



CHARACTER: Auntie Ilja Crane - Wisp Hag, volatile sage.
(Original NPC, See CHARACTER section in Portfolio.)

CONDITION	WHO NPC IS ADDRESSING	VO DIRECTION	DIALOGUE
Idle	Player	Giddy	Your arrival was not told - ah, but what a gift!
			Time is short, yet the night is oh-so long, yes.
		Probing	You have come to us, and now you hesitate? Speak, child.
			Fear is ordinary. Is that what you are - ordinary?
			Your life is fitful sleep in the restless nest of your mind.
	Self	Brooding	Dangers within. Dangers without.
			Must tell them of this. Tell them, indeed.
	Wisp spirits	Relieved	Ah! Seeing it now. Yes, Mama - of course I will.
About to Attack	Target	Dismissive	We've heard quite enough.
			Your breaths are numbered, it is told.
		Playful	Stir us, yes, stir the hornets in our heart.
			Mind the lights - they bite!
		Stern	Your corruption must be burned away, yes.
			You are no longer needed here.
	Self		Murk and mire, gurgles deep, wrath and ire, wounds will weep!
	Wisp spirits		They will see, Papa, we will help them.
Getting Attacked	Target	Disappointed	Tsk-tsk.
			Children.
			Ill-advised, yes.
		Angered	If blood is what you seek...
			You tire of life, it is told.
		Maniacal	Yes. MORE.
			Now we play.
			Look at you flail! Blades cannot carve the mud.
Near Death		Feeble	We fade.
			It is said you'd be the one.
	Player		The Black Bog... here at last...
			All things of the marsh must die.
	Self	Raving	Hole in the sky, yes, candle sputters...
		Ecstatic	To the mud then!
	Wisp spirits		Be with you soon, my dears.
		Fearful	Nana, please! They cannot see, cannot know!
Near Victory	Target	Demonic	Begone, vermin!
			I'll stew your eggie eyes in the pot of your skull!
		Resolute	It is told your end has come.
			Return to the murk, yes.
		Nurturing	Worms embrace you.
			Your pain is almost over, child.
	Self	Celebratory	Another spirit freed.
			Blood and mud!



CHARACTER: Varric Tethras – surface dwarf rogue, merchant prince of House Tethras.
(From the *Dragon Age* game series by BioWare.)

CONDITION	WHO NPC IS ADDRESSING	VO DIRECTION	DIALOGUE
Idle	Player	Curious	Everyone have what they need?
			Hmmm, that caught my eye as well.
		Facetious	Are we doing this? Really?
			So should I book a room, or...?
			I vote we get to it already.
			Isn't there a world out there that needs saving or something?
	Self		Would have found a tavern if I knew it would take this long.
		Inspecting	Your strings look tired, Bianca. Need some love.
About to Attack	Target	Intimidating	Oh, no you don't!
			That was your last mistake.
		Sarcastic	How'd I know you were gonna do that?
			Just gimme a second.
			My thoughts exactly.
	Self		Not again.
			Good! Bianca needed a quick stretch.
	Player	Alert	Everybody, down!
Getting Attacked	Target	Angry	Damnit! Come on then!
			It's gonna be like that, is it?
			Okay. Now I'm getting irritated.
		Sincere	Touché!
			Hey! That nearly hit me!
		Taunting	Better watch it with that thing.
			You can do better than that. Or maybe you can't...
	Self	Gusto	Sing, Bianca, SING!
Near Death		Gallows humor	That was... unexpected.
			Guess I'll cancel... my evening plans.
			Proud of me, Dad? Dying as an outcast, just like you.
		Sentimental	My story doesn't end here.
			You did good, Bianca ol' girl.
	Target	Desperate	Taking you down with me!
			What'd you... go and do that for?
	Player		I can't... go on.
Near Victory	Target	Courageous	You're done!
			Never should have shown your ugly mug.
		Gleeful	Heads up, pincushion!
			Gonna miss killing you.
			I could shoot you all day!
			Last chance to surrender. Oh, whoops...
	Self	Boasting	Just as I expected.
			You got this one, Bianca!



CHARACTERS: Sci-fi Soldiers - high-tech armed guards, laser cannon fodder.

CONDITION	WHO NPC IS ADDRESING	VO DIRECTION	DIALOGUE
Idle	Player	Official	Citizen.
			Please proceed.
			Respect the Code.
			Checking authorization.
	Ally	Conversational	Odalo. Break in five.
			Think my suit has a leak.
			This sector always so busy?
			Dang, my feet hurt.
About to Attack	Player	Strict	De-authorized.
			Scanning target.
		Aggressive	Wrong sector, pal.
			Comply, or we open fire!
	Ally		Burners are hot!
			Charged up, Captain!
		Exasperated	Why is it always at the end of my shift?
	HQ	Concerned	Dispatch-Eight, infraction in progress.
Getting Attacked	Ally	Warning	Pulse grenade!
			Taking cover!
			We're under fire!
			Shields are down!
		Gutsy	Go, go, go!
			For the Code!
		Commanding	Arris! Ngyuen! Fan and pincer!
	HQ	Urgent	Proctor Larsen, requesting back-up.
Near Death	Ally	Weakened	Bleeding out...
			Vitals are dropping.
			Suit... De-pressurizing...
			Capolo. Take my last fusion charge.
		Fearful	GAAH!
			I'm hit!
			Fall back!
	HQ	Desperate	Disengage! Protocol five-seven. I repeat, P-five-seven!
Near Victory	Ally	Confident	Space him.
			Neutralized.
			Wrap it up, boys.
			Nice shot, Kellum!
		Cocky	Waste of fusion rounds.
	Player		It's like you're trying to die!
			Shouldn't have left the slums, scrapper.
	HQ	Casual	Maintenance bots to Sector-Five-Alpha



CHARACTER: Aloy – machine hunter, Seeker of the Nora Tribe.
(From the *Horizon* game series by Guerrilla Games.)

CONDITION	WHO NPC IS ADDRESSING	VO DIRECTION	DIALOGUE
Idle	Self	Assessing	So much to get done...
			Can't forget to stock up.
			When's the last time I ate?
		Eager	That's enough downtime.
			Gotta get out of this place.
		Alert	Getting dark.
			What was that sound?
		Tired	Need a break. Focus making my head hurt.
About to Attack	Self	Cautious	Nice and quiet...
			Breathe. Breathe...
			Gotta stay low and light.
		Determined	I need those parts.
			Let's get this done.
			Tripcaster should do the trick.
	Target	Energized	Gotcha!
			Ah! There's your soft spot...
Getting Attacked	Self	Cheeky	Okay. So this is happening.
			Should have seen that coming.
		Alarmed	Spotted!
			Gotta take it down before it signals.
	Target		Oh no you don't!
		Respectful	Pretty clever.
			You're a nasty one, aren't you?
			So that's why they call you Snapmaw...
Near Death	Self	Worried	Getting dizzy...
			They're everywhere!
			Too many. Gotta run.
			Machines, out of control...
			Medicine pouch is empty!
		Fearless	Last shot...
			Not here, not now.
			Focus can find a weakness!
Near Victory	Self	Confident	Another one down.
			Not. Gonna. Happen!
			This one's for you, Rost.
			Not bad for an Outlander!
	Target	Brazen	Nice try.
			Future scrap.
			Almost done with you...
			Oh, did that get your attention?



CHARACTERS: Medieval Villagers – kind but dull townies, 5 types of lice.

CONDITION	WHO NPC IS ADDRESING	VO DIRECTION	DIALOGUE
Idle	Player	Polite	Aye.
			Mornin'.
		Bartering	Manure! Fresh manure!
			How much for them boot buckles?
	Ally	Suspicious	Ye look like trouble, ever I saw it.
			Go inside, Bree.
		Routine	Fish jumpin' today, Bernald?
			Spit that out, Haggis! Damnable goat.
About to Attack	Player	Alarmed	Oy, you!
			'At's me gran's brooch!
		Threatening	Whaa? You lost, son?
			We aren't much fer outsiders...
	Ally		Mob up!
			Thief! Get 'em!
		Nervous	Guards, GUARDS!
			Don't like the look o' this 'un!
Getting Attacked		Terrified	Run away!
			Not me stewpot!
			Call the militia!
			Help! Somebody help!
		Irritated	Haggis! Anyone seen me blasted goat?
			Where's the damned guards when ya need 'em?
	Player		Ye won't get away withat!
			We already been pillaged four times this harvest!
Near Death	Ally	Anguish	Daddy, NOOO!
		Resigned	Shoulda known.
			Nearly... made it... to twenty...
			Tell me nine kids I love 'em.
		Last gasps	Marla, that you? Sweet Marla...
			Oh Graces on High, please accept my soul into thy dominion...
	Player	Angry	Ye bastard!
			Is 'at... all ye got?
Near Victory		Self-assured	Take that!
			At'll teach ye!
			Hurt, don't it?
			Threaten my kin, will ye?
	Ally		Serves ye right, mongrel!
		Crooked	What's in them pockets is mine.
			Look at this 'un, Garus, cryin' like a babe!
		Remorseful	May the Graces forgive me!