebastian: Fingers. Perfectly normal ones. If a little fat, perhaps.

Varric: He eats babies, though. And farts fire.

Sebastian: You're not serious, I hope.

Varric: You can't even pretend to be interesting, can you?

───────

Sebastian: You must forgive your brother.

Varric: While you were off playing prince, Bartrand trapped us in the Deep Roads and left us to die.

Sebastian: When you hold onto anger, it colors everything you do.

Sebastian: You escaped the Deep Roads. You built a life without your brother. Do you still want him haunting you?

Varric: Oh, go find some beggars to sing to, will you?

───────

Varric: Tell us about Starkhaven, Choir Boy. I'm sure we're all burning with curiosity about your far-away land.

Sebastian: "My far-away land?" It's inland Free Marches, not on the moon.

Varric: And here I was hoping...

Sebastian: It's a lot like here. But fewer dead people.

Varric: Well, you don't have Hawke.

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## **Act 3**

Varric: I've heard rumors about Starkhaven, you know.

Varric: They say you eat the dead up there. And murder strangers in the street.

Sebastian: Why do I suspect that when you say you've "heard" rumors, you mean you've invented some?

Varric: Six of one, half-dozen of another.

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Varric: You know, Choir Boy, I wouldn't normally say this, but—the shiny white armor? It works for you.

Sebastian: That's uncharacteristically kind of you, Varric.

Varric: Makes you look like a lacquered pilot whale.

Sebastian: Ah, now that was much more in-character.

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Sebastian: You know, if you have time, I could give you a few archery pointers.

Varric: Excuse me?

Sebastian: Sometimes your shots veer a little left, I thought maybe your cocking ring was off.

Sebastian: I could take a look if you like.

Varric: You want to touch Bianca's cocking ring?

Sebastian: It was just a thought.

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Varric: So, I've known you for three years now. I give up. You beat me. What is it?

Varric: You like boys? Sheep? You slept with your sister?

Sebastian: What are you talking about?

Varric: What are you hiding? Nobody's this bloody clean.

Varric: After you leave the chantry you... get drunk at the Hanged Man and walk around in women's clothes?

(If Isabela is in the party)

Isabela: Not that I've seen. Unfortunately.

Sebastian: I've been honest with you and Hawke.

Varric: Liar.

Sebastian: Lying is a sin.