

Garn Rivers

(by James Mills)

Writer: James Mills

NPC Name: Garn Rivers

Location: In the wilderness outside of Helgen, near a river bank or a beach on the lake.

Short Bio: Garn is an elderly Nord man. He has a stark white, overgrown beard and a shaved head. He wears travel wear that would be ideal for hiking and fishing. He is a self-exile from Helgen and lives off the land in the wilderness.

Garn was married to Kelda, a High Elf, for forty years. Garn and Kelda built their cabin to escape harassment and lived happily. Kelda died of old age three years ago, and Garn waits patiently for his time to see her in the afterlife.

Residence: Garn lives in a small cabin in the woods with an ample garden. He cannot grow potatoes, but can grow other common foods and ingredients. He only owns essentials: basic cooking and alchemical ingredients, an axe, a knife, and a spare set of clothes and boots. He cooks with a cooking pot over a campfire outside the cabin.

Schedule:

04:00 - 06:00 Wakes up, and prepares a meal at the fire.

06:00 - 08:00 Hikes towards a body of water.

[on Tirdas and Fredas] 6:00 - 12:00 Visits his wife's grave outside of Helgen.

[on Tirdas and Fredas] 12:00 - 14:00 Goes to Helgen for supplies.

08:00 - 14:00 Fishing out of a body of water.

14:00 - 18:00 Hikes and admires his surroundings.

18:00 - 20:00 Returns home and has supper.

20:00 - 04:00 Sleeps.

Greetings:

- The water is mighty fine this time of year. I'll watch your clothes, if you take a dip.
- I don't need the comforts of a town. I'm comfortable enough right here!
- Simple gardening is all you really need to feed yourself. Too bad I'm a terrible gardener!
- Ain't often I get visitors. Glad to see a youngster enjoying the cool, mountain air.

Dialogue:

1. It's been awhile since I've had a guest. Care to humor a lonely old man with a good conversation?
 - 1.1. **What are you doing out here all alone?**

- 1.1.1. Doing what I've always done. A bit of fishing and cooking, a lot of hiking and smelling the flowers.
- 1.1.2. [solemn] But it has gotten lonely in recent years. People just weren't built to be alone. [unlock WIFE] [unlock FISHING] [back to root]
- 1.2. **[Locked] [WIFE] How long have you lived alone?**
 - 1.2.1. Of course not! My wife and I lived in this cabin for forty years.
 - 1.2.2. [sigh] She passed on a few years back.
 - 1.2.2.1. **What happened to her?**
 - 1.2.2.1.1. [humorous] [emphasis: happened] Nothing happened to her. I'm afraid I don't have a sad story to tell you, if that's what you're looking for.
 - 1.2.2.1.2. Her time came and her soul returned to Mother Kyne. It's what waits for us all, at the end.
 - 1.2.2.1.3. Her name was Kelda, and she was the most beautiful creature a man could lay his weary eyes upon. I count the days 'till I see her again.
 - 1.2.2.1.4. Do you have anyone special in your life? [unlock CHILDREN]
 - 1.2.2.1.4.1. **[if PC is married] Yes, and they're everything to me.**
 - 1.2.2.1.4.1.1. [proud] Then you're smelling the flowers, friend. Cherish that. [back to root]
 - 1.2.2.1.4.2. **[if PC is married] I wouldn't call them special...**
 - 1.2.2.1.4.2.1. [bitter] You're a fool, then. I'm afraid we have nothing more to talk about. [end dialogue]
 - 1.2.2.1.4.3. **No, but maybe one day.**
 - 1.2.2.1.4.3.1. Keep on looking, friend. The right person will come!
 - 1.2.2.1.4.3.2. Or maybe not, who knows what Mother Kyne has planned for you.
 - 1.2.2.1.4.3.3. [if PC has a Daedric item equipped] [eerie] Or, perhaps your soul has already been claimed by a darker master. [back to root]
 - 1.2.2.1.4.4. **Once, a long time ago...**
 - 1.2.2.1.4.4.1. [fatherly] I understand, I won't pry. [back to root]
- 1.3. **[Locked] [FISHING] Where are the best places to fish?**
 - 1.3.1. Oh there's several around here. The White River is teeming with game! Just look around and be patient. I'm sure you can figure it out.
 - 1.3.2. I've been angling these rapids for as long as I could hold a rod. No one told me how and yet I'm still here!
 - 1.3.3. Still living after all these years. If I can learn, so can you. [add map marker to White River] [back to root]

1.4. **[Locked] [CHILDREN] Did you and Kelda ever have children?**

1.4.1. Oh, heavens no! She was already a couple centuries old when we met. Besides, she wasn't fond of little ones.

1.4.2. That's not to say she wasn't nurturing, no one could raise a more bountiful garden. I've been having trouble growing potatoes since she passed.

1.4.2.1. **[if PC has a potato in inventory] I have some extra produce, if you need it.**

1.4.2.1.1. Well, that's mighty kind of you! I'll put it in the soup.

1.4.2.1.2. Here, take a sip. [remove 1 potato] [add 1 vegetable soup] [back to options]

1.4.2.2. **How did she live so long? (Persuade) [Average]**

1.4.2.2.1. **[failure]** An old man has to have some secrets, eh? [back to options]

1.4.2.2.2. **[success]** She was an Altmer... err, High Elf. Mer live a lot longer than Nords. Age doesn't work the same way for them.

1.4.2.2.3. She stayed in Helgen at my father's inn one night. I was smitten the moment I laid eyes on her.

1.4.2.2.4. One night she invited me into her room. The next night we were married. The rest is history.

1.4.2.2.4.1. **[if PC is a Nord] Elves and Nords shouldn't intermingle, it's unnatural.**

1.4.2.2.4.1.1. **[bitter]** You're a fool, then. I'm afraid we have nothing more to talk about. [end dialogue]

1.4.2.2.4.2. **Marrying a High Elf in a small town must have been challenging.**

1.4.2.2.4.2.1. It was. We had to travel to Cyrodill to find a priest to marry us. [back to options]

1.4.2.2.4.3. **When did you move out here?**

1.4.2.2.4.3.1. **[emphasis: Thalmor spy]** A few days after we were married. My neighbors weren't too keen about a "Thalmor spy" living in town.

1.4.2.2.4.3.2. We came out here and built our cabin to get away from all that.

1.4.2.2.4.3.3. It turned out well, we both fell in love with the land. The trees, the air, the river...

1.4.2.2.4.3.4. **[tearing up]** It's quite something, isn't it? [end dialogue]

Farewells:

- Be careful on those mountain passes! A swift breeze can send you into the ravine. Or worse, a troll!

- Come by my cabin anytime. I always have stew to spare. Kelda and I kept our pot going for forty years!