

Writer's Name: Gonderlane

Millin NPC: Ra'dharo Sabosiss

Short Bio [100-150 words]

Ra'dharo is among the oldest living Sabosiss and one of the few in Millin who remembers life before the Nomadic League war. A wiry, slow-moving Suthay-raht with gray fur bleached by age, Ra'dharo spends most of his days near Lake Vread, keeping a handwritten chronicle of the valley's stories, many of which no one else remembers or believes. Though once a respected teacher and clan archivist, Ra'dharo is now seen by others as eccentric or outdated, his views often dismissed by the younger generation.

He is skeptical of superstition yet fiercely protective of tradition, believing the town's identity is fraying beneath its stoic survivalism. One of the few exceptions to his cynicism is Ja'khar, whose curiosity and questions remind him that the past may still have a future. Despite his age and weariness, Ra'dharo loves Millin deeply and hopes someone will care enough to learn before it's too late.

Residence: 1. Ra'dharo's House

An old cottage at the edge of Lake Vread, with a view that seems chosen more for memory than comfort. Inside, the air smells faintly of aged parchment and lakewater. Scrolls, old tomes, and stitched folktales line every shelf, often spilling into uneven stacks on the floor. The walls are hung with tapestries depicting places that no longer exist, and the occasional moon-silver feather or weathered charm sits tucked between ink jars and reed pens. The hearth is rarely if ever lit. A small desk faces the lake through a cracked but clean window, Ra'dharo's preferred perch, where he writes and watches Vread's surface.

Associated Quests (if any):

Schedule:

06:00 - 08:00 Wakes up, reads/writes quietly at his desk by the window

08:00 - 09:00 Eats a small breakfast at the clanhouse

09:00 - 12:00 Travels and sits near Lake Vread

12:00 - 14:00 Walks back to town, chats with other elders

14:00 - 17:00 Writes/archives tales in his home, inks new pages

17:00 - 18:00 Eats dinner at the clanhouse

18:00 - 21:00 Walks back to lake to converse and sit

21:00 - 06:00 Sleeps in his scroll-filled cottage

Service:

Archivist (Sells books and scrolls)

Initial Dialogue

Greetings

- [\[initial\]](#) Ra'dharo sees fresh ears, perhaps hungry for old tales.
- [\[near lake\]](#) Vread murmurs today. Best you listen, for she hates repeating herself.
- [\[inside house\]](#) This one smells parchment... and doubt. Mainly doubt.
- [\[while writing\]](#) Sit, if you have a spine. Stories are heavy.
- [\[21:00 - 07:00\]](#) Ra'dharo does not sleep much. Dreams wake him before sleep can take him.

Farewells

- May your feet find paths older than maps.
- Let Vread carry your shadow, not your bones.
- A story shared is never truly lost. Keep yours safe.
- This one hopes you leave with more than you came with.

Dialogue

1. [\[MEMORY\]](#) You always seem to be writing. What are you trying to hold on to?
 - 1.1. Ra'dharo does not write to hold on. He writes because others let go.
 - 1.1.1. That's quite noble of you.
 - 1.1.1.1. (sighs) Noble? No. It is desperation. This one claws stories from the mouths of spirits.
 - 1.1.1.1.1. Why desperation?
 - 1.1.1.1.1.1. Because silence is a curse. It is the sound of a vow broken. Names vanish like mist.
 - 1.1.1.1.1.2. Ra'dharo remembers when Millin's ancestors could have fought, but chose not to. He cannot fight wars like he used to, but he can fight forgetting. [\[unlock LOST\]](#) [\[lock MEMORY\]](#) [\[back to root\]](#)
 - 1.1.1.1.2. Is it worth fighting for?

- 1.1.1.1.2.1. When the old tales are gone, the spirit of Millin goes with them. If it is a fight, then this one fights.
 - 1.1.1.1.2.2. Because silence is a curse. Ra'dharo has seen names vanish like mist. [\[unlock LOST\]](#) [\[lock MEMORY\]](#) [\[back to root\]](#)
 - 1.1.1.1.3. **Where do you "claw" these stories from?**
 - 1.1.1.1.3.1. The lake, the whispers in the dust, the dreams of our elders. [\[unlock LOST\]](#) [\[lock MEMORY\]](#) [\[back to root\]](#)
 - 1.1.2. **Sounds like a waste of good ink.**
 - 1.1.2.1. [\[annoyed\]](#) Then your breath must be worth even less. [\[lock MEMORY\]](#) [\[end dialogue\]](#)
 - 1.1.3. **What kinds of things do people forget?**
 - 1.1.3.1. Stories of places that no longer stand. Names the wind won't carry.
 - 1.1.3.2. Ra'dharo wrote even during the war. When others ran, this one listened. [\[unlock LOST\]](#) [\[lock MEMORY\]](#) [\[back to options\]](#)
- 2. [\[LOST\]](#) [\[locked\]](#) **What was lost in the war?**
 - 2.1. Entire clans. Towns with names even the wind does not carry anymore.
 - 2.1.1. **Like what?**
 - 2.1.1.1. Ruhkaar, Zhintra, Lha'sarra. One sang with bells, another fed the Rim with honey-rice. All gone.
 - 2.1.1.1.1. **Can the stories be recovered?**
 - 2.1.1.1.1.1. Some. Buried in ash, but I find it my duty to recover the rest.
 - 2.1.1.1.1.2. But you must care. Stories reveal themselves only to those who ask. [\[back to root\]](#)
 - 2.1.1.1.2. **So... what do you hope writing them down will do?**
 - 2.1.1.1.2.1. Ra'dharo does not hope. He writes because silence offends him.
 - 2.1.1.1.2.2. But if someone reads them, truly reads, perhaps they will carry something forward.
 - 2.1.1.1.2.3. [\[Ta'agra: kojod = town\]](#) That is all a dead kojod can ask for. [\[back to root\]](#)
 - 2.1.2. **Just stories, as you've said.**
 - 2.1.2.1. Yes. And what are you? Flesh? Breath? Dust?
 - 2.1.2.2. Stories are all that outlive us. [\[back to options\]](#)
 - 2.1.3. **Why did Millin survive, then?**
 - 2.1.3.1. Coin and caution.
 - 2.1.3.2. But now, the coin is cursed, and caution is a cage.
 - 2.1.3.2.1. **Why do you call caution a cage?**
 - 2.1.3.2.1.1. They live small. They dare not speak the old names or remember the old towns for fear of angering the wrong spirit.

2.1.3.2.1.2. Caution keeps the old stories quiet and waiting to die. [\[back to options\]](#)

2.1.3.2.2. What do you mean the coin is cursed?

2.1.3.2.2.1. We are buying silence with it.

2.1.3.2.2.2. It is used to pay the Nomadic League to leave us alone, and to feed the apathy of those who refuse to remember. [\[back to options\]](#)

2.1.3.2.3. Did Millin betray those other towns?

2.1.3.2.3.1. They chose their own survival. Those clans... they made their choice, too. But only Millin still stands.

2.1.3.2.3.2. This one writes so the silence is not a lie. [\[back to options\]](#)

3. [\[LAKE\]](#) I see you by the lake often. Is it special?

3.1. [\[Emphasis: She\]](#) Vread... is one of our greatest treasures. She remembers everything.

3.1.1. What does it remember?

3.1.1.1. [\[Ta'agra: alija = gods\]](#) Some say she watched a vasha crawl from the moons.

3.1.1.2. Others say the alija wept here and made the basin from sorrow.

3.1.1.3. Ra'dharo does not care which is true. He only knows she has moods. [\[unlock WATERWALK\]](#) [\[back to options\]](#)

3.1.2. You mean it's alive?

3.1.2.1. [\[Emphasis: She\]](#) She is alive. Alive enough to demand respect.

3.1.2.2. If you spit in her waters, don't be surprised when the rains curse your roof. [\[unlock WATERWALK\]](#) [\[back to options\]](#)

3.1.3. Can Vread harm us?

3.1.3.1. She already has. What do you think happened to the towns that vanished? [\[unlock WATERWALK\]](#) [\[back to options\]](#)

3.1.4. So it's just superstition?

3.1.4.1. Walk near her after dusk and see how long you feel brave. [\[unlock WATERWALK\]](#) [\[back to options\]](#)

4. [\[WATERWALK\]](#) [\[locked\]](#) Have you ever seen anything in the lake?

4.1. In the past. When Ra'dharo was young and still believed in answers.

4.1.1. What did you see?

4.1.1.1. [\[Ta'agra: yadi = echo\]](#) Once, a ripple with no wind. A yadi that was not mine.

4.1.1.2. The lake was still. But something moved. This one left an offering the next morning, fruit and flame. That year, the drought broke early.

4.1.1.2.1. Maybe it was just a fish.

4.1.1.2.1.1. Then it was the most thoughtful fish Ra'dharo has ever met. [\[back to root\]](#)

4.1.1.2.2. So your offering worked.

4.1.1.2.2.1. The lake accepted it. That is all this one knows.
Vread gives only what she is willing to spare. [\[back to root\]](#)

4.1.1.2.3. I've seen stranger things in the water.

4.1.1.2.3.1. Then you should learn from this one's silence. The lake does not like to share its mysteries with those who chatter. [\[back to root\]](#)

4.1.2. Do you think something still lives in Vread?

4.1.2.1. Instead, Ra'dharo thinks something has never left. [\[back to root\]](#)

5. [\[FUTURE\]](#) You talk like there's no hope left.

5.1. Hope is a clever liar. But even lies can keep stories going.

5.1.1. Then what gives you hope now?

5.1.1.1. [\[Ta'agra: ja'khajiit = kitten\]](#) Ja'khar. A ja'khajiit with too many questions and not enough fear.

5.1.1.2. He reminds Ra'dharo that stories still matter to someone.

5.1.1.2.1. That's surprisingly optimistic of you.

5.1.1.2.1.1. Ra'dharo keeps optimism like moon sugar - hidden in small jars, shared rarely. [\[back to root\]](#)

5.1.1.2.2. He's just a child.

5.1.1.2.2.1. Yes. And that is why it matters. Children do not lie to themselves the way adults do.

5.1.1.2.2.2. They ask before they settle. They wonder before they forget. [\[back to root\]](#)