

Haas Supports



Haas/Siegfried



Siegfried C

Haas: Commander Siegfried,
you're quite impressive.

Siegfried: Hm?
What is this?

H: I've been watching you fight...
You use a very refined technique.
Though it looks like it strains
you quite a bit. Is this true?

S: Ah... yes...
I have a deep wound I
received quite a while ago.
It still pains me a bit,
and it limits my fighting ability.
It pains me to say that I'm not
anywhere near my full power...

H: Full power?
Hmm... I'd like to see this
one day, if it were possible.

S: Perhaps one day,
this wound shall heal.
Until then, let us focus
on the battle in front of us.

H: Indeed.

Siegfried B

H: So, Commander Siegfried...

S: Just "Siegfried" is fine,
Chief Haas, my friend.

H: The same to you, then.
Just "Haas" is fine.

S: Haha, touche.
I will oblige.
Now, what did you come here
to approach me about...?

H: Oh, I had intended on asking
you how your wound was feeling.

S: The same as usual, I'm afraid.
Not much to be done.

H: I see...
I'm sorry.
I wish that I could do something
to ease your pain, if only a little.
Still, you are a remarkable fighter,
even now.
I am truly glad I was able to
meet you and join forces with you.

S: I as well.
In both battle and tactical prowess,
you are truly one of the best.
It's no wonder that the Phora
are the strongest tribe of Atheya.

H: You speak kindly, Siegfried.
May I say the same of
the knights of Regalia,
whose superior techniques have
nearly been pushed to extinction.

S: Ha, my way of the sword is
a little more unique than that...
But I'm afraid we don't have time
to converse about such things.
Let us get back to the fray,
before we fall behind.

Siegfried A

H: Siegfried... if it's alright,
I would like to hear it.

S: The tale of my way of
the sword, you mean?

H: Yes... although you also
use spears, as I recall.
Do they use different
techniques?

S: Yes, quite.
I was originally a knight of Yulia,
before I transferred to Regalia.
There, I solely practiced
the art of the sword.
Normally, the transferring
of knights isn't allowed,
but an exception was made for me.
When I studied the Regalian technique,
I could not perfect it due to the
influence of my teachings from Yulia.
It's nothing very special, but instead,
I took the best points of each,
and combined the swordsmanship of
Yulia and Regalia into one technique.
I call this "Yulia's Renewal",
as the core of the art
is based on Yulian swordsmanship,
but with slight changes here and there.
Naturally, I am the only one
who has ever learned it.
Furthermore, as I now must ride
a horse to be able to move well,
I'm unable to exhibit the full
strength of my altered swordsmanship.
But I make do with what I can.
Is that enough info for you?

H: Haha, indeed.
That was very informative.
And very interesting as well...
Perhaps I could learn something from you.

S: Well, you are free to continue
to watch, if it pleases you.

H: Heh. I think I will,
if you don't mind.
And I'll watch your
back too, Siegfried!

S: Sounds good to me,
Haas, my friend.



Haas/Arthur

Arthur C

Haas: You wear unique garbs for
one of the Kashaya, Arthur.

Arthur: Ah, Chief Haas,
the great warrior.
Yes, because I am a user
of light magic...
Most of us were practicers
of anima and dark magic.

H: I see. Was there any particular
reason for learning light magic?

A: Not exactly...
I just wanted to
distinguish myself.
The Kashaya had lost their honor,
and forsaken themselves...
I am of the Kashaya,
yet I am not.

Arthur B

A: Kahahaha...
How beautiful...

H: ...Are you referring to
that corpse, Arthur?

A: Yes, of course.
The way the blood slowly drips
down from their wound... It's most holy, don't you think?

H: I... hm... I'm not
quite sure, Arthur.
We Phora do not think much of
the blood of our enemies...

A: Hm... you are missing
out, I'm afraid.
I know the Phora pride
themselves on battle,
so it is surprising that
you would not take time to
savor the delicacies of
its outcome.

H: Hm... this is quite common
in the Kashaya then, no?
I had heard you were violent
and most forceful, but...
This is more than I expected.
I am... appalled.

A: That which you have not been
raised to understand will
almost always seem strange
or even crazy, will it not?
Magnus is similar, thinking lowly
of the other territories,
and judging them before even making
an attempt to understand them.

H: You make your point...
Perhaps, then, you could take
some time to explain this to me.

A: As you wish.

Arthur A

H: Hm... the way you put it makes it
seem less grotesque, for sure.
Still, I cannot help but feel like
your tribe's value of life
desecrates life itself, Arthur.

I cannot go back in time and
change which tribe I was born in,
or the values and morals that I was raised with.

A: I see... I cannot say I expected
you to do so, either.
However, I have done my part,
and shared my knowledge.

H: For that, I thank you.
However, I am not sure I can
tolerate fighting by your side...
I thought perhaps that your
words could help me do so,
but this is not the case.
I am sorry, Arthur.

A: Even the Chief of the Phora
does not have the tolerance?
I suppose the Kashayan culture
may indeed be too strange
to all outsiders, those
of Atheya and not alike.
I shall do my best to limit
my impulses then, Chief Haas.
After all, I must distinguish myself
from the purely bad name of the
Kashaya, and help change so that
we are not looked down upon as so.

H: It is not your fault, Arthur,
nor do I look down on you.
However, if we could perhaps
focus on fighting,
and you could spend time
savoring the battle after,
it would most definitely help
me focus... I apologize,
I ask for too much, and yet
I cannot do otherwise...

A: It is alright.
You tried to understand, and that
is more than many others could say.
Let the light guide us,
as fellow Atheyans.

H: Indeed. As Atheyans.

Haas/Storm



Storm C

Storm: Chief Haas.
Are you well?

Haas: Yes, Storm, I'm fine.
Please, don't worry too
much about me.
It's not your job to babysit me,
just to be there when I ask.

S: Yes, I know.
I'm sorry.
But as you are a young Chief,
I have to make sure you live
a long and fulfilling life
as leader of the Phora.
At the very least, let me accompany
you as much as possible.

H: Alright, Storm.
Since you insist.

Storm B

H: Storm...

S: Yes, Chief Haas?

H: Do you enjoy being my
right-hand man, Storm?

S: It is an honor
beyond words, Chief.

H: That does not mean you necessarily
enjoy it, however.
Answer me truthfully, Storm.
I mean no harm.

S: Yes, I enjoy helping you
in any way possible, Chief.
Even if you weren't the Chief,

you are still a strong warrior,
a noble man, intelligent...
and a great cook, as well.

H: Ahahaha, it pleases me
to hear you say so.
Thank you, Storm.
May we have good fortune
together on the battlefield.

S: Yes, Chief.

Storm A

H: Storm, are you aware of the
methods of which names in
the Phora are chosen?

S: I know the significance
of my own name, but...
I'm not sure what else you
may be referring to, Chief.

H: Alright... then I shall
briefly enlighten you.
In Phora, respecting one's
elders is very important, no?
One must know to treat the older
generations with great respect,
and learn the customs and behaviors
associated with such respect.

S: Yes, I am aware.
I'm sorry if I have ever
been rude or offensive,
I don't mean to-

H: No, that's not it.
You see, our ancestors thought
of a way to differentiate people
of different generations.
It is a most interesting aspect
of our history and culture.
Your name, Storm, refers to the
same English word, "Storm".
You may have noticed that
even amongst other Atheyans,
names of people of your generation

are often shared with English words.
However, people of my generation have
names derived from ancient words,
such as "Haas", the word
for a hare or rabbit.
Because of this, we are
able to differentiate
the people of one generation
from another, constantly
switching from one
set of names to another.
Thus, in knowing one's name, we know
the level of respect we owe them.

S: ...Ah...

Normally, I would think twice
before believing such a story,
but now that I think about it,
everyone I know has a name
either from today's language
or the ancient languages...

H: It is interesting, is it not?
Many people do not notice
until they are older,
and they are forced to
name their own children.
Had I not told you now,
you would likely learn
of it within a few years.

S: I see.

Then, thank you for telling me.

H: Think nothing of it, Storm.
You are my loyal
comrade and friend.
There is no secret I would
not trust you with.

S: Thank you, Chief.

I say the same back to you.

(So they call it English too huh?)

Haas/Zach



Zach C

Haas: Hm...

Zach: Um, is something the matter?

Haas: No, nothing at all.
Please continue.

Z: Okay, but... may I know why you
appear to be analyzing me?

H: Ah, my apologies.
I am just interested in
your technique with the bow.
It is both different from the
way of the way of the nomads
and the way of the other nations.

Z: Oh, yes...
I'm not quite from Solum.
It's hard to explain,
but essentially,
there exists another
continent from which I came.

H: A hard story to believe,
but I have no reason to doubt you,
so I shall believe you.
It would, at the very least,
explain your unique way of archery.
Would it be a burden if I analyzed
your technique a bit more...?

Z: No, um, go ahead,
I guess.

(The Forbidden Lore?!)

Zach B

H: Your technique resembles

the Valencian style the most.

Z: I suppose that makes sense.
I have been in Valencia
for most of my time here,
although I was in Magnus for a short time
after I arrived at this continent...

H: I see.
Your shots are much more
steady and focused.
We nomads tend to move and shoot,
with one swift motion.

Z: That's quite interesting.
Back on our continent we do not
have anything like you nomads...

H: Is that so?
Then perhaps I could show you
some of our culture...

Z: I'm down for some of that.
Perhaps some food, to start?

H: Of course.
The next time we have
a chance to talk,
I'll get you some chicken
spiced with herbs from Atheya.

Z: Sounds like something
to look forward to!

Zach A

H: Mhm... delicious.
It's so... natural, and pure.
Spices aside, the chicken itself
has a fresher, greater taste.
You are a great cook,
Chief Haas.

H: Ahahah, some have told me that.
I am actually made fun of
for it a little.
Past Chiefs of the Phora

have been pure fighters,
with little other skills.
While I can fight, of course,
I also know how to cook,
and wage wars with tactics like
the other nations and territories use.

Z: That's... weird.

H:Hm?
What, exactly, is "weird"?

H: I can't imagine why having useful
knowledge like cooking and tactics
would be something to be made fun of.
It's knowledge...
don't we need more knowledge,
so that we can be the best
we can be, and understand others?

H: Hah, you are smart to say so,
Zach, and I would agree.
Alas, in our culture,
the life of a warrior is,
for the most part,
the life of fighting.
And when you are in the Phora,
all able men are expected
to be warriors.

Z: I see... it seems I still
have a lot more to learn.

H: Hah!
Let us strike down our foes
quickly then, you and I.
That shall give us more time to
converse later, no?

Z: Sounds like a plan,
Chief Haas.

(Ah, we're not saying anything about that other continent then? Maybe in his other supports.)

Haas/Liquid



(They have an innate C support)

Liquid B

Haas: Liquid, your axe skills are as scary as ever, my friend.

Liquid: Skillz?
Whatchu talkin' bout?

H: I mean how you're able to smash through an enemy and crush their body in one hit, no matter their defenses... You may have not inherited your father's brutality, but you seem to have inherited his strength, at the very least.

Liquid A

L: C-Chief, I been thinkin'...

H: Ah, Liquid.
What's wrong?

L: N-nothin's wrong, I just dun' wanna... I dun' wanna...

H: It's alright, Liquid, you can tell me.
I am here to help you.
We are comrades.

L: I-I was hopin' I can stay with ya after dis war... I... got nowhere to go...

H: Do you even have to ask, Liquid?
I would be happy if you would stay with the Phora.
Then, we could work

towards spreading peace
throughout Atheya, and ending
all the bloodshed... together.

L: Golly, dat'd be nice...
maybe... if we dun' fight...
if we help rebuild...
I'z strong, can build lots!!!
W-we can rebuild Atheya, together!
Okay, Chief?!

H: Of course, Liquid. Take it
easy for now though, okay?
First, let's make it out of
these battles safe and sound.
Then, we'll work towards restoring
Atheya to its former glory.

L: (Jump) Ya!!!



Haas/Gary

Gary C

Gary: You live up to your name as
Chief of the Phora, Haas!

Haas: Gary the Gladiator...

G: You know of me, huh?
That makes things easier.
I challenge you, Haas.

H: If you're looking for a fight,
I'm afraid I cannot oblige.
Especially one in which the
fights are to the death.
I must survive to lead the
Phora after our battles end.

G: Ha, the days of death matches
in the arena are over, Haas.
There are plenty of other ways

for two comrades to fight.
Have you ever heard of the
game "bloody knuckles"?

(My big brother used to make me play this with him a lot when i was a kid T_T)

H: I have not...

G: Hm, it might be a Westerner
thing, after all...
That's no problem though,
I've got you covered.
I'll have you addicted in record time!

Gary B

H: Gary, you will not get me to
play that foolish game again.
I would appreciate if
you would quit trying.

G: You know, I didn't have you
pegged as a quitter, Haas,
but I guess my fists are
just too rock hard, huh?

H: I cannot wield a weapon if
my hands are broken...
Surely even you can understand
these dire circumstances...

G: Hm... guess you're just
not up to it, huh?
I was hoping I could find some
nice competition off the islands,
but it looks like there's not anyone
here who can match my strength.

Gary A

Gary: What's that you're up to, Haas?

Haas: I am fine-tuning my bow,
to perfect its power.

G: Power? Power's about the man,
not the weapon, bud.
You gotta have a strong

shooting arm for power.

H: That is true, but part of the man is his ability to shoot, not just the power with which he shoots.

G: You're saying there's something more to this, huh? I read you. We need a contest.

H:

G: After this battle, we'll have ourselves a little competition... And whoever pierces deeper into the tree, has the greater strength.

H: I'm afraid I don't understand. Did you not already decide that you were the strongest?

G: Yeah, but I'm on a mission to prove myself wrong, you see? The world's big... there's got to be more than just brute power. And even then, there's got to be someone with more power than me. Thanks to Magnus, the arena in the Western Archipelago got shut down, so I can't just sit around and wait for someone to show up and give me a challenge. Sometimes, we've gotta seek things out ourselves.

H: I see... Then, I accept. I would like to see the result of this contest myself.

G: Gahahaha!
Rock on, Haas!

(Hunh, now that I think about it... The rough hair, the big muscles, the rock-hardness, the square jaw... Gary vaguely reminds me of...



LET'S ROCK!)