
DIALOGUES-----

-----Unknown character-----

He has the key. The choice is yours.

-----Narrator-----

In the Age of Ancients, the world was unformed, shrouded by fog. A land of grey crags, archtrees, and everlasting dragons. But then there was Fire. And with Fire, came Disparity. Heat and cold, life and death, and of course... Light and Dark. Then, from the Dark, They came, and found the Souls of Lords within the flame. Nito, the first of the dead, the Witch of Izalith, and her Daughters of Chaos, Gwyn, the Lord of Sunlight, and his faithful knights, and the furtive pygmy, so easily forgotten. With the Strength of Lords, they challenged the dragons. Gwyn's mighty bolts peeled apart their stone scales. The witches weaved great firestorms. Nito unleashed a miasma of death and disease. And Seath the Scaleless betrayed his own, and the dragons were no more. Thus began the Age of Fire. But soon, the flames will fade, and only Dark will remain. Even now, there are only embers, and man sees not light, but only endless nights. And amongst the living are seen, carriers of the accursed Darksign.

Yes, indeed. The Darksign brands the Undead. And in this land, the Undead are corralled and led to the north, where they are locked away, to await the end of the world.... This is your fate. Only, in the ancient legends it is stated, that one day an Undead shall be chosen to leave the Undead Asylum, in pilgrimage, to the land of the Ancient Lords, Lordran.

-----Solaire of Astora-----

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Ah, hello! I knew you would come! Just call it intuition.

Ah, hello! You don't look Hollow, far from it! I am Solaire of Astora, an adherent of the Lord of Sunlight.
 Now that I am Undead, I have come to this great land, the birthplace of Lord Gwyn, to seek my very own sun!
 ...Do you find that strange? Well, you should! No need to hide your reaction. I get that look all the time! Hah hah hah!

Oh, ah-hah! So, I didn't scare you? I have a proposition, if you have a moment. The way I see it, our fates appear to be intertwined. Both Undead, both imprisoned in the Asylum, and now, we both end up here.
 In a land brimming with Hollows, could that really be mere chance? I hardly think so!

Now, I know not of your designs, but I sense something singular about you. So, what do you say? Why not help one another on this lonely journey?

Oh, yes! Wonderful! This pleases me greatly! Well then, take this. We are amidst strange beings, in a strange land.
 The flow of time itself is convoluted; with heroes centuries old phasing in and out. The very fabric wavers, and relations shift and obscure. There's no telling how much longer your world and mine will remain in contact.
 But, use this, to summon one another as spirits, cross the gaps between the worlds, and engage in jolly co-operation! Of course, we are not the only ones engaged in this. But I am a warrior of the sun! Spot my summon signature easily by its brilliant aura.
 If you miss it, you must be blind! Hah hah hah!

Well, yes, quite understandable. Not to worry. Let there be no obligation. Not to worry. I do not wish to impose.
 I was in the wrong. We'll laugh it off, shall we? Hah hah hah!

Oh, hello there. I will stay behind, to gaze at the sun. The sun is a wondrous body. Like a magnificent father! If only I could be so grossly incandescent!

Oh, hello. You're still keen on speaking to me? Then, perhaps you have reconsidered my offer?

>When attacking Solaire
 Hrg! Ooh! Whoa! What the...! What's wrong with you?! If a stubborn beast you be, I have no choice! A Warrior of the Sun will not just sit and take it! Hrgraaaah!

>When Solaire dies
Why, you...How could this...? My... my sun...

Oh, there you are. You've been quiet these days.

Smooth summoning out there? Anytime you see my brilliantly shining signature, do not hesitate to call upon me.

You've left me with quite an impression. I would relish a chance to assist you.

You really are fond of chatting with me, aren't you? If I didn't know better, I'd think you had feelings for me! Oh, no, dear me. Pretend you didn't hear that! Hah hah hah!

Oh, hello there. I'm glad to see you alive.... You have done well, indeed you have. You've a strong arm, strong faith, and most importantly, a strong heart. I am in awe, really. Yes, yes...What do you think? Why not join me, as a warrior of the Sun? Righte Righteous knights, guardians of all that is good, in the name of the Lord of Sunlight! ...Only if it would please you, of course. Well? O

>Answering "Yes"
Oh! Magnificent! I knew you would fancy it! Then, join the Covenant! Here, stay still for a moment...

And there we are. Now you need only pray at the Altar of Sunlight in Anor Londo. And there we are. Now, just say a prayer at the Altar of Sunlight, right there. Then you shall know our radiance, our duty. Then you shall know the brilliance of our Sun.

>Answering "No"
Yes, well, each has one's beliefs. But if you change your mind, the offer is open.

Oh, hello there. Still here? You have praying to do. At the Shrine of Sunlight in Anor Londo. I could not hope for a braver companion than you! But truly, I could not hope for a braver companion than you! Gah hah hah hah hah!

Oh, hello there. What is it? Have you changed your mind about my offer? Hmm!

Ah, oh... hello there. Forgive me, I was just pondering... about my poor fortune. I did not find my own sun, not even in Anor Londo. I did not find my own sun, not in Anor Londo, nor in Twilight Blighttown. Where else might my sun be? Lost Izalith, or the Tomb of the Gravelord...? But I cannot give up. I became Undead to pursue this! But when I peer at the Sun up above, it occurs to me... What if I am seen as a laughing stock, as a blind fool without reason? Well, I suppose they wouldn't be far off! Hah hah hah!

Oh, hello there. Exhilarating, is it not? The power of the Sun! I am blessed to

have found such a brave companion! Hah hah hah!

...Hrg, rg...Arrrrgh..... Finally, I have found it, I have!.....My very own sun...
I...am the sun!..... I've done it...I have.....Yes, I did it...I did!.....Ohh,
ohhh.....Hrgrraaaoogh!Ahh, it's over.....My Sun...it's setting..... It's
dark, so dark..... Why? ...Why? ... After all this searching, I still cannot find
it... Was it all a lie? Have I done this all, for nothing? Oh, my dear sun... What
now, what should I do...? ...My sun, my dear, dear sun...

-----Oscar of Astora-----

Oh, you... You're no Hollow, eh? ...Thank goodness... ...I'm done for, I'm
afraid... ...My insides are damaged... ...I'll die soon, then lose my
sanity... ...I can feel it coming... ...I wish to ask something of you... ...You
are a godsend, to come at this moment... ...Hah hah... ...You and I, we're both
Undead... Hear me out, will you? ...Thank you... ...Regrettably, I have failed in
my mission..... But perhaps you can keep the torch lit... ...There is an old
saying in my family... ...Thou who art Undead, art chosen... ...In thine exodus
from the Undead Asylum, maketh pilgrimage to the land of Ancient Lords... ...When
thou ringeth the Bell of Awakening, the fate of the Undead thou shalt know.
...hng...hng... ...Thank you for hearing me out... Now I can die with hope in my
heart... ...Well, now you know... And I can die with hope in my heart...
...hng...hng... ...Oh, one more thing... Here, take this. ...An Estus Flask, an
Undead favourite. ...It should prove useful. ...Hah hah... ...hng...hng... ...Oh,
and this... ...Now I must bid farewell... ...I would hate to harm you after
death... So, go now... ...And thank you... ...Yes, I see... ...Perhaps I was too
hopeful... ...Hah hah... ...hng...hng... ...Please, leave me be... ...I have not
long to live, and I may harm you after death.... Now, go...
Hrggkt...But...why... ...The key is there... ...Please, come quickly... ...It is
your fate...

>Additional dialogues that aren't in the game:

A pleasure to meet you. Sage Frampt has spoken to me about you. I am Oscar of
Astora. I wish to thank you for ringing the Bell of Awakening. I have received the
word of Sage Frampt. I will be fine. You ought to focus on yourself. May we each
fulfil our respective purposes!

I am preparing to leave. I will follow Sage Frampt's instructions, and will seek
Anor Londo by way of Sen's Fortress. I hope that we meet again somewhere, one day.

A pleasure to meet you. Sage Frampt has spoken to me about you. I am Oscar of
Astora. I am told that you rang the Bell of Awakening, and received the word of
Frampt. That is a wonderful thing. We are all counting on you. I only wish that I
had such a purpose.

I am preparing to leave. I cannot just stay here. I must find my own purpose. I
hope that we meet again somewhere, one day.

Well, how long has it been? Glad to see you safe.

You must be the same as I; in search of the grave of Sir Artorias. But, be careful. This forest is the territory of a fierce band of thieves. They assault any and all who seek the graves....

What if we were to join forces? How about that? If we worked together, we may escape the bandits. Does that appeal to you?

>Answering "Yes"

Very well. Let us keep our wits about us. One can always do with another pair of eyes... Yes, I see... No matter. May we meet again. I pray for your success. Things appear to have settled. I was right to partner with you.

Thank you. We don't need to band together any more. I will have a short rest here. Feel free to go on ahead....

So, it was you... I had a feeling... I shall destroy you, as fate has commanded me... Foolish pawn of Darkstalker Kaathe... And fiendish Dark Lord..... I have waited for thee..... Foolish slave of the Gods, and pawn of Frampt..... I will kill you..... And become the true Dark Lord...

-----Anastacia of Astora-----

...

Th, thank you..... Thank...you..... I am Anastacia of Astora.... Now I can continue my duty as a Keeper.... But..... I only hope that my impure tongue does not offend.... I only wish... I could, repay you..... Please, forgive me..... Forgive me..... I am impure, my tongue never intended for restoration.... Please, if you have any heart..... Leave me be..... I wish not to speak.....

Frampt has told me of you..... That you have agreed to link the Fire.... I thank you, sincerely.... Finally, the curse of the Undead will be lifted, and I can die human.... I am powerless, but I will do all that I can.... Please, save us all..... Please...

-----Siegmeier of Catarina-----

Mmm... Hrmmmm...

Mmm...mmm... Mm! Oh-hoh! Forgive me. I was absorbed in thought. I am Siegmeyer of Catarina. Quite honestly, I have run flat up against a wall. Or, a gate, I should say. The thing just won't budge. No matter how long I wait. And, oh, have I waited! So, here I sit, in quite a pickle. Weighing my options, so to speak! Hah hah hah hah!

Still closed... Still closed... Mmm...

>attacking him

Yeeg! Whoa! Wha! Why, are you...! That's your game, is it? Well, I'm certainly not backing down! By the honour of my knighthood!

>killing him

Heavens, me... My dear little Lin...

Mmm...mmm... Mm! Oh-hoh! Ahh, where did you come from? Splendid news, I tell you. First, I hear a great roar. And, voila! The path is open. Just goes to show. Good things come to those who wait! Hah hah hah hah!

Mn, mmm... Ah, so you see my plight? Yes, indeed, I have run up against a wall.... Or, a ball, to be precise.... I'm afraid I'm a bit too plump to be outrunning those things. So, here I sit, in quite a pickle. But who knows? Perhaps we'll have another development? Hah hah hah hah!

Perhaps I could try some rolling... ...Bah, no chance. My head would spin.

Mmm... Mmm... Hrrmmmm... Whatever can be done?

Ah, you again! Let me guess. Were you repelled by the Silver Knights? Aww, don't be ashamed. 'Tis the fate of vanguards like you and I. I'll think of something. We can overcome this, together! This is quite a fix... We'll need another three, no, maybe five bodies...

Hmm...quite a fix indeed...

Mmm...mmm... Mm! Oh-hoh! What's on your mind, friend? Wait! ...You defeated those monsters?! Fantastic... I am saved. This knight of Catarina hereby commends you! Take this, as a token of my gratitude. But be warned, gallantry entails great risks. Next time, give me a chance to come up with a plan.

Mmm...mmm... Mm! Oh-hoh! There you are! What a pleasure! Well, look at me. Trapped like a mouse. But, don't lose any sleep over me. I'm very focused, sitting here, so very still. Something good is bound to happen soon! Hah hah hah hah! I require a key to exit. But the key is on the outside...

Hmm... I'm in quite a fix... Ahh! There you are! Bless you! You seem to help me at

every turn. This knight of Catarina expresses his deepest gratitude. Please take this, as a token of my appreciation. I didn't expect you to show up. Although, maybe I did! Hah hah hah hah!

Ahh, hello, there. I'm going to take it slowly here, at least for now. After all this time, it's not so intolerable. I've actually become quite fond of it! Hah hah hah hah!

Mmm... Mmm... Mmm...mmm... Mm! Oh-hoh! Forgive me. I was absorbed in thought. I am Siegmeyer of Catarina. Quite honestly, I have run up against a wall. Perhaps you've noticed those bug-eyed lizards? I've had a go at them, but their breath is petrifying. And so here I am, just thinking things over! Any moment now, and I'll be hit by an epiphany! Hah hah hah hah! Mmm...mmm... Mm! Oh-hoh! Forgive me. I was absorbed in thought. Perhaps you've noticed those bug-eyed lizards? I've had a go at them, but their breath is petrifying. And so here I am, just thinking things over! Any moment now, and I'll be hit by an epiphany! Hah hah hah hah! What about you? Any ideas? Ahh, I thought not.

This is a difficult one, even for me... Hmm...quite a fix indeed... Perhaps I should aim for their eyes...

Mmm...mmm... Mm! Oh-hoh! What's on your mind, friend? Wait!... Did you defeat those lizards? Ahh, you went for the eyes! I knew it... I am saved. This knight of Catarina thanks you sincerely. Please take this, as a token of my gratitude. But be warned, gallantry entails great risks. Next time, give me a chance to come up with a plan.

Sng...sng... Zzzzzz... Sng...sng...

Mm! Oh-hoh! Excuse me. I was so absorbed in thought, I just drifted away. You see, I'm actually in a bit of a fix. I've made it this far, but I'm short on antitode moss for the trip back. ...By my knighthood, I am ashamed to ask... But can you spare a few scraps of moss?

>Yes!

Fantastic! Thank you, a saint you are. This knight of Catarina expresses his deepest gratitude. I shall not forget this. Please, take this; a symbol of my appreciation. Well, our fates do seem entwined, don't they? Perhaps this, too, is the will of Lord Gwyn! Hah hah hah hah!

>Nope!

Yes, I see... No need to worry! I'll be fine. I can make it without that silly moss. Think about it. Have I ever let a little hardship slow me down? Hah hah hah hah!

The Poison Swamp... It's like quicksand in there...

Mmm... Mmm... Mm! Oh-hoh! What's on your mind, friend? You've brought moss, perchance?

Sng...sng... Zzzzzz... Sng...sng...

Mm! Oh-hoh! Excuse me. I was so absorbed in thought, I just drifted away. It must be the warmth. Well, what's on your mind? No, don't tell me. Those monsters making life difficult for you? You need not be ashamed. We are in the same boat.

...You know, I really have run up quite a debt to you. ...Perhaps the time has come...

...

...Friend, I have an idea. A good one, really. ...I will rush those dire fiends, and you can slip away in the confusion. Please, friend, I owe you much more than this. By the honour of the knights of Catarina, allow me to assist you. And now, I go! Don't be slow!

Hrgrraaaaggh! Hiyaaaaaaah! C'mon! Over here, you fiends! Perish, foul creatures! I am Siegmeyer of Catarina, and you shall feel my wrath!

...Oh, there you are. Wait! ...Did you defeat those dire creatures? Outstanding... You never fail to impress. Well, wonderful. This knight of Catarina thanks you. Take this, as a token of my gratitude. I feel like I'm always thanking you... I curse my own inability.

Hng...hng... Why, you! Didn't you get away? Well, you've saved me, once again...

Dear me, what can I say? I have failed you...

Hrgph... Aggkt... My dear little Lin... Hng...hng...

But, you! Didn't you get away? Well, you've saved me, once again... Thank goodness... I'm exhausted... I think I'll have a rest. Don't you worry, the ground below me is my pillow. I'll recover shortly...

Well! Fancy meeting you here. You did much for me up above. I am grateful. You know, I was thinking... The gates at the old fortress... Was that your doing?

>Yep!

Yes! I knew it! It seemed like an unlikely coincidence. Well, am I fortunate! This knight of Catarina thanks you sincerely. Please take this, as a token of my gratitude.

>Wasn't me!

Is that so? Hmm, no matter. Stranger things have happened. Sometimes one only has

to give it some time.

There you are. I'll be heading down below shortly. There's nothing worthwhile up above. No worries! Adventuring is my life; I'm prepared for the worst. Hah hah hah hah!

Hello, friend. Still holding up? I owe you much. I was hoping that you would come. So that I could say thank you, for saving me. From one brave knight to another. Please, take this, as a token of my gratitude. This is a relief. Now I have no regrets. I shall depart for my final adventure...

Oh, hello, friend. I am preparing for my final adventure. Wherever you go, may you be safe. You are a true hero, to be sure.

Oh, hello, friend. ...My daughter risked life and limb, just to find me... ...to deliver her mother's last words... And the poor girl's not even Undead! Sigh... Heavens, I never asked her to do that...

-----Sieglinde of Catarina-----

It was you who rescued me? Why, thank you. I am Sieglinde of Catarina. I don't know how I ended up in that crystal... It wasn't terrible in there, but I could hardly move. I must think of some way to repay you.

Oh! Have you seen my father? You wouldn't miss him. A suit of armour, just like mine?

>Yes!

Thank goodness! I knew he was here somewhere. Well then, now I must find him. Thanks again, truly. Now if he'll just stay put, and keep out of trouble.

>No

Yes, I see... But if you should happen to bump into him, tell him that Sieglinde is on her way, and that he ought to just stay put. And again, thank you kindly.

>attacking her

What in the...! What the devil?! Yes, now I see. You are one of the bad ones. Then, there's only one thing to do with you.

>killing her

Oh, how can this be...! ...dear Father...

>if you're killed by Siegliende

Rest assured. I will kill you as many times as it takes.

Oh, hello again. We're both managing quite well, aren't we? But I haven't found my father yet. Have you seen him?

>Yep

Really! Then I must be off. I'm sorry he's caused you trouble... He has a knack for that. If he'd just stay put...

>No

Yes, I see. Well, I had to ask. I will continue searching a bit longer. Thank you so much.

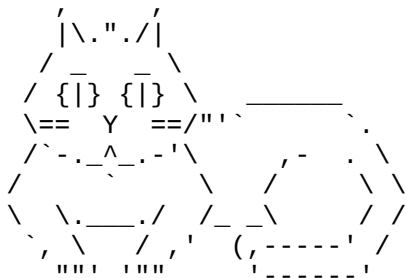
Well, hello again! I have finally located my father. All of your help was invaluable to us... Thank you so much. I was finally able to pass on my mother's last words. My father? He went on his final adventure. Don't worry, that's just the way he is. Undead or no. Sort of reassuring, really. If he goes Hollow, I'll just have to kill him again.

My father...all Hollow now...has been subdued. He will cause no more trouble. It's finally over... I will return to Catarina. You assisted us both greatly. I can hardly return the favour, but please accept this. It's of no use to me now.

Oh, father...dear father... Sob... Oh?

: '(

-----Alvina-----



(not featured: meow purrr purrrr raowr mrrraww raww raww raww~)

Thou fared well to find me. But cometh thee not for the grave of Sir Artorias? My advice true, forget this! The legend of Artorias art none but a fabrication.

...Traversing the dark? 'Tis but a fairy tale. Have thine own respect, go not yonder knocking for nothing, I say!

Well indeed, thou art a strange one! Nevertheless, I feel some liking for thee. I'm Alvina of the Darkroot Wood. I command a clan of hunters who track down defilers of the forest graves. What dost thou say? Wilt thou not join us?

>No

Oh, I see. 'Tis a pity indeed. But this is thine stubborn choice alone. I cannot enforce it upon thee. If thine mind should be alter'd, forsooth speak to me once more.

Oh, thou art here. Tell me thou hast thought on't once more and will join us? Hmm, I see. A result most heathenish and gross. Then there is nothing more to say about this tedious reckoning. Be gone from here. Pernicious caitiff.

>Yes

Oh yes, I believe we would suit thee well. I am very glad! And now thou art one of us! Let us establish a Covenant. And here, taketh this ring. If thou weareth that ring, it allows for thine summoning. If mine senses reveal intruders, then I will summon thee. Fend them off sir, I beseech only this. I shall summon others, who will by their honour work tirelessly with thee. Thou shalt receive great reward, and whatsoever ye shall pillage will be thine own. A true agreement, not so? But thou must heed the golden rule... The clan is thine own family. To thine kinsmen forever stay true. Dare'st not in any attempt to double-cross. Have no doubt, such wretchedness, never will we tolerate.

Ah, thou dost cometh. How fares ye? My hopes for thee are of the highest. Do not such a hope shatter with foul disproportion.

Ah yes, here is thine reward. It is for thee, take it! Make no attempt to show thineself as Hollow!

Oh, thou art present! Shiva hath spoken of thee. I like that which I hear! I have heard murmuring about thee. I like that which I hear! I felt of thou indeed as a special one!

The very moment mine eyes first set upon thee. Here's a precious reward. It is for thee, take it. May thine skill earn thee many more!

Perchance... Hast thou met Shiva? A lad cometh from the far East, strong of arm; now a clan leader of ours. ...And yet... Still I feel that boy hides something. Of that I am certain. Small fear that he will use us badly... Yet on guard we must stay. And that man that clingeth to Shiva like some shadow...ensure thou dost treat him with the same caution.....

>Attacking her

Dee hee hee, dee hee hee! What a fool we have, what a wretched fool we have! Oh, it is thee... Thine kinsmen are betrayed by thee. This doth bode most badly. No rest will ease thy rotten soul whilst there is one clansman living... Forever tormented thou shalt be by our very howls...

>having betrayed the covenant by attacking a forest hunter dude and coming back to Alvina

Hellish villain, thou hast used us most foully, thine own family... For thee, no mercy shall be shown.

-----Crossbreed Priscilla-----

Who art thou? One of us, thou art not. If thou hast misstepped into this world, plunge down from the plank, and hurry home. If thou seekest I, thine desires shall be requited not.

Thou must returneth whence thou came. This land is peaceful, its inhabitants kind, but thou dost not belong. I beg of thee, plunge down from the plank, and hurry home.

>Attacking her

I expected as much from thee. Why dost thee hurry toward thine death?

>killing her

Ahh... But, why... What seeketh thee? Why could thou not let us be? Didst thou not see why Ariamis created this world?

-----Darkstalker Kaathe-----

.....ddsdhmmhhy.....
.....dhsyydhddydd:.....
.....hdydho+oyhddo.....
.....hmdhhyhyhddd-.....
.....smmmdhyhyhddo.....
.....ymhsss/o/o++yy.-/+o++/:.....
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.-so:/oshhddmmdmmddddhdmo///oyyo+:/o-
-y:-+yo:....:dmmhdmNhhmdshdh.....+yys+:o
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Greetings, Undead warrior. I am the primordial serpent Darkstalker Kaathe. I can guide thee, and illuminate the truth. Undead Warrior, conqueror of the Four Kings; is this not your wish? To know the truth of men, and the Undead?

>Yes

A wise choice, Undead warrior. Prove you must, that the truth becomes you. Seek Anor Londo. And claim Gwyn's heirloom, the Lordvessel. I will open Sen's Fortress, which leads to Anor Londo. Hraaaooogggh! Hraaaooogggh! Now go, Undead warrior. Show the world that the truth becomes you. ...

>No

...Very well. Warriors as yourself are few. I will be patient. But I cannot wait forever...

Ahh... If you wish, I shall grant the art of Lifedrain, the legendary power of the Dark Lord. It can preserve your humanity while Undead, and cast off the shackles placed upon your brethren.

What is it? I am your guardian. Go on, state your wish.

What is it? Perhaps you have changed your mind?

Farewell.

Hmm... You are astonishing. The truth I shall share, without sentiment. After the advent of Fire, the ancient Lords found the three souls. But your progenitor found a fourth, unique soul. The Dark Soul. Your ancestor claimed the Dark Soul, and waited for Fire to subside. And soon, the flames did fade, and only Dark remained. Thus began the age of men, the Age of Dark. However... Lord Gwyn trembled at the Dark. Clinging to his Age of Fire, and in dire fear of humans, and the Dark Lord who would one day be born amongst them, Lord Gwyn resisted the course of nature. By sacrificing himself to link the Fire, and commanding his children to shepherd the humans, Gwyn has blurred your past, to prevent the birth of the Dark Lord. I am the primordial serpent. I seek to right the wrongs of the past, to discover our true Lord. But the other serpent, Frampt, lost his sense, and befriended Lord Gwyn. Undead Warrior, we stand at a crossroads. Only I know the truth about your fate. You must destroy the fading Lord Gwyn, who has coddled Fire and resisted nature, and become the Fourth Lord, so that you may usher in an Age of Dark! Very well! I shall now guide you to Gwyn's prison. Be still. Entrust thine flesh to me.

This is Gwyn's prison. Now, place the Lordvessel upon the altar.

What is it? Place the Lordvessel upon the altar.

Very well. Once the vessel is filled with souls, the gate to Gwyn shall open. Seek Gravelord Nito, the Witch of Izalith, and the traitor Seath the Scaleless. Fill this vessel with their souls. Then, the gate will open...so that you may kill Gwyn.... Are you ready? Then, let us return to the Abyss. Entrust thine flesh to me.

>No? (no idea what's the question here)

Nonsense! Are you mad! This is deplorable! You would rather be a slave? Does the truth mean nothing to you? This is unacceptable! Impossible! Unthinkable! ...
...Oh, enough with you. Farewell, pitiful, unknowing fool. I shall return to the Abyss, and await the true Lord of Men.

>Yes?

Very well. Be still. Entrust thy flesh to me. Are you ready? Then, let us return to the Abyss. Entrust thine flesh to me.

Magnificent. You have followed my teachings faithfully. You are the true lord of men, the Dark Lord. Now, go forth, and rid us of that enfeebled Gwyn. I, Kaathe, shall await you here. When you return, I shall serve you, in the imminent Age of Dark.

My Lord, bless thy safe return. Let Kaathe, and Frampt, serve Your Highness. We are here to serve Your Highness. Let true Dark be cast upon the world. Our Lord hath returned!st... Undead warrior, To speak now is premature. It begins with your retrieval of the Lordvessel. They failed me, every last one of them. They were strong, but saw not the truth.... I am certain that you will prove different.

>Attacking him

Hmg! Hrg! Agh! Ooph! Stop! Enough! Fool! Fool... You could not be the Dark Lord. Enough of this...and farewell to you. I shall return to the Abyss, and await the true Lord of Men.

-----Primordial Serpent
Frampt-----

.....ddsdhmmhmmhhy.....
.....dhsyydhddydd:.....
.....hdydho+oyhddo.....
.....hmdhyhyhyhddd-.....
.....smmmdhyhyhddo.....
.....ymhsss/o/o++yy.-/+o+++/:....
...-:::/+++/hmdhyhyhyhddmdyhhhyso+:/o/..
.-so:/oshhddmmdmmddddddhdmo///oyyo+:/o-
-y:-+yo:....:dmmhdmNhhmdshdh.....+yys+:o
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s:oy/.....:osssso+:.....osos-
:o+y-.....:yyo..
./sy.....:..
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.....

.....
.....

Hmgg... Hmgg... Ahh, hello. Was it you who rang the Bell of Awakening? I am the primordial serpent, Kingseeker Frampt, close friend of the Great Lord Gwyn. Chosen Undead, who has rung the Bell of Awakening. I wish to elucidate your fate, and the very reason your kind have appeared. Do you seek such enlightenment?

>No

By the Lords... Are you certain? Well, perhaps I was wrong. There can be only one chosen Undead. I will continue my search... You are freed from duty. But then again, you did ring the Bell of Awakening. I will stay here a while. Speak with me if you should change your mind.

>Yes

Very well. Then I am pleased to share. Chosen Undead. Your fate...is to succeed the Great Lord Gwyn. So that you may link the Fire, cast away the Dark, and undo the curse of the Undead. To this end, you must visit Anor Londo, and acquire the Lordvessel. Now that you are ready, I shall open Sen's Fortress, which leads to Anor Londo.

Hraaaooogggh! Hraaaooogggh! The arduous path of honour is open. Go forth, and seize your Undead destiny.

Ahh, one other thing. You will require humanity to remain yourself while Undead. This I can provide you, but only in trade for souls.

I am pleased to see you well. Is it something urgent?

Hmgg... Hmgg.....

Hm? No, no, I'm fine, I'm fine. Well and wide awake! Do not treat me like an old withering snake. What brings you here?

By the Lords, you may as well be a Hollow. This will not do. Your humanity requires replenishment.

What brings you here? Had a change of heart about your fate as an Undead?

Those who seek the Realm of Lords must brave Sen's Fortress, a deadly house of traps. Many have gone before you, but none have returned. Fate has chosen you, but proceed with caution.

Farewell.

Chosen Undead. I remain here, and await thee.

Heavens! You have done it! You have retrieved the Lordvessel! After a thousand years! It is you, it is really you! Hraaaooogggh! Hraaaooogggh!... Forgive me. I really should calm down. Now, let us take that vessel on a journey. I assume that you are ready. Now, be still!

This is the Firelink Chamber, for the successor of Lord Gwyn. Now, place the Lordvessel on the altar.

What is it? Place the Lordvessel on the altar. No reason for pause at this point.

Very well. As Kingseeker, I shall now instruct you, the Lord's successor, in your next task. To achieve your fate, fill the vessel with powerful souls, commensurate to the great soul of Gwyn. Scarce few possess such brilliant souls. Gravelord Nito, the Witch of Izalith, the Four Kings of New Londo, who inherited the shards of Gwyn's soul...and Lord Gwyn's former confidant, Seath the Scaleless. All of their souls are required to satiate the Lordvessel.... Are you ready? Then we shall return. Stay still for a moment! The beings who possess these souls have outlived their usefulness, or have chosen the path of the wicked. As the primordial serpent, I implore you to defeat them, and claim their souls. Let there be no guilt; let there be no vacillation. Very well. Then, stay still for a moment! Are you ready? Then we shall return. Stay still, then!

Ahh...ohh! The Lordvessel is satiated... Magnificent... You are the righteous successor to Gwyn, the new Great Lord. And I am Kingseeker no more... Your acquaintance was an honour. I must admit, I am fond of you humans. May you enjoy serendipity, And may the Age of Fire perpetuate.

>Attazcking him

Hmg! Hrg! Agh! Ooph! Cease. Enough. Infidel. You sorry fool... You could not be the Chosen one. Enough... I shall slumber, until I am awakened again...

-----"Trusty" Patches, the
Hyena-----

Good day! You look reasonably sane! What are you doing in the Catacombs? Are you a cleric or something?

>Yes

Yes, I imagined as much. Best of luck with your pilgrimages or missions or whatever you do. This place is treacherous. Do watch your step, eh? Heh heh heh...

>No

No? Well, that's strange. Ohhh, I know what it is. You've come for the trinkets, haven't you? Well, whatever it is... This place is treacherous. Do watch your step. Heh heh heh...

Yeah? What is it now? Enough with the chit-chat. In a place like this, we need to

stay on our toes.

>In the Catacombs, Patches is guarding a lever that turns a bridge upside down, if you try to cross this bridge then Patches will use the lever and you'll die. If you come back to Patches after this event, he'll say this:

Ah, oh! Well, well, how are you, then? I, uh, sort of lost my way, yes... But when I came here, I didn't touch any levers, no, not me! Very peculiar, isn't it? Wait, did something happen to you? Hey, don't look at me like that. I'm Trusty Patches, the one-and-only! Here, everything's good with us, eh?

>Yes

Aww, c'mon, take it! Heh heh. We'll be wonderful friends. Heh heh heh...

>No

Oh, does it really matter that much? C'mon, now. What exactly do you think I did? You're not making sense, my friend. Heh heh heh...

Ah, oh! Well, how are you, then? ...I slipped and flipped that lever, you see... ...It didn't cause you any trouble, by chance?

>Yes

Are you certain?! Well, that's a fine shame.

>No?

Oh, I'm truly sorry, really! But, wait now, you didn't actually fall down, then? Well, why didn't you tell me sooner! All's well that ends well! Everybody makes mistakes. I'm not above it all, I swear! I'm Trusty Patches, the one-and-only! I know! This should make up for it. We're on the same side! Undead outcasts! Fantastic, isn't it? Heh heh heh...

>No

Oh, will you come off it, now! You're fine and well, so what's the difference! Nobody likes a crybaby, you know? Heh heh heh...

>Yes

Oh, really? Yes, I see... Righty-oh! Then, everything's good, isn't it?

>male character

I'm Trusty Patches, the one-and-only! You and I, just a couple of Undead outcasts, right mate?

>female character

You and I, just a couple of Undead outcasts, right my darling? Heh heh heh...

>attacking him

Oww! What the devil! Please, no! All right, all right, if that's the way it is!

What happened to you? Curses, you left me no choice...

(male character)
You silly little bastard!

(female)
You impossible little wench!

Well, I've had enough of you! Take your higher cause and stuff it, you lousy charlatan! You lousy good-for-nothing! Wallow in your spit! You filthy wench! You'll get what you deserve!

What? ! Oww! Oi! Put an end to that! Stop that! Curses, what's wrong with you! Well, if that's what it has to be! Why you... Curses!

>killing him
Curses... I'm finished...

What did I ever... Phew...

How in the... What did I do? What...did...I...do?!

>if he kills you
The righteous prevail, again...

Hey, don't blame me, mate.

Hey, don't blame me, me old darling.

Good day! You look reasonably sane! What are you doing in the Catacombs? Are you a cleric or something?

>Yes
Yes, I guessed as much. Well, here's a tip. There's a stash of treasure right down that hole. I found it first, but...well, you're the cleric, right? I owe you for all that, er, praying and what not... I'll give you first pick. Well, go on, have a look. It'll shimmer you blind. Heh heh heh...

>No
No? Really? Then I'd have no qualms telling you, there's a fine stash of treasure right down that hole. I found it first, but...well, we're friends now, so I'll split it with you! In any case, have a look, it'll shimmer you blind! Heh heh heh...

What, you again? Well, well! Where have you been? Any tidings, hmm? Oh, you came at

the perfect time. There's a fine stash of treasure right down that hole. I found it first, but...well, you're the cleric, right? I owe you for all that... praying and what not...look I'll give you first pick.

Well, go on, have a look. It'll shimmer you blind. Heh heh heh...

What, you again? Well, well! You've been a stranger.

Ah, good to see you're well, mate. You've been a stranger.
Ah it's good to see you're well, my darling.

Oh right, you came at the perfect time. There's a fine stash of treasure right down that hole. I found it first, but...well, we're friends now. I'll split it with you! In any case, have a look, it'll shimmer you blind! Heh heh heh...

There, that hole. Take a closer look.

What's your problem? Take a peep in the hole, and check out that treasure!

>If you look in the hole, he kicks you in the back and you fall
Heh heh, you got what you deserve! You damn clerics, you're worse than maggots! You must be loaded! I'll strip your corpse clean! Nyah hah hah hah! Heh heh, this is what I do, my friend. The trinkets I'll be stripping off your corpse; that's the real treasure! Nyah hah hah hah!

>after this event, come back to him and he'll say this
...Oh, you, I... Well, let's just calm down. Talk about things... I did you wrong. But, I didn't mean it. These...temptations, they can, well, overcome me... You know what I mean? Don't you? Please forgive me. You and me, we're jolly Undead outcasts, aren't we?

>Yes
Oh, brilliant! A second chance! Wonderful! I had a feeling you'd understand, I did. But if I were in your shoes... Ooh! Who knows what I'd have done? But now... We're friends again, eh? Heh heh heh...

>No
Oh, for heaven's sake, let's not mope about, eh? You're still alive, I've said I'm sorry! Wait, I know! Here, take this. It proves something, doesn't it? We're both Undead outcasts, what could be better? Heh heh heh...

(if you said you were a cleric, he'll attack you if you come back to talk to him)
Blimey, how did you... You weren't supposed to survive that... Well, no matter. I'll settle this once and for all. You lousy self-righteous cleric!

I did you wrong. But, I didn't mean it. These...temptations, they can overcome me... You know what I mean? Don't you? Please, forgive me.

Oh, we meet again. How many of you are there? You've come at the perfect time. I'm done with the looting. I'm a humble merchant now! And wondrous treasures, have I! At a special price for you.

There you are, have a nice look at them. Oh relax, no more funny business out of me, my friend!

Oh, you again. Fancy that. You've come at the perfect time. Some new gems have come my way. I saved them specially, just for you, mate.

I saved them specially, just for you, my darling.

Oh, there you are again. Welcome to Trusty Patches' Trove of Treasures. We chop prices, not limbs! What, nothing appeals to you? Well, you must have poor taste.

Come on, you can do better than that. Nobody likes a tightwad, you hear me? Right?

Good stuff, eh? Don't you forget who got it for you! Heh heh heh...

How is it? Fine stuff, eh? Don't forget to thank me.

Oi, have you met Lautrec the Embraced? Believe me on this one, bruv... He's completely mad. Believe me on this one, my love... He's completely mad. He wouldn't think twice about cutting somebody down. So watch out for him, especially if you've humanity to spare.

Oi, have you met Petrus, that self-proclaimed cleric? Believe me on this one, bruv... The man is scum. Believe me on this one, my love... The man is scum. Don't you be fooled by his claims to do good. They're all the same, those rotten clerics.

Here, have you met that sunbathing Solaire? Believe me on this one, bruv... He's a complete idiot. Believe me on this one, my love... He's a complete idiot.

But he happens to be an awfully strong idiot. Just nod your head, and keep him on your side! Nyah hah hah hah!

Here, have you met that backwoods Shiva?

Believe me on this one, bruv...The man is trouble.
Believe me on this one, my love... The man is trouble.

I can see it in his eyes. I just can. Hmph, No doubt about it. Watch him.

-----Shiva of the East-----

I've heard all about you. I'm Shiva of the East, captain of the brigade. Let's teach you the clan basics now, as there is no time to chat in the midst of fighting. Except there's little in the form of rules, you hear? Fight and hunt as you like. Whoever's fastest gets the prey. That's the way we do it. Only... Don't forget what Alvina said. Traitors aren't given a second chance, for any reason. That's about it, then. Don't worry, it's a good old time, isn't it? Great to have you with us. Good hunting to you.

Ah, did you notice that one? Sharp eyes! He's one of the clan. From the East, like myself. Always slinking in the shadows, but he's a tough one. You'll see what I mean. Hah hah hah hah!

Don't worry, now. You'll be called in soon enough. Hunters with patience score the best kills.

>Attacking Shiva

Hrg! Mnph! Why, you dirty...! Have you lost it? Turning on us from the very start? You have some guts, to turn on us! Have a look at my sword, for it's the last thing you'll see! Hiyaah! Haaah! Hiiyah! You poor fool... You won't be able to run far enough...

>if Shiva kills you

You sick Hollow... Don't you ever come round again.

Hello again. Strange to meet away from the clan and the forest. But while you're here, how about some equipment? I love collecting these things, but I can only keep so many. And, you know, you are a friend. I'll sell them cheap.

We meet again. I have the equipment, if you have the need.

Well, there you are again. I've culled my best picks from my last summoning. Have a look, will you?

I see you have a sharp eye for trinkets. Suits me fine.

I'll be seeing you.

Right then.

I'll see you in the forest.

Have you heard of Chaos Blade? The legendary sword of the ancient Undead master Makoto, its blade a swirling vortex. I heard it's somewhere around here, but I can't find it. ...It's all I could ever wish for... ...I'd do anything to have it...

>Showing the sword to Shiva (just like in Demon's Souls with Satsuki, I guess you have to equip the sword and Shiva will comment on it)
Why, look at you! Just wait will you! Your sword! Is it not... the Chaos Blade...? I've been searching for her for ages! ...I beg of you, and I promise repay you... Will you give the sword to me?

>No
...Yes, quite alright, I cannot blame you. The blade is yours, after all.

>Yes
Excellent! Much gratitude! As promised, this is for you. Go ahead, take it.

Ahh, splendid, the Chaos Blade... Look into the vortex... Wonderful... Simply wonderful... Oh my, oh my... But the sword's true value...hmm... Can't be known without a good killing...

...So, I will do the honourable thing... ...And kill you for it...

Don't you run away! Be still you rat! Taste my blade, taste it, you devil! Hee hee! Hee, hee hee hee!

This is what you get for crossing me. Have a look at my sword, for it's the last thing you'll see!

Red...the colour of blood... Hee hee...hee...

By the devils... You won't be able to run far enough...

What a wonderful specimen... Like slicing through butter... Hee, hee, nee hee hee!

Your ambitions have sealed your fate. But, who'd have thought I'd be the traitor? Sometimes you never know, do you... Keh heh heh heh!

-----Oswald of Carim-----

Greetings. I am Oswald of Carim, the Pardoner. Thou art a friend. For thee, a warm welcome. If thou desireth to preserve thy humanity, then confess thy misdoings to me. Be it granting absolution, or doling penance; all sin is my domain.

Thou appearest to lack faith, but the Gods are magnanimous. If thou desireth to preserve thy humanity, then confess thy misdoings to me. Be it granting absolution, or doling penance; all sin is my domain.

Greetings, and welcome back. I am pleased to see thee preserving thine humanity.

Greetings, and a pleasure to see thee again. Art thou in need of mine assistance? Do not be bashful.

Greetings. Just in time, art thee not? Thou art safe now. Quickly, tell me thy confession, and restore thy humanity. Greetings. Well, I did'st not expect to find thee Hollow. But do not fear; I shall free thee from thy monstrous form. When thou art in need of humanity, thou shalt be welcome. I always have an ear for confession. Heh heh heh heh...

If thou commiteth a crime, bring thyself back here. There is no misdoing that I cannot undo! Keh heh heh heh...

Stocking up on Indictments? How honourable of you. Heh heh heh heh...

Thou art welcome anytime. It is only human to commit a sin... Heh heh heh heh...

>attacking him

Ooph! Hrgt! Arg! Oog! By the Lords! Thou hast made thyself clear. And thou leaveth me no choice. I shall accept thy next confession, in the hereafter! Thou shalt regret this... Fear thine indelible wrongdoings... Much trouble hast thou caus'd. Thou was weak in spirit, broken by the weight of thy sin.

Greetings. I am Oswald of Carim, the pardoner. Thou art a friend. For thee, a warm welcome. Cometh thou to confess? Or to accuse? For indeed all sin is my domain. Thou appearest to lack faith, yet magnanimous are the Gods.

Cometh thou to confess? Or to accuse? For indeed all sin is my domain.

Good tidings, thou art welcome. Laudable is thy dedication to sin.

Hmm... Hast thou acquaintance with Petrus of Thorolund? I wager you two hath likely found much in common. For is he not too drenched in sin... Heh heh heh heh... Is it not so that thou art new.

-----Lautrec of Carim-----

Still human, are you? Then I am in luck. Could you help me? As you can see I am stuck, without recourse. I entreat you. Have pity on this powerless knight. Surely you can imagine the depth of such dejection? Please, I have duties to fulfil, and I will reward you handsomely. Well? I am certain you stand to benefit.

Why! You! Do not run away! Hear me out!

Ahh, you have come back. I beg of you. Help me.

>open his cell in Undead Parish
Thank you, yes, sincerely. I am Knight Lautrec of Carim. I truly appreciate this, and I guarantee a reward, only later.

Yes, very sorry, your reward will have to wait. I have just been freed. Allow me some time. I am free. Now I can get back to work... Keh heh heh heh...

>attacking him
Well, what have we here? Keh keh keh. Are you sure about this? You leave me no choice. I was once grateful to you, But if this is our fate, so be it! You despicable...

You won't let me be? Then I have no choice! You will regret this! How dare you insult Lautrec the Embraced! May the Goddess have Mercy upon you.

>killing him
...Curses... How could I...

Ahh, hello there. I have your reward. Please accept it. I am grateful to you. For freeing me... Keh heh heh heh...

...Not enough for you? Well, let's not be greedy, now... Keh heh heh heh...

By the Lords... Your face... By the Lords... Your voice... Hmmm... Your humanity is really slipping. But there are methods. Most fools have more humanity than they know what to do with. Now, who do you imagine will make the best use of it, hmm?

Well, where have you been? I am glad to see you are safe.

Hm, you again? What is it? Our futures are murky. Let's not be too friendly, now.

Oh, hello. I'm considering a change of location... I have a rather, pressing matter

to attend to up above. That Keeper has served me well, but...enough with her... Keh
heh heh heh...

...You... How dare you come prancing about! I have nothing to say. Be gone from my
sight.

>if you didn't save him from his cell, he'll appear in Firelink Shrine anyway and
says this
Hello... I don't think we've met. I am Knight Lautrec of Carim. We are both Undead.
Perhaps we can help one another. Keh heh heh heh...

Hmm, what business do you have? If you have none, then stay silent.

Ahh, you certainly are keeping busy.

Care to pay for a useful tip?

nah
Oh, really? Well, suit yourself. Only trying to help.

>Yes
A wise choice, indeed. Maiden Thorolund and her followers recently arrived in this
land, but she became stranded deep below the Catacombs. Her followers either fled,
or were reduced to Hollows... Leaving Maiden Thorolund all alone. Not a bad tip,
huh? A nubile cleric would be replete with humanity...

Hm? That tip I gave you? Ahh, I heard it from a fleeing old man. That poor bastard!
All his robes and trinkets won't help him now! Kwah hah hah hah hah!

Have you heard of Trusty Patches? If ever a man has rubbed me up the wrong way,
ugh! If he ever comes around again, I swear, I'll have his hide.

Why, you... How far will you come? !...Please, leave me alone...

What have I done to you? ...Please, I beg of you... Tsk!

Well! You again? Well, look at you. I thought you were wiser, but I thought wrong!
Tis a terrible pity. Like a moth fluttering towards a flame. You fellows? No? Don't
you agree?

So, here we go again!

Oh, look, another one! How many times will these lambs rush to slaughter? Well,
let's get it over with.

-----Ingward-----

Well, this is a surprise. I don't get many visitors, except for ghosts. Do you have some business here? My name is Ingward. I'm an old man, bound to these parts. But I don't mind a chat. I may even be of some help.

Oh, cursed, are you? Is that what brings you to me? It is a wise choice. Your troubles will soon be over.

My name is Ingward. I'm an old man, bound to these parts. But cleansing your curses; that I can do. The breaking of curses is the territory of deities. You must be prepared to give some of yourself.

Hello again. How are you? Oh, hello there. How are you? I don't mind a chat. I may even be of some help.

Hello, there. Where have you been? I'm glad to see you well. How can I be of assistance?

Well, hello there. Have you been cursed? That can be quite onerous. But not to worry. Such cleansing, I am happy to administer. But the breaking of curses is the territory of deities. You must be prepared for sacrifice.

Hello, there. Cursed again? I do not know whether you are brave, or just foolish, but you do seem to find your share of trouble. How do you manage to find so much trouble?

Hello there. What is it? The key to the seal is now in your hands. I will help you in any way possible....

You've broken the seal, have you? No, I have no regrets. My trust lies with you, and Frampt. No, I have no regrets. For I trust in you. But you cannot proceed without being able to traverse the Abyss. According to legend, the knight Artorias crossed the Abyss, and annihilated the atrocious Darkwraiths. If you can find him, and learn from him, the Abyss may prove surmountable....

Magnificent. You defeated the Four Kings. Impressive, even for a bearer of the Lordvessel. And with this, my purpose is exhausted. I have not seen the sun for a long time. Perhaps I could do with a change...

Oh, hello. The sunlight made me wince, and now I've come back to this dark hole! So, what brings you here? I will help you in any way I can.

Oh, hello. What is it? I will help you in any way that I can.

>Additional dialogue

Oh, hello. You've acquired the Lordvessel, have you? Very impressive. I know exactly what your intentions are. You seek the Four Kings whom I guard over. And yes, I do have the key to the seal. But before I give it up, there is something I must ask. Do you see the great hall that stands before you? Atop it, you will find a Darkwraith, a servant of the Four Kings. Show me that you can defeat it. As guardian of the seal, it behoves me to test your strength. For if you cannot defeat the Darkwraith, you will be no match for the Four Kings. Even if Frampt has chosen you. Even if you are the bearer of the Lordvessel.

You have...the Lordvessel.

Oh, hello. What is it? I will help you in any way that I can.

Hate to ask, really. But I am the Guardian of the Seal. I have seen too many lives wasted over the eons. So, I had no choice but to test your mettle.

You, you have defeated the Darkwraith! Very good, indeed. I can certainly trust you. This is the key to the seal. The Four Kings slumber in the deepest chamber of the ruins. Use this key to break the seal and open the floodgates. ...Oh, and do not forget... The Darkwraiths reside in a dark void called the Abyss. But the Abyss is no place for ordinary mortals. Although long ago, the knight Artorias traversed the Abyss. If you can find him, and learn from him, the Abyss may prove surmountable.

I am the Guardian of the Seal. I watch over the Four Kings, the masters of the Darkwraiths. The Darkwraiths are the enemies of man, and any living thing that has a soul. They were born in New Londo, and that is where they perished; the entire city was sacrificed to contain them. ...For that is how great a threat they were... New Londo was sacrificed to contain the Darkwraiths. Mark my words. The Darkwraiths are the enemies of man, and any living thing that has a soul. They were never meant to roam again. Long ago, the Four Kings were powerful men. Only, their hearts were weak. When an evil serpent dangled the art of Lifesteal before them, they were unable to resist, and became pawns of evil.

>Attacking him

What! No! What are you doing! Cease! Stop that! Sigh... You are no different from the rest... So be it! I am Ingward, the guardian of the seal. Prepare to meet your doom! Ohh...ogghh... How could I allow this... Forgive me...my countrymen...

-----Dusk of Oolacile-----

So, it is thou who rescueth me? Most gracious. I am deeply obliged. I am Dusk of Oolacile. I cometh from an age long before thine... I can not stay here for long. So, before I disappear, allow me to ask one thing. My home, Oolacile, is the home of ancient sorceries. My hope is to pass this profound knowledge to thee, with thine approval. Would this be of assistance to thee?

>Answering "Yes"

My heartfelt thanks. I am pleased beyond words. Then, I shalt engrave my signature. If thou art in need, pray summon me from my signature.

>Answering "No"

Yes, of course... I understand well. Pray forgive me. I have overstepped my boundaries. Farewell; another age, another land, beckons me to return. May the flames guide thee.

It seems that my time is done. May the great flames guide thee.

>Attacking Dusk

What dost thou... Whatever for... Cease this barbarism...

>Killing Dusk

Ahh... Farewell, my rescuer...

I am Dusk of Oolacile. It is an honour to see thee again. I shall follow thine wishes.

If thou art in need, pray summon me again. I wish to be of assistance...

May the flames guide thee. If thou art in need, pray summon me again. I only wish to be of some genuine assistance...

May the flames guide thee.

Wait, where... are...

Thou hast return'd. Bless thee.

For a very long time, I was trapped within the Crystal Golem. From my home I was taken, and banish'd to a plane of distortion. It was there, that thou came to my rescue. Long after I had relinquished all hope. So gleeful was I, my faith reneweth.

The sorceries of Oolacile differ from the magic of thine age. It is difficult to explain... Oolacile sorceries are, what doth one say? They are somewhat... of an approximation. Thine sorceries are more straight forward, negating all but thy self.

Dost thou not find some fascination in these discrepancies? My home of Oolacile was reduced to ashes, long ago, in my time. I have been alone ever since... But to be summon'd thus, and to be of service to thee... It is... most rewarding... Oh, forgive me, such a long-past time is none of thine concern.

...Mmn...ahh...

...Aah...mmn...

...This may strike thine ear as somewhat peculiar, but...Long ago, in my homeland of Oolacile, I was beset by a creature from the Abyss. I would have perished then, were it not for the great knight Artorias. In truth, I saw little of what transpired, for mine senses were already fled! But even still, there was something about Artorias... A certain balance of the humours...That quite perfectly fits your semblance. Heavens, could it be that... Oh, dear me. That was Oolacile, many centuries ago. Please excuse my fanciful musings.

Excuse me for such whimsical utterances. Only, it was so very odd...You, and Artorias. I owe my life to each of you. And each seem to share some resonance of sorts...Perhaps it is the nature of true greatness.

I still think on that creature from the Abyss that preyed on me. My faculties were far from lucid, but I quite clearly sensed certain emotions. A wrenching nostalgia, a lost joy, an object of obsession, and a sincere hope to reclaim it... Could these thoughts belong to the beast from the Abyss? But if that were true, then perhaps it is no beast after all? Oh, please forgive my ramblings. It's just that, I wish to know the truth. And no one, not even loving Elizabeth, will tell me.

-----Crestfallen Warrior-----

Well, what do we have here? You must be a new arrival. Let me guess. Fate of the Undead, right? Well, you're not the first. But there's no salvation here. You'd have done better to rot in the Undead Asylum... But, too late now. Well, since you're here... Let me help you out. There are actually two Bells of Awakening. One's up above, in the Undead Church. The other is far, far below, in the ruins at the base of Blighttown. Ring them both, and something happens... Brilliant, right? Not much to go on, but I have a feeling that won't stop you. So, off you go. It is why you came, isn't it? To this accursed land of the Undead? Hah hah hah hah...

Hm? What, you want to hear more? Oh, that's all we need. Another inquisitive soul. Well, listen carefully, then... One of the bells is up above in the Undead Church, but the lift is broken. You'll have to climb the stairs up the ruins, and access the Undead Burg through the waterway. The other bell is back down below the Undead Burg, within the plague-infested Blighttown. But I'd die again before I step foot in that cesspool! Hah hah hah hah!

Bloody hell, what is it now? You ask too many questions.

What's wrong? Get a bit of a scare out there? No problem. Have a seat and get comfortable. We'll both be Hollow before you know it. Hah hah hah hah...

Why, what a surprise. I didn't expect you to make it. ...Oh, somebody rang the bell... Wait. Was it you? You never give up, do you? I don't know how you do it. Well, don't stop now. Only one more, but it's going to be suicide. Only one more now, if you have the heart for it. Hah hah hah hah...

Did you see that hoity-toity cleric? He went through the graveyard and down into the Catacombs. Clerics speak of some nonsense called Kindling, used to feed bonfires. They're so bloody determined. They practically queue to explore the Catacombs. Hah hah hah hah...

Have you been to the ruins of New Londo below? Just head down the stairs, and take the lift. It's certainly worth a visit. It was once an Undead city. You may find a clue or two. Unless the ghosts find you first... Keh heh heh heh!

How did that silly sorcerer's apprentice end up? You know, the one always prattling on about Master Logan. He left for the Undead Burg, but never came back. Serves him right. If even Old Big Hat can't make it out there, what chance does he have? I hope he enjoys his new life as a Hollow.

How did that raggedy old chum end up? You know, the one who idolized some godmother of pyromancy. He left for Blighttown, but never came back. Whereas most flee from sickness, he dives right in. Well, nothing will harm him once he goes Hollow.

That cleric was spared? I never know what the Gods are thinking... Tsk!

How did that nutty sorcerer make it back? Unexpected, but I suppose stranger things have happened.

How did that old man make it back? Unexpected, but I suppose stranger things have happened.

Don't you ever think to forge your weapons? Perhaps you haven't heard of Andre. Visit him in the Old Church, in the forest behind the Undead Church.

Perhaps you haven't heard of Andre. You really need to find him. Unless you enjoy swinging about with blunt instruments! Hah hah hah hah!

Oh, have you seen that terribly morose lass? ...The Fire Keeper. She's stuck keeping that bonfire lit. Sad, really. She's mute and bound to this forsaken place. They probably cut her tongue out back in her village, so that she'd never say any god's name in vain. How do these martyrs keep chugging along? I'd peter out in an instant. Hah hah hah hah!

Oh, your face! You're practically Hollow. It won't be long, if you keep dying like this. You'd best hurry and restore your humanity. But who knows, going Hollow could solve quite a bit! Hah hah hah hah...

Hm, what? Restoring your humanity? Well, there are a few ways to go about it... Collect it bit by bit from corpses, Collect it bit by bit from corpses, or you can butter up a cleric, and get yourself summoned. And the quickest way, although I'd never do it, is to kill a healthy Undead, and pillage its humanity. Coveting thy

neighbour is only human, after all! Hah hah hah hah...

What are you looking at? Don't try anything clever. You might regret it.

Oi, hold on... Don't tell me, have you been cursed? Oh woe is the Undead who's cursed on top of it all! Harsh times; harsh times, indeed! Hah hah hah hah! Hah hah hah hah! No, no, I'm sorry. Here, let me share a nice tip. Long ago, I was told of a remedician who resides in New Londo. Does he really exist? Well, go and find out for yourself. But don't blame me if he's just an apparition! Hah hah hah hah!

Oi, did you see him? Big Hat Logan, the legendary sorcerer, in the flesh!

...This place is simply mad... Legendary heroes popping up left and right... They're making me feel quite inadequate, to be honest! Hah hah hah hah...

Did you see her? That virtuous little maiden, complete with followers in tow. They're probably going straight to pillage graves. I've heard enough about "M'Lady" for a lifetime. What absolute rubbish, eh? Tsk! Did you hear about the maiden? The virtuous lass came back alone, and in absolute tatters... Did her followers die, or was she abandoned? Who knows. But I suppose we've heard the last from "M'lady". Hah hah hah hah! That maiden? She's shuffled off somewhere. I believe to the Undead Church. These ruins were probably too awkward for her.

Did you ring the second bell? That is incredible, I must say... But now we have a new problem. It's noisy, it snores, and its breath is lethal... This is no laughing matter, I tell you.

Damn, that stench... And I was really beginning to like it here! Sigh... Maybe it's time I do something about it...

You again? There's nothing to speak about, really. Oh, actually... Something strange did happen. That crow flew off with somebody in its clutches. I think it was a man curled up in a ball. Stranger things have happened, right? No, maybe not... Hm? What now? I'm not up for chatting. Leave me alone. Well, what are you going to do? I've already decided. I don't really care; I'm simply crestfallen...

>attacking him

Ooph! Ow! What in the... !Stop that! Oi! Lousy rat! You have some nerve! I may be crestfallen, but I'm not defenceless, you rascal! You will soon regret this!

>killing him (in firelink shrine)

Heheh, not too shabby... I think you've done me a favour...

>if he kills you

Now, that's just embarrassing. How'd you let me do that to you?

Don't you ever think to forge your weapons? You'd better find a smithbox soon,

Unless you enjoy swinging about with blunt instruments! Hah hah hah hah! Don't you ever repair your weapons? You just need the right tools, or some powder. If you keep swinging those scraps around, you'll be mistaken for a Hollow! Hah hah hah hah!

-----Crestfallen Merchant-----

..... Hrrg... ..Rrgggg... ..Rrrrrgggg... ..Hrrrggaaaagghhh... ..think, think...remember...remember...remember...count, count...yeah count...count...one, two, three, four, five, six, seven...argh...hrgggg... Hrrgggggggg!!

...Ah, what? What? Who are you? Ahh, another Undead, eh? I took on Sen's Fortress alone... But I'm no different from those vile creatures... I was driven by conceit... Ahh, you think you're different? That you can handle it?

Yes, I remember that feeling. For I was the same.... So, let me help you out. With your soul-searching....

Hm... Oh, yes, it's you. What is it? Still something you need, eh, anything at all?

...Hm, ah, oh you? Still alive? That's a surprise. Anything you want? What's mine is yours, but at a price!

Nothing at all? Fine then, rush in like a naked babe, and be skinned alive!

So, you're that good? Don't need a thing? Bah. It won't be long, before you're begging for mercy. Go along, try and make something of yourself. But nothing will come of it. And I should know!

There you go, another brave soul. But soon you shall see... You and I are no different...

Yes, yes, you soon shall see... ..the putrid fate we both share...

...Hmm? ...Hm, fine, fine. I understand. I have my head about me.

>attacking him

Hrgro! Hrgrah! Hrgroah! Hrgaw! What the devil's got into you! Hrrgrrrroooggh! You hrggraaaghh! Hrrggahh...

>killing him

Ahhh...help me...

There's nothing more to say. I'm finished. We're both on the brink, you see? End of story. You bloody fool.

Let me give you a nibble of advice. Don't even consider visiting Anor Londo. Not in your state. For a century, they have tried, and failed. The Knight King Rendal, Black Iron Tarkus, and even Logan himself. You won't stand a chance. You'll be eaten alive. But, go along, if you wish. If only to deepen your despair! Where do I get all my things? Stripped off the corpses of fools like yourself. It isn't easy. I have to catch them just before they go Hollow. Don't worry. I'll be there to claim your trinkets. Gazing at your final twisted grimace! Gee hee hee hee hee!

-----Reah of Thorolund-----

You are Undead, as well? Then we've no time to fraternize. I have my mission, and you no doubt have yours. We must not let this curse overcome us.

Did I not explain the urgency of our tasks? Who are you so uncouth as to lack such judgement? By the looks of you... I should think not.

Ow! Horrors! The nerve! Are you a heretic, or just plain Hollow? It matters not, for you shall not escape! You will offend the Gods no longer!

Hrgkt! Eeg... Father...

O piteous soul... But...perhaps...this was a fate unyielding...

Hello... I will never forget what you did. I am deeply indebted, for it was not within my power to save Vince or Nico. I cannot thank you enough. In case you have not heard, I am Reah of Thorolund. I only wish there were some way I could help you, but I am inexperienced, and I only know the art of Miracles. If that could be of any help, speak to me again.

Would a Miracle be of any help to you? I would be most pleased if that were so. May we discuss Miracles, then?

I am most pleased to find you in good health.

I am ready. Let us speak of Miracles. I was wondering when you might return.

It is a great relief to see you. Now, let us speak of Miracles.

Oh! Please, forgive me. I was absorbed in prayer. The Miracles, I presume? I will be ready immediately.

Then, be safe. Farewell. Vereor Nox.

Vince and Nico were fooled by a lout named Patches, and turned into Hollows. My prayers did them no good. It is my ignorance, my frailty that has sealed their fates. Perhaps Petrus realized my weakness all along, and thus made the decision to abandon me. I can hardly blame him now.

I do not warm easily to unfamiliar faces. The bonfire below is so very frequented, it makes it difficult... I have lost all those who were close to me.

Why on earth would you... Perhaps this is my punishment? Clearly, I am no threat to you. But please, I ask just one thing. If I do go Hollow, then finish me off. I beg of you.

Dear Vince, dear Nico... Forgive me...

You're no Hollow, are you? Thank goodness. Please be careful. There are two fierce Hollows not far from here. They were once brave knights...my former escorts. Who would let such strong spirits be Hollowed so? Heavens... Is there nothing... Nothing at all to be done?

You banished those two Hollows, did you? It pains me to think of the trouble my failings have caused. I am certain that both Vince and Nico are grateful to you. Thank you so very much. Here, these belonged to them. You deserve them more than I.

-----Petrus of Thorolund-----

Hello there. I believe we are not acquainted? I am Petrus of Thorolund. Have you business with us? ...If not, I'd prefer to keep a distance, if possible.

We are on a mission, as you likely are too. A very important one at that. Especially for M'lady. Surely you can understand?

Hello there. I realize that I have requested that we retain our distance, But I also want you to know that it is not meant in ill-will. Here, take this. As a token of peace. No, go ahead. It's for you.

Oh, my... you again? Empathy, in excess, becomes a sin. But you already knew that... I should hope?

Oh, you yet again? We shall depart on our mission soon, for M'lady has made her final decision. So, I must say farewell, although with great regret. Vereor Nox.

>Killing Petrus

Rrk! Why...how could I... What the...what did I do wrong...

N...no...this can't be... It can't end like this...

>Attacking Petrus

What is it, fool? Driven to madness by emotion? So be it. You'll make a fine Hollow! You can waltz in the infernal depths together!

Hrg! Ooh! Mrgm! Ooph! By the Lords! You damn fool! Enough of you! Feel the wrath of the gods!

Hrgkt! Ooph! Mnph! Argh!

Fool...What were you thinking? Too bad for you, I'm a wolf in sheep's clothing. Best of luck as a Hollow! Gah hah hah hah hah!

Uh, oh, you again? Me? Er, I've become separated from M'lady. I've scoured near and far, but no sight of her... Where could she have gone? M'lady... To think I swore to protect you with my life...

Your Highness...where have you gone? I am entirely to blame for this... Oh woe is me. I am unworthy, deathly so...

Oh, hello there. Have you spoken with Sir Lautrec? Splendid. In the depths of the Catacombs, M'lady slipped off the giant's coffin and into a hole. Her two companions are no longer human; and the lass weeps in solitude. Right now, you could do as you please with her. The poor little purebred is entirely helpless. Keh heh heh heh...

In the depths of the Catacombs, M'lady slipped off the giant's coffin and into a hole. Her two companions are no longer human; and the lady weeps in solitude. Keh heh heh heh.....

Ah, oh, you. Have you seen M'lady? Oh, blast, where might she be, and would she be safe...Are, are you sure? ! Then M'lady... What terrifying news! What am I to do... All because of my shortcomings...it is my fault... Sob.....

Oh, it's you..... You rescued M'lady? Well, a pity that is, for it will amount to nothing. For the little madam is not worth her salt without her family name. Keh heh heh heh...

Oh, hello... Of course I will repay you. I gave you my word.I'm just not sure what would do... Oh, I know. How about this... I have to await my companions here anyway, so, what if I were to teach you some miracles? Would that please you?

>Answering "Yes"

Very well. Then first, a Covenant with the Gods. Now, let me share my Miracles. Only, their ultimate effectiveness will be determined by your efforts, and your faith.

>Answering "No"

That is a shame. But each to their own. Speak to me if you have a change of heart.

Oh, hello. I will teach you Miracles. A promise is a promise, after all.

Oh, hello. Miracles, I presume?

Yes, I know.

Oh, hello. What is it? Have you changed your mind? Come again. The effectiveness of the teachings depend upon your faith. Oh, hello. My guests have finally arrived. I will be departing with them shortly. So,

I'm afraid I will be saying good-bye soon. It was a pleasure.

My companions are M'lady and her young knights. She is young, but burdened by an Undead mission. We are her defences, to keep her from harm. An Undead mission? Regrettably, I cannot share that with you. But you are my pupil, perhaps if you show your faith...

>Answer "Yes" (gives X amount of soul)

Very well. I can surely tell you, of all people... Undead clerics are given a mission to seek Kindling. Kindling is the art of feeding bonfires with humanity. Through Kindling, we shall one day be granted magnificent powers. I am afraid that may be difficult. For our missions are sacred.

Reah is the youngest daughter of the good house of Thorolund. Those young knights are her old schoolmates, But I'm not sure what to make of them... I'm afraid they may be a bad influence...

Oh, I'm sorry. Miracles, was it? ...Sometimes I lose myself; pay me no mind!... I'm distracted by grief; pay me no mind!

Help me! Somebody! Help me! I am trapped! You there, please, help me... As you can see I am captured, immobilized. Soon to be a sacrifice to necromancy. I implore you...please help... Ooh... Phew...

I am saved. Thank you. I owe you my life. I am Petrus of Thorolund. I will be sure to repay you, back at Firelink Shrine. Please, no, it's the least that I can do. Please, rest assured. I shall repay you, but back at Firelink Shrine. The Gods do not look favourably upon haste!

-----Vince of Thorolund-----

Hm? What have we here? You look awfully raggedy; are you all right? You look awfully raggedy... Times are grim; the least you can do is look sharp.

Don't you dare meet M'lady like that. You might scare her off for good!

Oh, you again. What business have you? I don't suppose we can help, though. We accompany M'lady on her righteous mission. It is quite a chore, but I'm stuck with her, and Nico, too. I can't very well abandon them now.

Oh, you yet again. You're a persistent one, aren't you? Hah hah hah. Honestly, I don't have a problem with your kind. But there's not very much that I can do. I am Vince of Thorolund. Let's say a word, for our safety. A prayer to our marvellous Lord. Vereor Nox.

Oh, it's you? We are to leave momentarily. The Catacombs aren't exactly my idea of a good time, but...What can one do? I do hope we meet again. Vereor Nox.

>Attacking Vince

Egads! What the! Curses! What the devil's wrong with you? I cannot overlook a threat to M'lady! I'll grind you into dust!

>KillingVince

By the Gods..... My...dear lady...

-----Nico of Thorolund-----

Mnnn...Mnnn...Mnnn...Mnnn...Mnnn...Mnnn...Mnnn...Mnnn...Mnnn...

Mm...Mm...Mm...Mm...Mm...Mm...Ah...Vereor Nox.

-----Laurentius of the Great
Swamp-----

...Hrr...rrgg.....somebody.....please...help me.....please.....before she eats

me.....You...Yes, you!... Here, over here!... Please..... You must help me.....

Oh, there you are..... You must help me..... Break the urn..... Or else.....She'll have me for lunch! ...You're my only hope..... Oh, please.....

Th-thank you. I would have been her supper without you. Being eaten alive! I shudder to think... Thank you, thank you dearly. I am Laurentius, of the Great Swamp. I will not forget my debt to you.

Oh, hello there. I'm fine, thanks to you. I'm heading back to the Undead Asylum.

>Attacking Laurentius

Whoa! What are you doing? ! It is I, Laurentius! I have no bone to pick with you!

Curse the heavens! Are you mad! I owe my life to you! This is wrong! You were my friend!

Whoa! What's wrong with you! Stop that, please! You detest my pyromancy! That must be it! Then, I'll give you a taste of it! And it will not be pleasant, I assure you!

>Killing Laurentius

Curses...

Aaahhhh...

Well, I see you made it out! Yeah, I made it out safely, too. I have my Pyromancy of the Great Swamp, so I can usually manage, with a bit of care.

Oh, yeah, by the way, er, I can share my spells with you. I think you have a knack for it. All you need are the materials. I'd be pleased to help you.... Ah, unless you find the magics unsavoury?

>Yes

Yeah, wonderful! I'm sure they'll be of some use, some assistance. Here, first, take this. A flame from the Great Swamp. Now you're a fully-fledged pyromancer. Why, let's get started right now.

>No

Oh, really... Well, that's a shame. But it is your choice. I'm on the fringe; yeah, I know. Undead or not, that's who I am. I only wish that I could have repaid you somehow.

Oh, hello, there. I am pleased to see you safe. As always, if you provide the materials, I can teach you pyromancy.

Oh, hello, there. I am pleased to see you safe. Oh, and er...if by chance you've had a change of heart, I'll be pleased to assist you by sharing my spells.
Oh, hello there. I'm pleased to see you safe. I have decided to rest here for a while. It's not as if we'll be dying anytime soon.

Good-bye, then. Be safe, friend. Don't you dare go Hollow.

Good-bye, then. Come back if you find anything new.

Wait, friend! Where are you off to? That was rather abrupt. You are an odd one. Hah hah hah hah.

Pyromancy is the art of casting fire. Produce flame, then channel it; just as our ancestors did. A pyromancer must be in tune with nature herself. My home, the Great Swamp, is an abundant store of nature. You will understand, one day; it only takes time. Pyromancy has a, well, rather primitive aspect to it. It meshes poorly with advanced culture, and pyromancers are considered rather unsavoury. Which is fine, as I never got along with anybody anyway. So, for me, turning Undead didn't change a thing! Hah hah hah hah.

My teacher, whom I imagine still resides in the Great Swamp, had a funny way of putting it. He said that "Pyromancy is the ultimate fantasy...." "We are born into Dark, and warmed by Fire, but this Fire we cannot touch." "Those whose fascination with Fire persists, learn to hold it in their own hand." He rather had a way with words, the old withering frog! In this land, pyromancers earn a certain respect. The Witch of Izalith, one of the legendary Lords, is the godmother of pyromancy. So, the day I became Undead, I was ecstatic. I felt as if I'd been chosen to attune myself to the ancient arts.... Of course, it wasn't all that romantic in the end...

Ah, hello, there. You've been a stranger these days.

Why, what spectacular pyromancy. Tell me about it. I have never seen anything like it.

>Yes

Why, yes, of course! Thank you for sharing. I'm still an able pyromancer. I shall locate her myself. I am in your debt, once again....

>No

I see. I suppose I was mistaken. In any case, I definitely trust you. Apologies, my friend. Forget that I said anything.

A pyromancer's flame is a part of his own body. The flame develops right along with his skill.... Sorry. You're a pyromancer yourself. You already know this. When I gave you that flame, I gave you a part of myself. Please take good care of it.

-----Griggs of Vinheim-----

Somebody! Please, let me out of here! Somebody, anybody! Help me! Unlock the door!... Damn..... I'm finished... How did this ever happen...

Hello! Hello! You, yes! You! I'm here, here! I'm trapped! Please! I require assistance! Try and open the door!

Brilliant! You opened the door for me! Thank you; I am saved. I thought I might never escape. I am Griggs of Vinheim. A sorcerer of the school. I am much obliged for your assistance. Thanks to you, I may now resume my travels.

Oh, hello. I am fine. I will rest a while, then return to Firelink Shrine. I have my sorcery. And I will be more cautious next time. Besides, I have an important task at hand.

>When attacking Griggs

Ooph! Eeg! What on Earth are you...! Cease! I implore you!

Uwwah! Heavens! In the name of sanity! Cease! Have you gone mad!

Curses, you leave me no choice! You aren't yourself any more. Forgive me!

Damn...you've lost it, haven't you? Then I have no choice. Prepare yourself!

>Killing Griggs

Rrrg... How could this...

Rrrg... Master Logan...

Oh, hello. I regret meeting you under such compromising circumstances. At least we both made it back unscathed. Incidentally, would you care to learn any sorceries? You're clearly talented, and besides, I owe you. Of course, we will require some materials, but I am happy to teach you some elementary spells. Are you interested?

>Answering "Yes"

Splendid! Very well! I am pleased to have a chance to give something back. Well, then let's get started straight away.

>Answering "No"

Yes, I see... It is regrettable, but to each his own. If you change your mind, do not be bashful.

Oh, hello. Well, you certainly are keeping at it. Myself? I am fine. Let's get started straight away.

Oh, hello. What is it? Have you changed your mind? I am praying that you will. For, I owe you my life.

Oh, hello. Terrific to see us both in one piece. And pray that you never go Hollow!

Good-bye, then. Do stay safe.

All right. That'll do it. That should help you on your journey. May we meet again.

Hm? What's that? No matter. Let us continue.

Have you heard of Big Hat Logan? Master Logan is a great sorcerer, and my teacher. Both of us came to this land, as Undead. But one day, he departed, leaving only a note.... I suppose he wished to keep me out of harm's way. But where does that leave me? I have dedicated myself to sorcery. But Master Logan could find no use for me...

Ahh, yes, the note that Master Logan left? It only said he would travel to Anor Londo, by way of Sen's Fortress. I can only guess that he seeks the Regal Archives. For Master Logan is a tireless pursuer of wisdom. Wisdom trumps all; everything else is hogwash. When the curse turned him Undead, I am certain that he only felt it was the perfect chance to visit this land. I only wish that I had his courage... I wish to do what I can to locate Master Logan. I am aware of my shortcomings, but I cannot very well just sit around here and rot. Oh, do not worry. I have considered our relationship. I will only leave after I have taught you all the sorceries that I know. I shall count myself lucky if I manage to locate Logan, or even return here in one piece.

Oh, hello again! I was waiting to tell you... Master Logan has returned! And he tells me that he has you to thank! Well, we are both in your debt, now. Thank you, sincerely. Hes just over there. Go along and have a chat.

Oh, hello. I appreciate the attention, but you really should speak to Master Logan. That will certainly do you more good.

Have you spoken to Master Logan? He is an accomplished scholar. The arts of sorcery would never have come this far without his contributions. And he has the nerve to go risking life and limb! What a stubborn old fellow. Hah hah hah hah!

Have you ever cast one of Logan's spells? Isn't it exhilarating? As he sees it, there are no gods, no transcendence, only truth, and Logan only wishes to elucidate it. It is this heretical methodology that allowed Logan to advance sorcery to the point that he has. In a word, he is a hero. Despite the awful rumours. Time will tell. The annals of history will prove dispassionate!

Oh, there you are! Just so you know... Master Logan has left on his own again. It seems that he is still determined to find the famed Regal Archives in Anor Londo. And I have decided that I must search for him. I intend to search for him. Only, before I leave, there is one thing I wish to do. You see, Master Logan has left most of his books. With them, I could teach you Logan's sorcery.... You have done much to assist me. Before I leave on this journey, I will teach you all that Logan has to share.

Oh, hello, you made it! Then, let us begin. As promised, I shall bequeath Master Logan's sorcery to you. It's not that I am concerned for Master Logan's welfare. Even in this treacherous land, Logan's skills are unmatched. He is a true hero.... No, the reason I seek Logan is..... Well, it's really my own conceit, now isn't it?

Ohh! Master Logan is at the Archives? !Thank the heavens; finally his wish has been granted. I suppose he has his head buried in those tomes? That is always what made Master Logan happiest... Ahh, I can just imagine him now!

Oh, hello. Why, of course I don't mind teaching you sorceries... But now that you've located Master Logan, I can't imagine that I can be of much help. I have decided to seek the Regal Archives. I realize that I may never make it. But I would feel worthless if I did not at least try. What other choice do I have to earn Logan's recognition?

Did you see them? The three young clerics... headed for the Catacombs, to seek Kindling. Kindling is the art of feeding bonfires. The poor young girl, sent down into a tomb. What a terrible mission she is burdened with.

Two things are required for sorcery. First, you must equip a wand. Second, you must attune a sorcery. Then you will be ready to fire away. Oh and don't forget to aim!

-----Master Big Hat Logan-----

Mm, you seem quite lucid! A rare thing in these times. I am Logan. I'm a bit cooped up, as you can see. I have a bright idea. Suppose you set me free? I'm old and empty-handed, but I could repay you with knowledge, and sorcery. This place is melting my mind. The inactivity is repressive!

Oh, heavens, thank you. I'm saved. And, I'd love to resume my travels, but I must log a few things first, and I owe you a favour. I will return to Firelink Shrine. Speak with me there, so that I may impart my sorcery. Oh, hello. Don't mind me. Go on ahead. I'll be along later.

Phoo-hah-hah, I'll be just fine, young one. I fail to see your design, but if you

think I'm too old to defend myself, perhaps some sorcery will change your mind!
Heavens...the folly of youth.....I'm too old for this...

There you are. I was expecting you. As promised, I will share my sorceries. Hello there. You really are very diligent. I quite understand. Study is invigorating!

Hello there. Very well indeed. I'm pleased to share my sorceries.

Hello there. What have you been up to? I thought that perhaps you'd gone Hollow on me. So, have you come to further your study of sorcery?

Hello there. I was expecting you. As promised, I will share my sorceries....

>Not having enough Magic stat points

I am afraid that you are unable to learn sorcery. The basic framework, you see. It cannot be taught. Oh, do not fret. Life isn't all about sorcery. You will find your own way. Don't frown with regret; peer forward with your head high.

Hello there. Glad to see you alive.

Hello there. Glad to see you alive. Hmm... It seems you've come quite a way... Excellent. You are certainly ready. I shall teach you sorceries. I will stay here for the time being. Speak to me again to further your knowledge.

No results, eh... Well, the way of sorceries is a long, hard road. Take it slowly. Farewell.

Heading out, are you? I, too, will leave soon. Undead or no, I shan't stay here forever.... You have great potential. Don't go and die over nothing.

Hello again! What a chance meeting this is! Alas, I'm imprisoned once again. I don't suppose you could stage me a getaway? The Archives, such a storehouse of knowledge. So close, but just out of reach! The thought offends me so, I could simply die! As a student of the arts, you understand me, yes?

Oh, thank you very much. I'm saved. That makes twice. I must be sure to repay you. I will visit the Archives. If I discover any new spells, I shall share them with you. Prepare to be impressed, by the onward march of sorcery!

Hello. Don't mind me. Go on ahead. I'll head out soon. I wish to lay down my plans before I visit the Archives.

Hello there. I was expecting you. This place is truly magnificent, more than expected, even. As promised, I shall share the new sorceries with you. And, the secret of Seath's immortality. Hello there. You really are very diligent. Oh, I understand. We are in the midst of a revolution!

Oh, hello there. Where have you been? Time is a resource. Let's delve in promptly.

Oh, there you are, it has been a while. Or, were you just here? This fascinating place defeats my sense of time...

Come again. The knowledge here is limitless. I will absorb it, then share it with you.

Come again, any time you please. For I too, learn, whilst teaching a student.

Farewell.

Ah, the secret of Seath's immortality? If you have fought him, and were imprisoned, you must know that Seath is a true Undead, different from ourselves. His wounds close promptly, and no mortal blow affects him, granting true insulation from death. It is an effect of the Primordial Crystal, a sacred treasure pillaged by Seath when he turned upon the ancient dragons. So, only by destroying the Primordial Crystal can you so much as scratch his hide. And it so happens, the Primordial Crystal is in the inner garden of these very archives, the Crystal Forest.

The tomes stored in these Archives are truly magnificent. A great pool of knowledge, the fruits of superior wisdom and an unquenchable desire for the truth. Some would say Seath had an unsound fixation ...But his work is a beautiful, invaluable resource. All progress demands sacrifice. And I certainly bear no antipathy for that wonderful scaleless beast....

Who are you.....

Stay clear...stay clear of my work..... Curses upon you!... How dare you disturb me!

Mm...mm...Mm...mm...

-----Domhnall of Zena-----

Aye, siwmae. And good day to you. I'm Domhnall of Zena. I'm just, well, a peddler, of sorts. I adore trinkets and oddities, so I trade for them.

Aye, siwmae. We meet again. Found anything special for my good self? Mmm, I certainly hope so!

Aye, siwmae. Never thought I'd see you here. This feels karmaic. Pray tell, what do you have for me?

Aye, siwmae. I didn't expect to meet anybody here. I suppose great minds think alike, eh?

Heh heh. Thank you. That was a fine trade. I have this funny feeling we'll meet again soon. And we'll make another fine trade, of course!

Well, that is a shame, then. But no matter. No, not to worry. Come back again. I'm always available. Not every trade was meant to be. There'll be more in store for us, someday, sometime!

>Attacking him

Hold on, there! What's this about? Now, stop that! Ouch! Oww! What problem do you have now? I'm a man of peace, idiot! Enough of you, I say, farewell.

>killing him

By the Lords...why... My precious collection...

Hmm... I'm afraid I don't see anything here. Hmm...Well, I'm certain we will make a good trade eventually...

So, I am willing to share some tips. If you seek Kindling in the Catacombs, use divine weapons. That will repel the reassembling skeletons.

Hmm... Well, I'm certain we will make a good trade eventually... So, I am willing to share some tips. The cursed Ghosts of New Londo are formidable foes. To face them, you will require special arms... Or a cursed body. The quickest way to be cursed? Try the bug-eyed lizards in the sewer. Desperate measures, to be sure...

Hmm... You are a fine trading partner. Rumour it may be, but I have heard of a surviving ancient dragon who resides in this land. A coterie of Undead serves the dragon, as they train to become dragons themselves. Sounds unlikely, but you never know, do you?

-----Snuggly the Crow / Hawk Girl-----

Kawwwwww!!!

You, you. Give me, warm. Give me, soft.

No, no. That, no. That no warm. That no soft.

No, no. Not that one. Enough, enough.

-----Undead Merchant
(male)-----

Well, now... You seem to have your wits about you, hmm? Then you are a welcome customer! I trade for souls. Everything's for sale! Nee hee hee hee hee!

Oh, you again? I hope you've brought plenty of souls? Nee hee hee hee hee!

Oh, there you are. Still keeping your marbles all together?

Then, go ahead, don't be a nitwit. Never hurts to splurge when your days are numbered! Nee hee hee hee hee!

Oh, there you are. Where have you been hiding? I guessed you'd hopped the twig for certain. Bah, shows what I know! Nee hee hee hee hee!

Hmph! Cheap bastard. If you're looking for a lot, you have to give a little. Right, Yulia?

Tsk! Throw me a bone, will you? You haven't got much time anyway. Right, Yulia?

Hmph. What a waste of time. Go and fall off a cliff.

Thank you kindly. Nee hee hee hee hee!

Ah, thank you, very much. Come back soon! Nee hee hee hee hee!

>attacking him
Hey, what! What's the matter? What was that about? Oh, nevermind. Eeg! Yeowch! Oi, what's this about? It's me! Stop it, I tell you! You've gone mad, have you!? I'll teach you! You lousy rat! Yulia! Yulia!

>killing him
Why, me...Little Yulia...

Ah, this one? Ain't she lovely? Her name is Yulia. She's plumb in love with me. You'd never leave my side, now would you, Yulia? Ah, you can forget it. I'm all that she needs. Careful, she'll bite your little fingers off! Be kind, Yulia, be

kind! Nee hee hee hee hee!

Eh? My wares? Of course they're stolen; what did you think? And when you lose your head, I'll sell it all again! Nee hee hee hee hee!

Now, don't squander your time chatting! You need to look over my wares! Eh? I'm not here to chit-chat. We talk business, or we talk nothing at all.

Things are getting treacherous in these parts. A horrible goat demon has moved in below. And up above, there's that humungous drake, and a bull demon, too. If you stick around this place, it might end up being your grave! Nee hee hee hee hee!

It's actually quite nice here, you know? The Hollows don't care for a skinny old twig like me. I've got Yulia... And nobody pelts me with stones anymore. You're Undead, you know how it is. I was treated worse back at home.

-----Undead Merchant
(female)-----

Hmm, you still have your senses about you? Then why won't you buy some of my moss? I need your souls! Vee hee hee!

Oh, there you are, dearie! A pleasure to see you again. Vee hee hee!

Oh, there you are, dearie! I have moss; now dish up some souls! Vee hee hee!

Oh, hello, dearie. You left me high and dry for a while, there. I thought maybe you'd forgotten about me. Are you back for more of my moss, then? Plenty of it here. Freshly peeled, just for you! Vee hee hee!

>She says this if you're a male character
Drat. What a humdrum lad you are.

>She says this if you're playing a female character
Drat. What a humdrum lass you are.

Hmph, fine, then. But you'll regret it. Are you toying with me? One day, your fate will catch up with you. I have a sense for these things... The Gods above are watching you!

Come again, if you please! Vee hee hee!

Much obliged.

I think I like you! Vee hee hee hee hee!

Don't run off!

What's the matter with you! Don't you toy with my nerves!

>attacking her (she rambles this on loop as soon as you attack her and she backs off far into the tunnel)
Why, you! Stop that! Ouch! Eeek! What do you think you're doing?! I have my pride, you damn fool! You think you can get away with murder? Yes, I suppose you think you're special! Well, you're not! You're just another customer! Burn! Burn in hell! You cross-eyed Hollow! There's no hope for anyone like you! The Gods will not have it! Die! Die! Die! Die! Die a thousand times again! Curses upon you! Upon you, and yours, for generations eternal! All of you! Eternal pain and suffering! Lots and lots! A curse upon you...

You've come to this land at a bad time. There are nothing but Hollows in these parts. Save for me, of course. You're Undead, too, aren't you?

You be careful, then. Vee hee hee!

I forage moss. In the lower areas of this town, you'll find all kinds of poison and pestilence. You can't travel a stone's toss without some trusty moss. Make sure you take plenty with you! Vee hee hee!

Ah, go down along the side to reach the depths of the Undead Burg. Only unkempt crooks and liars to be found there. Hardly a place for a lady like myself! But who knows, maybe you'd fit right in? Vee hee hee hee hee!

This is a wonderful place, don't you think? We have water, moss, moisture, these nice iron bars... I like it here, I really do. Nothing good ever happened to me in life. But now that I'm Undead, I've never been happier! Tell me honestly... You think I've gone to the other side, don't you? That I've cracked my head and gone Hollow... You do, don't you? I can see it in your eyes. You'd trust a patch of moss over me.

-----Blacksmith
Andre-----

Well, you must be a new arrival. Having trouble accessing the Undead Church? Here, take this key. I won't be needing it anymore. I'm Andre, of Astora. If you require smithing, then speak to me.

Well, hello again. You seem to be doing all right. Need anything forged?

Most weapons and armour are mighty sturdy indeed. But every hunk of metal has its breaking point. If you notice durability running low, it's time to repair. You can ask a blacksmith like meself, or do it on your own with a grindstone. The nice thing about weapons... they never betray you. So, pay them a little respect, eh?

There are two types of weapon forging. There's reinforcement, and there's ascension. Reinforcement is simple. It strengthens the weapon and nothing more. A simple task for any blacksmith. Hell, you could even do it yourself with a smithbox. But ascension's a finer art. It alters a weapon's properties. Ascension is the territory of we blacksmiths; a smithbox just won't do the trick. Start out with reinforcement. When that loses its charm, you can consider ascension. As you've noticed, this land is flush with the mad and wicked. You won't make it through the night without employing my services! Hah hah hah!

You can forge armour just like you do weapons. Reinforcement is easy enough. You only need a smithbox. But ascension is the territory of we blacksmiths. Forging armour is even easier than forging weapons. Whether you forge weapons or armour first? Well, that's up to you. But nobody wants to see you go Hollow. So, whatever you do, you'd better do it well! Hah hah hah!

This is the old church. It was abandoned in favour of the church that you passed through. There are paths leading from here to two forbidden planes: Sen's Fortress, and the Darkroot Garden. They attract all sorts of lunatics, no-one as cultured as yourself. It's fine to be Undead, but keep a level head, eh? Hah hah hah!

Sen's Fortress is an old proving grounds built by the ancient gods. It is the only route leading to the great Anor Londo. Of course, most fools can't even find their way into that fortified deathtrap. But they won't stop trying! Take that bumbling Sir Onion... Hah hah hah!

Oi, where're you off to?

What's going on with you, eh? I thought you'd gone Hollow there. Hah hah hah!

>Attacking/killing him

Ow! Owwww, that hurts! Well, you've got some nerve! Coming at me like that! I'll tear you to shreds! You bloody Hollow!

Curses, you damn backstabber...

Ahh, why, that's a fine ember you have there. I could smith some mighty weapons with one of those. Why not lend it to me?

>nope
I see... 'Tis a pity...

>yup
Magnificent! You won't be disappointed. I can hardly wait to get started...

Well, I'll be! That's a brilliant ember you've got there! For all my years in the trade, that might be the finest! How's about...you leave that ember with me? I'm just an old smith. I'd give my left arm for a gem like that!

>no
I see... 'Tis a pity... But perhaps you'd... No, no, it's quite all right... Quite all right, indeed...

>yes
Well! Thank you mightily for that. Now, just leave the rest to me. Andre of Astora gets the job done, you shall see!

My, that's a rare ember you have there. I've seen one of those before... It's the ember of a divine blacksmith. Might you consider leaving that with me? I could produce divine weapons with a flame such as that.

>nope
I see... 'Tis a pity...

>yea
Well, thanks for that! You've made a fine decision. You soon shall see!

Oh, my, what a brilliant ember you have there. I've only heard legends of such specimens... The embers used for the secret rites of divine blacksmiths... Perhaps you could lend it to me? I've long dreamed of forging divine weapons...

>no
I see... 'Tis a pity... I can't expect you to give up what's yours.

>yes
Ah-hah! Splendid, splendid! Thank you! Andre of Astora never disappoints, I assure you!

Hrm? Show me that ember of yours... Well, I've never heard of a black ember. Hmm...How about leaving that ember with me? I find it strangely fascinating..

>nah
Are you sure? Well, fair enough. 'Tis a pity, but I'll live.

>ja

Yes, well! Thank you. This ember really is something special. I'm already under its spell. I sense great potential, indeed...

Hmm, that's an odd ember you have there. Ahh, I know what you're thinking. But I'm no good with those. It won't be easy, but... I'm afraid you'll have to look for someone else. I'll be seeing you, then.

Be careful out there. Don't get yourself killed. Neither of us want to see you go Hollow.

I know little of the Darkroot Garden. Although I've heard rumours of a divine blacksmith who resides there. Those who get stumped in the Catacombs seek him for divine weapons. Oh, yes, and one other thing about the Darkroot Garden. It is said to house the grave of Sir Artorias the Abysswalker. Only, of those who ventured into the forest, none has returned....

-----Blacksmith
Vamos-----

Be gone with you! ...You'll spoil my focus.

...What's that, then? Need some smithing? Then produce me some wares!

Well, what was that about? Don't be coming around here without a good reason! If that'll be all, then be gone with you!

...You'll spoil my focus.

Now where've you gone?

...You've got rotten manners. If it be smithing you need, then produce your wares.

Bah! You rotten scoundrel!

>Attacking/killing him

Trying to cause trouble, are you? I am Vamos the blacksmith, and I'm no bag of bones!

Curses.....

Hmph? Why, is that..... An ember from New Londo..... And a fine ember it be... What do you say? Why not leave it with me? I'll give you a flame to feast your eyes upon.

>no

Hmm, hmm, yes, yes, I see... Well, do not hesitate if you should change your mind...

>yes

Yes, yes, very well! We'll get these old bones to work! Keh heh heh!

...Hmph? Why, that's.....an ember unlike any that I have seen.....a very curious pattern..... Could it be the flame of the legendary witch? ...I know! Suppose you left that ember with me? Old Vamos would never let you down, no, not ever!

>nah

Hmm, hmm... Fine, then... I doubt you'd even...bah, forget it... These bones won't fail me anytime soon. I'll come across another, eventually... Keh heh heh heh heh!

>yea

Yes, splendid, splendid indeed!... My, oh, my! You precious little thing.....

Hmph? Why, you have.....an ember, do you? Ahh, forget about it. I don't deal with that kind. What has gone wrong with embers these days? .

..Hmph! I'm here to smith, not to chit chat. ...I've told you, I'm here for the trade, not for the talk! Enough with your presence. It disturbs me.

Well, you are a persistent one, are you not? But I'm afraid I'm a mere blacksmith, it's just me and my trade. I would be of no help to a righteous warrior such as yourself.

I've told you, I have nothing to discuss...

If I have anything to offer, it's my smithing, and nothing more.

I'd be of more help with that ember from New Londo, of course... It's a shame the whole place was flooded...

I've told you, I have nothing to discuss... If I have anything to offer, it's my smithing, and nothing more.

Speaking honestly, I must say that I'm at my very limit. There's no more work to be done. Ahh, unless I had the flame of that legendary witch... But that would require a visit to Lost Izalith. Impossible...

-----Giant
Blacksmith-----

Who are you? Forge your weapons?

Mng.

Hello. Forge, I can! Strong, I am!

Cometh soon.

Mng, hmng?

Hello again.

>attacking him
Oww. Oww, that hurts. Oi! Stop that! Angh, uggghh...

>killing him
Nighty-night...

Mng. What's that? Shiny-shiny. Give me that. I make weapons shiny.

>no
Hmph, 'tis pity...

>yes
I hath shiny-shiny, I make weapons shiny!

Talk, 'tis no good. But forge...very good!

I help anytime.

No-one home. Everyone gone. But you, friend. You talk, I no talk, but happy. You come, I forge.

Shiny-shiny. Get shiny from Duke. Forge weapons, make shiny. More happy.

You come, I forge, we talk. You good friend. I very happy. You weak.

-----Blacksmith
Rickert-----

Hrm? Well, this is unusual. You haven't lost your head. And more importantly, you're free. How on earth... ..Well, I shouldn't pry. I am Rickert of Vinheim. I was once an established smith, but look at me now. Can you believe it?

Hm? What is it? Have you... Oh, no, don't worry. I've no intention of escape. It's safe here. I can't bear the thought of going Hollow out there. Although, I must admit, I've not much to occupy myself. How about this? I could forge your weapons, albeit with rather minimal tools. I will show you what made me the best in Vinheim!

Hm? What is it? Normally I wouldn't bother, but...I must admit, I've not much to occupy myself. How about this? I could forge your weapons, albeit with rather minimal tools. I will show you what made me the best in Vinheim!

Oh, hello. What weapons have you brought? Go on; show me.

Oh, hello. I was beginning to wonder when you'd come. Have you materials? Go on, show me.

Come back soon.

Smithing helps soothe my nerves. Don't let me wither away out of idleness!

Good-bye, then. Keep your head on, out there. You really help break the monotony.

Hm? What's happened? What was that about?

Ahh, it doesn't matter.

>attacking him

What's got into you! Damn, you've gone Hollow, have you? Forget about it! I have nothing more to say. Be gone! Oh, go away! There's nothing here for you. Nothing at all.

>killing him

No...impossible... Why didn't I see? ...You've gone Hollow...

Hey, hang on... That's a sorcery ember...isn't it? Yes, it certainly is... The first I've seen since my banishment from Vinheim. What do you say, friend? Mind giving that to me? This is no-man's land. I'm the only one who could handle it anyway.

>nah

...Yes, I see. All right, fine. But I don't think you're really seeing things clearly.

>yes

Yes, as you should! I won't disappoint you. I'm taskless no longer!

Hey, hang on... Is that...a sorcery ember? I've never seen one like that, not even back in Vinheim. What a brilliant flame! Please, friend, let me have that. I am begging you. I am a craftsman of Vinheim. I'd go Hollow before I pass up a flame like that!

>nope

...Fine. ...Fine, I won't bother you. It was wonderful if only to gaze upon. It takes me back to old times.

>yes

Oh, really! You are wonderful! I will forge a Rickert masterpiece, just for you! A weapon to make a legend out of you...

Hey, hang on... Is that an ember? Oh, no, I'm sorry. We of Vinheim don't deal in shoddy embers like that. Perhaps you should try an old smith out in the country.

Hm? What is it? There's nothing to talk about. We're both cursed; Undead. But what's there, really, to moan about?

Old Big Hat? Of course I've heard of him. Who hasn't in Vinheim? He was a royal member of Dragon School, until he turned Undead. I hear he was quite the character... Only, that was a hundred years ago. What interest have you in the old eccentric now? Sorcery? Don't ask me how it actually works. We only fiddle and forge, until it works itself in. That's how we do it in Vinheim, at least. We prefer to leave the theorizing to those uppity scholars.

-----Quelana of Izalith-----

Hmm... A mere Undead, yet you can see me? Fascinating... I am Quelana of Izalith. I am not often revealed to walkers of flesh. You have a gift. Are you, too, one who seeks my pyromancy?

>No

Hmm, very well. Then we are done. You have spoken. Now away with you.

What? Considering my pyromancy?

>Yes

Like Salaman. Yes, of course. It should be expected.

Very well. You shall be my pupil. But to pursue my pyromancy, you must give something up. Are you prepared to do this?

Ah, there you are. I was expecting you. Let us begin.

Ah, you again. I applaud your diligence, but what have you brought for me? I applaud your diligence.

Ah. It has been some time. Truth be told, I thought you had perished.

No luck, hmm... Well, young pupil, you must have patience. Do not let it bother you. But do not keep me waiting much longer.

Now, go.

Yes, now go. Whatever you do, do not crack and go Hollow.

Don't you dare let yourself go Hollow. Lest my time spent on you be wasted.

Ah, very well. There is nothing left for me to teach you. Our time together is done. It was short, but sweet.

Fool. Hurry along. I can do nothing more for you.

Hm? What's the rush? What was that? You are a peculiar one.

>Attacking her

What is it! Fool! Stop that!

Hmm... The voice of reason fails? Then here is a lesson for you... That you can only learn once!

>Killing her

Farewell, my mother, my sisters... What have you done...

Long ago, I accepted another pupil, like yourself. Over two-hundred years ago, there was a man, almost as bungling as you... In your world he was called Salaman the Master Pyromancer. The little rascal really made something of himself. Pyromancy is the art of invoking and manipulating fire. But remember one thing. Always fear the flame, lest you be devoured by it, and lose yourself. I would hate to see that happen again...

The Witch of Izalith? ...Please, do not speak of her.... I abandoned my mother and sisters and fled to this land.... Now I roam these parts, feigning ablution, and pretending to seek answers.... Hmm...I have a favour to ask... My mother, the Witch of Izalith, was one of the primeval Lords... Her power came from the soul that she found near the First Flame.... She focused this power to light a flame of her own, but she failed to control it. The Flame of Chaos engulfed Mother and my sisters, and moulded them into deformed creatures. Only I escaped, and now I am here. But my mother and sisters have been in anguish since. I beseech you. Free Mother and my sisters from the Flame of Chaos. I cannot do it myself; I lack the strength, and the bravery..... But you... I realize what I am asking. But please, free their poor souls... Mother's ambitions were misguided, no doubt, but surely a thousand years of atonement is enough!

Outstanding... You have done very well. Thank you. I am blessed to have met you. I suppose I can call you fool no longer... I can hardly thank you enough. Please take this... It is all of me.

-----Eingyi-----

...Oh dear... What have we here? Are you a new servant?

>Yes

...Hmph. But you have no eggs? Bah, no matter. Go along and have audience with Our Fair Lady. I pray that you will mind your manners!
What is it? Go along, and meet Our Fair Lady.

>No

Then you shall not pass. Away with you!
The nerve of you! Be gone, be gone at once!...

You, you speak the tongue of the Fair Lady? ...Well, do not be rash with your pride. You have yet to earn my trust. If you try anything funny with the Fair Lady, there will be hell to pay.

Are you prepared to dedicate yourself to Our Fair Lady? Then I will make available whatever you require. If you need something, ask me first.

You again... Are you in need already? Well, anything for the Fair Lady...

What do you want? There is no time for idle chat. Think only of Our Fair Lady, and what she may need.

...There is nothing to say to you... Except... If you lay a hand on the Fair Lady, you should be prepared to face my wrath.

>Being infected by an Egg

Well!... Now...you're just like me... Your dedication is fully apparent. Only, well... Your head looks awful... Why not try this? I've no use for it any longer.

Well! That head of yours... Nothing seems to help, does it? I still have medicine. Go ahead and use it. Now, now, no need to fret about it. Things will be fine, one day...

Oh, hello. What is it that you need?

Oh, hello... A pleasure to see you again. But don't neglect the Fair Lady. She needs some company.

In all honesty, I am envious. What comfort can I offer, without speaking her tongue? Worse than Undead, we are diseased, and unwanted. Like the grime of the Great Swamp. But my dear, Fair Lady! She cried for me... And swallowed the great Blightpus, despite Mistress Quelaag's orders to the contrary.

>Attacking him

Hrgkt! Erggkt! Oog! Hagkt! I knew it! I knew it! You will not get away with this!

You...you would betray us? ! I should have known! Hrg... rgggkt... My dear Fair Lady... You are in danger...

>After killing Quelaan

Why, youuuuu monster...! The Fair Lady! What have you done, what have you done! Hrggreeeeeeeeeeh!

Below us lies the ruins of the legendary city of Izalith. There, the Molten Giant watches over the Flame of Chaos. Our Fair Lady, and Mistress Quelaag, fled from the ruins. I do not know the details... And I do not ask... Have you heard of Lost Quelana? An inhuman witch, who wanders the Poison Swamp. Only no one has ever seen her, so who really knows? But what if she is another of the Quelaag sisters? Our Fair Lady would be greatly comforted by her presence. Incidentally, do you have an interest in pyromancy? Have you developed an interest in pyromancy? If you have, I shall share my flame with you.

You have served our Fair Lady well. Now, let this strength be yours....

Well, fine. I will not force you.

-----Quelaan-----

Quelaag? My dear sister. Don't worry for me. I care only to assist you.

Quelaag, what is it? There must be something I can do?

Oh, my dear sister. Don't mind me. It does not hurt terribly. Your visits help more than anything.

Good-bye, Quelaag. It was so very nice to chat.

Good-bye, Quelaag. Do be safe.

Quelaag, what was that? Is something troubling you? Enter a Covenant? Again? Of course. Let me try...

Quelaag, my dear sister... The eggs...it hurts. They've gone still... I am afraid...it may be too late..... I am so sorry, dear sister...

Quelaag, my dear sister... You know, I still remember... Your beautiful, silky face... If only I could gaze upon it once more...

I'll be fine, I have you, dear sister. But promise me... That you will take care of yourself.

Quelaag? Please, sister, do not cry. I am happy, really. I have you, don't I? ...Ooh! Thank you, Quelaag. It feels...wonderful. It really helps, it does...

Ahh... Thank you... Dear sister..... It hurts no longer.....?

>Killing Quelaan
Why, Quelaag! Where...

Ah... Ahh! Eek! Quelaag... But, why...?

: '(

-----Quelaag?-----

Go back. Forbidden be, these parts. The realm of the creatures of chaos. They accept their banished fate.

Go back. Lest the flames devour all, and the children of chaos feed upon your charred ashes. Those who defy the pact... Those who trespass Quelaag's domain... May you feel the depth of our wrath!

Ahh, a precious new sacrifice! Forbidden be, these parts. The realm of the creatures of chaos.

Go on, go on ahead...

Welcome, bringer of meat. The children of chaos are hungry; give yourself to Quelaag's flame!

-----Dark Sun Gwyndolin-----

What foolishness... Why trespasseth upon the Great Lord's tomb, whilst thou art a disciple of the Dark Sun? Mark the words of mineself, Gwyndolin! Thou shalt not go unpunished! What foolishness...

What foolishness... Why trespasseth upon the Great Lord's tomb, whilst thou art a disciple of the Dark Sun? Why would a Blade of the Darkmoon trespasseth upon the Great Lord's tomb? Mark the words of mineself, Gwyndolin! Thou shalt not go unpunished!

Why would a Blade of the Darkmoon trespasseth upon the Great Lord's tomb? Mark the words of mineself, Gwyndolin! Thou shalt not go unpunished!

Thou that tarnisheth the Godmother's image. I am Gwyndolin. And thy transgression shall not go unpunished. Thou shalt perish in the twilight of Anor Londo. Heretic... First thou offendeth the Godmother, and now thou see fit to trample upon the tomb of the Great Lord. I am the Dark Sun, Gwyndolin! Let the atonement for thy felonies commenceth! O Heretic, swathed in Dark... An eternal curse upon thee...

Halt! This is the tomb of the Great Lord Gwyn. Tarnished, it shall not be, by the feet of men.

If thou art a true disciple of the Dark Sun, cast aside thine ire, hear the voice of mineself, Gwyndolin, and kneel before me.

Welcome back, Blade of the Darkmoon. If mine power be need'st, I shall assist thee.

Very well, Blade of the Darkmoon. Please state thy wish.

O Disciple of the Dark Sun. Thou hast journeyed far; hear my voice. If thou shalt swear by the Covenant, to become A shadow of Father Gwyn and Sister Gwynevere, A blade that shall hunt the foes of our Lords; Then I shalt protect thee, safeguarding thy person with the power of the Darkmoon.

Very well. Now thou art a Blade of the Darkmoon. Hunteth the enemies of the Lords, by the power of the Dark Sun. Very well. We shall not need speech. Exit here, and follow thine own design.

-----Gwynevere-----

(o) (o)

Thou hast journey'd far, and overcome much, chosen Undead. I hath long await'd thee. Come hither, child... O chosen Undead. I am Gwynevere. Daughter of Lord Gwyn; and Queen of Sunlight. Since the day Father his form did obscureth, I have await'd thee. Once living, now Undead, and a fitting heir to father Gwyn thou art, O chosen Undead. I bequeath the Lordvessel to thee.

And beseech thee. Succeed Lord Gwyn, and inheriteth the Fire of our world. A grave and arduous test of mettle, yea, it shall be. Indeed we had felt the warmth of Fire, its radiance, and the life it sustaineth. Without Fire, all shall be a frigid and frightful Dark. Yet I have only thee to ask. Please. Father's role thou should assume, and inheriteth the Fire of our world. Thou shall endeth this eternal twilight, and avert further Undead sacrifices. Kingseeker Frampt, the primordial serpent, shall guideth thee. Furthermore, chosen Undead. Hereafter, I, Gwynevere, shall serveth as thine guardian. If thou so needest, I shalt devote all to thine safety. May thou be one with the sunlight for evermore.

O Chosen Undead. Thou hath journey'd far. Mine self art thine guardian. I offer all in thine assistance. Now thou shalt go forth, chosen Undead. May thou be one with the sunlight for evermore.

>Killing Gwynevere
Aieegh...

Magnificent... Thou hast filled the Lordvessel. Indeed, a worthy successor, thou shalt be. My patience was not for nil... I beg of thee. Succeed Lord Gwyn, and inheriteth the world's Fire. We have only thee.

-----Lady of the Darkling-----

Well, you are a rare visitor. Welcome to the lost city of Anor Londo, chosen Undead. Welcome to the lost city of Anor Londo. If you seek Lord Gwyn's old keep, exit here and head straight yonder. If you are the chosen one, a revelation shall visit thee.... What follows thereafter, depends upon you...

Hmm. You have survived. Impressive. If you require rest, now is the time. That is, after all, what the bonfire is for.

Hmm. So, you have received a revelation? Very auspicious. I hope for the best. I pray that through you, Her wish will be granted.
Hmm. You have made it back. Very well.

Hmm. You have made it back. You were gone so long. Go ahead, you may rest here. Even an Undead requires repose.

Hm, what is it? What am I? Well... I am the Keeper of the bonfire. If not for me, what beacon would there be in this lost city? A gatekeeper, and a guide; that is my calling.

>When attacking Lady of the Darkling
What! How dare you! Hrk! Rrgh! Very well. So be it. Expunging fools like you is part of my charge....

>When killing Lady of the Darkling
But, how..... This man is a threat..... This woman is a threat..... Master Gwyndolin... Tis a pity... To think I saw potential in you...

So... It was you, was it? How dare you produce a blade upon a deity? How did you ever get this far? I shall end your suffering here and now. It is the least that I can do. What you saw under light of the Darkmoon shall haunt you forever.

Will you be departing soon, honourable heir to Gwyn's Flame... We are humbled...

For we exist only with your blessing.

Oh...You are one of us. That is a surprise. But a pleasant one. We are both Blades of the Darkmoon, now. I shall look forward to fighting alongside you.

Have you heard of Seath the Scaleless? In legend, he turned against the ancient dragons. He became Lord Gwyn's confidant, was granted dukedom, and was allowed to pursue his research. At the Regal Archives, he immersed himself in research on scales of immortality, the one thing that he did not have. ...But his very research drove him mad... The Archives became a dungeon, a place for sinister experiments. Now, nobody dares even approach the duke's forbidden Archives. It looms over this land, high atop the mountain. But I should warn against even an approach...

The bonfires attended by the Keepers are special. They are linked to one another, and their flames never die. Yet never shall the Keepers of these flames meet....

-marvelous chester-

(First meeting)

Hm...Oh, let me guess...

Snatched by a shadowy limb, and dragged off to the past?

(Answer "Yes")

Yes, of course. Exactly what happened to me.

We are both strangers in this strange land.

But, at least now there are two of us.

(Answer "No")

Oh, well, my mistake...

But we are both travelers.

We ought to help one another out.

(Talk) (Before killing his Black Phantom, answered "yes")

Oh, still alive, are you?

Think of anything that you might need?

Oh, for Juniper's sake.

Put some spring into your step!

Mwah hah hah!

(If you answered "no")

Oh, you again...

What ever's the matter? No, I can tell. You need me more than ever.

Mwah hah hah!

(Talk)(After killing his Black Phantom)

...Oh, you!

You have quite some nerve. Or are you just thick?

Fine, then. What is it that you need?

(Talk)(Before killing Artorias)

Did you happen across Knight Artorias?

The legendary Abysswalker, from the old tales.

...Well, if you haven't, it's just as well...

He's a colourless sort, if you ask me.

Mwah hah hah!

So, what did that giant mushroom make you do?

Not that I care. It's none of my business.

Heh heh heh...

Hm? I've little to talk about, really.

Oh, you know me. What do I know?

(Talk)(After killing Artorias)

Did you really slay Knight Artorias?

I've heard the Abyss found him first, but even still...
That's absolutely treacherous.
Yes, magnificently so!
Mwah hah hah!
Believe it or not...
Oolacile has brought the Abyss upon itself.
Fooled by that toothy serpent, they upturned the grave of primeval man, and incited his ornery wrath.
What could they have been thinking?
But to you and I, it's all ancient history.
You have to ask yourself. Does it really matter?
Heh heh heh...
(If you answer "No")
What? If you've something to say, then say it!
Just don't say the wrong thing...
Heh heh heh!
(Talk)(After killing his Black Phantom)
...Well, you've quite the nerve!
I've had enough of you!
(When leaving)
(Before killing his Black Phantom)
So long.
(If you answer "No")
So long.
...We'll be seeing each other...
Gee hee hee!
(When attacked without made hostile)
Ooph!
Erg!
Oww!
That bloody hurts!
(When attacked and made hostile)
What now? You think this is my fault?
How very, very petty of you!
Very petty indeed!
(While attacking)
There!
Ah-hah, there!
(When you're low on health)
What? Now you're feeling the heat?
You should have thought long and hard...
Nyah hah hah hah hah!
(When killed)
Hrrg...
You win...please...
Oh, please...have mercy...
(Upon killing the player)
You damn fool.
I am Marvellous Chester! What did you expect?
-Lord's Blade Ciaran-

Initial Meeting: "...You, is that not... The soul of the man who fell on this spot, he was a dear friend. I wish to pay proper respect, with that Soul. Would you be willing to part with it?"
Answering "Yes" : "Thank you, you are very kind. Please take this, I no longer need it. May the Lord guide thee."
Answering "No": "Yes, of course... I must not be presumptuous, Artorias would not have approved."

Talk after answering "No" What is it? Something else? Have you changed your mind?
Answering "No" again: ...Then you have no business with me...
Talk without possessing the Soul of Artorias: "...Are you human? ...I forgive you.
I'm here to pay respects to a dear friend. Please allow me a moment alone."
Attacking her: "Hmph, you humans... Always taking what you please. Then, I shall do
the same."
Upon killing the player: "Hmph, such conceit... How did you imagine that the Lord's
Blade would not reach you?"
Killing her: "But, how... You humans... *My...dear...Artorias*" (portion in
brackets unsubbed)

-Elizabeth-

Well, look at this one. From what far-away age has thou come? Thy scent is very
human, indeed...But, not intolerable...Ah, Princess Dusk's saviour. Thine aura is
precisely as she described. I thank thee deeply, for rescuing Her Highness. But
Princess Dusk is here no longer...snatched away by that horrifying primeval human.
And so I must ask...Couldst thou once more play the saviour?

Thank you. I am Elizabeth, guardian of this sanctuary. Something of a godmother to
Princess Dusk. I shall assist thee, to my utmost. For I am one with the sorceries
of Oolacile.

Yes, I understand. We care dearly for princess Dusk, and are apt to blur our
boundaries. I am ashamed to have been so imposing. But should thine heart be
changed, speak to me again. This sanctuary, and the sorceries of Oolacile, are my
domain. My strength could surely assist thee in thy travels.

Thou shalt see further on. An abyss was begat of the ancient beast, and threatens
to swallow the whole of Oolacile. Knight Artorias came to stop this, but such a
hero has nary a murmur of Dark. Without doubt, he will be swallowed by the Abyss,
overcome by its utter blackness...Indeed, the Abyss may be unstoppable...Still I
have faith, that Princess Dusk may be rescued yet...

Thou art from a time far, far ahead. There are many things I wish to ask...But I
know that I must not. The perils of our time are overwhelming enough.

Hah hah...Was thine eye, glancing hither? Thou needst not hide thy wonder. I am a
mushroom, after all. Hee hee hee...

Not long ago, I had another visitor. A human like thineself, from a far-away time.
Only, he was dreadfully odious...And I am afraid that he is still amongst us. He
wore a hat and a long black coat...

Thank goodness thou art safe. What is thy wish? I offer thee my all.

May the flames guide thee.

I have awaited thee. Thou hast rescued Princess Dusk,...and rid us of that terrible
primeval human. Even halting the spread of the Abyss! I salute the grandeur of
thine enterprise. Please, allow me to express my gratitude. I thank thee... as do
we all.

I will remember thee, but I will keep thy story to myself. This is the best way, for thou art come from a time far ahead. No-one will sing thy praises, but yet thy greatness shall live on. For it shall be my purpose, to remember all thou hast done for us.

But, why... Why... Dear Dusk...

-Hawkeye Gough-

Hm? A visitor, have we? Thou must be the one who freed Artorias. An old friend he was, and thanks to thee... He left this world with honour intact... And here I am, retired and blind. Of little help to thee, I am afraid.

If thou seeketh to explore this domain, be wary of a black dragon. I fear thee no match for this terrible beast.

Me? There is very little to be said. What is a dog, with no hares to hunt? ...I am lucky to be alive, I suppose.

I suspect thou hast taken a gander at it, but the Dark of the Abyss, which swallowed poor Artorias, threatens to devour our entire land of Oolacile. It seems that this dire fate is unavoidable. But, seduced by a Dark serpent or no, they awoke that thing themselves, and drove it mad... One's demise is always one's own making.

If thine wish is to succeed poor Artorias, and challenge the spread of the Dark, then thou must face Manus, Father of the Abyss. The Dark emanates from Manus himself. Even if this land shall expire, thou may be able to prevent further corrosion... But even so, one day the flames will fade, and only Dark will remain. And even a legend such as thineself can do nothing to stop that.

Now, do not mistake my words. I cherish my work. Wood carving is a nuanced art. I would have much to talk about with that blacksmith. In truth, how is the old chap, I wonder? Still hammering away, I should hope.

Well, thou hast come again. This is a surprise.

Well, thou com'st again. Thou art a strange one.

Good morrow... Is the Black Dragon causing thee duress?

Yes, I thought as much. He is called Kalameet. A ferocious dragon indeed, even mighty Anor Londo dared not provoke his ire. I see little good coming from this, but... Thy intent is to persevere... to the bitter end, hmm?

Hah hah hah! Good, good. What is bravery, without a dash of recklessness! I have taken a liking to thee. And I owe thee much for thy service to Artorias. Now watch, and see how Gough hunts dragons. (Gough will now shoot Kalameet out of the sky)

A wise choice. Why foist thyself into the fiery maw?

...Art thou prepared to challenge great Kalameet?

Yes, surely that is best.

...Strange. I am rarely wrong on such matters...

The Black Dragon troubles you yet, I see.

...Hmm, yes, I see. I was mistaken...

I see that thou has dusted the great black dragon Kalameet. Wondrously played. Lord Gwyn's blessing upon thee. I see that there is at least one legend among ye humans. Dear me... That old bat will never fly again.

Why...Thou has defeated Kalameet? Wondrously played. Lord Gwyn's blessing upon thee. That beast will never take to the skies again.

Farewell, human. Lead thy life as thou seest fit.

Ahh, so this is true human nature. Artorias is in your debt, but thou leavest me little choice... May you perish, for the good of all!

Humans...hmp...