

BLOODBORNE DIALOGUE REFERENCE

Subtitle text extracted by BellringerKat & Sanadsk

JP to English translation by Lockey

Audio extracted by JackSparrow420, Sanadsk & Lance McDonald

Formatted and compiled by Richard Pilbeam

Unused subtitled dialogue highlighted in **yellow**.

Unused audio dialogue without subtitles highlighted in **green**.

Unused Japanese subtitles translated by Lockey are in **blue**.

Characters are in alphabetical order.

Last update March 17 2018 (Old Women in Iosefka's Clinic, Old Yharnam Survivor and The Doll).

Much nicer version available at
<http://www.bloodborne-wiki.com/2017/12/dialogue-reference.html>

ADELINE

Is that you, Lady Maria? No, you're someone else.

Well, perhaps you could help me all the same? I can't move at all, I'm afraid. But I need Brain Fluid. Murky, mushy Brain Fluid. Help me hear the sticky sound, I've gone so long without it...

Please, could you do something for me? I need Brain Fluid. Murky, mushy Brain Fluid...

Oh, thank you, you're terribly kind.

Ohh... it's wonderful. And, oh! I hear the sticky sound. Do you hear it, too?

Oh, I know. Will you have my blood, as thanks? I'll have you know. I was once a Blood Saint, too. So, do come back, if you ever run dry of Saint's Blood.

That makes me happy. But I cannot move. Look, on my right arm.

I'm sorry to trouble you, but you don't mind, do you?

Oh, I'm sorry... Do come back if it please you. I am in your debt.

Oh, hello again... Will you accept my blood, as thanks?

Oh, there you are. How did you find my blood? A touch more? Should it please you...

Oh, there you are. Don't be greedy. As they say, "Fear the thirst for blood. I should know. I was once a Blood Saint, too.

Oh, hello again... Did my blood ease your hardships?

Then do have more. The sticky sound guides me, and I have you to thank for it.

Lady Maria never approved, but I am proud to have been a Blood Saint.

Oh, hello again... I'm very sorry. As I was a Blood Saint, I cannot break the tenets of the Church, even for you. Once you've run dry of blood, come visit me again.

Hello, hello, is anyone there? Please, somebody, I need help. I'm trying, but I'm afraid the sound is fading...

Hello? Is that who I think it is? Please, oh please, I need Brain Fluid. The sticky sound is fading fast. Please, bring me Brain Fluid.

I must have it... that sound, it is all that guides me... Without it, I'll be sent back... To my former, lesser years... So, please. My blood is yours. Please!

Hello? Is that who I think it is? Please, I beg of you, please. I need it, please bring me Brain Fluid.

I need your help... Have as much of my blood as you like... Yes, that's it, let me have it!

Ahh... ahh! I can hear it, yes! The sound that guides me.

Ahh... ahh...

Thank you, thank you so much. You have saved me. Take this charm. Lady Maria gave it to me, but it is all I can offer, other than my own blood.

Please, do not abandon me... I promise to do good...

Thank you, thank you so much. You have saved me.

Oh, hello, do you hear that? The sticky sound, as clear as day. Slip, slop... Drip, drop, slip, slop...

How extraordinary. Do you think that water drips, even down deep below, at the bottom of the sea? Can you hear it? Drip, drop, slip, slop...

Oh, hello... One last time, will you fetch Brain Fluid, just one last time?

The murky, mushy fluid that will make me whole. The sticky sound whispers to me. So very close, right into my ear.

My head, just a head, that's all there is. I need my baptism. Please, I beg of you... I want to be something...

Please, give me Brain Fluid. The sticky sound whispers, I need my baptism.

Ahh, or perhaps, I'm already brimming over...

Ahh, ahh!

Ahh! Aahh! I see a shape. My guide, I see your voice, clearly, as it bends and bleeds. My own, revelation... just for me...

Thank you. For everything... Really, I used to be nothing...

ADELLA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, brave hunter, thank the gods you're safe. I pray for your safety.

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

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

Tee hee. Oh, brave hunter. I pray for your safety.

Oh, brave hunter, why? What have I done...

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

Oh, are you all right, brave hunter? I will never leave your side...

ALFRED

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

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

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

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

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

As you know, the Healing Church is the fountainhead of blood healing. Well, I'm a simple hunter, quite unfamiliar with the ins and outs of the institution. But I have heard that the holy medium of blood healing is venerated in the main cathedral. And that councilors of the old church reside in the high stratum of the Cathedral Ward. If you seek blood healing, and the church is willing, you should pay them a visit.

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

Long ago, Old Yharnam was overrun by the plague of beasts, and left to rot and decay. It was blocked off for good, and now the only voices heard there are the howls of beasts. One of the Holy Chalice that unlocks the tomb of the gods is said to be there. The church is determined to obtain this Old Yharnam chalice... But we've yet to hear word of any success. Perhaps they're facing some difficulties?

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

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

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

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

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

Master, look! I've done it, I've done it! I smashed and pounded and grounded this rotten siren into fleshy pink pulp! There, you filthy monstrosity! What good's your immortality now! Try stirring up trouble in this sorry state! All mangled and twisted, with every inside on the outside, for all the world to see! He heh hah hah Hah! He heh heh ha ha haah!

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

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

But, why... Oh, a mercy killing! So must I pass on in my prime... Yes, of course... So thoughtful, as always... Pray for Master Logarius in my stead..

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

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

Unclean wench! Vile monstrosity!

Bloody fool! Has the blood gone to your head?

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

You'll... regret this... I had hopes for you...

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

Here I am! At your service!

Ahh, glad you made it!

Terrific! Good hunting! To the both of us. Good hunting! To the both of us.

AMELIA

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

ANNALISE

Visitor... I claim no subjects, but here lieth Our throne. Kneel afore Us... or get thee gone.

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

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

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

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

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

Ahh, a welcome offer. We offer no resistance. Do as thou wilt. Bring Us peace, if it is in thy power to do so... Proceed at thy leisure. I prithee succeed.

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

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

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

More talk to be had?

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

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

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

Honestly!

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

Vileblood or no, respect will be shown.

We await thy return. For the honor of Cainhurst.

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

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

Enough. If only Our life was so easily forfeit... Grieve not, for Us... Kneel.

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

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

Well, well. Our flesh is undying. A trifling matter. Think on it no more. Speak thy mind.

ARCHIBALD (UNUSED, JP TEXT ONLY)

... Who're you?... Perhaps the fellows called hunters? Oh, if so, that's just perfect. My name is Archibald. Ah, it's all right not to be wary. I'm the same as you, a foreigner and, well, decent. I just want to see the truth of Yharnam and beyond it. More than that, if you're a hunter, you're diving into the graves of gods, aren't you? If so, then bring me the blood of gods, blood-crystals. I think I can make them into your power...

If you're a hunter, bring me the blood of gods, blood-crystals. I think I can make them into your power...

Oh, you've been safe, have you? So, how about it? Any unusual blood-crystals?

You have that sort of face. What is it? Do you still have something?

See you. I expect more unusual blood-crystals. Because you're just like a vampire...

Hey, you, that blood crystal's... Oh, amazing... it seems to rouse a magnificent smell, doesn't it...? Say, hurry up and hand it over... [laughs]...

[chuckles]... So unbearable... I well understand Byrgenwerth going mad... Even I'm apparently going strange in the head...

... There, it's yours. Magnificent, isn't it? But, be careful not to go mad with blood...

Such a... Why! Isn't it cruel!

Such a... isn't this half-dead!

Say, it's fine even if it's not right away. Do reconsider...

... Ah, you... have you reconsidered?

... You, I've been waiting... You've a blood-crystal, yes? [chuckles]... it's that sort of smell... Do hurry up... Hurry... [Chuckles]... Still smells...

You, when's the next time? [Chuckles]... Don't make me wait too long. I need blood-crystals...

[Chuckles]... You smell... It's rich... [exaggerated lip-licking]... I can already taste it... Say, hurry, hurry up...! [laughs]... [exaggerated lip-licking]...

... Ah, this, for you... It's in a little bit. In a little bit, the dirty mud bottom can be seen... [huge laugh]...

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!... Ah..... Ah..... Ah, why... Why'd you say such unkindness..... Ah... [chuckles]... stop the trifling unkindness...

... You, why...? Dammit, such a thing... is cruel, isn't it...?... [chuckles]... [laughs]...

... What, even from within me... it smells nice, doesn't it...?

... Have you gone mad...?... Well, that's just typical. [chuckles]... You're not decent now, are you...?

... You've gone mad, haven't you? I'm already unreasonable... Pardon me...

[Chuckles]... You... Stop the trifling unkindness... It's painful, isn't it...? [laughs]...

ARIANNA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I knew you'd be back for more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, there you are... Forgive me, I'm a bit out of sorts... Some stomach pain, you see... Some stomach pain, and I'm nearly ready to vomit... So, no blood today, I'm afraid...

Oh, there's something wrong with me... It hurts... my stomach, it hurts terribly...

Oh, horrors... Was this born of me? It can't be... this is a nightmare. Ohh, my baby... You're absolutely precious, aren't you? Well, what do you think? Isn't he wonderful? I've never been happier...

Horrors, why... What have I done?

BLOOD MINISTER

Welcome, weary traveler. To the great city of Yharnam. The troubles you must have seen. Your homeland, plagued by a sickness that spares few. You suffer. Your loved ones suffer. It's like a curse. But there is hope for you yet. The blood used in ministration, the trade of Yharnam, is a special thing indeed... The only thing that can cure your sickness... Well then, let's draw you up a contract.

Oh, don't you worry. In a few moments, you'll be as good as new... Like it was all just a bad dream.

Welcome, traveler. You've suffered a long journey to this great city of Yharnam. And you should be glad you did. The blood used in ministration, the trade of Yharnam, is a special thing indeed... The only thing that can cure your sickness... Well then, let's draw you up a contract.

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

...Heh, heh, heheheh... Aren't you lucky. This blood's rather special. It may well cure you of your peculiar condition. Now, let's draw you up a contract.

Now, let's begin the transfusion. Oh, don't you worry. You'll be as good as new... Like it was all just a bad dream. ...Heh, heh, heheheh ...

Woken up with something of a nightmare, have you? A foul, murky story, quite beyond my own reckoning. Won't that be something to tell the grandkids, eh? ...Heh, heh, heheheh... Yes, yes, see? ...Heh, heh, heheheh...

Oh, but I've nothing more to tell. I only show the way, and the way has been shown. Now... it's in your hands. Until the dank, sweet mud take s us all... Upon the awakening of Ebrietas....

...Heh, heh, heheheh ...

...Heheheh...

Heh, eh heh... My death matters not... It's your nightmare, after all... Heh, eh heh, eh
heh heh heh...

BRADOR

What is this, some petty revenge? You would kill for secrets, and still think yourself good
of heart? What a joke, you filthy hypocrite! It'll be my pleasure to finish you off!

What a sham you were, from beginning to end.

...You're no different... Another blood-stained, wretched hypocrite.

Are you a hunter? Well, that's very odd. Do you hear the toll of the bell?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BYRGENWERTH FLASHBACK VARIANT (UNUSED, JP TEXT ONLY)

(This is a variant of Laurence's memory, featuring "Ashton" in place of Laurence, and "Laurence" in place of Willem. I've re-written the lines based on the flashback we get in game, which follow Lockey's translation)

Laurence went to say goodbye.

[Ashton: Laurence, I've come to bid you farewell]

Ah, I know. The damned traitor.

[Laurence: Oh I know, I know. You think now to betray me]

How obstinate. But, the adage's not forgotten.

[Ashton: No, but you will never listen. I tell you, I will not forget our adage]

You guys, if you all certainly desire the wisdom of the eye(s).

[No equivalent in finished scene]

Always fear the blood

[Ashton & Laurence: Fear the Old Blood]

Well, this is goodbye.

[Ashton: I must take my leave]

Fear it, Ashton.

[Laurence: By the Gods, fear it, Ashton]

CHAPEL DWELLER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, kind hunter! Thank you. So, that man, you told 'im about this place? I'm... I'm bloody glad you told 'im about us. Stop! Please! What's the- Why! Please, good hunter! I'm beggin' ya stop... Please, just stop... Please, good hunter! How did it come... to this... Kind... hunter... I just wanted to help... people... I only wanted... to be... your friend... But you didn't want to be mine... did ya... Kind... hunter... But you didn't want to be mine... did ya...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CORPSE (LUDWIG'S ROOM)

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

DJURA

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

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

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

I'm afraid this is the best an old hunter can do... But remember one thing. You're not hunting beasts. You're hunting people...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You still dream, I should think? Then come as often as you like, and I will show you another death. Even a beast will feel pain, eventually...

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

Don't you understand? All beasts were once men. Where is the profit in their murder? Why? Why insist on hunting us? We will never leave Old Yharnam. What possible harm could we cause? Whatever feeds your bloodlust... ...is of your own creation, not ours!

DOLL

Ahh, you've found yourself a hunter...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What... what is this? I-I can't remember, not a thing, only... I feel... A yearning... something I've never felt before... What's happening to me? Ahh... Tell me hunter, could this be joy?

Good hunter, you have come... Dawn will soon break... This night, and this dream, will end. Gehrman awaits you, at the foot of the great tree. Go on, good hunter...

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

And so, the hunt begins again.

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

Oh, good hunter, I must have displeased you... Go on, shut me down... Even so, this vessel will remain in your service... So, have no fear... I must have displeased you...

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

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

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

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

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

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

Welcome, [Mr / Ms] diseased.

This is a dream, a nightmare for the diseased. There's the will be afflicted with the disease of madness, be on the verge of death, and still live. Such is the nightmare that's visited.

For you too, yes? That's why you wake up when you die. As if it was for sure a nightmare. Because madness is, in other words, that sort of thing.

In the past, many visited this nightmare and died. The gravestones here are all that remains of their wills. Geez, it seems like only a story of long ago, but the tiny they are the residents of this nightmare.

I listen to the servant of you all, the one who adores and follows the diseased. I don't understand the language, but it's lovely. I look up to strange things.

God's the creator and one who loves his creation, isn't he? I'm a doll made by you all, humans. But, you all don't love me, do you? I know the reverse. I love you. I hear it's that the creator makes the creation so.

What's this? There's, there's nothing in my memories; I don't know it, I don't know it, but it feels nostalgic... That sort of thing's a first... I'm strange, aren't I? Yes... But, [Mr/Ms] Diseased. Thank you so much. It made me happy.

Forgive me, I caused you displeasure. Please, do stop my movements. Even so, the body will still be of help to you. So, please, do be at ease.

EILEEN

Oh, a hunter, are ya? And an outsider? What a mess you've been caught up in. And tonight, of all nights. Here, to welcome the new hunter. Prepare yourself for the worst. There are no humans left. They're all flesh-hungry beasts, now.

Still lingering about? What's wrong? A hunter, unnerved by a few beasts? Heh heh... No matter. Without fear in our hearts, we're little different from the beasts themselves. What's wrong? A hunter, unnerved by a few beasts? What are you still doing here? Enough trembling in your boots.

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

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

You ignored my warning... You killed Henryk... And made it back alive. Not bad at all. You must've killed Gascoigne as well, then? They were falling apart... I'm sure it had to be done. But try to keep your hands clean. A hunter should hunt beasts. Leave the hunting of hunters to me...

That wasn't necessary of you... But you have my thanks. We made it, with our lives. You're not bad at all. You must've killed Gascoigne as well, then? He was falling apart, I'm sure it had to be done. But try to keep your hands clean. A hunter should hunt beasts. Leave the hunting of hunters to me...

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

Don't you ever listen to your elders? No matter, you did save my life. I don't seem to be apt for this life anymore... My glory days were long ago now... Hmm, I know... Here, for you. This too is hunters' work, but it bears no honor. A burden you may choose to carry. The decision is yours alone. Ahh, my eyes grow heavy... Let me rest a while... ...I'll be fine, just wait...

Intoxicated by the hunt, drenched in the blood of beasts... What a sorry state you're in. I will be merciful, on my hunter's honor...

Few hunters can resist the intoxication of the hunt. Look at you, just the same as all the rest... The hunters must die... The nightmare must end... Only I can stop this madness!

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

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

You can't go on like this... I pity you. A hunter gone mad for the hunt...

You still have dreams? Then take a rest, and get your feet back on the ground... ...Tell the little doll I said hello...

The beasts cannot be stopped. What good are hunters now? Your blood is mine! A hunter's blood for me! Your punishment is death! Death to hunters! Enough of this terrible dream!

...Ahh... you monsters... All hunters must die! The hunt makes hunters mad... Look at you, you're no different...

FISHING HAMLET PRIEST

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

Atonement for the wretches... Lay the curse of blood upon them, and their children, and
their children's

children, for evermore. Each wretched birth will plunge each child into a lifetime of
misery.

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

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

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

Kos! Fair child of Kos! Time is not, and the sea rumbles afar. And yet, a mother's
pungent devotion can still be felt.

Ahh, thank you, messenger, I exude gratitude for one such as you. Kos, bless this
messenger, this visitor from beyond.

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

FISHING HAMLET NPCs

(This is the layered muttering you hear from the houses, so it's "in game" but mostly inaudible)

Mother is dead, her baby, taken.

Scales are suffering, the grief of Kos.

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

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

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

GASCOIGNE

Are you that hunter? ...Well, well. A hunter is it? Ahh, tonight, there's something different in the air... Men leave as hunters, and return as beasts. ...Let there be no doubt. If it moves, you can be sure it's a beast. ...And even if it doesn't, well, don't take any chances! Ha ha ha ha ha hah!

...Well, well. A hunter is it? Beasts everywhere... I like the smell of this hunt already! Ha ha haa!

...Oooh, beasts and beasts and beasts and beasts...

...Beasts all over the shop...

...Ahh, the sweet stench of blood. Just... just marvelous!

...You'll be one of them, sooner or later...

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

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

That stench of squalid blood. No beast will be spared.

The reek of blood. That intolerable scent. It sickens me.

Sick creature, may you rest in peace. Umbasa.

GASCOIGNE'S ELDER DAUGHTER

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

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

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

Oh, it's wonderful...

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

Oh, back again? Any news of my sister?

GASCOIGNE'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GATEKEEPER

What's the password?

Ahh, my first visitor in two decades. I suppose it's just that kind of a night.

Ahh, my first visitor in two decades. Well go on, then, buzz off! The hunt is on tonight. No need to throw yourself to the wolves. Now, be gone!

I don't know how a hunter learned the password, but let me say this much... Down the embankment, beyond the forest, there it stands, old Byrgenwerth. But it's not what you think. They don't welcome newcomers, and their knowledge is better left untouched. No, the old college is not what it once was. Those who enter, never return. At least, not as who they were upon entering. ...Don't say you weren't warned...

I don't know how a hunter learned the password, but let me say this much... I cannot stop anyone who knows the password. I can only warn them. So, go on, visitor.

For that's what the master wishes of you. Sometimes, master's whims are most mystifying...

So, go on, visitor. For that's what the master wishes of you. I cannot stop anyone who knows the password. You are free to go.

...Ahh, ahh, ahh, a nightmare is upon us... Is this your doing, great master? Does it mean that my work is done? Ahh, ahh... Ohhhhhhh... Pass... word... The password... Say... the password... Say it, now

...password... Got to close the... Ahh, ahh, ohhhhh... I... I have failed... Forgive me... forgive me, Master Willem...

Ah, my first visitor in a year!

Ah, my first visitor in a decade!

Ah, my first visitor in, ooh, half a century!

GEHRMAN

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

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

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

...It has been a long dream, a very long dream... Since I can no longer hunt, this is all I can do... I made a promise, to a dear friend... A promise...

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

Good, good. You're back, and it will all be over soon, then. The moon is close. How fitting, on this night to end all nights.

...Laurence, I'm getting old. I'm of little help, and to wake is to die... But I'm not entirely useless... I can still do my share. How long I've waited. For this chance to do something.

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

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

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

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

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

Fire, cast upon the workshop?

Well, my good hunter. The night is long, the darkness thick. Don't say you weren't warned... Yharnam... how easily she forgets, how quickly she dismisses.

Time is a cruel, cruel thing. Haven't you noticed?

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

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

What, looking to free me? Then I graciously accept. Forgive me, Laurence, I could not wait... The night, and the dream, were long...

You must accept your death. Forget the dream, wake up to the morning. Be freed from the night...

What were you thinking? If I die, you are to be next... What is it you want, from this horrific nightmare?

Night will soon come again.

What's taking so long, Laurence... Yes, the hunt must go on. It is all that keeps us human, now. Farewell, Laurence. I await the realization of your "ministration."

How magnificently the flame burns.

Hunters are held here to be sent on horrific hunts, their souls rotted by blood and madness.

We've no need for this accursed abode. Let flame cleanse this house of horrors.

All these frightful things! Look at them burn!

Oh, ye Hunters, let it be known! We are free, free as the wind!

Laurence, the end is not far away, now.

Every last dream will burn out, and Flora will return from the moon.

As for us, the time has come to honour our vows.

Hunters are needed no longer.

You and I shall fight to the death, and she will consume the victor.

The way we've always said we'd end it, you recall.

Oh, Laurence. Of course you remember.

GILBERT

Oh, you must be a hunter. And... not one from around here, either. I'm Gilbert. A fellow outsider. You must have had a fine time of it. Yharnam has a special way of treating

guests. Well, I don't think I could stand if I wanted to... But I'm willing to help, if there's anything that can be done.

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

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

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

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

An aqueduct leads from the town, south of the main bridge to the Cathedral Ward. Not a place you'd normally choose to visit, but... Not much of a choice, with the bridge closed...

Have I heard of Byrgenwerth? Hmm... Afraid I can't say that I have. The locals aren't apt to share any local history. I'm afraid I may not be of help for much longer...

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

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

Ahh, don't you worry about me.

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

Why, what's this? Are you sure about this? You must know its value? ...Thank you... It was never my intention to impose upon you, but your kindness is most welcome. You don't know how much this will help. Thank you, really...

Are you sure about this? You must know its value? It was never my intention to impose upon you, but your kindness is most welcome. Ahh, we'll be together again soon... You told me to live, and so I did. Please, tell me that it was enough. Please, my dear...

...Not me...

...Stay away... stay away from me...

...Enough blood...

...Keep it away...

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

IMPOSTOR IOSEFKA

...Oh, well, hello... Splendid. Let me ask you a small kindness. You're soon off to hunt, I presume? Then, if you find any survivors... Tell them to seek Iosefka's Clinic. Upon my Hippocratic oath, if they are yet human, I will look after them, perhaps even cure them. This sickness, these beasts, they are not to be feared. This time the night is long. I may be trapped here, but I should do something to help. I'll even offer a reward for your cooperation. Tempted? Well, off you go, then.

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

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

Oh, hello. You made it.

Oh, hello... You're all right. Very good. He's safe with me now. I presume you're to thank? The treatment is going well, stabilized, for the most part. Fascinating, really... Here you are, as promised. Oh, thank goodness you came... Be a dear, and find me some more.

Oh, thank goodness you came... Be a dear, find me some more. There may yet be humans out there. If you find them, send them to Iosefka's Clinic. I endeavor to treat every survivor there is. So please, be a saint. So please, be a saint.

Ah, moonlit scents... How did you worm your way in here? Very unfortunate. I had such high hopes for you. Well, I won't make any excuses. Would you mind leaving us alone...? Things need not change... You'll do the rescuing, and I'll do the saving... But, if you refuse to leave... Ah, well... I've always wanted to try my hand on a hunter...

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

Oh, hello... Still alive, are you? You're one of the bright ones. Don't you see how much this means?

Oh, hello... You're alive. Good. I've received another patient. This time, I'll be trying old blood. I've achieved much. And I owe it all to you. Take this, as thanks. Custom made. And cheers, to the discovery of kinship. Doesn't it make you feel warm inside?

Oh, hello... You're alive. Good. I don't imagine there are many humans left, but find as many as you can. If you find any humans, bring them to me. I'm depending On you, brave hunter.

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

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

You're safe. What a relief. He's safe with me now. I'm thrilled to have another. Here you are. As promised. What would I ever do without you? You're really making a difference.

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

Oh, hello... You're still alive. Can't anyone comprehend? That'll be quite enough of you, then. Isn't it time someone put you out of your misery? Hush, hush... Stay still... This won't hurt a bit... I'll soon have you right as rain...

Just die! Enough of you! Now, stop that! Stay still...

Curse this oblivious fool... You... bastard...

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

She's safe with me now. I'm thrilled to have another. She's safe with me now. I presume you're to thank?

Can't anyone comprehend?

IOSEFKA

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

Are you... out on the hunt? You are safe, thank goodness. But, I'm afraid nothing will change. I cannot open the door. I'll do what I can, of course. Perhaps this will help you, if only in some small way. Now, go. I pray for your safety.

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

You are safe, thank goodness. But, I'm afraid nothing will change my mind. I cannot open the door. Please, try to understand my position. I pray for your safety.

You are safe, thank goodness. Ahh, you are safe, thank goodness. But, I'm afraid nothing will change my mind. I cannot open the door. I'll do what I can, of course. Perhaps this

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

Ahh, you are safe, thank goodness. Someone of your caliber won't fail us, I am certain. I'm sorry... I have nothing else to offer you. I will pray for your safety. May light shine upon this night, and your fortunes.

Ahh, you are safe, thank goodness. I'm sorry, though, I've nothing more to offer you. I will pray for your safety. May light shine upon this night, and your fortunes.

Ahh, you are safe, thank goodness.

Stop! Please, stop! It's beasts you hunt. Why are you behaving like one? This can't be the real you... Please, stop... This can't be the real you... You are no more than a beast. I should have known...

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

LAURENCE

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

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

Fear the old blood.

I must take my leave.

So, you're intent on hunting beasts? Even if they are men? But why must you... Indeed, Gehrman. It won't be long...

So, you're intent on hunting beasts? Even if... they are... But, Gehrman... Why must you... Indeed. It won't be long...

I must take my leave, Master Willem...

LUDWIG

Aah, you were at my side, all along. My true mentor... My guiding moonlight...

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

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

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

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

MARIA

Hmm... a visitor. How unexpected. Then the secrets of the Church have been laid bare.

Good hunter, lost in a nightmare, what did you think of that beastly legend and those ailing wards of the Church? I know what you did to them. It's not your fault. The nightmare held them, and now they are free. But what about you? Have you profited at all?

Oh, really? Well, that's a relief. Now you can leave this nightmare. Have respect for the beast-hunter Gehrman's wishes. Besides, you will not find your enemies here. Take the relics in this room as your parting prize. Let them be your strength, and return to your hunt, good Hunter.

I thought as much. Nightmares and secrets, they'll only get you so far. Now you can leave this place.

What's wrong, my Hunter? Don't you hear the Hunt calling? Or do you wish to tease something more from the depths of this nightmare, even if it means my murder?

Hmm... look at you. That glint in your eyes. You, [boy/girl], are insufferable. Oh, I know very well, how the secrets beckon so sweetly. Only an honest death will cure you now. Liberate you, from your wild curiosity.

MICOLASH

Ah-hah, welcome to our dream. But we don't need anyone, not any more! The sacred rite nears completion. The dream will be real! We will be granted eyes! Catch us if you can, in this dream of dreams!

Well, come on! Ah-hah, welcome to our dream. Ah hah hah ha!

Ooh! Majestic! A hunter is a hunter, even in a dream. But, alas, not too fast! The nightmare swirls and churns unending!

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

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

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

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

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

Please, somebody, anybody, somebody look into my eyes.

I hear prayers.

I can't sleep, not ever. So sit here, very, very quietly. A sort of sleepless sleep.

Ah, Kosm, or some say Kos.

Rom, the downside-up fool.

The great lake, clouded by grime.

Great cosmos, of course.

I need more eyes to line the wrinkles of my brain.

The brain is all we have.

Please, somebody, anybody, my eyes, my sweet dreams.

Let us sit about and speak feverishly. Chatting into the wee hours... of my wonderful nightmare!

Oh, you kindred spirit, look into my eyes. No, no, look harder.

Oh, you are terrible.

We were friends! How could you?

There's nothing to be ashamed of! We were friends! How could you?

Look into my eyes. Deep into my eyes.

Hey, how do you do? My name's Micolash. I was the head... of this treatment church.

Father Norbert was terrible, but you probably saved him.

I'll say thanks as his substitute. Anbasa.

However, you are a magnificent hunter, and yet...

I understand even without you saying it. You're probably captured in a nightmare and seek the blood of a sage.

Ah, but so sad.

The current me can't help you. I can teach you just one thing. Go to the university. Head west from the plaza in front of the church and there'll be an ancient, abandoned university after coming out of the forest of snakes. The knowledge you seek will probably be there.

The beast-huting still isn't over. Please be careful... Umbasa...

NARROW-MINDED MAN

You... you're not from around here are ya? An outsider who's come to join the hunt? What a pathetic idea. You what? What, you think I'm a beast? Well, maybe I think you're a beast. You probably think every old man is some ghoul or villain! Well, away with ya! And step away from my castle!

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

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

I heard you told the old hag about some shelter. Well, any sweet-talking stranger could fool an old hag. Me? I wouldn't touch 'er with a ten foot bargepole.

I heard you told the old hag about some shelter. Well, any sweet-talking stranger could fool an old hag.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, enough. Enough please. Look, I'm short on blood, and you're a real headache. I've no time for your petty lies.

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

Oh, don't you ever... No, y'know what, wait a minute. I'm in a generous mood. Give me blood, as much as you can. And I'll forgive your lies and deceit. This is your last chance, outsider, to redeem yourself.

Heheh... yeah, as it should be. Outsiders will always be outsiders. What salvation could possibly await them here?

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

Heheh, as it should be. Outsiders will always be outsiders. I mean, what salvation could possibly await them here?

I'll spare you one nugget of advice. Beware the old hag. I saw her slipping away in the night. No one in their right mind would do that, not on a night like this. So, you see... that can only mean one thing...

I mean... what salvation could possibly await them here?

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

How dare ya. An outsider won't get far behaving like that.

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

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

Bloody offcomer... curse you... Why me, eh...

OLD WOMAN

What is it? I smell that... You must be a hunter. And not one of ours, either. Well, get lost, and don't come back! I wouldn't open my door for me own poor mother, not on a night of the hunt! And certainly not for a rotten offcomer. Go on, away with ya!

What's a hunter, anyway? Go feed yourself to a beast.

Get lost, enough of this! Oh, help me, gods...

Oh, you're a hunter, aren't ya? Then, well, do you know of any safe places?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ahh, how di' we get into this rotten spot... My little sweet pea. You just need more blood, that's all... But the doctor's not in... What's a mother to do?

But the doctor's not in... Oh, my goodness... You just need a little more blood, is all... Oh, look who's come, dear. The doctor's in! Ahh, fine, fresh blood. Everything'll be better now... Yeah, isn't that nice? We'll have to thank the good doctor. I know, we can share some of your little treats.

You're so sweet, aren't ya? My sweet little Patches... Oh, look who's come, dear. The doctor's in! Yeah, isn't that nice? We'll have to thank the good doctor. Aren't we an 'appy little tot! Mm-hmm, whata wonderful smell...

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

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

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

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

Oh, my. You poor thing... Now, now, be patient...

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

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

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

What's wrong with you? I'm your mother, don't you see? Oh... why on earth... My poor baby... what's happened to you... It's... your father's blood... My poor baby... what's happened to you...

OLD WOMAN IN IOSEFKA'S CLINIC (UNUSED)

Oh, good. Feeling better, are you? But you mustn't exert yourself. After your ministrations, you slept for a whole month.

Do you have your wits about you? Tonight is another beast hunt. Nothing for you visitors to worry about, only you mustn't go out. Keep your ears covered, it'll be over soon enough, don't you worry.

Oh, my. What is it, dear? Are you hungry?

Poor thing. Oh, what to do? With all these hunts, we've run out of food. Oh, I know. Here, try this. It's full of nutrition and should fill you up. You might not fancy it, but it's all I've got.

Really? Well, this is all I've got. Hope you don't mind.

Every so often, we're struck by a malady. The scourge of lycanthropy. When it spreads, they signal the Hunt. But don't worry, they know exactly what they're doing. You let the Hunters handle it, like always. This time, it's just a bit worse than usual, that's all. It'll all be over soon enough, dear.

You needn't concern yourself with that. The Hunters will take care of it. Tonight's Hunt will be the last, I'm sure of it.

What on Earth is that? I really don't know. Perhaps you should ask someone else. I'm sorry to be of so little help.

Oh, Laurence. Friend of yours, is he? Dear me, I should have known. He left to find a doctor to treat you, but the Hunt started soon after, and that was a full two weeks ago. Wonder where he's taken cover? He'll be back once the Hunts are over. He'll be wonderfully pleased to find you awake. He was very, very concerned about you.

Now, you be very, very careful, you hear? You've been given a second chance. Don't waste it.

Aah... you've been infected.

OLD YHARNAM SURVIVOR NPC (UNUSED)

Oi, oi, anybody around there? Oi, oi! Hellooooo?

This town's finished. Just as they deserve! For torching the Valley, murdering the diseased! For burning my wife, children, and those great beasts!

Glory be! It's the curse of the Holy Chalice! Nah hah hah hah, hurrah! Yes, hahaha, hooray!

Ah, ah, still there, mon frère?

Flame cometh. I hear it. Can you smell it? The aroma of scorched flesh.

The town will not be spared. The Valley's Holy Chalice will curse them good! The wrath of the Old Gods, it be! Gah hah hah hah, hooray! Oh, ah, oh, whoa!

I know a secret, I do! In my home, the Valley, beasts be the true form of men, all-natural!

Such is par for the blood of the Old Gods. Oh, mercy upon me, why was I not chosen? And now, I'm just a man, deep down in a well! Deep down...in a BLOODY WELL!

Don't ever disturb, the ol' tomb of the Chalice. Don't ya NEVER disturb, the ol' tomb of the Chalice. Thence come the pale watchers, all hollow and howlin' like, gloo, gloo, gloo.

Don't ya never disturb, the ol' tomb of the Chalice. Don't ever disturb, the ol' tomb of the Chalice.

All ya false heirs, don't lust for their blood. Oh no, never lust for their blood.

PATCHES

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

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

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

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

Well, well! Perchance... a shortcut, here? Thank me not, your countenance speaks volumes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What troubles you, dear companion? Are you in need of my assistance?

What troubles you, dear companion? Are you lacking, or just lost? Are you lacking, or just lost?

Ergh, that was uncharitably done... That was uncharitably done, dear friend... **Betrayer!**
False friend...

RECOVERY ROOM CHURCH DOCTOR

...But beware the frailty of men. Their wills are weak, minds young. The foul beasts will dangle nectar, and lure the meek into the depths. Remain wary of the frailty of men. Their wills are weak, minds young. Were it not for fear, death would go un lamented.

RESEARCH HALL PATIENTS

...Kill me... please, just kill me... Free me from this place... before I go mad.

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

Ahh, my brain, I feel it melting... Almost there...

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

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

Wait, wait... Doctor, please, don't just leave me... Fix me, fix me up! Doctor, don't just leave me... It hurts, it hurts... My brain, it hurts! Stop, that hurts!

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

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

Ahh, I'm melting... I'm hot, so hot, feel me melt...

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

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

Please, help me... help me... What did you do to me? What in hell did you do!

Ahh, a gift of love, from the gods. Here you are, you deserve it, too. Let us melt, melt slowly, together...

SIMON

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now, now, go on ahead. You seek nightmares, and the secrets within, do you not?

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

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

Can't stand the thought of cutting her down? How positively naïve of you...

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

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

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

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

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

Curses. What a rotten place to die...

SLUG PRINCESS (UNUSED)

(Incoherent chanting in unknown, possibly made up language)

SUSPICIOUS BEGGAR

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

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

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

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

Thank you. It's about time I made a move. I can't very well stay out on me own... Oh, you again! You find any nice, cozy places to hole up in? You find any nice, cozy places to hole up in?

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, you are a sick puppy!

Die! Die, die! Hunters are killers, nothing less! You call me a beast? A beast? What would you know? I didn't ask for this! You're no different than I. Rancid beasts, every last one of us... Some of us are better at fakin' it, that's all... You call men beasts, and hunt them down. Well, hunter, I suppose you got what's coming...

VALTR

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

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

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

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

Yes, I suppose... I should not force your will. But you are a hunter, and will see soon enough. That on a night of the hunt, no, on any night, nothing out there deserves to live.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VILEBLOOD QUEEN (UNUSED)

(Speaks with the voice of the Doll / Maria)

Is someone there? Well, whoever you are, it matters not. I will not die, tarnished as I am. You came here for naught. Be off with you.

Cease this. I am Queen of the Vilebloods. The Healing Church binds our tongues. Now, off with you.

You are a peculiar one. You've nothing to gain by speaking with me. Well, if you truly do not fear the Healing Church, tell me of your thoughts, your desires.

I... I am afraid. That, I cannot do. Please, I do not wish to lose anyone else. But thank you, it was a kind offer. My ancestors smile.

I can help with other things, only no contracts. Anything that you wish. Anything at all.

Very well.

You are kind to me. You are... a friend. I will help you however I can.

You are welcome here.

What do you require? I am pleased to oblige.

I see. Now, you must go. A blessing upon you, and your heartfelt kindness.

Oh, dear me... have I offended you?

I am undead. There is nothing you can do to hurt me. The failed, and so will you.

WILLEM

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

By the gods, fear it, Laurence.

Ahh... Aa... ...Eyes, eyes, where are the eyes...

...I need more, I can't see...

...Fetch me eyes...

...Oh, faster, somebody, argh...

...Be they round, be they young...

...Fetch me eyes, for my brain...

...More eyes, I need more...

..Agh, ooh...

There you are, finally. You are most welcome, my precious sacrifice... Now, now, over here, quick... Go on, give me your eyes...

...Yes, yes, a pleasure to have you...

You think now, as Gehrman did, to betray me.

The blood makes us human. Makes us more than human. Makes us human no more.

YAMAMURA

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

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

YHARNAMITE NPC (UNUSED)

Not from around here, are ya? And outside, on a night of the hunt? You must be sick, mate. Black death upon you. I hope they have your head before morning, now be gone. Get away from me right now, go.

Mate, not you again. We're not like you. Don't you understand that, we're still normal, you see. ...But, I'll tell you what though, if you want to insist on asking me questions. Bring us blood. That's right, blood. Then, I'll tell you what I know. It hardly pays to be choosy these days.

As it's written in the good book, mate. "No blood is bad blood!" Hee hee hee! ...But, I'll tell you what though, if you want to insist on asking me questions.

Oh, you. Did you bring us blood? Did you bring us blood? Oh, ah, very good. Yeah, nice one mate. Yeah, very good. So, what do you want to know?

The blood of a sage? Hmm, I don't know nothing. Not a thing. It's some made-up nonsense, or... you know what... wait a minute, wait a minute... The minister at the cathedral might know something. Father Norbert's his name, quite an highbrow, you see but... Well, the only trouble is... On the nights of the hunt, the Western Quarter is boarded up, blocking passage to the cathedral in the Eastern Quarter. And once the hunt is done, well... well, you'll be dead, along with all the other sickos, you see. Hee hee hee!

The minds of the infected are frail. Perhaps you deserve mercy. I know nothing, but Father Norbert, head of the cathedral in the Eastern Quarter, might know something. Pay him a visit, if you dare! Hee hee hee, be gone.

Laurence? Ah yes Laurence, another outsider, like yourself? Yeah, I know him. He left for the cathedral in the Eastern Quarter. On my advice, even. Unlucky for him. You see, just after he left, the bell tolled, kicking off the hunt. And no offcomer ever lives through the hunt, trust me mate. Hee hee hee! Hee... hic!

My God, the minds of the infected are frail. Perhaps you deserve mercy.

The minds of the infected are frail. You can't be blamed. Off with you, now. Please go away. You're not normal, not normal no matter how hard you try to pretend. You're not normal. You're not normal. Give your blessing, and wash from us the blood of beasts... Umbasa.

YHARNAMITES

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

Lousy offcomer. What do you want, stranger? I'll have no business with anyone, while the hunt's on. Good luck staying alive till morning.

What do you want, stranger? Good luck staying alive till morning.

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

Good hunting, mate. We're all fine in here. Nobody's sick, not even a sniff of a cold. Don't you worry about us at all... Good hunting, mate.

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

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

Who are you? Another one... another beast? Yeah, I knew it... I knew it all along... You can't fool me!

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

Help me... Please help...

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

A celebration, a great night of celebration!

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

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

Ohh, I'm terribly sorry... There's no one home... I'm really, really sorry... So sorry for ya...

Wh-what is it? We're all fine here, tip-top shape! No sickness here, no sign of trouble!
So, don't you worry...

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

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

Too many corpses tonight... This grave is too, too shallow. So, go along home, and do me a favor... Come back as a corpse!

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

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

Ahhhhhhhh! Poor you! Poor, poor you! Poor you! Poor, poor you!

Damn! Where you hidin'?

Dammit! Where are you tryin' to go?

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

It bears sickness! Death!

Over here! The outsider!

Idona [?] will be the judge!

Rip the kid apart!

Come on, you idiots! Bloody simpleton!

Hand over the children.

The children... Give them to me.

Judgement... This is the judgement of Luvan [?].

It hurts... It always hurts...