

	Bark One	Bark Two	Bark Three
<u>CHARACTER: Gobber</u>			
An enormous, broken tusked orc... yet despite his name and appearance, Gobber is an erudite scholar and a kindly soul. He still carries a gigantic axe to deter would be adventurers. Makes a fine cup of tea.			
SITUATION:			
First sees player.	"Hold your fire!"	"Greetings new friend!"	"Ah, time for tea. And biscuits!"
Player draws weapon.	"Now, that will not be necessary."	"Would you not rather talk?"	"Really? You weigh less than one of my legs."
Player attacks. Gobber is a serious opponent and will easily parry the first few blows.	*sigh* "Very well."	"You chose this!"	"What a poor decision."
<u>CHARACTER: Professor Quinlan</u>			
A tall, friendly older woman with an Australian accent who maintains the somewhat erratic robotic citizens of Blasted Heap.			
SITUATION:			
Player accidentally knocks something over in her workshop.	"Eh, don't worry about it."	"Hah! I've been lookin' for that."	"Careful there mate."
Player is injured.	"I can get the old med golem up and running in no time."	"Ooh, that looks nasty..."	"I can't fix it, but if your leg falls off I've been dying to try out one of the prosthetics!"
Player tries to steal something.	"Put it back sticky fingers."	"How far d'ya reckon you'd get with that?"	"Congratulations, you just volunteered to clean the shop."
<u>CHARACTER: Carl Rutherford</u>			
A kindly bartender in the desert town of Blasted Heap, Carl keeps the peace inside the Dirigible Bar with sly grin, a quick pour and the sawn off shotgun named Mavis he keeps within reach at all times.			
SITUATION:			
Player enters the Dirigible.	"Mornin' friends, what'll it be?"	"Welcome, we do all day breakfast and all day liquor!"	"You're just in time for happy hour!"
Player draws a gun in bar.	"Put it away genius."	"Don't make me get Mavis."	"You, holster it or get out!"
Player orders a drink.	"That'll be two bits and a thank you."	"Good choice!"	"I hope you enjoy it or stay quiet about it, either works."

CHARACTER: Drowned Sam			
An unfortunate soul who drowned too close to the wreck of the Penance to merely die, and now looks for new victims to feed to the ship. Appears to be floating even on dry land.			
SITUATION:			
Hears player moving.	"Cold. Dark. Pressure."	"Who stirs in her waters?"	"A new soul for the jar."
Is forced back by the player's glyphs.	"It burns!"	"Cheater! Liar!"	"You will not deny her!"
Hurts the player.	"Bleed for me."	"You belong to her!"	"Know Penance!"
CHARACTER: Sgt. Atkinson			
A man who's been forty seven years old since he was sixteen, Atkinson feels at home in the trenches. Despite being as tough as sun dried leather, he genuinely cares about the men in his unit.			
SITUATION:			
If player controlled character frequently misses.	"Quit wasting my bullets Private!"	"I'd send you back to basic but I don't think you could find it!"	"You're a danger to yourself and no one else Private."
If player controlled character scores a single shot kill.	"Woo! Someone taught you right!"	"Hell, glad you're with us soldier."	"Love your work kid."
If player controlled character is shot.	"Medic!"	"I'm sorry son."	"Man down!"