

Final Fantasy Tactics: The War of the Lions Game Script

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Final Fantasy Tactics: The War of the Lions - Game Script

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I. Updates

06/18/08 - readdition of Chronicles information

4/14/08 - Corrections, deletion of extraneous information, removal of non-game text (will be featured in a future update)

11/30/07 - Version 1.0. All remaining story scenes are complete

11/23/07 - Version 0.6 submitted. All story scenes viewed in the Events section have been completed. All Ch.4 battle dialogue finished (except the Deep Dungeon and Beowulf's introduction)

II. Prologue

Sword in hand, a warrior clutches stone to breast
In sword etched he his fading memories
In stone, his tempered skill
By sword attested, by stone revealed
Their tale can now be told.

I am Arazlam, student of Ivalice's Middle Age. You are familiar with the War of the Lions, no?

It was a bitter war of succession that rent the land of Ivalice in two. Here we first find mention of Delita Heiral, a hitherto unknown young man, the hero who would draw the curtain of this dark act of our history.

His is a heroism of great renown - a story familiar to all who dwell within our land.

Ah, but what the eye sees is oftentimes a mere fragment of the truth.

There was another young man, the youngest of House Beoulve, long famed for producing leaders of knights and men.

There is no official record of the role he played on history's stage.

However, according to the Durai Papers, the existence of which became known to the public only this last year - they had long lain concealed in Church archives - this forgotten young man is in fact the true hero.

The Church maintains he was a heretic, an inciter of unrest and disturber of the peace.

Which accounts is to be believed?

Join me in my search to uncover the answer.

Ah, but before we begin, might I ask you to share with me your name and the date of your birth?

[Upon entering your name and date of birth, the opening movie begins with robed man, Arazlam, laying a scroll on a desk. He is in a room filled with books. He turns a light on and reveals a map of Ivalice. The camera zooms into the map as it slowly turns into a real landscape.]

["The Zodiac Brave Story" flashes on screen just before we see a vast mountain side. The landscape is given color as the title "Final Fantasy Tactics" appears on screen. The background goes black and the music stops.]

Fields of Gallionne - To Orbonne

|Delita Heiral, believed to have perished the previous year at Ziekden |
|Fortress, suddenly appeared clad in the armor of one of Duke Goltanna's men. |
|To what purpose does he hurry along the road toward Orbonne monastery? |

[The scene opens up on that rich landscape. A slow pan across a field and a transitional shot near a creek reveals a kneeling man, Delita. He rises and dries his hand. He spends a moment at the edge of the water before turning and mounting his chocobo steed. He is dressed in armor and wears a white cape with an emblem of a black lion. He signals for other chocobo-mounted warriors, and they dash out of the woods.]

[After crossing a grassy field, Delita halts his mount and views a floating bird high above him. The bird flies off into the distance and Delita is now seen slowly trekking through the foggy remains of some unknown ruin. He picks up the pace as he races to his target: Orbonne Monastery. He pauses slightly and gazes at the building. A dark storm looms in the distance as the camera goes black.]

Orbonne Monastery - Ovelia's Prayer

| A year had passed since the tragedy at Ziekden. The Dukes Larg and Goltanna |
| had been locked in a fierce political struggle for control of Ivalice since |
| the king's death. Tensions were high, and war seemed all but inevitable. |
| Secret plans were under way to bring Princess Ovelia from Orbonne Monastery |
| to Gallionne to prevent the outbreak of war. |

[Princess Ovelia is praying inside Orbonne monastery. She is alone at the altar while a female knight and a man in holy robes look after her.]

Ovelia: O Father, abandon not Your wayward children of Ivalice, but deliver us from our sins, that we might know salvation.

Knight: Lady Ovelia, it is time.

Ovelia (still kneeling): I'll not be much longer, Agrias.

Agrias: Your escort has already arrived, Majesty.

Elder (stepping forward): Please, heed the good lady's words, Highness. You must hurry.

[The view rotates as three men walk through the front doors. A swordsman is clearly the leader of the three.]

Swordsman: Still in here, are you? It's been the better part of an hour!

Agrias: Gaffgarion, you forget yourself, ser! You are in the presence of the princess!

[The two men behind Gaffgarion, the swordsman, kneel instantly. Gaffgarion remains standing, but bows his head.]

Gaffgarion: Mayhap bowed heads would less offend. You would do well to waste less time on idle pleasantries.

Agrias: I see even the noble Order of the Northern Sky cannot rid itself of vulgar knaves.

Gaffgarion (raising his head): A guard captain in these rain-sodden hinterlands ought not expect chivalry. We are in the employ of the Order, not of it. Our pay des not cover trite courtesies to the likes of you.

Agrias: Guard your tongue!

Ovelia (standing): Enough. Let us be on our way.

[The two men behind Gaffgarion rise as Ovelia walks to address the robed man.]

Elder: The Father watch over you, child.

Ovelia: And you, Elder.

[A flash of lightning covers the screen as an injured female knight enters the church. She limps towards the Princess. The Elder priest rushes to her aid.]

Knight: Milady! The enemy is upon us!

Elder: Duke Goltanna's men?

[Agrias rushes outside without a moment's hesitation. Gaffgarion addresses his men.]

Gaffgarion: We are paid for this. Time to earn our keep. What is it, Ramza? You above getting paid to do a job?

Ramza: I'm a knight no longer. Just another sellsword.

Gaffgarion: Right then. To battle!

[The three men follow Agrias outside.]

Ovelia: Deliver us, O Lord...

[Agrias and her knights stand before a host of enemy knights. It is raining.]

Agrias: They bear the crest of the Black Lion...Duke Goltanna must be mad! Does he mean to start a war?

Knight: You there, wench! You cannot hope to defeat us! You will surrender the princess! If not...Well, I would hate to see anything happen to that pretty face of yours.

[Gaffgarion, Ramza and Ladd join the girls.]

Gaffgarion: A head-on assault. These swords of Goltanna...lackwits one and all.

Agrias: In that case, we should be able to handle this without you, Gaffgarion.

Gaffgarion: Mayhap you could, but there's no money to be made in that! Ladd! Ramza! With me!

[The battle begins.]

Gaffgarion: Kill them all! Leave no man standing!

Agrias: You would have us slaughter them? Are you mad? Kill them here and you'll have played into Duke Goltanna's hands! We need only put them to rout!

Gaffgarion: I find dead men rout more easily.

Orbonne Monastery - Ovelia's Kidnapping

|With the aid of Gaffgarion and the others, we were able to hold of |
|Goltanna's troops. But to our dismay, Princess Ovelia was abducted while we |
|were engaged in battle. I caught sight of one of Duke Goltanna's knights as |
|he made off with the princess, and strained to maintain my composure as I |
|laid eyes on his familiar face. Why would Delita be serving Goltanna? |

[After the battle we see the rain soaked roof of Orbonne Monastery. From the inside of the church we hear Ovelia scream.]

Ovelia: Unhand me!

[Agrias and Ramza run to her aide. Inside the princess is struggling with an armored assailant. He is Delita.]

Delita: This way. Be quick! And try making a little less noise.

Ovelia: I'll not take orders from you!

Delita: You've quite a mouth on you, Princess.

[Delita strikes Ovelia, knocking her unconscious. She falls into him.]

Forgive me. 'Tis your birth and faith that wrong you, not I.

[Lightning strikes as the camera pans up and away. Agrias bursts into the church with Ramza on her tail. They spy Delita just as he is leaving through a back door.]

Agrias (yelling): Hold there! Damn!

[Delita continues on as Agrias tries to cut the kidnapper off. Ramza stays and is captivated at the sight of the person kidnapping the princess. The screen goes black.]

Ramza: Is it truly him?

[Ramza runs out of the church, looks around frantically and then sprints off to the back. He barely catches a glimpse of Delita. The two acknowledge each other as Delita carries Ovelia with him on a chocobo. He escapes while Ramza stands in shock and Agrias gives up her chase.]

Agrias (catching her breath): It cannot be...

Ramza: Delita. He lives? But why does he fight under the banner of Duke Goltanna?

[The rain continues to fall as the two look on.]

III. Chapter 1 - The Meager

The Magick City of Gariland - The Knights Apprentice

|Several other knights apprentice and I, all of us soon to graduate into the |
|ranks of knighthood, were called to gather at the Akademy Hall. An unsavory |
|band of outlaws known as the Corpse Brigade continues to plunder and loot |
|throughout Gallionne, and plans are afoot for the Order to rid the land of |
|these ne'er-do-wells. We knights apprentice are charged with providing |
|rear-guard support. |

[The scene is moved a year in the past, where Ramza and his friend Delita are training at the Gariland Akademy to become Knights.]

Arazlam (narrating): Records of the hero Delita first appear one year before the outbreak of the War of the Lions. The loss of the Fifty Years' War saw knights returning from the front stripped of livelihood, their fealty to the

Crown and nobility abandoned. Many became rogues and traitors, men donning the thief's cloak and plotting treason against the Crown. It was a time of great unrest for Ivalice - murder and theft were commonplace. Many were the young adventurer and mage who stepped forward to counter this threat. Of such, the city of Gariland, too, saw its share...

[The Royal Military Akademy at Gariland]

Apprentice #1: Another wain was struck last night on its way to Eagrose.

Apprentice #2: The Corpse Brigade again?

Ramza: I wonder where all this leads...Delita, what do you make of this?

Delita: I'm not sure. I have my guesses, but...

Ramza: I'm listening.

Delita: I think Duke Larg is coming to Gariland.

Ramza: Duke Larg? Why?

Delita: Not just the duke. The marquis Elmdore de Limberry, too.

Ramza: That's the first I've heard of it. This has not the sound of a state visit.

Delita: All of Ivalice is in turmoil. The Order's supposed to be keeping things under control, but the fact is, they number too few.

Ramza: And they mean to bolster their numbers with us?

Man's Voice (from outside the hall): All right, everybody, form up!

[The Apprentices file in as a Knight enters the room. He takes the center position at the head of the gallery.]

Knight: The Order of the Northern Sky has an assignment for its knights apprentice. As I'm sure you're already aware, the number of brigands roaming Gallione is on the rise. Among them, the Corpse Brigade...a seditious lot with a grudge against the Crown. Rogues such as they must be dealt with. The Order has been commanded to undertake an operation to eliminate the Brigade - an operation of a grand scale. We will not be acting alone. The Order will be joined by, among others, His Excellency Duke Larg's royal guard, stationed at Eagrose. This will leave Eagrose Castle undermanned. Your task will be to proceed there, and support us from the rear by bolstering its defenses.

[A female Knight walks in, whispers something briefly to the KNIGHT, then leaves in a rush.]

The time to take up arms is upon you, young apprentices! I've just received word that a band of thieves routed by our knights flees here to Gariland, seeking refuge. We will move to stop them, and finish the task of our brothers. You, young apprentices, will accompany us. This is but a squall before the storm of battle. Prepare yourselves at once! Dismissed!

[The screen goes dark as the apprentices file out of the room to face their opponents. They stand in the streets of Gariland against the band of thieves.]

Rogue: What have we here...Wee moppets, is it? Our luck's went and turned for

the better! Aw'right, lads! Cut through these ones and we're good as fled!
We'll make quick work of them! And don't be leaving no squealers behind,
neither!

[They advance on our apprentices.]

Delita: Careful, Ramza! Remember: The well-aimed thrust pierces the mail.

Ramza: Don't patronize me, Delita! We Beoulves know our way around a battle-
field.

Rogue: Beoulve, was it? Heir to the noble House Beoulve, I'd wager. Looks like
we have ourselves some apprentices from the Akademy! Well, highborn moppets is
still moppets!

Ramza: Lay down your arms or die clutching them! None will mourn your passing.

Rogue: And you mean to make us do that, then? You're in far over your little
heads!

[The battle ends and the thieves are stopped.]

Ramza: Honest work would see them die old in bed, yet they choose instead this
early grave. Why persist in such folly?

Beoulve Manse - Father's Passing

|That night, I dreamt of things long past. My lord father, Barbaneth Beoulve, |
|former commander of the Order of the Northern Sky and renowned hero of the |
|Fifty Years' War, had been bedridden, he was but a pale shadow of the man who|
|had once led countless legions into battle. I stood at his bedside with my |
|lord brothers and young sister, awaiting the end. |

[On the way to Eagrose, Ramza has a flashback of his father's death.]

Arazlam (narrated): Barbaneth Beoulve, a great hero in his own right who had
attained the distinguished title of Knight Gallant, approaches the hour of his
death. The Beoulve Manse. In the waning days of the Fifty Years' War...

[Ramza's family Zalbaag, Dycedarg, and Alma stand in Barbaneth's bedroom, all
of them surrounding his bed. Barbaneth is ailing and his death seems
eminent.]

Barbaneth: What news of...of the war?

Zalbaag: The Order has struck a great blow. Limberry is ours once more. We will
be able to recall our forces in Zeltennia anon. All goes as planned, Lord
Father. Be not troubled.

Dycedarg: The envoy dispatched to Advocate Lenarrio has returned. He has agreed
to your proposal, Lord Father.

Barbaneth: Good, very...good. Then the war will die with me.

Alma: (in a sad tone, nearly crying) Father...

Barbaneth: There now, Alma. Do you want my...my last memory to be of your

tears?

Zalbaag: Where is that Ramza? He should be here at your side!

Barbaneth: Dycedarg, Zalbaag. You are dear to me. But Ramza is no less so. Though he be not the issue of the womb that bore your, my sons, still my blood courses his veins. Watch after him.

[We hear rushed entrance into the manor and Ramza enters the room.]

Ramza: Lord Father!

Dycedarg: You forget yourself, Ramza.

Barbaneth: You have come. Good. Let me...let me look once more on your face.

Ramza: Lord Father...

Barbaneth: How long has it been? You've grown into a...a fine young man. I would hear of your studies. You've been at the Akademy since...since spring, is it?

Ramza (grabbing his father's hand): ...

Barbaneth: Hear me, Ramza. For generations, we Beouves have stood foremost of those who serve the Crown. Ours is the soul of the knight. Become a knight worthy of your name. Tolerate no injustice. Stray not from the true path. You will know the path you must walk. A Beoulve can...can walk no other...

Ramza: I will not fail you, Father.

Barbaneth: Your friend, Delita. He is a good boy. He is lowborn, but he can serve you well. I've made arrangements for him to enter the Akademy. *chuckle* You should have seen the look on the headmaster's face. In the years ahead you will need someone whom you can trust. You could do far worse than Delita.

Ramza: As...as you say, Father.

Barbaneth: Take care of your sister. And show these brothers of yours what it is...what it is to be a knight...

Mandalia Plain - Argath's Rescue

[We rescued a swordsman under attack by the Corpse Brigade on Mandalia Plain. | His name was Argath, a knight apprentice in the household of Marquis Elmdore | de Limberry. It seemed their carriage was waylaid en route to Eagrose. The | marquis was abducted in the attack, and all among his guard were killed, save | Argath. Argath pleaded for the Northern Order's aid in rescuing the marquis. |

[On Mandalia Plains, Delita and Ramza happen upon a young squire ensnared by a few rogues.]

Highwayman #1: Looks like this one's still alive. What do we do with him?

Highwayman #2: What do you -think- we do with him?

Highwayman #1: Right, then. Your luck's run out, knave, if ever you had any.

[Ramza and Delita arrive.]

Highwayman #2: Blast! One of the Order's patrols.

Delita: The Corpse Brigade...And they've a hostage in their midst.

[CHOICE 1 - Our first duty is to destroy the Brigade.]

Ramza: Our first duty is to destroy the Brigade. The enemy stands before us - attack!

Delita: You would stand by and watch as they kill an innocent?

Ramza: I hadn't planned on giving them the chance. Had you?

Delita: I would save him myself, if it came to that.

[CHOICE 2 - We must rescue their captive!]

Ramza: We must rescue their captive! To do less would be unbecoming of men of the Order.

[The mission to protect Argath commences.]

Argath: Reinforcements...and none too soon.

[The three men defeat the highwaymen.]

Ramza: Are you harmed?

Argath: I'll be fine. It is for the marquis's safety I fear.

Ramza: The marquis? The marquis Elmdore de Limberry was here?

Argath: The very same. And to whom do I owe my gratitude?

Ramza: We are knights apprentice from the Akademy at Gariland. We may be able to help you. But first I would hear more.

[After the battle, the three men introduce each other.]

Argath: My name is Argath, a knight in His Excellency the marquis Elmdore de Limberry's household.

Delita: A knight, you say?

Argath: Well, truth be told, I am a knight apprentice...as are you, if I'm not far mistaken.

Ramza (nodding): A fellow knight-in-training, then. I am Ramza Beoulve, and this is Delita Heiral, my trusted friend.

[Delita nods at mention of his name, and Argath has a pleasant look on his face.]

Argath: Beoulve? You're not of the Beoulves of the Order of the Northern Sky, are you? What fantastic luck! A blessing in the midst of disaster!

Ramza: What-?

Argath (taking Ramza's hands): The Order can help me rescue the marquis! It must!

Delita: The marquis is held captive?

Argath: They took him hostage, yes, but he still lives! We must act quickly if he is to remain so. Should he be killed, I will lose everything...

[Again, he takes Ramza's hand.]

You simply -must- help me! Please! I beg you!

Delita: Calm yourself. Who's to say your marquis is to be killed, anyway? The Corpse Brigade would not take a man alive save there were value in keeping him so. Of that you can be sure.

Ramza: There's little the three of us can do to help, in any case. If the marquis was taken hostage, Eagrose will be in an uproar. You can be sure of that, too.

Delita: Then before all else we will report in to Eagrose. Are we agreed?

Argath (freeing Ramza): Agreed. We'll start there.

Eagrose Castle - Reunion with Dycedarg

|We had found our way to Eagrose, the high seat of Gallione, and immediately |
|made for the castle, where my lord brother Dycedarg awaited our arrival. In |
|his haste to avenge the death of his fellows, Argath pleaded fervently to be |
|granted a troop of soldiers, for which my lord brother roundly rebuked him. |

[Upon arriving at Eagrose, Ramza, Delita and Argath have a meeting with Ramza's eldest brother, Dycedarg.]

Dycedarg: I hear you were decorated for your first victory, Ramza. They sing your praise from on high. You do honor to our name, my brother - and to me.

Ramza: I am glad.

Dycedarg: Oh? You would not seem it.

Ramza: I am - forgive me. Your words do me far more honor than I have done you. No doubt word has already reached you, but the marquis de Limberry's carriage was waylaid, and the marquis taken. What have you a mind to do?

Dycedarg: I have already asked Zalbaag to dispatch a squad in pursuit. These brigands must eventually come forth to demand ransom - that is, assuming the marquis yet lives.

Argath (standing): I beg of you, Lord Beoulve! Lend me a hundred men that I might hunt the whoresons down!

Dycedarg: ...

Argath: Please, my lord - grant me means to avenge my fallen friends!

Dycedarg: Mayhap your ears fail you. I said that a squad is to be dispatched. You are not a man of Gallione. Leave her affairs to those of us who are.

Argath: B-but...my lord!

Dycedarg: Do not assume to beg favors of me! Let me remind you, Argath, lest you forget your place. You are but another sword, not yet even knighted.

Argath: ...

Dycedarg: The two of you will remain here at Eagrose, and serve among the castle guard. You needn't worry. Danger is not like to visit these walls.

Eagrose Castle - At Eagrose Castle

|Following our audience with my lord brother Dycedarg, we chanced upon Zalbaag|
|and Alma in the gardens. Before leaving to attend to his duties, Zalbaag |
|confided that a spy in his employ had recently disappeared in the vicinity of|
|the merchant city of Dorter. |

[Ramza, Argath and Delita walk amidst the gardens of Eagrose. Argath stops on a bridge and regales Ramza and Delita about his family.]

Argath: My own house was once respected as highly as House Beoulve, you know. At least, until my grandfather was captured during the war. He turned traitor, thinking to buy his freedom with the lives of his friends. But his freedom scarce outlived his honor. He was not a dozen paces out their gate when the dagger found his back. Killed by some common squire, no more a knight than I. One of the men he betrayed later escaped and spread word of his misdeeds. My lord father would have none of it, of course. But he was the only one. Our bannermen deserted us, our reputation ruined.

[He bends down and picks up a small stone. He tosses it into the water.]

I suppose I had best remember my place. Your lord brother has no reason to lend ear to please from the likes of me.

Tietra Heiral (from afar): Delita!

Delita: Tietra!

Ramza: Alma! Zalbaag!

[Ramza's siblings Alma and Zalbaag, and Delita's sister Tietra stand not too far. They make their way towards the three.]

Alma: Ramza, you've come home!

Ramza: It's been some time, hasn't it, Zalbaag?

Zalbaag: I heard about Gariland. They say you made short work of those brigands. Now you're truly the right to call yourself a Beoulve. Father would be proud.

Ramza: Thank you, Lord Brother.

Zalbaag: Ha! You certainly haven't changed. Gods forbid you show a bit of cheer

on being praised! And you, Delita! Do not think word of your deeds escapes our ears. Your sister's been so full of pride I quite feared she might burst!

[They all look at Tietra.]

Tietra: Worry not, my seams have held. I'm glad to see you looking so well, Delita.

Delita: And I you. Have you settled in at school?

Tietra: Yes, the others have all been quite kind to me.

Zalbaag: Would that we could speak at greater leisure, but there are duties that require my attendance. Rogues do not catch themselves.

Ramza: I understand. Good luck.

[Zalbaag turns to leave and waves. He takes a few steps and speaks back to Ramza.]

Zalbaag: We received a note of ransom from the Corpse Brigade.

Argath: What!?

Zalbaag (turning): Something about it sits unwell with me. They are anarchists to be sure, bent on bringing down the aristocracy. But they fancy themselves righteous, and prey only on the nobility and those in our employ. Would such as they truly kidnap the marquis for want of coin?

Argath: Why wouldn't they? They're naught but common footpads!

Zalbaag: One of the men I planted among them has not returned. I worry he may be caught up in something serious, but there are those who do not think some mere spy worth a search party's efforts.

Ramza: Where was he last known to be?

Zalbaag: A merchant city named Dorter in eastern Gallione. Guarding a castle grows dreadfully dull...Wouldn't you agree?

[He departs. Argath also prepares to leave by another exit. Ramza and Delita say their goodbyes to their sisters.]

Delita: Forgive us, Tietra. It seems we must be leaving sooner than we had planned.

Tietra: Don't worry about me - just take care of yourself.

[They embrace.]

Delita: I will. Mind your studies! I'll be back before you've even noticed I'm gone.

[Delita leaves with Argath. Tietra sees him out.]

Let's be on our way.

[Ramza and Alma are alone.]

Alma: Tietra puts on a brave face, but the truth is not as honeyed as her

words.

Ramza: What do you mean?

Alma: She has a hard time of it at school. The others tease her for being low-born.

Ramza: ...

Alma: Forgive me, I shouldn't have said anything. I'm sure you have worries enough of your own. Tietra will be all right. I'm here to look after her.

Ramza: Then there is naught to worry about. But mind your own limits. You can't be responsible for everything.

Alma: Says the brother who never fails to do any and all that is expected of him. Don't lose sight of yourself, Ramza. You needn't let your life be ruled by the fact you were born a Beoulve.

Ramza: Now you're starting to sound like Mother. Ha ha ha!

[He leaves and Alma stands alone. A sharp wind blows.]

Alma: Ramza...

The Magick City of Gariland - Joining Forces

[Ramza makes a quick stop in the tavern on his way to Dorter. Two men are talking at a table near where he stands.]

Patron #1: Did you notice?

Patron #2: Notice what? How'm I s'posed to notice if ye don't tell me what it is I'm s'posed to look at?

Patron #1: The menu, you clod! Take a glimpse.

Patron #2: The menu? Oh, right. There's some new words on it. "Me-lee"...And, uh, "Ren-dez-vous." What do ye s'pose those are?

Patron #1: Some new manner of challenges, as I hear it. Melee battles are for sparring.

Patron #2: Sounds like a rum way to test your swordarm.

Patron #1: Friendly challenges, too - no worries of getting left to feed the worms.

Patron #2: What about that other one?

Patron #1: Rendezvous? Well, sometimes people look to hire two groups of adventurers for a job. That's how you meet up with t'other one.

Patron #2: Ah, so you've to work together with another cull, eh? Not so sure as I could do that.

Patron #1: Well, there aren't a lot of offers up yet either way. Sure there will be someday, though. Once more people catch wind of the idea, there will

probably be some right interesting jobs.

Patron #2: I s'pose I could try it sometime.

Patron #1: There's more still. This is the good part. As I'm told, both participants get rewarded - with treasure!

Patron #2: Why didn't you say that from the start? Let's get going!

Patron #1: Well, first we need to find another group...

Tavernmaster (to Ramza): You might give it a try, too, my lord. If you ever have the interest, just say the word.

The Siedge Weald - A Monster Encounter

[On the way to the city of Dorter, the young men are attacked by monsters.]

Argath: Our luck is ill, that we should chance upon fiends such as these in the wood.

Delita: Some of us prefer fiends in a wood to a dull watch in castle garrets, Argath.

Argath: And some of us are not so quick to jape in danger's face.

[The monsters edge closer.]

Ramza: Enough talk. They come!

[They finish the monsters.]

Once we are clear of the weald, we should soon reach Dorter.

The Merchant City of Dorter - In Pursuit of Gustav

|We combed the slums of Dorter and turned up the Corpse Brigade, with their |
|leader Wieggraf among their ranks. After setting them to rout, we interrogated|
|one of our prisoners on the marquis' whereabouts. The brigand confessed to |
|the abduction, but said it was the work of the Corpse Brigade's |
|second-in-command, Gustav Margriff, who desired a ransom. |

[In the slums of Dorter, two men stand face to face in the empty streets. One is wearing a white cape.]

Swordsman: I said I know naught of it!

[He tries to flee but the Knight stops him.]

Knight: Do not speak false to me! I know what you've done! Where is Gustav? I will have it from you, one way or another!

Swordsman: I-I don't know.

Knight: What of the marquis? Where have you hidden him? Tell me!

[He grabs the collar of the swordsman. He is thrown down a ways. The Knight draws his sword and points it to his head.]

I will not ask again. Where are they?

Swordsman: The desert! Th-they're in the desert!

Knight: ...The Sand Rat's Sietch.

Ramza (from afar): Hold!

Knight (turning): The Order's swords. My luck turns foul with the weather.

[He flees as Ramza and his companions arrive.]

Argath: It seems we did well to come here.

Delita: Have I not seen that man before?

Ramza: You know him, Delita?

Delita: I have seen his face, I'm sure of it. It was at Eagrose, just after the war's end...

[The swordsman is now standing and has allies to his side.]

Ramza: You'll pardon me my misgivings, but this has not the look of any joyous reunion. To arms!

[They begin the battle.]

Delita: I've just remembered! That man - his name is Wiegraf! He commanded the Dead Men during the war - a company of volunteers assembled from the peasantry.

Argath: What? But that would make him-

Delita: Aye. The commander of the Corpse Brigade.

[The three capture a member of the Corpse Brigade prisoner. They interrogate him. The prisoner is on one knee and Argath stands before him. Ramza just off to the side, and Delita leans against a wall.]

Argath: We know you're of the Brigade. There's no use hiding it. Out with it! What have you done with the marquis? Where are you holding him? You were with your commander, Wiegraf, when we came upon you. Where has he gone? Mayhap a beating would loosen your tongue!

[Argath kicks the prisoner in his stomach. He pulls the prisoner up by the hair, as if ready to hit him once more.]

Ramza: Enough, Argath!

Argath: Hmph.

[He lets go.]

Listen well. A great host, with the Order at its van, prepares a sweeping campaign that will bring to book your turncloak Brigade. You will die. You will

be hunted down to the last and slaughtered like the swine you are, for such is brigandry's reward. But you, pig, are a lucky one. Tell us what we wish to know, and you may yet keep your bacon. So, where is Wiegraf?

Prisoner: How the bloody hell should I know?

[Argath kicks him once more, sending him flying backwards.]

Argath: I'll not bear your ribald tongue, rogue! Learn to guard it, if you'd not have it cut from your throat!

Prisoner: I am no...no rogue.

Argath: Tell that to the men you've robbed!

Prisoner: You nobles are...all the same. You think every man...born outside a castle's walls...less than human. We fought for this kingdom at peril of our very lives. Yet the moment the war was ended...you turned us out into the streets. What do you think makes you so special? Birth? Blood? What difference does it make?

Argath: You kidnap men for ransom, then dare ask the difference between us?

Prisoner: No...The marquis's kidnapping was...no plan of Wiegraf's.

Argath: ...?

Prisoner: He would never...hold a man for ransom.

Ramza: Then who? Someone kidnapped the marquis Elmdore de Limberry.

Prisoner: ...

Argath: Speak! If not you, then on whom would you pin the deed?

Prisoner: ...It was Gustav.

Argath: Who is Gustav?

Delita: Gustav Margriff - lieutenant commander of the Dead Men.

Argath: So the Corpse Brigade -was- behind the kidnapping!

Prisoner (attempting to rise): No! We're not like Gustav! We fight to end the aristocracy, not to become it! To be treated as equals - as the men of honor we are!

[Argath kicks him a third time.]

Argath: What do maggots know of honor?

Ramza: That's enough, Argath!

Argath: So where is this "Gustav"?

Prisoner: In...in the Sand Rat's Sietch.

Argath: Sand rat?

Delita: You are not of Gallione - small wonder you've not heard of them. Sand

rats are unique to the Zeklaus Desert, north of Dorter.

Argath: ...?

Ramza: Do any villages lie between here and the desert?

Delita: Villages? No. At least, not anymore. But the desertmen once had a settlement on the outskirts, and its ruins remain.

Ramza: Then that's where we'll find Gustav and the marquis.

Delita: Aye, like as not.

Argath: How can you be so certain?

Ramza: A "sietch" is a sand rat's burrow - his home.

Argath: ...?

Zeklaus Desert - Marquis Elmdore's Rescue

|After a successful raid of the so-called Sand Rat's Sietch, we entered the |
|ramschackle building in which Marquis Elmdore was confined. An unexpected |
|sight greeted us there: it was Wiegraf, berating Gustav for abducting the |
|marquis. Words soon turned to swords, and Gustav was slain. Wiegraf left the |
|marquis and fled into the darkness. |

[Ramza, Delita and Argath attack the Corpse Brigade hiding in the outskirts of the Zeklaus Desert.]

Knight: Then you've heard? About the Order? They mean to strike us for true.

Archer: Aye, I've heard. So...what's to become of us?

Knight: I say we forget this business and run. There's naught for it.

Monk: Agreed. If we follow Wiegraf, he will lead us only to our graves.

Knight: Aye, that much is plain. Gods be good, Gustav's ransom of the marquis will fatten our purses enough that we can quit this life for good and all.

Watchman: The Order...they're here!

Ramza: We must silence this watch before they can raise the alarm!

[They defeat the lookouts before more troops can be summoned.]

Ramza: The sand rats are long in the slaying. It is well no others have found us while we tarried here.

[Just inside a decaying building, Gustav and Wiegraf stand opposite each other, swords drawn. The marquis is on the floor, as are a few unknown bodies.]

Wiegraf: You've taken leave of your senses, Gustav.

Gustav: Have I? What hope does your fool revolution hold? Dreams do not fill a man's stomach or make soft the packed earth on which he beds!

Wiegraf: You see naught beyond the end of your nose. The Crown strays, Gustav. It must be led back onto the path.

Gustav: And you think yourself the man to do this? More the fool you, Wiegraf.

[Wiegraf takes one step closer.]

Wiegraf: You have spoken your fill? Then we are done.

[Gustav readies his sword and lunges at Wiegraf. Wiegraf parries deftly and pierces Gustav through the chest. He drops his sword.]

Gustav: Auh...ghh...

[Wiegraf pulls out his blade and Gustav falls to the floor, dead. Ramza, Argath and Delita walk in, fresh from their battle outside.]

Ramza: Wiegraf!

Argath: The marquis!

[Argath makes a move towards his liege lord, but Wiegraf points his sword in the same direction.]

Wiegraf: No further!

Argath (stopping): How dare you threaten me!

Delita: Stay yourself, Argath.

Wiegraf: The marquis is unharmed. You are free to return him to Eagrose.

Ramza: Why release him?

Wiegraf: The marquis's abduction was ill done. Such craven methods serve not our ends. Let me walk free, and I will release the marquis to your care. A fair bargain.

Argath: You mock us! You are in no position to bargain!

Delita (pushing Argath back): Enough, Argath! He speaks the truth.

[The three young men slowly make their way to the marquis, keeping an eye on Wiegraf, as he in turn makes his way slowly to the door. His sword is still drawn.]

Marquis Elmdore: Ahh...Unh...

[They turn to the marquis and Wiegraf dodges out of the building. Argath begins to give chase, but Delita blocks his way.]

Delita: Let him go, Argath!

Argath: Why do you stay me?

Delita: The Corpse Brigade is finished in any case. There is naught to be gained by a quarrel here.

Argath: ...

Ramza: The marquis is well. He is weak, but he would seem unharmed.

Delita: We must see him back to Eagrose.

Eagrose Castle - Liege Lord of Gallione

[No warm words of commendation for our rescue of the marquis awaited us upon |
our return to Eagrose Castle. Instead, my lord brother Dycedarg fumed over |
our violation of orders, asking if I intended to live up to our family name |
or befoul it. At that moment, Duke Larg, liege lord of Gallione and trueborn |
brother to the queen, made his entrance. |

[Upon returning to Eagrose, the three young men once again are met with
Dycedarg, who is scolding them for disobeying orders. He is seated.]

Dycedarg: What madness possessed you that you would abandon your posts to
traipse about the desert?

Ramza: ...

Dycedarg: Silence is not the answer I seek. Speak, and be quick with it.

Delita: 'Twas I forced Ramza to go.

Dycedarg: Was that the way of it, Ramza? Delita led your better judgment
astray?

Ramza: No...I went of my own choosing. The fault lies not with him.

Delita: 'Tis Ramza's noble disposition that guides his tongue, my lord. It is
not as he-

Ramza: You needn't be false on my behalf, Delita. It was I who chose to dis-
regard orders.

Dycedarg: Might I pose a question, Ramza? What purpose do laws serve when even
those who would enforce them choose not to pay them heed? Adherence to the rule
of law is a knight's solemn duty. It falls upon us, as Beoules, to bear the
burden of example. Is your intent to live up to your name - or to drag it with
you through the mire?

Ramza: ...Forgive me, Lord Brother.

Man's Voice: I believe the point is made, is it not, Dycedarg?

[A man enters from the back door. He is a robed man and stands to Dycedarg's
side. Ramza and Delita immediately kneel. Argath, after seeing his two friends
kneel, follows suit.]

You must not let the how of it steal your eyes away from the what. Their rescue
of the marquis was no small feat. It is the way of young men to be impetuous in
their haste to do great things. We were not unlike them once.

Dycedarg: To coddle them is to do them disservice, Your Grace.

Duke Larg: So, you are Lord Dycedarg's younger brother. Rise, son of Gallione.

[Ramza rises. Delita and Argath stay kneeling.]

Indeed, you are the very ghost of Barbaneth. His fire burns in your eyes, I can see it. Such strength and vitality would be wasted atop the castle walls.

[The duke glances at Dycedarg.]

Dycedarg: Our campaign against the Corpse Brigade draws near its end. I will permit you to join in the final stage. Coordinated strikes are to be made on a number of their dens ere long. You will lead one of those assaults.

Ramza: Very well, Lord Brother.

[Ramza nods and the three men leave. Duke Larg walks up to the window while Dycedarg stays seated.]

Dycedarg: My apologies, Your Grace.

Larg: It was not of your doing, Dycedarg. In truth, it serves only to show the caliber of man we were dealing with in Gustav. A change in plans was inevitable, once the fool went and staged the kidnapping within our very borders. And let us not forget - they did save the marquis's life. He will now be honor-bound to acquiesce. In the end, your brother's deeds have placed us in quite the favorable position.

Dycedarg: The king's life hangs by a thread. We must move quickly now.

Larg: Indeed, my dear friend. I trust you will not fail me.

Brigand's Den - Swordmaiden of the Corpse Brigade

|The plan to rid the realm of the Corpse Brigade was in its final stages. We |
|raided one of their dens at the southernmost tip of Gallionne, and it was |
|there we met Milleuda. A member of the Corpse Brigade and younger sister to |
|its leader, Wiegraf Folles, Milleuda seems to hold a deep resentment for the |
|aristocracy and the Crown. |

[A small group of the Corpse Brigade hides away. The leader Milleuda is measuring their losses.]

Milleuda: Our contact with the Brigade is lost. And I fear we may be lost as well.

White Mage: How could you say such a thing? The battle is not yet even fought!

Brigade Mage: We mustn't give in to despair! Not until the nobles answer for all they've wrought!

Milleuda: It ought not have been like this. My brother was too soft. Too indecisive.

Lookout: The enemy!

Argath: I owe you a debt of gratitude for rescuing the marquis. I pray I am able to repay it - even a little - by aiding you in this!

[The three men fight to finish off this waning branch of the Brigade.]

Milleuda: How can you nobles live as you do and yet hold your heads so high? We are not chattel! We are humans, no less than you! What flaw do you hold there to be in us? That we were born between a different set of walls? Do you know what it means to hunger? To sup for months on naught but broth of bean? Why must we be made to starve that you might grow fat? You call us thieves, but it is you who steal from us the right to live!

Argath: You, no less human than we? Ha! Now there's a beastly thought. You've been less than we from the moment your baseborn father fell upon your mother in whatever gutter saw you sired! You've been chattel since you came into the world drenched in common blood!

Milleuda: By whose decree!? Who decides such foul and absurd things?

Argath: 'Tis heaven's will!

Milleuda: Heaven's will? You would pin your bigotry on the gods? No god would fain forgive such sin, much less embrace it! All men are equal in the eyes of the gods!

Argath: Men, yes. But the gods have no eyes for chattel.

Milleuda: You speak of devils, not gods!

Delita: Ramza, is this woman truly our enemy?

[Milleuda is felled.]

Ramza: Lay down your sword. Resist us not, and your life will yet be spared.

[After the battle, Delita, Ramza and Argath question Milleuda. She is injured.]

Milleuda: I'm no more than chattel to you, am I? So have my head and be done with it!

Ramza: Do you truly hold us to be so foul?

Argath: Do it, Ramza! She fights as a Corpse. Let her become one for true! She's a foe and a traitor - an enemy of House Beoulve! The world has no place for such wretches. Her claim to life is forfeit! Spare her now, and you place your seal on the warrants for our own deaths! It's her or us, Ramza! Strike her down!

Delita: Try as I might, Ramza, I cannot think this woman our enemy.

Argath: Have you lost your wits?

Delita (looking at Argath): This woman is no more chattel than you or I.

Argath: You would turn against our cause, Delita? I ought have expected as much!

Milleuda (rising): You deny me even the mercy of an honorable death. A pox on you and your pity! So long as you bear the name Beoulve, you will ever remain an enemy to me. You'd do well to remember that.

[She limps away as the three men watch her go.]

Ramza: Delita...What have we done?

[Delita turns to glance at Ramza, then shakes his head in silence. Argath takes a few steps forward and crosses his arms.]

Argath: Hmph. A pox on your pity indeed.

Eagrose Castle - Corpse Brigade Assault

|Our manse at Eagrose was plundered by the Corpse Brigade. The campaign to rid|
|Gallionne of the criminals had left too few soldiers on guard. The attackers'|
|goal was the assassination of Dycedarg, retainer to Duke Larg. But although |
|they succeeded in storming the manse, their murderous plot was foiled by |
|Zalbaag. As they fled, they took Delita's young sister Tietra as a hostage. |

[After the battle at Eagrose, High Seat of Gallione - The Beoulve Manse. It's raining and lightning fills the sky.]

Tietra: No, I won't go! Release me!

[A band of the Corpse Brigade is fleeing the castle. They have captured and taken away Tietra.]

Gragoroth: Be quick about it!

[A thief is dragging Alma behind him.]

Alma: Y-you're hurting me! Let go! Zalbaag!

[Zalbaag rushes out sword swinging, freeing Alma and assaulting the thief. He turns to Gragoroth just as he flees.]

Gragoroth: Hmph. Time to cut losses.

Zalbaag: Alma, are you unhurt?

Alma: Yes, I'm fine. But Tietra-!

Zalbaag: Yes, I know.

[Dycedarg joins them, limping along.]

Zalbaag: Lord Brother!

Dycedarg: W-worry not, I am fine. Alma, are...are you all right?

Alma: They did not harm me. But you - you're bleeding badly!

Dycedarg: In no fevered dream would I have thought the Brigade so bold to strike us here...They must have come for me.

Zalbaag: Five among our guard are slain, and Tietra taken.

Dycedarg: Find them...Search every den and dovecote if you must.

Alma: Please, Brother, you mustn't speak!

Dycedarg (closing his eyes): Bloody...rebels...

[He falls to the ground.]

Alma: Dycedarg!

Zalbaag: Someone! Anyone!

Eagrose Castle - Delita's Fury

|Dycedarg, injured during the Corpse Brigade's assault, informed me that the |
|Brigade was already in shambles, and that Zalbaag was preparing for a |
|full-scale attack to finish them off. He promised to me, however, that this |
|attack would not be carried out until Tietra was brought back to safety. |
|Argath bluntly asserted that delaying the attack to save the life of a |
|"common maid" would be foolish, enraging Delita. |

[Ramza and Delita return to Eagrose shortly after the assault. They speak with Dycedarg, who is bedridden. Alma and Argath are also in the room.]

Dycedarg: I'm told you handled your duties most efficiently. Leave the cleanup work in our brother's capable hands, and take a well-earned rest. You've done well. Fear not for me...My wounds are not as grave as they might seem.

Ramza: Lord Brother, what...what of Tietra?

Dycedarg: Zalbaag will lead a full-scale assault on the Brigade as soon as their garrison is found.

Ramza: But-!

Dycedarg: The enemy is routed. Less than a score of their number remain. Their leader yet eludes us, but time grows short for Wiegraf Folles.

Ramza: And for Tietra as well. You would leave her to her fate?

Dycedarg: I have taken measures to ensure Tietra's well-being. The attack waits upon her safe return - such time as that may require. Tietra is as a sister to me. I would never turn my back on her.

[Outside of the castle, Delita is enraged.]

Ramza: Think matters through, Delita. Where would you even go? You must calm yourself!

Delita (frustrated): Calm myself? My only sister is taken by cutthroats, and you would have me calm?

[Delita tries to leave but Ramza stops him.]

Ramza: I would have you obey reason! We know not where to begin. To search now would be fruitless.

[Delita grabs Ramza's shirt at the collar.]

Delita: Fruitless!? You speak of my sister's life!

Ramza (trying to break free): You heard...my lord brother. He said he would not...abandon her. But there's little...we can do - Delita, I...cannot... breathe.

[Delita lets Ramza go. He falls to the ground panting.]

Delita: Forgive me, Ramza. Are you all right?

Ramza: I...I'll be fine...*cough*

[Argath steps outside.]

Argath: I'd not believe a word of that fairy tale if I were you.

Ramza: You call my brother a liar?

Argath: I do. I would not go out of -my- way to rescue some common maid.

Delita: What did you say?

Argath: I said he would be a fool to hold back an army for fear of spilling a few drops of your common blood!

Delita: As I thought.

[Delita punches Argath, sending him flying. Ramza restrains him from laying another blow.]

Ramza: Stop this, Delita!

Delita (struggling to break free): Release me! Damn you, Ramza, release me!

Argath (wiping his lip): Hmph. It's as I've always said: Common blood, common man. You'll never be more than you were born, Delita! You don't belong in our world. You ought be licking our boots with the rest of you ilk, churl!

Delita: That does it-!

Ramza: Enough, Delita! And you as well, Argath!

[Argath stands.]

Argath: Open your eyes, Ramza! Delita is not one of us! It isn't proper that you should mix with such as he. Surely you see that?

Ramza: Delita is my friend, and a dear one. We've been as brothers all our lives!

Argath: And that blinds you from the truth! You're a man grown, Ramza. It's time you left the playthings of your boyhood behind. You are a son of House Beoulve, a birth high even among the highborn. Such company ill suits you. Your brothers see this, I am sure. Even if you choose not to.

[Delita knocks Ramza back, but does not advance on Argath.]

Delita: Not everyone of high birth is as ill-bred as you. I'll trust to Ramza's judgment.

[He turns and leaves. Ramza steps up to Argath.]

Ramza: Begone from my sight! And do not think to return!

Argath: Your words cut deep, Ramza. Are we not friends?

Ramza (takes a closer step): Remove yourself! I'll not ask again!

[Argath shrugs and starts to leave. He turns back to Ramza.]

Argath: The Brigade makes its base at Ziekden. Your lord brother told me himself. You've no hope of breaching the fortress from the fore. Their defenses are too strong. A rear assault is your only chance. Best of luck, my soft-hearted friend. You'll need it.

Ramza: Begone!

[Argath turns, shrugs and shakes his head and departs.]

Mandalia Plain - Blades of Grass

|On our way to Ziekden, Delita and I came upon a small meadow, painted a |
|golden hue by the setting sun. As we gazed in awe at the natural beauty all |
|around us, Delita began to question his lot in life. Unable to provide him |
|with the answers he sought, I stood silent and powerless. Delita then pressed |
|a blade of grass to his lips and began to whistle - a trick my lord father |
|once taught us as children. |

[Ramza and Delita rest on Mandalia Plains as a hawk circles the sky. They're watching the sunset. Delita is sitting down against some stone rubble while Ramza stands aside.]

Delita: It's beautiful, isn't it? Do you think - do you think Tietra might be watching this same sunset?

Ramza: Don't worry, Delita. I am sure she is well.

Delita: Something's been bothering me, Ramza. For some time now.

Ramza: Argath's words trouble you. Am I not right?

Delita (lowering his head): There are things beyond the power of our changing, Ramza, try though we might.

Ramza: Do not say that. If a thing can be endeavored, it -

Delita (sharply raising his head): Will endeavor grant me an army? I would save Tietra with these hands, if aught were in my power to do. But I cannot. 'Tis my meager lot in this life...

[He clenches his fist, and opens his palm. He spies a flower where his hand was blocking.]

Do you remember, Ramza?

[He picks up a blade of grass.]

When your father showed us how to make a whistle of a blade of grass?

[He puts it to his mouth and creates a whistling noise. Ramza picks up a blade and the two whistle while the fields of Mandalia blow in the wind.]

Lenalian Plateau - Road to Tietra

[Ramza and Delita are met by Milleuda.]

Milleuda: They guard this way as well. No route is left to us out of these highlands.

Knight: Then let us lower our weapons and raise the white banner. We gain naught by-

Milleuda: If I'm to die, I'd sooner do so swinging a sword than swinging from the gallows! I'll not be led away in chains!

[Milleuda and her troops fight for their lives.]

Delita: Where is Wiegraf? What you done with Tietra!?

Milleuda: Tietra? That Beoulve girl Gragoroth took hostage?

Delita: Tietra is my sister, no more a Beoulve than you! Please, she's no value as a hostage! Return her, I beg you!

Milleuda: As you nobles return what you take from us? Our lives, our dignity, and all else that you have claimed as your own? We ask nothing more than that you return to us what is ours by right. But you deny us even that! You take and take, until there is naught left. Save your highborn breath. Your words are wind, and no amount of howling will see your sister free!

Delita: But I...I'm not-!

[Delita tries to persuade Milleuda to stop fighting, but to no avail.]

Milleuda: I mustn't fall! Our struggle is not yet won!

[Ramza is tired of what he perceives is needless fighting.]

Ramza: Why this struggle? To what purpose do you fight? Have we wronged you? Have we somehow made you to suffer? I do not understand what fuels your hatred.

Milleuda: It is enough that you can stand there before me in ignorance of the misdeeds done us. You may not see the world beyond your high walls, but that does not mean they mark its boundaries. It may well be you've done no wrong. It is your place in the world that drives my hatred on. You bear the name Beoulve, and that name is my enemy.

[Finally, Milleuda is stopped.]

Milleuda: F-forgive me...Brother...

[She dies.]

Ramza: Why? Why must it end like this?

Delita: What am I doing? What have I become?

Fovoham Windflats - Grief and Hatred

|Gragoroth and Wiegraf had yet eluded the Order's pursuit, finding refuge in |
|one of the mills that dot the Fovoham windflats. Wiegraf vehemently condemned|
|Gragoroth for kidnapping Tietra. When a scout arrived with word of Milleuda's|
|death, Wiegraf, consumed with grief and hatred, vowed to quench his blade |
|with the blood of Milleuda's killers. |

[Delita and Ramza rush to where Wiegraf and his men rest with Tietra bound.]

Wiegraf: Why have you kidnapped this girl?

Gragoroth: We had to take a hostage - there was no other way to escape.

Wiegraf: Then why not release her once you were clear of your pursuers? Do not tell me this madness has taken even you!

Gragoroth: I am no Gustav, if that is your fear! Think, Wiegraf. We've lost the greater part of our number, and the Northern Order draws us upon us from all sides. She is of Beoulve blood. A hundred swords - a thousand! - could not buy our freedom with such ease!

[He turns to Tietra.]

Wiegraf: So we fly - what then? Know you some happy haven in which we may alight? If we flee, they win once more. As they have always won. We must make for our children a fairer future than the past you and I have known. They must not suffer as we do! The stone we cast might raise only the smallest of waves, but see how they crash upon the shore! Waves rich with our blood...

Gragoroth: Then you order us to our deaths!?

Wiegraf: If by our deaths a single drop of noble blood should water the earth, they shall not be in vain.

Gragoroth: Foolishness! The only blood the earth will drink will be our own.

Wiegraf (shaking his head): The remainder of our forces should yet be safe in our fastness at Ziekden. We must rejoin them - together we have the strength to strike!

Gragoroth (lowering his head): And if they are already dead?

[A Death Corpse messenger rushes in and whispers something in Wiegraf's ears.]

Wiegraf: Milleuda? Slain? Impossible...

[He raises an ever-tightening fist.]

Messenger: The company which slew here must approach even now. Your orders, Commander?

Wiegraf: We quit this place at once! We shall make for our fastness at Ziekden. The girl will be left here, Gragoroth.

Lookout (from outside): The Northern Sky is upon us! They attack!

[The messenger rushes out and Wiegraf makes an executive decision.]

Wiegraf: They waste little time. I shall hold them off here! Gragoroth, you will take the others and make for Ziekden!

[He goes to confront his sister's killer.]

Gragoroth: I will run, yes. But I do not mean to die!

[He takes a long glance at Tietra.]

[Wiegraf meets Ramza and Delita outside of the shed.]

Wiegraf: Your faces are known to me. But I did not know that you would one day kill my sister. Milleuda deserved a better death - they did not even send proper knights to kill her!

Ramza: She was your sister...I am sorry.

Wiegraf: I will not flee before her murderers. I'll venge Milleuda's death or die in the trying!

[He has anger in his heart and will not try to listen to reason.]

Delita: My sister, Tietra - you will set her free!

Wiegraf: Your sister? Then you are a Beoulve, yes?

Ramza: He is not. If it is a Beoulve you seek, address yourself to me!

Wiegraf: So, Gragoroth has erred. But surely the girl must hold some connection with House Beoulve?

Ramza: You draw no distinction between our house and those who deal with us?

Wiegraf: Should I? Well, it matters not. There was no question as to her release. We make not habit of holding hostages. But first we've a score to settle. You will see her free - if you live to see aught at all!

[The fighting continues.]

Ramza: Lay down your arms, Wiegraf! What end will more deaths serve?

Wiegraf: What end did my sister's death serve?

Ramza: We did not set out to kill her! This quarrel need not be settled by the sword. Let us treat, and persist not in this bloodshed!

Wiegraf: You see it not - the reason we hold fast to our steel! What advantage might I hope to enjoy at the treaty table? And who would set a seat for me there? You? Even were it in your power, your brothers would never heed any agreement we might reach!

Ramza: My brothers do not want this fight! Set down your sword, Wiegraf, and my brothers will treat with you!

Wiegraf: Ha! No spoony bard could spin a sweeter tale! You say your brothers do not want this fight? Tears then, for the world you see is one beyond my weary sight.

[Still they fight.]

Ramza: You would have me believe my brothers plot at war?

Wiegraf: Callow child. The hands that guide history's reins are ever black with blood. Think you Dycedarg's hand more just? A new justice is born and dies on the lips of each man who would pronounce it.

Ramza: Do not mock my brothers!

[Wiegraf is wounded.]

Wiegraf: You fight well, boy. Forgive me, Milleuda! But there is too much left undone for me to lay down my life now.

Ramza: Wiegraf, wait!

Wiegraf: Who do you think sent Gustav to kidnap Marquis Elmdore? It was none other than your lord brother, Dycedarg. With Lord Zalbaag's approval, to be sure.

Ramza: Absurd! Why would Dycedarg do such a thing?

Wiegraf: The Lions vie for power in the void left by the king's death. I speak, of course, of Larg, the White Lion, and Goltanna, the Black. Each hopes to learn who may be counted as friend, and who as foe. But such things are not so easily read. Easier rid yourself of those whose loyalty is uncertain, and install others to rule in their stead. I fear Gustav, fool that he was, tired of our rebellion, and was taken in by the silver tongue of your dear brother, Dycedarg.

Ramza: Lies! No Beoulve would do a thing so craven as this!

Wiegraf: Do not take my word for it. Judge their actions for yourself. Farewell, young Beoulve.

[He disappears, leaving Ramza and Delita alone.]

Ramza: Wiegraf! Coward! You insult my name, and flee in the same breath!

[Ramza and Delita rush inside the shed after the battle.]

Delita: Tietra! Tietra, where are you!? She's not here. Where have they taken her!?

Ramza: Wiegraf has lied to us! Come, Delita! We must hurry to Ziekden. Tietra is there, I'm certain of it.

Delita: Why? Why is this happening? Why, Ramza? Why Tietra?

[He falls to his knees.]

Ramza: I'm sorry, Delita...

Ziekden Fortress - Partings

|Snow dusted Ziekden Fortress as stragglers from the Corpse Brigade took |

|refuge within, but the Northern Sky held firm its position around the |
|perimeter. Argath slew Gragoroth after first shooting Tietra, whom Gragoroth |
|was using as a human shield. Delita, enraged by the death of his sister, saw |
|Argath repaid in kind. The gunpowder planted by Gragoroth was then set |
|alight, reducing the fortress to rubble. |

[Zalbaag and Argath stand below Gragoroth, who holds Tietra hostage.]

Gragoroth: Back whence you came! Quick as shadows, or this one's blood makes crimson snow! Do not think to try my patience! This keep packs such a store of powder as you could scarce imagine! More than enough to deliver the lot of you to the Father's keeping, should your feet lack proper haste!

Zalbaag: The Order of the Northern Sky yields not before the braying of rogues!

[Ramza and Delita rush to join the fray.]

Ramza: Lord Brother! Argath!

Delita: Tietra!

Tietra: Delita-!

Gragoroth: Withdraw at once! I'll not warn you again!

Zalbaag: This changes nothing, Argath. Loose your attack!

Argath: Yes, my lord!

[Argath pulls out a crossbow, and in a surprising act, pierces Tietra in the heart. She falls limp. Delita and Ramza are taken aback. Gragoroth, confused and surprised, backs away in shock.]

Gragoroth: Gods have mercy...

[Argath looses another crossbow bolt, hitting Gragoroth and knocking him to his feet.]

Tietra: D-Delita...I'm...sorry..

Delita: Tietra-!

[Delita falls to his knees as another Northern Sky Knight runs up to Zalbaag.]

Knight: Lord Commander! More enemies scale the pass! Two score, mayhap three. A man of Wiegraf's look moves among them!

Zalbaag: Very well. We go to greet them at once. I leave the rest to you, Argath.

[Zalbaag and the knight leave.]

Gragoroth: Curse the lot of you...

[He slowly scoots back inside the fortress.]

Delita: Tietra!

[He pushes Ramza aside and has a deep hatred in his eyes as he looks upon

Argath.]

Argath: And where do you presume to go, Delita?

Delita: You whoreson dog!

Argath: It is to be a fight, then? I'm only too happy to oblige!

Ramza: Zalbaag...Dycedarg...How could you?

Argath: Come! I will show you that common blood makes naught but a common man!

[He whistles and more troops join him. Ramza and Delita fight their once friend.]

Ramza: Why did you do it, Argath? What moved your hand?

Argath: Your lord brother's orders, Ramza. What else? Would you have had us kneel before them, and offer up the Order's honor in exchange for the life of some common wench?

Ramza: She was Delita's sister!

Argath: Is it not time you awoke to the fact that we are different from them? They are of lesser birth, and so meant to play lesser roles in life! Such is the nature of fate, Ramza! That commoner and his sister ought never have been here at all! Had they been mongering flowers on some street corner, she would yet live.

[The fight continues.]

What of you, Ramza? Why do you now raise arms against us? To turn your blade on us is treason! You would turn your cloak and name yourself a traitor to the Order of the Northern Sky?

Ramza: But - the Order would never forgive what you've done!

Argath: Does your naivety know no end? How ironic is fate, that one such as you would be born a Beoulve!

[Delita is furious and charges at Argath.]

Delita: Make your peace with the gods, Argath! You die by my hand!

[The fight continues.]

Ramza: My birth was not of my choosing!

Argath: Spare me the bleating, you are no sheep! You are a Beoulve, self-chosen or not! Yours is a line of champions, of lords among men! To do great deeds is your destiny, and your duty as well. Much is there that cannot be done, save by your hand. It falls to you to see it so - to act where we cannot.

Ramza: I will not be made a puppet!

Argath: You? A puppet? Don't be absurd! The puppets stand before you, Ramza! Long have we danced for House Beoulve, that it might reign on history's stage. A dance that serves our ends, to be sure. The Beoulve name is our shield, behind whose aegis we've long thrived. It is the way of things! People are used, and use others in turn. How do you think you came to be where you are?

You are loath to be used, yet you fain use others. Even your so-called friend Delita!

Ramza: What do you mean?

[Delita takes an injury.]

Delita, you're hurt!

Delita: Speak not to me! When Argath falls, my vengeance turns on you, Ramza!

Ramza: Delita...

[Ramza and Delita valiantly stay off Argath and his troops. The next two lines are dependent on your choice before the Mandalia Plain battle.]

Argath: Do not pretend at ignorance. You know what must be done for name's sake. You made that much clear on Mandalia Plain, when you put orders ahead of aiding me!

Ramza: I-!

Argath: Does it grieve you, Delita, to see the depths of your own weakness laid bare? No mere commoner can leave his mark on history! You've not the power! Be glad you know enough to lament it. 'Tis all you can do, and more than you deserve!

Delita: Is our forked tongue done flitting? What I'd hear from your lips are not words!

Argath: Laughter, then? Be not so hasty, Delita! You'll hear that soon enough, when you are on your way to your dear sister's side!

Delita: I'll not be told what I will do, or when! Not by you, nor by any other!

[Together, Delita and Ramza finish off Argath.]

Argath: N-no...Not at...the hands of...milksop rabble...

[After the battle, an FMV begins. Delita stands over Tietra's dead body. Snow is falling and the mood is somber. He kneels down to pick his sister up and hold her in his arms. Ramza runs up to them. He stands a good distance away.]

Ramza: I'm sorry, Delita.

[Suddenly there's an explosion. It knocks Ramza back, and he looks around frantically.]

What was that?

[Ramza continues searching and finally sees a black smoke billowing from a window in the tower. He beckons to Delita.]

Delita! We must away!

[In one second there is an explosion, knocking Ramza off his feet. There are more explosions from various parts of the fort. Ramza is on the ground as smoke blows past him. We are given a first person perspective as he searches around the ensuing smoke and flame for his friend Delita. He finds him, still holding his fallen sister. Ramza tries to get up, holding his arm.]

Delita! Delita!

[Delita does not move as an engulfing fire covers the entire screen. It then goes black. The next scene shows Ramza limping along the snowy ridges, thinking to himself.]

I had lived my life the only way that I had known. But when the pillars of that life came crashing down, I did not stand and watch them fall.

[The screen goes black.]

I turned, and walked away.

V. Chapter 2 - The Manipulative and the Subservient

Orbonne Monastery - In Pursuit of the Princess

|Lady Agrias set out in heavy rain in search of Princess Ovelia, who had been |
|kidnapped by men bearing the standard of Duke Goltanna. I decided to join her|
|in the search, as my dear friend Delita, whom I believed to have died to |
|Ziekden, had been among the Black Lion's men. |

[We are once again in the present, at Orbonne Monastery, where the kidnapping of Ovelia has just happened. Ramza, Gaffgarion, Ladd, Lavian and Alicia stand outside. The storm still rages on.]

Gaffgarion: What's this, Ramza? Do you know him?

Ramza: ...

[Agrias walks out of the Monastery.]

Agrias: He carries the princess with him. They'll not be able to travel far.

Gaffgarion: You mean to give chase?

Agrias: What else? I will not return to the Crown in shame!

Gaffgarion: Well, you'll have no help from us! Our agreement said naught of this!

Agrias: I would not accept your help if you offered it! A true knight is all too eager to set right what he has let go amiss. The Lionsguard will serve the king's justice. Lavian, Alicia. We leave at once!

[The Elder walks out.]

Elder Simon! You are unharmed?

Simon: The Princess...! What of the princess?

Agrias (shaking her head): She is taken. I am sorry. But you may put your fears to rest. We go to rescue her!

Simon (hastily): No. No, milady, you mustn't! You would only throw your own life away.

Agrias: Your worry will find no purchase with me. A knight is oathbound to render aid!

Ramza (stepping forward): I want to go with you! I'll be no trouble to you, I swear it!

Gaffgarion: Nonsense, Ramza! This is no concern of ours!

Ramza: I must go! I must know if it's truly him!

Gaffgarion: The boy, eh?

[Ramza nods slowly. Gaffgarion turns and takes a few steps.]

Well, there it is. Gods know where this path leads us.

The Magick City of Gariland - Waylaid

[On the trail of Delita, Ramza and his team are met at Dorter by resistance. A mysterious man hires thieves to hold them at bay.]

Knight: A purse of five hundred gil per head.

Sellsword: 'Tis coin I lack, not wits. Two thousand or you can stick them yourself.

Knight: Mayhap you forget the ease with which men are branded heretics.

Sellsword: Threats, is it? A thousand, then.

Knight: Seven hundred. I can offer no more.

Sellsword: Done. Let it never be said that I was aught but a pious man.

Knight: I pray your newfound piety lends not itself to mercy. They will be here soon, and I shoulder to think of your fate should any of them survive.

[Ramza enters the street.]

Hmph. No sooner speak the devil's name, than he doth appear. You've work to do. Best be about it.

[The knight leaves. The thief turns to his target and throws down his hat in astonishment.]

Sellsword: Gods be good, that's Ser Gaffgarion! Seven hundred a head for this!?

[He whistles and is joined by more mercenaries.]

Gaffgarion: An ambush! This day grows lovelier by the hour.

Agrias: If you'd not fight, the road home lies behind you.

Gaffgarion: While I make no habit of charity, I could not well abandon so goodly a wench to rogues.

Agrias: Do not patronize me, -ser-!

[They fight off the ambush.]

We cannot linger. We must find Lady Ovelia!

Gaffgarion: And how shall we do that? Call out her name and hope she comes running?

Agrias: Her captors have but one place to go. The impenetrable walls of Fort Besselat.

Ramza: Then we must lose not time.

Araguay Woods - Boco the Chocobo

[Our heroes have a run in with a chocobo and some goblins.]

Black Goblin: Hob, gob. Gog-hob!

Chocobo: W-wark!

Goblin (noticing Ramza): Gob!? Gob!

Agrias: I've not seen a chocobo so deep in the woods.

Gaffgarion: An addle-pated bird, to wander in this goblin-ridden place.

[CHOICE 1 - We should be on our way through the wood.]

Ramza: We've little enough time as it is. We should pass through the wood and be on our way.

Gaffgarion: You have the right of it, lad. A fight with no coin at the end of it is no fight for me!

Agrias: I feel for the creature, but we must place the princess's rescue before all else. Poor dear.

[CHOICE 2 - Perhaps we could use him?]

Delita once mentioned that wild chocobos were hardier than domesticated breeds. Perhaps we could use him.

Gaffgarion: You intend to save the creature? I had rather line my purse with gil than feathers.

Agrias: Still, it may help us save the princess.

[Ramza fights the goblin horde for the safety of the bird.]

Chocobo: Wa...wark...?

Ramza: He seems well enough.

Gaffgarion: A lucky one, this. Let's hope he's got a sense of gratitude, eh?

Zeirchele Falls - Reunion with Delita

|After abducting Princess Ovelia, Delita found himself under attack by the |
|Northern Sky at Zeirchele Falls. It there came to light that Duke Larg had |
|ordered the kidnapping, his goals twofold: to force Duke Goltanna from power |
|by destroying his name, and to kill Ovelia, eliminating the threat of her |
|claim to the throne. Upon discovering that Gaffgarion knew of all this, I |
|broke with him in support of the princess. |

[Delita and Princess Ovelia are cornered by a number of Northern Sky Knights.
The two of them are stuck on a bridge.]

Knight: Stand aside, ser! You are defeated! Surrender the princess, and no more
blood must needs be spilt!

Delita: Do you so enjoy the taste of lies? Your orders are to see the princess
dead! And once I've watched you feed the falls her blood, I'm to believe you'd
let me live, a witness to your crime?

Knight: What foolishness is this? We came to save the princess, not to kill
her! What could we possibly gain by Lady Ovelia's death? We wish only to see
her freed from the Black Lion's claws!

[Ramza, Agrias and Gaffgarion arrive.]

Agrias: Your Highness!

Ovelia: Agrias!

Knight: Hmm. It seems we are no longer alone. Gaffgarion! Kill them all!

Gaffgarion: A change of plans...but a contract is a contract, after all!

Agrias: You would now betray us!?

Gaffgarion: Betray you? You have a viper's tongue, milady. I betray no one. I
am in the Order's employ, and they are of it. My task was to see the princess
safely abducted. And theirs, to see the one responsible silenced.

Agrias: You mean to say the kidnapping was a ruse?

Gaffgarion: The princess is an obstacle to the throne. So long as she lives,
the threat remains that someone could assert her claim above Prince Orinus's.
Two heirs are one too many!

Delita (still hovering over Ovelia): If her death is certain, then let it least
not be in vain. Kill her if you must, but let it be held she was taken by
Goltanna's men. Do that, and the stroke that fells a problem princess at once
brings down a rival Lion. That was no doubt Larg's plan all along...Or was it
his? Such a plot has more the feel of Dycedarg's thinking. Would you not agree,
Ramza?

Gaffgarion: That one has the right of it, Ramza. Come, let us earn our pay!

Ramza: No...not again. I will not watch as sacrifices are made of the weak and
innocent. She will not be another Tietra!

[Ramza and Delita once again fight alongside each other against the Northern Order troops.]

Ramza: Delita! You live!

Delita: So I do. And you, ever your lord brothers' faithful hound?

Ramza: Are you mad? I knew naught of any of this! What of you, Delita? You now play party to their plot?

Delita: Surely you jape! I came to rescue the princess! I would not see her made a tool for others to use to their own ends!

Gaffgarion: If you would lie, boy, at least lie well! You are no knight errant! You were paid to take the princess. Do not play the fool with me! Name the man who bought your sword!

Delita: I sell my sword to no one! Do not count me among your lot!

Gaffgarion: Spare me the lecture, I ask for a name! You'd have me believe some bright-eyed pup caught wind of this plan and rescued the princess in the name of justice!? Who gives you your orders? Who told you of this plot!?

Delita: That is not for you to know!

[The fighting continues.]

Ovelia: Tell me, ser - are you friend or foe?

Delita: I am a human being, no different from you.

[Agrias rushes to Ovelia's side.]

Agrias: Hold on, Your Highness! I am coming to help!

Gaffgarion: Do not be so sure of that!

Agrias: Have you any idea what you do? The path you tread leads only to perdition! An adopted daughter she may be, but a daughter of kings no less! To lay a finger on her is treason!

Gaffgarion: Of that, I am well aware. But your daughter of kings stands in the way of kings-to-be! Princess or no, her worth is spent. And those born of kings do not outlive their worth.

Agrias: Do you mean to mock her!?

Gaffgarion: No more than we are mocked. Have you once seen a man of royal blood stay his hand when a commoner blocked his way? The only difference is that those of royal blood are protected by lackwits like you, who swear fealty without even a thought! Even should the princess live, it would be only as a pawn in another's game. To kill her now is a mercy!

Agrias: Then it is a mercy I will not see her done!

[Amidst the fighting, Gaffgarion falls.]

Gaffgarion: Damn it...

[He teleports off the battlefield and the rest of the Order flee.]

[After the battle, Ramza and Delita converse atop a bridge over the waterfall. Agrias hovers over Ovelia.]

Delita: Let the princess with me. She will be safer in my care.

Ramza: What is this game you play with us, Delita?

Delita: Game? I do no more than speak the truth. You've made an enemy of the entire Order of the Northern Sky. Where would you now take her? Think Ramza. This was Duke Larg's plan - and he would not act without counsel of the queen. You cannot trust the Crown. Would you then turn to Goltanna? No, that would be folly. He would only offer up your heads in hopes of keeping his own.

Agrias: And what, ser, would you propose to do?

Delita: I would do only that which you, my lady, cannot.

Ramza: You speak in nothings.

Delita: So I do. But pay it no mind. I shall leave her with you for yet a while longer.

[He turns to leave but Ramza stops him.]

Ramza: Delita. I did not think we would meet again, but...I'm glad we have.

[Delita looks up before the screen goes black.]

Delita: It was Tietra.

[The screen returns to the falls, where a lone hawk flies across a partly cloudy sky and a bright sun. Delita holds a locket in his hand to cover the sun.]

She watched over me then - as she does now.

[He clenches and then lowers his fist. Ovelia rises and speaks to Delita].

Ovelia: Know that you go with my thanks, Ser Delita.

Delita (with his back still turned): Ramza. I hope this meeting is not our last.

[He leaves the three standing on the bridge. Agrias walks up behind Ramza.]

Agrias: I owe you my thanks as well. But he's right. The Northern Sky will not be long in falling on us now.

Ramza: This is the path I've chosen. But what now? Delita spoke true. We've no allies to whom we can turn.

Agrias: We could entreat Cardinal Delacroix for aid. The Church of Glabados rules in Lionel. Surely they would not refuse us.

Ramza: We'd be beyond reach of the Northern Order there as well. Very well. We make for Lionel.

|In Zaland, we met a young man named Mustadio, who was being pursued by thugs |
|in the employ of the Baert Trading Company. Mustadio was a machinist from |
|Goug, determined to revive lost technologies such as the pistol. The young |
|man was worried about his captured father, and refused to tell us why he was |
|being chased. As he was seeking Cardinal Delacroix for sanctuary, Mustadio |
|asked to accompany us to Lionel Castle. |

[A young man is running from pursuers.]

Swordsman: You've nowhere left to run! All we want is the stone - we needn't take your life.

Young Man: What stone? I have no stone!

Swordsman: Do not play the fool with me, Mustadio! Do you forget that we hold your father? It's simple. Give us the auracite, and your father lives. Right, then. Seize him!

[The soldiers charge after Mustadio, but he leaps atop the wall just in time to escape.]

Mustadio: I have a message for your keeper, Ludovich! Tell him that if he lays so much as a finger on my father, he'll never see the auracite again!

[Agrias and Ramza walk along the other side of the wall.]

Agrias: What trouble is this? I think that man is being chased.

[CHOICE 1 - I'd sooner avoid trouble, but we've no choice.]

Ramza: I'd sooner avoid trouble, but we've no choice. We must help him!

[CHOICE 2 - We cannot stand by and watch!]

Ramza: If we do nothing, they will kill him. We cannot stand by and watch! We must help him!

[Together the three fight off Mustadio's pursuers.]

Are you all right?

Mustadio: I should be, yes. Thank you. You saved my life.

[After the battle, Mustadio speaks with Ramza and Ovelia in a small room.]

Mustadio: Street dogs running for the Baert Trading Company.

Agrias: -The- Baert Trading Company?

Mustadio: Ah, then you've heard of them. But they're no ordinary traders. That business is only a front for more...lucrative pursuits. Opium smuggling, slave trading - all manner of vile thing, on a grand scale.

Ramza: What did you do to draw the attention of such as these?

Mustadio: I'm a machinist. Do you know the history of my trade?

[Ramza shakes his head.]

Agrias: They say the ruins of a lost civilization lie buried beneath the streets of Goug, the Clockwork City. Relics from the age of Saint Ajora, when airships numerous beyond counting filled the skies, and men of iron walked the city streets. But the art of crafting such things was lost - if it ever truly existed at all.

Mustadio: But it ~~did~~ exist. The ground beneath Goug holds the hulks of airships, and a thousand fragments of machines the gods alone know the working of. A machinist toils to restore this lost legacy - to see these works brought to life again.

Ramza: The device you used during the battle - is that one of these machines?

Mustadio: What, this?

[He draws his weapon.]

This is a weapon called a "pistol." It uses an explosive powder to propel a metal projectile toward its target. This one is of simple make. There were once pistols said to fire projectiles infused with magicks.

Ramza: Hmm.

Agrias: So why do these hounds of the Baert Trading Company chase after you?

Mustadio: You said you were going to see Cardinal Delacroix, yes? The cardinal is a hero who fought in the Fifty Years' War. To this day the people of Lionel honor him as such. As does my father. He believes that the cardinal is the only man who can keep the realm from descending into chaos. The cardinal will receive you, hear your plea. And the princess will be safe.

Agrias: And what is it ~~you~~ want?

Mustadio: To go with you. I have my own reason for wanting to speak with the cardinal.

Agrias: That being?

Mustadio: To save my father! He is held prisoner. The cardinal is my only hope to free him! Alone, I am just another machinist - the cardinal would never see me. That's why I would join you.

Agrias: You still haven't answered my question. Why is the Baert Trading Company so interested in you?

Mustadio (lowering his head): I...I cannot tell you. Not now.

Agrias: Then you remain here.

Mustadio: No! I must see the cardinal! You must trust me, please!

[Ovelia walks in. Agrias immediately falls to one knee. Ramza does the same shortly thereafter.]

Ovelia: Vey well, then. You will come with us.

Mustadio: You mean it? Thank you, my lady. Thank you!

Agrias: You stand before the princess!

[Mustadio hurriedly kneels.]

Ovelia: There is no need. You may rise.

[They all do so.]

Agrias: Then it's settled. We will trust to your word.

Balias Tor - Towards Lionel

[Mustadio joins the group as they venture to Lionel Castle. They are stalled briefly with more of Baert's men.]

Sellsword: You there! We've no quarrel with you - leastwise not yet! Our quarrel lies with Mustadio. Give him over, and be on your way!

Agrias: Our way is his! If you wish no quarrel, I advise you withdraw! And when you next see Ludovich, remind him that those who live by deceit are first to die by it.

Sellsword: Pity. We'll have the boy by force, then!

[The men are stopped and they are one more step closer to Lionel.]

Ramza: Why do they pursue you? Will you not tell us even now?

Mustadio: Pray understand - I cannot tell you. Not yet.

Balias Tor - Ovelia's Misgivings

|We stopped for a brief respite on our journey to Lionel Castle. The princess |
|spoke candidly of her childhood with Agrias. She also spoke of her distrust |
|for those in power - those who sought to use her for political gain. If only |
|I had words to console the princess in her time of need. In hopes of |
|lightening her spirit, I showed her the way to whistle using a blade of |
|grass. |

[Just before reaching Lionel Castle, Agrias and Ovelia stand amidst some ruins and speak together.]

Agrias: Lionel Castle, Highness. Do you see it? Just beyond those mountains.

Ovelia: We still have a long journey ahead. Do you think Cardinal Delacroix will aid us?

Agrias: The cardinal is said to be a man with utmost devotion to the Crown, Highness. Even amid this turmoil he has held the middle ground, siding with neither Duke Larg, nor Duke Goltanna. I do not think him a man to sully his honor by handing you over to either side.

Ovelia: I pray you are right.

[Ovelia walks up to a tall tree.]

Agrias: He has influence with the Church of Glabados. A word from him, and the Church itself will take you under its protection.

Ovelia: Would that I were born no princess.

[She picks some leaves and drops them gently to the ground.]

Agrias: My lady...

[Ramza walks in, but upon seeing the two deep in conversation, hides behind a wall and listens.]

Ovelia: My entire life has been spent behind sacred walls. The only sky I've known, hemmed in by slate and stone. Did you know, before I was sent to Orbonne, I was in another monastery? When I heard I was to be the adopted daughter of the late king, and after - ever in a monastery. It's not been such a bad life, I suppose. Only...Only, knowing that men die, for no more reason than that I am the princess - it's almost more than I can bear.

Agrias: Highness, you must not blame yourself. The fault lies with those who would use you for their own ends.

[Ovelia drops another leaf.]

Ovelia: There was another girl at Orbonne. She told me she, too, had lived her entire life within the monastery halls. We joked that we two should share so strange a fate. *sigh* A funny thing to laugh at, don't you think?

Agrias: You speak of Lady Alma, of House Beoulve.

Ovelia: My only true friend. What if Cardinal Delacroix makes to use me, like all the rest?

Agrias: ...

Mustadio (from afar): Ramza! Where have you gotten off to? It's almost time to leave!

[Mustadio walks towards Ramza, who is still eavesdropping.]

I didn't think to find you here. What are you doing?

Agrias (walking towards Mustadio): What news have you?

Mustadio: All is quiet. It would seem the Northern Order hasn't reached Zaland, for the time.

[Agrias tries and fails to whistle with a blade of grass. Ramza walks up to her and picks up his own blade of grass.]

Ovelia: A friend once showed me how to do this. But I'm afraid I've never quite gotten it right.

[Ramza whistles.]

Ramza: Just like that - it's simple, you see?

Ovelia: Like this?

[She does it correctly this time.]

It's really not so hard, is it?

[The two continue to whistle.]

Eagrose Castle - Dycedarg's Scheming

|Dycedarg's initial plan to kidnap Ovelia foiled, he once again ordered |
|Gaffgarion into action. But this time, he authorized the death of any who |
|dared to interfere - even I, his own brother, was to be no exception. The |
|incident at Orbonne Monastery had alerted Dycedarg to the existence of |
|another player in this game of thrones - one dead set on foiling his plans. |

[Meanwhile, Dycedarg and Gaffgarion sit at a table.]

Dycedarg: Our little mockingbird is taken wing, Gaffgarion, and it leaves me
wroth. We cannot have her free. Catch her, crush her, and make silent her song.
Lady Agrias's and the others' as well.

Gaffgarion: And Ramza?

[Dycedarg rises and walks to the dresser, where he pours himself a drink.]

Dycedarg: The fool. He soils our name, dogs my every move. I thought this a
chance to let him learn the harsh truths of the world. But the boy is too
stubborn.

Gaffgarion: Too much of his father's penchant for justice, that one.

Dycedarg: Father coddled the boy too much. If he stands aside, more the better.
Should he interfere, there's naught can be done.

[He drinks.]

Gaffgarion: And you his brother. The blood curdles. If the cardinal moves to
defend the mockingbird, what then? Duke Larg himself could not reach them in
umbrage of the Church's wing.

Dycedarg: Worry not. That potentiality has been addressed.

Gaffgarion: Ever three steps ahead. You are a frightening man, Dycedarg
Beoulve.

Dycedarg: Truly? Would it not be prudent, then, to better guard your tongue?
There are so many frightening ways to silence a bothersome one.

Gaffgarion: Come now, my lord, I am your ever-faithful man! And not near so
stubborn as a particular Knight Devout - if I might be so bold.

Dycedarg: Be bold. But let there be no more missteps.

Gaffgarion: On the matter of missteps, what buffoon did you charge with the
princess's kidnapping? We were beset in Dorter as we gave chase. Not quite how
we'd discussed, I'm sure you'd agree.

[Dycedarg walks to the window.]

Dycedarg: The men I sent were found dead in the woods near the monastery. Someone has caught wind of our plan, and seems intent on disrupting it. No matter. As long as Ovelia remains with Lady Agrias, we will have chance enough to steal back our prize.

Gaffgarion: I pray you're right, for both our sakes.

Lionel Castle - The Cardinal and the Stone

| Cardinal Delacroix greeted us warmly at the keep of Lionel Castle, and |
| pledged to send word of Duke Larg's plot to the High Confessor at once. The |
| cardinal also showed us one of the Zodiac Stones spoken of in ancient |
| Ivalician legend. It came to light that Mustadio's troubles were also |
| connected to the Stones, and so we set out for Goug while the princess and |
| Lady Agrias remained at the castle. |

[Our party stands before the castle gate.]

Guardzman: What errand brings you to Lionel?

Agrias: I am Agrias Oaks, a knight of the Lionsguard. My companions and I have journeyed from Orbonne Monastery seeking sanctuary. By the grace of Saint Ajora, I bet you, lay open your gate!

Guardzman: The graces of Saint Ajora are in the keeping of His Eminence here. All who seek those graces are given like treatment - the gates of Lionel stand open to them. Raise the gate!

[After entering the castle, the four meet with Cardinal Delacroix. He is seated behind a candle-lit table. Agrias is already in the midst of retelling the story of the kidnapping.]

Delacroix: I see, Lady Agrias. In such circumstances as this, I am fain to lend whatever help I can. I shall dispatch a courier to Mullonde at once. High Confessor Marcel will have this news from my own hand. We will expose Duke Larg's misdeeds, and ensure that no harm befall you, Princess.

Agrias: Your Eminence, think you the High Confessor will hear our plea?

Delacroix: Fear not, dear lady. You are in my care now. Princess Ovelia can scarce feel at ease while those tasked with her safety are vexed with such worriment. You may enjoy the comforts of the castle - wanting though they are - while we await a reply from Mullonde.

Ovelia: You are most gracious, Eminence. Thank you.

Delacroix: So long as Saint Ajora is our guide, we have naught to fear, child. As for you, my young machinist, I have given consideration to your troubles as well. I will send a hand-picked company of my finest men to Goug to put an end to this Baert Trading Company.

Mustadio (nodding): Thank you, Your Eminence.

Delacroix: Conditioned upon this: I would hear the reason they choose to pursue you and your father.

Mustadio: That is - I mean to say it's not-

Delacroix: Come, come. Mayhap this will give voice to your words.

[Delacroix takes a red stone from his robes and sets it on the table.]

Agrias: A crystal?

Delacroix: You are familiar with the legend of the Zodiac Braves?

Agrias: In my youth, I often heard a fanciful tale of that name at mass.

Delacroix: What's this? Surely, Lady Agrias, you do not aver that the Church would mislead its flock?

Agrias: No - no, of course not, Your Eminence.

Ovelia: Long ago, before the mountains had ceased their wandering and struck their roots into the earth, the Lucavi held dominion over the world. Twelve heroes there were, who came forward to challenge these Lucavi. In a long and bitter struggle, they succeeded in driving the Lucavi to the spirit world, and Ivalice again knew peace. The Twelve each bore an auracite crystal emblazoned with a house of the night sky. And so in time, they became known as the Zodiac Braves. Ever after, when discord and strife paid visit to the halls of men, they would return to save us once more.

Delacroix: You have clearly been a most apt pupil, Princess.

Ovelia: Elder Simon himself instructed me at Orbonne - which reminds me of another thing he said. Saint Ajora walked with the Twelve, and together they saved Ivalice from ruin.

Delacroix: We call the crystals of the Twelve the "Zodiac Stones." The stone you see before you now is a stone from that very legend.

[The stone sparkles.]

Ovelia: Auracite - it exists? I did not think it possible.

Delacroix: Or that it held the sacred power to keep the Lucavi at bay, eh? I confess, I feel some power deep within, but my eyes see only a common crystal.

Ramza: Mustadio, are you well? The color has left your face.

Delacroix: You have seen a stone like this one beneath Goug, have you not?

Mustadio: Machines whose fires have long since guttered out lie strewn in the tunnels beneath the city. But pass that Stone near them, and you can hear them stir.

Delacroix: Then Baert seeks the auracite, eh?

Mustadio (nodding): I do not know what power these Zodiac Stones hold. I know only that Ludovich Baert hopes to find some way to harness this power, and make a fearsome weapon. My father would not give them the Stone, so they took him instead.

Delacroix: Put your worries from your mind, my young machinist. The Church will see this matter is dealt with. Our forces will strike, and wrest the Stone from their hands.

Mustadio: Of...of course, Your Eminence.

Ramza: I will join the company that makes for Goug.

Mustadio: Thank you, Ramza.

Agrias: We would never have succeeded in reaching His Eminence the Cardinal without you, Ramza. You have my thanks, as well.

Ovelia: I can only wish you well - small aid, I know.

Ramza: Your words are all the aid I could ever ask.

Tchigolith Fenlands - The Poison Marsh

[Ramza and Mustadio make for Goug. They run into monsters.]

Ramza: Just when I thought this fen could grow no fouler...

Mustadio: Solid footing scarce enough, and rain to rob us of that. Be careful!

[The monsters fall easily.]

Ramza: Mustadio! Are you hurt?

Mustadio: No worse for the wear. The channel shore lies just beyond the fen. Goug is not far now.

The Clockwork City of Goug - Seekers of the Stone

|The crystal that had been unearthed deep beneath the city of Goug was in fact|
|one of the legendary Zodiac Stones. Fearing the Stone would fall into the |
|wrong hands, Mustadio's father Besrudio entrusted it to his son and beseeched|
|him to hide it someplace safe. But just as Mustadio took the Stone, thugs in |
|the employ of the Baert Trading Company arrived to give chase. |

[THE FOLLOWING IS A FLASHBACK. It does not appear in the game during the story, but it is viewable in the Chronicles section. It details Mustadio's life just before you find him in Zaland.]

Besrudio: Take this. Take it and run!

Mustadio: Run? Run where?

Ludovich's Henchman (knocking on the door): No use hiding, we know you're in there!

Mustadio: I'll not leave you here. Come on!

[He pulls his father.]

Besrudio (remaining): I can't run, not with this leg. Heed me, and go!

Mustadio: Do you really think I could leave you here?

Besrudio: That Stone has the power to destroy entire kingdoms! We can't let a man like Ludovich have it! You must take it somewhere safe! Go to Cardinal Delacroix. He'll help you, I'm sure of it!

[Three men enter the room, one is Ludovich himself.]

Ludovich: No one answered, so we let ourselves in. Now, if you'll kindly hand me the auracite-

Besrudio: Go, Mustadio!

[Mustadio steps back just as the two other men jump down.]

Hurry!

[Mustadio leaves.]

Ludovich: Don't just stand there! After him!

[The two men give chase, leaving Besrudio alone with Baert.]

The Clockwork City of Goug - Finding Besrudio

[Ramza and Mustadio walk through the streets of deciding how their eventual rescue of Besrudio will go.]

Mustadio: Baert's curs are nowhere to be seen. Yet there's no sign of a battle with Lionel's Gryphons. Something's amiss. I'm going to see what I can find out. We'll meet afterward.

Ramza: Where will I find you?

Mustadio (pointing): The Goug lowtown is just down this road. We're not like to draw much attention there.

Ramza: All right. Watch yourself.

Mustadio: Don't worry. I can take care of myself.

[The two split up.]

Goug Lowtown - The Trap is Sprung

[Ramza is awaiting Mustadio.]

Ramza: Where are you, Mustadio? You should've been here by now.

[It starts to rain. Ramza peers upwards.]

Could he have been captured?

Man's Voice: A friend of Mustadio's, eh?

Ramza (turning): Who's there?

[Ludovich appears with a number of henchmen.]

Ludovich: Bring him out!

[Another henchmen leads Mustadio and forces him to the ground.]

Mustadio: I-I'm sorry, Ramza.

Ramza: Have they hurt you?

[He tries step closer to his injured friend.]

Ludovich: Not a step further. Prefer to keep a little distance, if you don't mind.

Ramza: You must be Ludovich. Let Mustadio go. Now!

Ludovich: I'm a reasonable man. I just want the auracite. Once I have it, I'll loose him soon enough. So, where have you hidden it? Tell me!

Mustadio: ...

Ludovich: Is that how you want to play it? Maybe this will hasten your speech. You there! Out with the other one!

[Another henchmen leads Mustadio's father. He is bound by ropes and also knocked to the ground.]

Mustadio: Father! What have they done to you?

Besrudio: I'm...I'm fine, Son. Don't tell them where it is.

Ludovich: Show him inside.

[The henchmen pushes Besrudio inside the house.]

Well? Feeling a bit more game now?

Mustadio (looking down): There's a chimney just behind Ramza. You'll find it there.

Ludovich: Bring that to us, would you? Small enough work to spare your friend's life.

[Ramza walks back and checks inside the chimney. He indeed finds a sparkling stone.]

Ramza: This must be it.

[He walks back up.]

Let them go!

Ludovich: Give me the Stone!

Ramza: Release them first!

Ludovich: Toss me the Stone - then they go free!

[Ramza hurls the Stone at the man, who catches it and then marvels at it.]

A true Zodiac Stone...At last! This should bring a smile to the cardinal's face. You've been most helpful, most helpful! Pity you've outlived your usefulness. Kill them.

[He departs.]

Ramza: The cardinal was with them from the start!

[Ramza and Mustadio brave the Baert henchmen to save Besrudio.]

Mustadio: My father...I hope we're in time.

The Clockwork City of Goug - Besrudio's Rescue

[Cardinal Delacroix had been behind it all, using the Baert Trading Company as a front to obtain the Zodiac Stone found in Goug for himself. Mustadio's quick thinking prevented the enemy from obtaining the real Stone, and saved his father's life in the process. But the princess and Lady Agrias were still in the cardinal's clutches. I made for Lionel Castle straight away, Stone in hand, to rescue them.]

[After the battle, Ramza and Mustadio find Besrudio, injured but alive.]

Mustadio: Are you all right?

Besrudio: My wounds will heal. But the auracite - they have it. Ludovich will use it to wake the machines beneath the city. In time, he may even learn to harness the sacred power of the Stone itself. *sigh* I never thought the man we'd turn to for help would turn on us. There's naught we could do to foresee such treachery.

Mustadio: Ha. Are you sure?

[Mustadio stands.]

Besrudio: What do you mean?

[Mustadio pulls out the Zodiac Stone from his pocket.]

Mustadio: I thought something of the sort might happen, so I took the precaution of readying a false stone.

Ramza: And that's the one I gave Ludovich!

Mustadio: The same. By now they've probably realized. Ah, to see the looks on their faces.

Ramza: Then Princess Ovelia and Lady Agrias are in danger!

Mustadio: Danger? How?

Ramza: The cardinal was working with Ludovich to get the Stone. His gambit failed, but he may try to ransom the princess and Lady Agrias for it now instead.

Mustadio: That's ridiculous! He would only make an enemy of the Crown!

Ramza: Why do you think he wants the auracite in the first place? The people tire of war. They tire of these endless struggles for power. They are afraid, and they seek salvation. The cardinal means to use the legend of the Zodiac Braves to bring it to them. Only once he's gathered the Stones, he'll summon the Zodiac Braves and use their power to rule.

Besrudio: Just so. We cannot give the Stone to the cardinal.

Ramza: Then we must rescue the princess and Lady Agrias!

Mustadio: And we will. But the roads leading to Lionel Castle will surely be blockaded. We'll never be able to approach from the fore. We go by ship, to take them unawares.

[Mustadio joins the party.]

The Port City of Warjilis - Delita's Warning

|Once again I crossed pathes with Delita - this time in the port city of |
|Warjilis. He advised me not to concern myself any further with the princess |
|or the Zodiac Stones, suggesting that some great and powerful will was |
|fanning the flames of this conflict. The words he spoke weighed upon my |
|mind: "Noble endeavors do not always reach the end that we desire." |

[Ramza arrives at Warjilis on his way to Lionel.]

Ramza: Cogs and gulls. No hint of Lionel's Gryphons.

[He spots Delita.]

Ramza: Delita! What brings you to Warjilis?

[The two walk together. The camera follows them from the side, across a wooden fence.]

Delita: We have ears in many places. Few things escape our hearing.

Ramza: "Our?"

Delita: I say this for your sake, Ramza. Return to Eagrose. Delve no deeper into matters of royal maidens...or those of sacred stones.

Ramza: What have these ears of yours been telling you?

Delita (turning to Ramza): You think to save a princess from a burning tower. In truth, you would but set her on a higher floor. There is only one person who can truly save her. And that is what I mean to do.

Ramza: Just what do you imply?

Delita: It's simple, really. Noble endeavors do not always reach the end that we desire. You cannot save the princess. However hard you endeavor to save her. You would do well to remember that.

[Ramza looks dismayed as Delita turns away. Ramza speaks up and Delita halts.]

Ramza: What then is your end in all of this, Delita? I fear I do not know.

Delita: The Dukes Larg and Goltanna, your brothers, and all the rest...

[The camera pans upwards amongst the city.]

Delita: They are all of them swept up in a mighty current - a current they cannot see or feel.

[The screen goes black.]

Delita: I simply swim against it. Nothing more.

[The scene returns as a flock of birds fly into the sky.]

Delita: We'll meet again - I should hope.

[Delita continues walking away while Ramza looks on.]

Lionel Castle - The Cardinal's Wrath

|Dycedarg and the cardinal, it seems, had made a secret pact in order to |
|obtain both the Stone and the princess. Gaffgarion was dispatched to the |
|cardinal by Dycedarg, and suggested that Princess Ovelia be used as bait to |
|obtain the Stone, and to lure all those who knew of the kidnapping to their |
|deaths. As for Ludovich Baert, the cardinal personally saw that he received |
|stiff punishment for failing in his duties. |

[Ludovich and Gaffgarion stand at Delacroix's table.]

Gaffgarion: You would use the princess as bait to regain the Stone? I would not expect such cunning of a man of the cloth.

Ludovich: You've some gall to speak, sellsword! It was you who let them escape!

Gaffgarion: That I don't deny, but it was not my task to stop them!

Delacroix: Still your tongue, Ludovich. We will hand Princess Ovelia over to Lord Dycedarg as promised. That much serves us both. But it is no concern of mine if those who know the truth of her kidnapping live. I had no hand in it. Be that as it may, the thieves who stole the gem are now with them. If we use the princess to lure them out, we get two birds - and one Stone.

Gaffgarion: I won't deny the truth of it. But such a plan has risks.

Delacroix: Your reputation would not cast you so craven.

Gaffgarion: I am -cautious-, Your Holiness. A soldier does not live to become old and gray charging onto the field of battle unawares.

Delacroix: Very well. I will see that every possible precaution is taken. And let us sprinkle a trail of crumbs to ensure they find our snare.

Gaffgarion: A prudent move. The maid's the perfect bait to lure them to us. I'll assume responsibility for the rest. Far better me than -him-.

Ludovich: How -dare- you!

Delacroix: Very well. I shall leave the matter to you, Gaffgarion.

Ludovich: Your Eminence, you jape, surely!

Delacroix: Go with my blessing.

Gaffgarion: The Stone is as good as yours.

[Gaffgarion turns and leaves. Ludovich pleads to Delacroix.]

Ludovich: Your Eminence, you cannot mean to truth this to a man like -that-!

[Delacroix stands and meets Ludovich face to face.]

Delacroix: I trust things to those who can be trusted. Men who fail me time and again are rewarded in another way.

Ludovich: Y-Your Eminence, wh-what are you doing!?

[Delacroix moves closer. The camera rushes upwards as we hear a punching noise and a man scream.]

Balias Swale - The Lady Knight

[Meanwhile, Ramza is working on sneaking into Lionel Castle. He unexpectedly finds Agrias running from soldiers.]

Man's Voice: Where've you got off to, gosling? Won't do to hide! There you are!

[The knight whistles and troops surround Agrias.]

Come along quietly now, what do you say? Hrm?

[Before Agrias can answer, Ramza comes to her aid.]

Ramza: Protect Lady Agrias! Be quick!

[The battle begins.]

Agrias: Ramza!? What are you doing here?

Ramza: We've come to rescue you. We thought to breach the castle from its postern. But why are you here?

Agrias: The cardinal betrayed us - was betraying us all along! He plots with Duke Larg! We escaped the castle, but the princess was retaken. I was returning to save her - and here you find me. We must hurry, Ramza! They are to execute her!

Ramza: First these. Then the princess.

[Together Ramza and Agrias finish off her pursuers.]

Lady Agrias, are you all right?

Agrias: I'm fine, but there's no time for that. We must hurry to the princess!

They're taking her to the Golgollada Gallows. It's not far, but we've little time!

Ramza: Of course. With all haste!

Golgollada Gallows - Execution of a Princess

[Agrias joins the party and they head to Golgollada Gallows. There the execution is already under way. Princess Ovelia stands in front of a robed executioner while guards look on.]

Executioner: Got any words t' leave behin', puppet? None, then? Just as well, I s'pose.

Knight: Is that-? The enemy!

[Ramza and Agrias arrive to save Ovelia.]

Ramza: We are come for the princess! Stand down, or take her place on the gallows!

Executioner: Ha ha ha! And the trap is sprung!

Ramza: Trap?

[The executioner disrobes, as does the "Princess". Gaffgarion has cleverly tricked our heroes.]

Gaffgarion: Ramza, ever the gallant fool!

Ramza: What have you done with Lady Ovelia!?

Gaffgarion: I've done naught with her, she's at Lionel. What of the gem?

Ramza: Gem?

Gaffgarion: Might we spare ourselves these tiresome feints? I speak of the cardinal's gemstone. The one who stole it travels with you, does he not? I would have it surrendered.

Ramza: If you want it, come and get it.

Gaffgarion: So the boy now thinks himself a man! Very well. Let us finish this like men!

[Ramza must free himself from the trap.]

Gaffgarion: It is not too late to change your mind, Ramza! Return with me to Eagrose! Your brother Dycedarg would fain forgive what's done. He said as much himself!

Ramza: Then let him forgive this as well, for I'll play no part in his foul plots!

Gaffgarion: Foul!? You would paint your brother's deeds as -foul-? A Beoulve must uphold the duties of his station! You of all people should know that!

Ramza: My lord brother seeks to ignite war to further his own ends! If such a

thing is not foul, ser, then pray tell what is!

Gaffgarion: A man does not eat an omelette without breaking eggs! Blood is the price of progress! It is the ink in which history's pages are writ! Look around you, boy! Ivalice rots from within! Your brother would carve out the root of its decay, even if it means his hands must needs be soiled!

[Ramza refuses to listen.]

Ramza: I will not stand and watch as Lady Ovelia is made to be another Tietra!

Gaffgarion: Forget Ziekden! There was no avoiding that. You are an heir of House Beoulve, Ramza, and you have a duty as such! It is your fate to see that duty fulfilled!

Ramza: As it was my fate to let Tietra die? No, fate had no hand in that. Tietra died because I could not be bothered to save her. I've lied to myself all this time. It was my own inaction that killed her!

[Agrias interjects.]

Agrias: Ramza, you are a Beoulve?

Gaffgarion: You didn't know? Aye, this little whelp is a son of the great House Beoulve.

Ramza: I am my father's son, but that does not make me the same as my brothers! I knew naught of the plot to kidnap the princess! I swear it!

Agrias: Do you truly think I would doubt you now? You have more than proven yourself!

[Gaffgarion is getting impatient.]

Gaffgarion: You truly are a fool! What is the life of one girl, when weighed against the greater good?

Ramza: I see no -good- in using people! Only deception, and death! I will not stand by any longer as innocents fall prey to your -good-! I will not let you harm the princess!

Gaffgarion: Then you seal your fate, you stubborn fool!

[Unfortunately for him, Ramza thinks otherwise.]

Curse me for a fool, I'd not thought you'd grown so strong! I'd best retreat for now.

[He teleports away.]

Ramza: The castle - we must make haste!

Lionel Castle - The Manipulative and the Subservient

|Delita visited the room in Lionel Castle to which Ovelia was confined. After |
|she accused him of collaborating with Cardinal Delacroix, the cardinal |
|himself entered the room with a man who appeared to be a knight. After |
|Ovelia refused to cooperate with them, the mysterious man informed her of the|

|shocking truth behind her heritage. |

[Inside Lionel Castle, Ovelia is in a dungeon on her knees, with only a plate to her side. Delita stands before her.]

Delita: You've not touched your supper. A princess cannot live on pride alone.

Ovelia: ...

Delita: Do you think to starve yourself? None would weep, you know. There are many who would be gladdened by your passing. Stop being stubborn and eat.

Ovelia: You were in league with the cardinal all along, weren't you? What do you mean to do with me? If you'd not give me over to Larg, then what is your intent?

Delita: To put you where you truly ought to be.

Ovelia: So, you would manipulate me as well. I'll not do it, you know. I'll not bend to your whims.

Delita: You will. If you wish to survive, you have no other choice.

Ovelia: What do you mean?

Delita: I mean-

[He is interrupted as Delacroix and the purple robed knight seen in Dorter enter the room.]

Knight: So, this is Lady Ovelia...

Delacroix (stepping forward): Do your spirits find you well, Your Highness? If you would be but a tad more tame, there would be no reason to keep you in so cheerless a place as this.

Knight: These seem lavish enough quarters for a false princess.

[Ovelia looks shocked. All eyes turn on the knight.]

Delacroix: Ho ho ho...The girl does not yet know, Lord Folmarv.

Folmarv: Truly? How pitiable.

Ovelia: Tell me of what it is you speak!

Folmarv (stepping forward): Very well. You are not Ovelia Atkascha.

Ovelia: What...?

Folmarv: The true princess died years ago. You are her double.

Ovelia: That's absurd!

Folmarv: It is neither absurd nor untrue. You are -not- Ovelia. You are a straw doll placed in an empty crib by Council members who bear no love for the queen. It was their intent that you would someday succeed the throne and relieve Queen Louveria of her power. They placed you in the royal family after assassinating the queen's two eldest sons, attributing their deaths to malady. The deception

was complete, and your ascent all but sealed. King Ondoria was sickly, and seemed unlike to father another son. But against all odds, another prince was born. Whether he is in truth of Ondoria's seed is highly suspect, of course. Like as not, Duke Larg found some other sire to ensure his sister's place as mother to the king. Regardless, all of the Council's work was made for naught the moment Prince Orinus drew his first breath.

[Ovelia was crestfallen the entire speech. She finally lashes out.]

Ovelia: You speak false! I'll not believe you!

Folmarv: Believe what you like, child. It is of little enough consequence. You may be born a butcher's daughter for all it concerns us. We hold a trump card in our hands. The stock from which it was cut matters not.

Ovelia: What is it you wish of me, then? What would you have me do?

Folmarv: Naught at all, sweet child. We only wish that you be our princess, as you always have.

Ovelia: I am a daughter of House Atkascha! I'll take no orders from you!

Folmarv: Oh? Then what will you do? Let yourself fall into Duke Larg's hands, and you'll have a noose in place of a crown. We only wish to help you claim the throne that is yours by right.

Ovelia: ...Who -are- you?

Folmarv: We are no friends of Duke Larg, nor do we sit in Goltanna's camp. Think of us simply as...allies.

Delacroix: Lord Folmarv, let us leave our princess to collect her thoughts. When she comes to see the reality of her situation, she will doubtless wish to be our ally as well.

Folmarv: Indeed, let us give her time to stew.

[The two leave.]

Come, Delita!

[Delita follows, and Ovelia is alone.]

Lenalian Plateau - Vow for Vengeance

|Wiegraf stood at the grave of his beloved sister Milleuda and swore to avenge|
|her death. From behind him, a knight named Sir Loffrey appeared and asked for|
|his help. Torn between reality and ideals, Wiegraf struggled to make a |
|decision. |

[We find Wiegraf kneeling in front of a grave. A sword stands upright in the dirt.]

Wiegraf: Milleuda...pray forgive me. I thought to deliver swift vengeance, yet here I am before you, my own blade sheathed beside me as yours lies sheathed within the earth. I have failed at much, but I shall not fail you. Your killers will know vengeance! In this, at least, I shall not be disgraced.

Man's Voice: You speak of a thing beyond your doing.

[Wiegraf stands and instantly draws his sword. He turns.]

Wiegraf: Show yourself!

[A man in templarate dress walks up to Wiegraf. He is wearing blue robes and a hood.]

Knight: Put aside your sword. I've no wish to cross blades with the leader of the Corpse Brigade, even if the Brigade itself is no more...My apologies. My words salt wounds still fresh, and that was not my intent. Your men died valiantly.

Wiegraf: Make your purpose plain!

Knight: My name is Loffrey, and I come at another's behest. My purpose is a simple one: to find you. We'd hoped you might be persuaded to work with us toward our common goal.

Wiegraf: Common goal? Ha! What jest, this? Claiming the bounty on my head is no goal of mine! But that is what you seek, am I not mistaken?

Loffrey: Pardon my presumption, but I do not think the tears upon your cheek those born of laughter.

Wiegraf: ...

Loffrey: It is not coin that we desire. It is our wish to rebuild Ivalice - to uproot her foundations, and see that she is not twice made slave to nobility. And that -is- what you seek, is it not?

Wiegraf: You have my ears.

[Loffrey takes a step closer.]

Loffrey: Our ideals are not so very different. A fire burns in you, as it burns in us. Your strength, your passion - your spirit! We would welcome these to our cause.

Wiegraf: You mean to use me.

Loffrey: To every coin there are two faces. Do you not consider the other? Join us, and our power becomes yours to wield. Have you, alone, the strength to venge Milleuda? Have you, alone, the power to grasp the reins of Ivalice?

[Wiegraf puts his sword away. He turns slowly to gaze upon Milleuda's grave.]

Lionel Castle - Rescue

[Ramza once again finds himself at the gates of Lionel Castle. He is opening it for his allies.]

Ramza: Wait there. I'll open the gate.

Familiar Voice: Rather let it remain shut!

[Gaffgarion appears, and Ramza is stuck fighting alone while his friends must fight Lionel's soldiers.]

Gaffgarion: You made your way into the castle well enough, but you overlooked the ambush.

Ramza: We're surrounded!

Gaffgarion: It's you and I now, Ramza. Shall we be about it, then?

[Ramza and Gaffgarion fight for the final time. He lifts the lever to open the gate.]

Ramza: This lever ought to do it!

[Gaffgarion is slain.]

Gaffgarion: I feel...cold.

Ramza: Good-bye, Gaffgarion. We must reach the princess before reinforcements arrive!

Zeirchele Falls - Fleeing the Cardinal

[Meanwhile, Delita has escorted Ovelia far from Lionel.]

Delita: Your pace has slowed. Are you weary? We'll never make Zeltennia at this rate.

Ovelia: Arriving sooner will no more make me a princess than arriving later. That day you saved me at these falls seems so distant now. Your promise to cut me free from the strings of those who manipulate me - it was an empty one, wasn't it?

Delita: Empty or no, you've no choice but to follow me. The hounds are loosed. No bolt-hole is left to you. Run, and you'll still be hunted down as the princess who stands in the way of the throne.

Ovelia: Why must you say such things!?

[She begins to run away before noticing some strange men.]

Ah-!

Northern Sky Scout: Hmph. I'd not thought to find the lady princess here. That thrice-be-damned Gaffgarion must have failed yet again. The man is naught but boasts and swagger. Our orders are to kill on sight. The princess does not leave this place!

Delita: Fools! If it is your wish to die here, then so be it!

[Delita protects Ovelia from the Northern Sky soldiers.]

Delita: Was that enough to lift the gauze from your eyes? Bathe the earth in bitter tears, and it will still be all too content to drink your blood. Bemoan your fate and wait for it to claim you, or take my hand and live. The choice is yours.

Ovelia: It appears...I have no choice.

Lionel Castle - The Lucavi

[We return to Ramza as he reaches Cardinal Delacroix's chambers. Unfortunately he realizes that Ovelia is no longer there.]

Delacroix: I see Gaffgarion's sword was no match for his words. Then again, perhaps the fault lies with his adversary. Beoulve blood is not given to spill easily. Even when thinned with that of a courtesan, it would seem.

[He walks in front of the dais.]

But enough is enough. Your intrusions overstay their welcome. Leave the auracite, and then leave Lionel. A generous offer, and my last.

Ramza: Where is Lady Ovelia?

Delacroix: You mean to free her? What then? You've turned your back on your house. A man cannot prosecute a war alone. Forget this bootless struggle. Think you mere -will- enough to see you victorious? Even will needs force, and you have none.

Ramza: Tell me where the princess is!

Delacroix: Gone to Zeltennia. Her Highness has chosen to accept our hand in aid over yours.

Ramza: You lie!

Delacroix: Her Highness has taken her first step toward the throne. But she will need a steady hand to guide her, and yours falters. Who better, then, than us to stand at her side? She saw this - why not you? There's no reason you should not join us as well. The thought of besting your brothers holds no allure? We care no less for this world's fate than you. Together we can change Ivalice for the better.

Ramza: I have no wish to change the world. But nor can I stand by while men suffer and die on the whim of some select few. Do you truly believe you can change the world? Not even I am so naive as that.

Delacroix: Ha ha! Nescient humility from one possessed of such an artefact. That Stone you hold can twist the very weave of nature, to say nothing of the world. Yet I fear my words are wasted on you. Actions speak louder, yes?

[He pulls out a Zodiac Stone from his robes. A red light fills the room and sparks of lightning surround him. In a flash he is transformed into a large beast, Cúchulainn, the Impure.]

Cúchulainn: You take no pains to hide your wonderment. How I shall delight to watch you die. Each excruciation ecstasy!

[The transformed Cardinal charges after Ramza. He is beaten, the power of the Stone not able to protect him.]

How strange that I, Undying, here should die. A death come early, ere my master could return...

[He explodes in the same rays of red light, leaving behind only the Zodiac Stone.]

VI. Chapter 3 - The Valiant

Zeltennia Castle - The War of the Lions

|Delita brought Ovelia to a castle in Zeltennia where Duke Goltanna awaited |
|them. After framing one of the duke's retainers as the mastermind behind |
|Ovelia's kidnapping, Delita suggested that Duke Goltanna himself lead the |
|Order of the Southern Sky to march on Lesalia. Duke Larg then mobilized the |
|Order of the Northern Sky in response, dividing Ivalice into two factions. |
|The War of the Lions had begun. |

[Ovelia has been brought to Duke Goltanna. Duke Goltanna stands in his keep surrounded by four of his advisers. Delita walks slowly to the Duke and kneels before him.]

Duke Goltanna: My advisors tell me you are the one who rescued Princess Ovelia. I would have you tell me more.

Delita: I am Delita Heiral, a Blackram lieutenant in the service of His Excellency the Baron Grimms. His Excellency dispatched me to rescue the princess. And so I did, disguised as one of your own - a sheep in Lion's clothing. Now I have returned.

Chancellor Glevanne: Heiral, you say? That is a name I've not heard before.

Goltanna: I thought Baron Grimms and his Blackrams felled in battle against the Eye of a fortnight past.

Delita: Indeed. That dark news spurred me to return with all the greater haste.

Goltanna: Indeed. That dark news spurred me to return with all the greater haste.

Bishop Canne-Beurich: She is weary yet from her long journey. She sleeps as if among the dead.

Count Cidolfus Orlandeau: Is it not true you brought a prisoner?

Delita (standing and turning back): It is. Bring the prisoner forth!

[A man in chains is allowed into the room. A Southern Sky knight follows close behind. The bound man falls to his knees in front of the Duke.]

Let us hear the reason for your attempt on the princess.

Prisoner: 'Twas to stain Duke Goltanna's name, and keep him from Lesalia. We thought to deny him the regent's seat.

Delita: Who gave you the order? Duke Larg?

Prisoner: No...a close adviser of Duke Goltanna's seeking to curry Duke Larg's favor.

[Chancellor Glevanne rushes up and protests at the notion.]

Glevanne: Madness! None among us would fain betray our duke! Silence this man, he knows not of what he speaks!

Goltanna: I would hear it nonetheless.

Delita: Who was it?

Prisoner: ...

Delita: Name the one who gave the order!

Prisoner: I'd have our protection?

Delita: On my honor as a knight. Speak!

Prisoner: 'Twas the man who stands before me. Chancellor Glevanne.

[Glevanne is incredulous.]

Glevanne: What!? How dare you! I do not even know you, knave!

Delita: Who put you to it? The queen?

Glevanne: Stop this mummer's farce, I've naught to do with this!

Delita: To betray your liege lord is an unpardonable crime, Chancellor.

[Delita draws his sword. Count Orlandeau readies his sword and a few other men in the room draw back.]

Glevanne: It was not I! I know naught of it!

[Delita plunges forward and Glevanne falls.]

Delita: Forgive me if I presume overmuch, Your Grace, but now is not the time for bandied words. The Order of the Southern Sky must march on Lesalia at once, and you with it! Give your enemies but a moment to collect themselves, and they will pin the chancellor's sedition on his lord. Your Grace must strike before they are given the chance! Deny the prince's claim, and set the princess on the throne!

[We see a picture of mounted knights fighting a gruesome battle. Arazlam narrates the following.]

Arazlam: Following his sack of the royal capital of Lesalia, Duke Goltanna banished Queen Louveria to Besselat for her hand in the conspiracy and crowned Princess Ovelia queen.

But Duke Larg, insisting that Prince Orinus was the true and rightful heir, at once crowned the child-prince and declared himself regent.

Moving then to free the queen, Duke Larg dispatched the Order of the Northern Sky to Besselat in the name of the new-crowned king. Duke Goltanna in turn set the Southern Sky to march in Ovelia's name.

The curtain had risen on what history would one day record as the War of the Lions.

Fort Besselat - The Thunder God

|Three months had passed since the beginning of the War of the Lions. The |
|conflict grew fiercer by the day, and the forces of Dukes Larg and Goltanna |
|grew increasingly weary of the endless battle. Pleading for the overtaxed and|
|starving populace, Count Orlandeou, lord commander of the Order of the |
|Southern Sky, proposed peace talks to Duke Goltanna. However, his suggestion |
|did not fall upon sympathetic ears. |

[Duke Goltanna sits with his generals; Count Orlandeou, the Baron of Bolmina, Marquis Elmdore de Limberry, and the Viscount Blanche.]

Baron of Bolmina: This past eventfall, the count stood at twenty thousand-forty if both sides be counted. Alone, we've sustained, ah, two hundred thousand wounded, as well.

Marquis Elmdore: The number of casualties does not concern me. Nor does the depletion of our stores - these were to be expected. No, it is this drought that threatens us. The markets are empty and tax collections fall short. With prices as they are, we can lay in supplies for another half year, at best.

Viscount Blanche: Duke Larg must surely face like difficulties. It rained unceasingly in Gallione this season. The grain rotted in the fields before it could be harvested.

Orlandeou: The real trouble lies in war's wake. There is no work. Whole villages have been displaced. Orran tells me over one hundred thousand have already fled to Lesalia, and more pour in by the day.

Blanche: Ha! I see no trouble in this! Let Larg struggle to feed the mewling maids and his soldiers both!

Orlandeou: It is no laughing matter! Should the conflict spread, we may find ourselves no better off. Think you Zeltennia proof against such fate? I assure you, we are not! Has not the time come to chart a course to peace?

Goltanna: Your fears are well founded. But we cannot yet end this war. We shall treble the rate of tax, and keep a close watch on those who hope to profiteer in these trying times. As for those seeking refuge outside the castle walls, we shall tighten our patrols at the Limberry border to see they are turned back.

Orlandeou: Duke Larg suffers, as do we. What better time to treat to peace?

Goltanna: You talk in circles, Orlandeou. There can be no peaceful end to this.

Orlandeou: The kingdom cannot exist without her people, Excellency! No more than can we. In the Fifty Years' War, who bore a greater burden than they? Would you thank them now with higher taxes? And it is not only the people. Our soldiers are made to fight on rations that would scarce feed a child at his mother's skirts. We cannot long sustain this war. It is a matter of resources and resolve.

Goltanna: Resolve? Have you any? These are the words of a coward.

Orlandeou: The Fifty Years' War was fought to drive back an invasion of our sovereign soil. We were honorbound to fight!

Goltanna: And in -this- war you do not feel so bound? You were never one given to hypocrisy, Orlandeau. Show leniency now, and they will only strike the harder. This fight is not only for ourselves, but for our people in equal measure. The Crown cumbers them with its every act. We fight to free them of such tyrannies.

Blanche: His Grace has the right of it. Besides, why lay down the sword with victory so near? Your title is ill earned, "Thunder God" Cid. Your gentle words would sooner stir a breeze.

Orlandeau: Is victory so near? My ears are deaf to its approach. What see you in our plight that portends victory? Or have you forsworn the use of your eyes?

Blanche (standing): I will not sit here and tolerate such insults!

Goltanna: Enough of this! You disappoint me, Orlandeau. Pray you do not disappoint me further.

Orlandeau: ...

Goltanna: I will say this but once. Any man who cares not for the course I've chosen had best remove himself now. I will brook no further doubt, Orlandeau!

[The screen freezes as Ramza narrates.]

Ramza: Delita once told me he was swimming against some unseen current.

If this current rushed towards war, and the world with it, what hope did I have to fight it?

I made for Lesalia to tell my Lord Brother someone dictated this war from the shadows- and to test my legs against the current.

The Mining Town of Gollund - Orran

|While en route to Lesalia, we rescued a young astrologer from an assault by |
|brigands in the mining town of Gollund. His name was Orran Durai, and he |
|reacted strangely upon hearing the name Beoulve. He respectfully declined the|
|offer to join us on our journey, hinting that we would be like to cross paths|
|again. |

[On the way to Lesalia, Ramza happens upon a man who has apparently stumbled upon a thieves' den. He runs atop a roof.]

Angry Voice: Where is he? Where'd the shuffler steal off to? Hear that? He's on the roof!

[The gang encircle the man, named Orran.]

Orran: I'm trapped...

[Their leader makes his way to the roof and stands across from Orran.]

Rogue: It don't do to have strangers sticking their noses in our little hideaway.

Orran: Then mayhap you might hang a signboard above the door, so we would know this place for a den of thieves!

Rogue: Ha! The cull's got brass. Too bad it's steel he'll be wanting.

[Ramza also stumbles upon the thieves.]

Ramza: Something is amiss here.

Rogue: A lot of visitors today. Small matter. Stick 'em all and be done with it!

[Upon saving the man Orran, Ramza speaks with him.]

Ramza: Are you hurt?

Orran: I am fine, thank you. My name is Orran Durai. And yours?

Ramza: I am Ramza. Ramza Beoulve.

Orran (taken aback): Ramza Beoulve!?

Ramza: What of it?

Orran: 'Tis naught...Forgive me. Might I inquire as to the direction of your travels?

Ramza: We make for the royal capital. And you? You are welcome to accompany us if our paths are the same.

Orran: A gracious offer, but I fear my road leads away from Lesalia.

Ramza: I see. Fortune be with you, then.

Orran: And with you as well.

[Orran extends his hand, and Ramza grasps it. He then turns to depart.]

Gods willing, we may meet again. Try to keep yourself alive in the meantime.

Ramza: I will do the best I can.

The Royal Capital of Lesalia - Reunion with Zalbaag

|We met my brother Zalbaag in Lesalia, where I informed him that there was a |
|presence working in secret to stoke the war's flames. But Zalbaag paid no |
|heed to my words and saw fit to admonish me instead, appalled that I would |
|accuse our lord brother Dycedarg of kidnapping the princess. We then |
|receieved word that Count Orlandeau, lord commander of the Order of the |
|Southern Sky, had broken through at Dugeura Pass. |

[Ramza enters Zalbaag's study and he is clearly busy at the table with a book and pen in hand.]

Zalbaag: Sit, won't you? You surprise me, Ramza. I did not think to see you in Lesalia. Alma is here, you know. I'm sure she'd be delighted to see you.

Ramza: Brother...I-

Zalbaag: Yes?

Ramza: Can you not end this fighting?

Zalbaag: What nonsense is this?

Ramza: What purpose can it serve? We Beouives have ever fought to defend the people - not simply the Crown. And now we fight for no more than our own glory.

Zalbaag: You speak of things you do not understand, Ramza!

Ramza: It is you who do not understand, Brother! All of this, this...war, has been plotted to some unseen purpose, Dukes Larg and Goltanna only puppets in some shadow play.

Zalbaag: A shadow play? Pray tell how it ends.

Ramza: I...I do not know. Our lord brother planned the princess's abduction to prevent Duke Goltanna from becoming regent. But someone intervened. Princess Ovelia lives, and is now in Goltanna's care. Had the assassination succeeded, the Crown would surely have named Duke Goltanna a traitor and rallied its banners against him.

Zalbaag (standing): Do you stand here accusing our brother of having some hand in this business with the princess? You think a man of your own blood capable of such a thing?

Ramza: So you knew naught of this, Zalbaag?

Zalbaag: Enough! Who have you become, that you do not trust your own family? Begone from my sight! Return to Eagrose and trouble me no more!

Ramza: You speak of trust, Zalbaag, yet you show me none in kind!

Zalbaag: What have you ever done to inspire my trust? The mistake was my own. Until today I had looked on you as a true brother. But your mother's common blood forever stains you common. You are not fit to bear the Beoulve name!

[Ramza is taken aback.]

Ramza: You cannot mean that.

[A knight rushes in to address Zalbaag.]

Northern Sky Knight: Forgive me, Lord Commander, but I've urgent news. The Thunder God has broken through our lines at Dugeura Pass.

Zalbaag: Impossible! He was supposed to be at Besselat! Summon the War Council - all of them! I go at once!

Knight: Milord!

[The knight leaves with Zalbaag close behind.]

The Royal Capital of Lesalia - The Heretic's Brand

|I was branded a heretic by Confessor Zalmour, but managed to stave him off at|
|the postern of Lesalia Castle. This did little to assuage my suspicions about|
|the Church of Glabados. Alma informed me that one of the Stones, Virgo, was |
|kept within Orbonne Monastery. As a heretic, entering the monastery alone |
|would be an impossibility. I had no other choice but to have Alma accompany |
|me. |

[Ramza decides to leave without saying goodbye. Unfortunately for him, Alma thinks otherwise. She stops him just as he's leaving the castle.]

Alma: Ramza, wait!

Ramza: I'm sorry, Alma.

Alma: Did you think to leave without so much as a word?

Ramza (turning away): I...I've never been good at good-byes.

Alma (lowering her head): You won't be coming back, will you.

Ramza: Delita lives, Alma.

Alma: What? But how?

Ramza: He helped them kidnap the princess.

Alma: Helped who?

Ramza: At first I thought it Duke Goltanna - that Delita had sided with him to spite us. But now I fear he may be working with people far more dangerous still. It is they who wanted to thwart the plot to assassinate Princess Ovelia.

Alma: Is it true that Dycedarg planned her abduction?

Ramza: It is. I am sure he had his reasons, but I cannot see them for the blood.

Alma: Then Tietra-?

Ramza: -did not share her brother's luck.

[Alma cups her hands to her mouth.]

Listen to me, Alma. I know not who guides Delita's actions, only that they are to be feared. I know not what evil lies at the end of this plot.

Alma: And Delita serves these people?

Ramza (shakes his head): I cannot be sure. I am sure only that Delita has his reasons as well. If only I could know them.

Alma: You mean to fight them, don't you.

Ramza: ...

Alma: I'm coming with you.

Ramza: Are you mad? That's out of the question!

Alma: I want to help you prove the truth of your words!

Ramza: No. Not like this.

Alma: I would not want my daughter to meet the same fate Tietra has.

Ramza: Alma, please...

Man's Voice: Ramza Beoulve, if I am not mistaken.

[The two Beoulve siblings are interrupted by a robed man, a member of the Church. He is trailed by a pair of knights.]

Ah, but I have you at a disadvantage. I am Confessor Zalmour Lucianada of the Holy Office of Inquisition. I come to bring you before the Office on charges of the murder of Cardinal Delacroix and suspicion of heresy. You will come with us. Should you resist, you admit your guilt, and will be executed as a heretic.

Ramza: If I go with you, I only prolong my death!

Alma: You must run, Ramza! Quickly!

Zalmour: Then your choice is made! Put this heretic to the sword!

[Ramza is forced to fight a man of the Church, a man who will not listen to reason.]

Zalmour: Your violence against us is as violence against the gods! But it is not too late! Repent of your sins! Repent, and be spared!

Ramza: You name me a heretic, but why? What have I done?

Zalmour: So you pretend ignorance? You slew Cardinal Delacroix to gain the auracite he held and offer it to whatever hellspawn you profane to call a god!

Ramza: You could not be more wrong! The legends of your holy auracite are lies! The Stones are magicite - they hold in them power for evil. The cardinal used this power, and it perverted him into one of the Lucavi!

Zalmour: Is it not enough that you murdered Cardinal Delacroix? Must you now slander his name as well? More's the pity. You will only see the name Beoulve washed away in tears.

[As the fighting rages on, Alma fears for her brother's life.]

Alma: Flee, Ramza! You must! Those summoned before the Office do not return!

Ramza: I will not flee while you remain, Alma! I would not see them name you traitor with me! In staying you risk your own life!

Alma: I will not leave you to fight this battle alone!

[The Beoulve's injure the Confessor in their protest.]

Zalmour: Heretics who profane the gods must still face their justice! You will yet meet yours!

[Zalmour flees, leaving the siblings to discuss their next destination.]

Alma: Ramza, you're all right!

Ramza: As are you. I'm glad. *sigh* None of this makes sense. How could the Office of Inquisition have learned of the auracite? Could the Church of Glabados be the ones supporting Delita? What do they hope to gain?

Alma: Ramza? You mentioned auracite. Have you truly seen the Stones from the legend? If auracite is real, then - I think I may have seen it once, too.

Ramza: What? Where!?

Alma: First you have to promise that you'll take me with you!

Ramza (turning away): You persist in this? Do you think I would risk putting you in such peril again? I will not take you with me!

Alma (also turning): Then I have nothing more to say.

Ramza: Do not act the child! Your very life is in danger!

Alma: I should think it is. I've acted against the Office of Inquisition. Surely I am a heretic in their eyes. They will come for me as they do you. And when they do, do you think Dycedarg will protect me? He would never do anything that might endanger House Beoulve.

Ramza (lowering his head): No, I'm sure our dear brother would not. But you cannot come with me. The danger is too great! You must explain everything to Zalbaag and beg the forgiveness of the Church.

Alma: The one I saw - it was in Orbonne. A crystal, engraved with the likeness of a virgin maid.

Ramza: Virgo...I must reach it before they do. Thank you, Alma. Now go to Zalbaag, and do as I have said.

Alma: And just how do you think to enter the monastery? You're a heretic, remember? Do you think you will be welcome at Orbonne?

Ramza: Ah...

Alma: So, you need me after all.

Ramza: Fine, but only until we reach Orbonne. When it is done, you will come home.

Alma: I promise.

Ramza: I will hold you to it.

[The two depart for Orbonne.]

Orbonne Monastery - Elder's Confession

|By the time we arrived, men had already forced their way into the monastery |
|in search of its Stone. We found Elder Simon in dire condition, collapsed in |
|the vaults. He revealed that High Confessor Marcel plotted to use the chaos |
|of this war to gather the Stones and revive the legend of the Zodiac Braves. |
|I asked Alma to stay with the elder, entrusting her with the Stones I |
|carried, and went in search of the attackers. |

[Alma leads the way to where Elder Simon is collapsed on the floor, as are a few priests.]

Alma: Elder Simon!

[She rushes to him. Ramza enters behind her and also goes to Simon's aid.]

Elder, speak to me!

[Simon slowly raises himself.]

Simon: Uhhn...Lady Alma...? What...what are you doing here?

Alma: Never mind that. What happened here?

Simon: You...you must leave this place at once, child. It is not safe. Men have come...come seeking the Stone.

Ramza: A Zodiac Stone? Then it is as Alma said!

Simon: The Virgo Stone is one of...one of the crown jewels of Ivalice. It was given into our keeping when Lady Ovelia was brought here for her fosterage...as proof of her royalty.

Ramza: And the ones come to take it - who are they?

Simon: You are...Alma's elder brother? Ramza, was it not? I beg you, my son - leave them be. Block their way, and they will only cut you down.

[We hear voices from the floor below.]

Man's Voice: Where's the bloody Stone!?

Second Man's Voice: Patience! It's here somewhere. We need only look harder!

Third Man's Voice: Come, this leads to the lower vaults!

Ramza: I am branded a heretic and hunted by the Church. Am I to assume the Stones I now possess are the reason? Who are these men? Please, I must know!

Simon: ...Very well. High Confessor Marcel and his followers seek to restore the Church to prominence. As a first step, they have set Dukes Larg and Goltanna against one another to whittle down their military might. The longer the fighting lasts, the weaker the dukes become - and the more the people lose their faith in the Crown.

Ramza: And by gathering these Stones, and reviving the Zodiac Braves? What do they hope to gain from such a show?

Simon: The support of the people, of course.

Ramza: Truly? The cardinal used his Stone to infuse himself with the strength of the Lucavi. If such is the power of the Zodiac Stones, it is a power to rival that of any army. Is that strength not what the High Confessor seeks?

Simon: You are unlike your brothers. You remind me a great deal more of your late lord father. You - you may well have what is needed to put a stop to their ambitions.

[Simon wavers and Ramza stands.]

Ramza: Wait here. I am going after them.

Alma: And I with you!

Ramza: We cannot leave Elder Simon here alone. Find a safe place to hide. Wait there with him until I return!

Alma: Very well.

[Ramza hands her the Zodiac Stones.]

Ramza: I shall leave the auracite with you, lest the worst befall me. If I fail to return, cast it into the Bugross Sea.

Alma: It pains me that I can do no more at times like this. How I wish I'd been born a man like you.

Ramza: Don't be ridiculous! Who would I ever turn to if I didn't have my little sister?

Alma: Ramza...

Ramza: Take Elder Simon to safety!

[He goes to follow the voices they heard earlier, into the lower vaults of the monastery.]

Orbonne Monastery - The Lower Vaults

[Knight Templar Isilud commands a few of his men to guard the passage from intruders.]

Isilud: Hold this passage until our return!

Mage: Ser!

[He disappears into a lower level just as Ramza shows up.]

Ramza: We must put them to rout! They cannot be allowed to take the Stone!

[He defeats the enemies and hears Isilud exclaim in the room below.]

Isilud (from below): So, this is Virgo! And what a beautiful maiden she is!

Ramza: To the lower vaults! Quickly!

[Ramza heads one level below where he comes face to face with Isilud, the man he heard just moments before.]

Isilud: The mongrel follows our scent! Mayhap it is for the best. Heretic! I shall have the Stones you carry!

Ramza: You will have an offer of mercy, and naught more. Lay down the Stone you've taken and you may flee with your lives.

Isilud: I've no more need for your mercy than for you. If you want the Stone, come and claim it!

[Ramza and Isilud duel.]

Isilud: Why do you persist in this fool resistance, Ramza? You are a Beoulve! Why do you not heed your brothers' counsel? Why!?

Ramza: It is -because- I am a Beoulve I do not heed them! The Beoulve name stands for truth and justice! It is not a tool to be used for selfish gain! My lord father fought and died defending our people against Ordallia in the Fifty Years' War. House Beoulve cannot now turn on its purpose and fight for the interests of a corrupt Crown and self-serving aristocracy!

Isilud: Then let it fight for ours! What we wish for is the same! Hear me, Ramza! The Church of Glabados envisions a world devoid of class divides - a world where all men can live as equals! Saint Ajora spoke of such a utopia. It is the Promised Land he foretold! Fear and doubt worry the hearts of the people, leaving small room for fealty. You see this! Ivalice lists, Ramza, and threatens to founder! Should we fail to right her course, this storm -will- claim her!

Ramza: It is you who churn the waves! You orchestrate this entire conflict! You claim -war- to be the proper course for Ivalice!?

Isilud: Change does not come without cost! Revolution requires martyrs, and we require revolution! The Crown is rotten, the nobility corrupt. They must be made to pay! The people deserve their justice! Help us deliver it to them, Ramza! Join us, as your once friend Delita has!

[Ramza will not give in to Isilud's silver tongue.]

Ramza: Were it justice you desired, I would gladly help you see it done. But what you truly want is power. Power beyond that of any army. You would free the people only to enslave them anew with the demonic power of the Stones!

Isilud: -Demonic- power? The Zodiac Stones are vessels for the -gods-! We would use their divine miracles to guide the people to greater glory! There is nothing -demonic- in that!

Ramza: Few would consider it divine miracle when a man is made a demon. Or do you pretend not to know that their power transformed the cardinal into a Lucavi?

Isilud: What nonsense is that? The only demon I see stands before me! Was it not you who murdered the cardinal for the Stone he possessed? Not that he would have long lied gathering the Stones behind our backs as he was!

[They continue to fight until Isilud is wounded.]

Isilud: I will not be bested by this heretic! But nor will I risk death for honor here. Delivering the Stone is of far greater import. Know this, Ramza! The day of our next meeting will be your last!

[He teleports out of the monastery.]

Ramza: Isilud, wait!

[Ramza gives chase, returning to the upper vaults of the monastery. It is there he spies a familiar face.]

Alma: Let me go!

[Wiegraf, now dawning templarate attire, stands before Isilud with troops at his beck and call.]

Wiegraf: Isilud, I will secure the monastery. Take the girl and go.

Isilud: C'mon, no need to struggle!

Alma: Ramza! Help me!

[Isilud leaves with Alma. Wiegraf looks on as Ramza reaches the upper level.]

Wiegraf: So, Ramza Beoulve is here. Do not be deceived by his youth. He is a worthy foe. Gird yourselves well for battle!

[Wiegraf says a quick prayer before attacking.]

Milleuda, you will soon be avenged.

[Ramza is in disbelief at seeing Wiegraf.]

Ramza: Wiegraf! You live?

Wiegraf: I have lived for this, Ramza. How long has it been since we last met?

Ramza: Then you were a warrior who fought to make your dream reality. Now you are only a thrall of the Church.

Wiegraf: What troubled sleep have you known, to speak of my dreams? No matter how sweet, a dream left unrealized must fade into day. Only with power can dreams be made real! I see the truth of it now. What good, dreams, without that power? You think me a thrall? So be it! Your envenomed words succor me, for when at last you yield - as you must - their poison will consume you!

[Ramza tries to reason with Wiegraf.]

Ramza: I pity you, Wiegraf. Even as a man of broken dreams, you might still have been remembered fondly. Your ideas lifted the people, showed them the cracks in the age-old facade of the aristocracy. You acted on your convictions, and so ennobled those actions! But what would the people think now? What would Milleuda and your fallen friends think of this barter you've struck? Dreams built on borrowed stone are defiled before they are made!

Wiegraf: What have you done that did not rely on the labors of others? From birth you have wanted for nothing! You can not know what it is to live the meager life we do. Reason may trick you to believe you do, but your heart can never know! Harsh is the world in which we live. Harsher still than you can imagine. You have neither right nor reason to pour scorn on me!

[Wiegraf cannot hold Ramza at bay, and succumbs to hearty wounds.]

Do not think you've...won! I hold the Zodiac Stone...Aries. I will not...fall so...easily!

[He teleports outside.]

Ramza: Damn you, Wiegraf!

Orbonne Monastery - Belias, the Gigas

|The Knights Templar made off with the Virgo Stone, and Alma as well. Wiegraf, |
|who had joined the templarate in a bid for power, lay near death outside. In |
|desperation he bound himself in an infernal contract with the Aries Stone, |
|allowing the transmigration of a Lucavi, Belias, into his body, then vanished |
|from sight. Elder Simon placed the Scriptures of Germonique in my hands, then |
|passed into the Father's keeping. |

[Outside of Orbonne, Isilud is already mounted on his chocobo. He has Alma with him. Wiegraf is on the ground, a trail of blood behind him.]

Isilud: Wiegraf, you're wounded!

Wiegraf: Go! Do not...tarry here for me.

[Wiegraf's head falls as Ramza bursts out of the monastery.]

Ramza: Alma!

Wiegraf: Go...Isilud...

Isilud: Forgive me, Wiegraf.

[He speeds away on his chocobo. Ramza cannot give chase.]

Ramza: Isilud, wait!

Wiegraf: *cough* Is this...how it ends...? I have...failed Milleuda. Failed them all. A bitter draught...So much left...undone.

[A Zodiac Stone falls from his robes. It suddenly rises, as if floating. An unknown voice comes from the stone, speaking to Wiegraf.]

The Stone: God Stone bearer, with me now do treat.

Ramza: The auracite...it speaks?

The Stone: God Stone bearer, with me now do treat. Your spirit and my flesh as one shall merge. Life undying yours forever more.

Wiegraf: Is this the Stones' great secret?

The Stone: Your ire and despair, their call I heed. And so once more I ask: With me do treat.

Ramza: Wiegraf, no! It means to deceive you!

Wiegraf: Help me...I beg you...

[The stone creates a spiraling light that engulfs Wiegraf. He transforms into a beast, a four-armed monster.]

The Stone: The Gigas Belias have I been named. Your plea to answer now my only wish.

Belias, the Gigas: Is this the wonder of the auracite?

Ramza: Wiegraf!?

Belias: Magnificent, the pow'r of the gods! Nay, not only pow'r - so much more. Sights unknown I see. My mind a vessel filled with wisdom of a thousand years.

[Ramza draws his sword.]

Ha! You hurry towards your end, alas too soon. Such power...Such power!

[Belias teleports away. Simon stumbles out of the monastery and falls into Ramza's arms.]

Ramza: Elder! What - what are you doing?

Simon: I...I had to bring you this.

[He hands a book to Ramza.]

Ramza: A book?

Simon: Written by a man named Germonique...one of Saint Ajora's disciples. It was lost for a great many years. Only recently did I discover it among the stacks of our reliquary beneath the monastery. It chronicles the true tale of the Zodiac Braves - no detail is omitted.

Ramza: Please, Elder, you'll tire yourself.

Simon: I am already...so very tired...I have lived a life of sin. All these years I have turned a blind eye as the Church rotted with corruption. With this book, you can expose their misdeeds! You can win...Alma's freedom...

Ramza: Please, Elder!

Simon: Ahh. It is done. My mind is now at ease. The rest, Ramza...depends on you. You...you really are the very image of Barbaneth in his youth...you know...

[He falls and dies in Ramza's arms.]

Ramza: Elder Simon, no!

The Merchant City of Dorter - The Outland Mage

[Ramza is stopped by a mysterious man. It is raining and the townfolk are all rushing to get inside. A foreign mage steps in front of Ramza.]

Outland Mage: You are the heretic Ramza, yes?

Ramza: What have you done with Alma?

Mage: If you want your sister back, you will come to Riovanes Castle. And you will bring the Scriptures of Germonique with you.

Ramza: What importance is the book?

Mage: Surely you have read the Scriptures?

[CHOICE 1 - I've read them.]

Ramza: I have, and if you would keep the Church's secrets, you will give me my sister!

Mage: You are not in a position to make demands. This is a luxury you do not have. So we have an understanding, yes?

[The mage turns and leaves.]

[CHOICE 2 - No, I haven't.]

Ramza: No, I haven't read them yet. I assume they contain something of importance?

Mage: A blithe response. There are many who would kill you for that book, and you do not even now what it is you carry.

[Ramza lowers his head.]

Mage: Well, we have an understanding, then?

[The mage turns and leaves.]

Zeltennia Castle - Ovelia and Delita

|By the will of Duke Goltanna, Ovelia was enthroned as queen at Zeltennia |
|Castle. But discovering the truth of her origins had wounded her deeply. |
|Delita came to console the new queen, offering to build her a new kingdom, |
|and promising her a life where she would have no more need of tears. These |
|comforting words in her time of despair helped Ovelia to start building a |
|bond of trust with Delita. |

[After speaking with the mage, the scene shifts to Delita and Ovelia at. Ovelia is sitting in a courtyard amongst a number of pigeons. Delita walks towards her.]

Delita: So here you are. They've been searching high and low for you.

[He stops in front of her and feigns bowing.]

I do hope this day finds Your Royal Highness in better spirits than those past.

Ovelia (tempered): Do not mock me! Please. I could not bear it.

Delita: That was cruel of me. I am sorry.

Ovelia: What do you mean to do with me? I am not Ovelia! There can be no value in holding me. No value even in my living.

[She puts her head in her hands and sobs.]

Delita: You're right. You are not the Princess Ovelia. We do not even know your rightful name. Whether even you be highborn, or low.

[Ovelia raises her head. The camera focuses on her shadow as she stands up and

walks along the walls of the Orbonne Monastery.]

Ovelia: I had often wondered. Of the royal family, why must I alone be confined to a remote monastery, so far removed from the seat of our Crown? Even this I thought a burden light enough, if it meant the kingdom would know peace.

[She stands looking off into the distance as a number of birds fly across the sky.]

I played my part, yet still Ivalice runs red with blood. All this suffering and solitude. For what?

[The scene returns to Zeltennia where Delita walks past Ovelia and stares into a fountain.]

Delita: It has been the same for me. I was given the wardrobe of a nobleman, and so I played the part. A puppet, ever dancing for the amusement of patrons unseen. This wretched world does not reward endeavor. It is the patron and his troupe who are receipt - maggots grown fat on endeavor's corpse. Most men but play the part they're given. Most live and die not knowing they play a part at all. But I am past all that now. I am their unwitting puppet no more. No more...I will exact from them the price of their gluttonous feast!

[Delita's raised voice sends a flock of birds flying off the wall.]

Ovelia: And just what is it you plan to do to them?

Delita (turning to Ovelia): I will burn down this kingdom, and from its ashes build for you a new one - a kingdom worthy of you. I will show you a world where your light will outshine the sun! A world that will know no darkness.

[He kneels and sets his hand on Ovelia's shoulder.]

And you will have no more need of tears.

Ovelia (placing her hand on his): Such a world...is it possible?

Delita: I will not fail you in this.

[The screen goes black.]

Delita: On Tietra's soul, I swear to you.

[Ovelia removes Delita's hand and embraces him. Initially Delita appears shocked, but accepts and returns the embrace.]

Dry your tears.

[The camera pans away.]

Zeklaus Desert - Stampede

|We chanced upon a young man being attacked by a group of monsters in the |
|Zeklaus Deset. Just as they surrounded him, we came to his rescue. |

[Ramza passes through the Zeklaus Desert. Intense music plays as a young man runs through a canyon with a pack of Behemoths on his tail. He is wearing a

wardrobe of a foreign nature, with a red beret and a noticeable four-leaf clover on his armor. Ramza walks along a cliff as he spots the boy below.]

Ramza: He'll never be able to outrun them!

[He scales down the cliffs. The young man, Luso, is cornered by one of the Behemoths. Sword in hand, he decides to face his pursuer.]

Luso: If it's dinner you're after, I'll feed you a length of iron.

[The Behemoths respond in kind with a mighty roar.]

Have it your way then.

[A Behemoth charges against the wall, smashing head first as Luso manages a quick jump out of the way. He dashes between the beasts yet still is forced to fight. One Behemoth awaits as Luso keeps his stride.]

Let's see how you swallow this!

[He stages a daring feat as he lunges to the top of the beast. He brings down his sword with a mighty blow...only to have it shatter atop the head of the beast. Luso is stunned as the Behemoth shakes him off. He is sent flying and lands abruptly against a ridged wall, slightly injured. Luso remains in his position when the Behemoth begins his assault. Suddenly, a blade careens through the air and halts the monster's charge. Both the man and the beast look in bewilderment at the figure of Ramza in the distance.]

Zeklaus Desert - The Hunter

|The young man we saved was a game hunter by the name of Luso. He decided to |
|accompany us until he could be reunited with his fellow hunters. |

[After the battle to save Luso.]

Luso: Thanks, I owe you one. If you hadn't come along, I'd be making the rounds through that thing's innards. The name's Luso. I'm a game hunter, if you'll believe it. And you?

Ramza: I am Ramza. Are you not rather young to be a hunter?

Luso: Well, times are tough. It's a good life, though, all in all. Sure, I run into a little trouble every now and again, but so far so good!

Ramza: You travel alone?

Luso (lowers his head): I didn't used to. I sort of...got separated from my friends. I've been searching for them as I travel, but...no such luck. I don't suppose I could travel with you for a while? I mean, it's fine if you don't want me along.

Ramza: By all means!

Luso: Great! Then it's set!

[Luso takes out a small journal and begins taking notes.]

Ramza: Is that a journal?

Luso: A travelogue of sorts. I keep a record of everything that happens on my journeys.

Ramza: Planning to become a writer someday?

Luso: Heh. Something like that.

[He continues to write, then puts his journal away.]

Luso: Shall we be on our way, then? This desert sun is roasting me. I'd hate to escape the dinner plate only to end up back on it as jerky.

Ramza: Ha! No, that would not do, would it? Let us be on our way.

[The two depart and Luso joins the party.]

Grogh Heights - The Thunder God's Son

|Orran and I crossed paths once again in the rain-sodden Grogh Heights. I |
|discovered that he was adopted son of Count Orlandeau, lord commander of the |
|Order of the Southern Sky. Orran, too, was aware of the High Confessor's |
|search for the Stones, and his scheme to foment discontent on both sides of |
|the conflict. |

[Ramza is met with a group of deserters from the Southern Sky.]

Deserter: Pursued even yet, when we are fled so far? Have the gods no mercy?

Ramza: Is that a scouting party from the Order of the Southern Sky?

Deserter: We're through fighting! You will not force us to return! We're going home! Better to live in the streets than to die in them! We've had our fill of blood and death!

Ramza: We do not pursue you! Pray heed my words! It is not our wish to fight!

Deserter: Aye, that much I'll believe. Better to strike us down cleanly when our backs are turned! Do not think us so green as to fall for your tricks! We've seen our share of those as well!

Chemist: That man...Does he not have the look of the one on the handbill?

Deserter: What of it?

Chemist: It's him - the heretic! I'm certain of it! If we returned with him, might they not pardon our desertion?

Deserter: You'd return to camp?

Chemist: Consider it! The capture of a heretic is near as grand a feat as the capture of an enemy commander! If we delivered them his head, do you not think they would reward us with leave to return home?

Deserter: The men who captured that general -were- dismissed honorably...

Chemist: If we are to return to our homes, let us do so with our heads held high! Were we to return now, it would be to a life of skulking in the shadows.

Deserter: You speak true. Let us return with him! Or at least with his head. It's not long for those shoulders anyway. He is a heretic, after all! Come, let this be our final battle! Our freedom is bought with this godless man's blood!

[Ramza is forced to fight desperate men who would gladly see him dead.]

Ramza: I understand the need to hold one's own life dear. But to hold it so far above all others...

[Ramza stands at the top of the hill after the battle.]

Father...What would you have done?

[He hears someone coming and turns to the bottom of the hill.]

Is that...?

[Orran comes riding a chocobo, four knights flanking him.]

Orran: We meet again.

[He rides up to Ramza.]

Ramza: I see the Black Lion sits upon your breast. You are of the Order of the Southern Sky, then?

Orran: I am. And it would seem we have you to thank for dealing with our deserters. Ha! I must admit, I'd never thought I'd see the day a Beoulve lent his aid to -our- order!

Ramza (lowering his head): The fight was not of my choosing.

Orran: I know. You do not wish to shed blood, but it cannot always be avoided. We're no different. Do you think we hunt these men down out of enmity? Craven they may be, but they've not wronged us.

Ramza: You knew who I was all along, didn't you?

Orran: I did. I'd seen your name and face upon a bill. Inexpiable heresy, was it not? My mind reels at the thought of what you must have done!

Ramza: Have you a mind to turn me in?

Orran: Why would I do that? Our orders are to capture deserters. They say nothing of heretics already hunted mercilessly by their own. If I were one of those, I think I'd get moving before the lions at my heels thought to feast upon me as well.

[Ramza takes a step back and turns to Orran.]

Why do you still fight?

Orran: So long as your brothers point their swords at our throats, we must.

Ramza: If the White Lion lowered his claws, the Black would follow suit?

Orran: No, I do not think it like he would.

Ramza: Could you deliver a message to Count Orlandeau, if you should chance to meet him? There are men behind the curtain who goad the dukes for their own gain. We are all but puppets, dancing as they pull our strings. It is those men we ought be fighting.

Orran: I can deliver the message. But why to the count?

Ramza: My father once told me Count Orlandeau was the only man he could truly call friend.

Orran: I am the count's adopted son. I will tell him what you've told me.

Ramza: Then you believe me?

Orran: I do not know the reason these men seek the Zodiac Stones. If it is for the benefit of the people, I see no reason to raise protest. But if they seek to use the legend for their own gain, I can assure you my stepfather will not sit idly by. It was not for quiet complacence he was given the name "Thunder God."

Ramza: You know of the High Confessor's plot?

Orran: Of it, yes. But we have no hard evidence. Our spies are working tirelessly, but I suspect you know more than they.

Ramza: If you did have evidence of the plot, would you then be willing to lay down your swords?

Orran: Such evidence exists?

Ramza: The Scriptures - no, it matters not. I simply wish to know.

Orran: Whether or not it would the end of this conflict, I cannot say. But my father, for one, would surely sheathe his blade.

Southern Sky Knight (from afar): Lord Orran! We must press onward!

Orran (turning): Very well. Let us resume our march! Farewell, Ramza. See that you keep your head about your shoulders.

[He rides back to his knights.]

Never think yourself without allies! You -do- have friends - friends who would gladly lay down their lives fighting beside you! And I count myself among them!

[Orran and his men ride off.]

Ramza: Thank you, Orran.

The Walled City of Yardrow - The Sister

[Ramza happens upon a sibling quarrel taking a turn for the worse. The man is the same Ramza ran into in Dorter, and the woman wears the same foreign attire.]

Mage: Are you blind to the treason of your words, Rapha!?

Rapha: Me? It is you who cannot see! He uses us, Marach! We are instruments of murder to him, naught more! To stay would be to live out our days as the grand duke's cat's-paws, killing so he might keep his own hands clean! Come, let us run away together while we yet can!

Marach: Have you forgotten who it was who saved us when we had lost our parents to the war? Grand Duke Barrington opened his heart and home to the both of us. You would repay that kindness now with treachery? We owe him a debt of allegiance. We'd have died a beggar's death were it not for him!

Rapha (shaking her head): Feed us he did, Marach, but we were supped on lies! I know the truth of it now. It was the grand duke himself who set fire to our village, his hand hidden by the smoke of war! And do you know why - why he killed everyone we ever knew? It was for our gifts! You and I possess power, and power is all he craves. He burnt down our entire village that he might claim the sacred power of our mantras for his own! Opened his heart, you say? The man is not possessed of one! It is -you- who need open your -eyes-, Marach!

[Marach runs up to his sister and slaps her across the face.]

Marach: I'll not abide your ill-mannered tongue!

Rapha: You know, don't you? You know of the...the thing he did to me. You are my brother, you know of this, and even yet you-

Marach: Speak not another word! You stir a rage in me, Rapha. I am your brother and your elder, and I will not have you question me!

[A guard from Riovanes walks up to Marach.]

Ninja: There you are, Marach. The heretic Ramza draws nigh.

Marach: I am well aware, and long since made prepared.

Rapha: Marach...

[They hear the sound of Ramza and his group walking up to the city. Rapha uses this chance to flee from her brother.]

Ninja: That's him!

Marach: Rapha-!

Rapha (to Ramza): Pray lend me your aid!

[Ramza is tasked with protecting this woman. Only moments after the battle begins does he recognize Marach.]

Ramza: You're the man from Dorter! Did you not say you'd await my coming at Riovanes!

Marach: I did but deliver the grand duke's message as asked. I do not need the templarate's swords to slay some petty knight apprentice!

[Further into the battle, Marach's soldiers become confused.]

Ninja: What is the meaning of this, Marach? Has Rapha betrayed us?

Marach: Pay my sister no heed! I will put an end to her defiance! The only slaying you need concern yourself with is Ramza's! Leave Rapha to me.

Ninja: But how will you explain her death to Grand Duke Barrington?

Marach: Did I not just tell you that is none of your concern? Breathe word of any of this to the grand duke, and that breath will be your last!

Ramza: This girl is his sister? He would kill his own kin!?

[Marach is wounded in the battle.]

Marach: Damn it! Do the gods favor a heretic over me?

[He teleports away and the rest of the enemies are defeated.]

Ramza: Are you all right?

Rapha: Y-yes, I'm fine. Thank you. I-

Ramza: We will not be save here should they return. Let us find a quiet place to hide!

The Walled City of Yardrow - Rapha

|After rescuing a young girl named Rapha in Yardrow, I was told of Grand Duke |
|Barrington, liege lord of Fovoham, and his sinister plot to use the chaos of |
|war to obtain the throne of Ivalice for himself. The girl's brother Marach, |
|however, remained loyal to the grand duke, and threatened to take Alma's life|
|unless we both went to Riovanes. |

[After the battle, Ramza and Rapha take a respite in an abandoned home.]

Rapha: Grand Duke Barrington has eyes for one thing: the throne of Ivalice. They call him King already - King of the Forge. He fashions ever more and stronger arms, and trains mages enough for all the realm.

Ramza: His actions are guided from the shadows. There are others - men who promise to eliminate the dukes Larg and Goltanna, and dub the grand duke regent.

Rapha: And you fight these men, when fighting them means you must be labeled a heretic? Why would you do such a thing? No, that is a silly question. I know the answer. But surely you must realize your efforts will earn you no thanks.

Ramza: I do not fight for gratitude. I am a Beoulve. I fight for the honor of my name.

Rapha: I'd not believe that for a moment. You strike me not as the sort of man to fight for things so trite. No, you see evil and injustice before you eyes and cannot turn away. You do not even think to seek reward.

Ramza (shaking his head): You mistake me for a better man. But we have spoken enough of me. What will you do now? I must make for Riovanes. They hold my sister there. What of you, now that you've escaped?

Rapha: I cannot leave. Not without my brother.

Ramza: There's a quarrel between the two of you, is there not?

Rapha: He refuses to accept the truth. We were orphaned in the war, you see. We lost our parents, our home - all but our lives. The memories haunt me even now. Climbing mounds of rubble in search of any scrap of food, the air ever thick with death's foul stench...That was the life from which the grand duke spared us. At the time, I thought it sure the gods had sent him.

Ramza: You were not alone. He erected a great many orphanages in the war's wake. It was a noble gesture of less than noble intent. He wanted assassins. The orphanages gave him a pool of willing young minds, allowing him to select the very best to groom and train. He must have seen some promise in you and your brother.

Rapha: We Galthenas are the keepers of a sacred art, passed down through the generations. My brother and I are conduits, I of the heavens and he of the nether. We channel their power through mantra. Grand Duke Barrington desired that power for his own. When our elder refused him, the grand duke put our entire village to the torch. All is grist that comes to that man's mill. If there is a thing he cannot have, he thinks it better that it not exist at all. To imagine the joy he must have felt when he discovered the two of us among the other orphans - it turns my stomach.

Ramza: So when you learned of all this, you tried to flee...

Rapha: My brother and I loved the man as though he were our father. But even that did not stop him from...from-!

Ramza: For a man of his high station to so prey upon the weak - it is not meet.

Marach's Voice: I would have thought you fled farther.

[A small silhouette appears. Ramza stands and turns, as does Rapha.]

Rapha: Marach!

[A frog bounces forward. Marach is using the creature as a mediator.]

Marach's Voice: Heed my words, heretic! Spare no haste on your way to Riovanes! Tarry here, and you next meet your sister in the afterlife!

Ramza: Harm a hair on her head, and I'll have you there for company!

Marach's Voice: Rapha! You will accompany Ramza. Run, and the death of his sister hangs on your shoulders.

Rapha: You play a craven game, Marach! This has naught to do with them!

Marach's Voice: I play no -game-! I trust you know what awaits should you try my patience any longer!

[The frog explodes as Marach's final message is given.]

Rapha: Come, Ramza. Let us make for Riovanes.

Ramza: Forgive me, I did not mean to draw you into this.

Rapha: You didn't. This madness is none of your doing.

Zeltennia Castle - Ovelia in Danger

[Meanwhile, Ovelia sits and prays.]

Ovelia: O Father, grant unto us, your children of Ivalice, salvation. Allow not this war to consume our realm, but set us swiftly on the proper course, that we might know true peace.

[Delita appears.]

Delita: I thought I might find you here again.

[Ovelia rises and Delita walks towards her.]

This night carries with it a chill wind. You'd best return to your chambers before the sun-

[Suddenly he rushes to stand before Ovelia. An arrow flies in their direction, and he promptly deflects it. He falls to the ground.]

Ovelia: Delita!

Delita: I am all right. It only grazed me. Run. Quickly! Pawns of Larg, are you not, sent by Lord Dycedarg? They must be grown rife with fear, to employ such open measures.

[Two assassins reveal themselves.]

Assassin: Hmph. Our quarry is well-guarded. Strike down her shield as well.

Ninja: As you will.

Delita: I bear you naught save pity, but my hand is forced. I will take your lives.

[The assassins advance upon Delita. He manages to defeat the both of them.]

Ovelia: Thank you, Delita. Are you hurt?

Delita: It's no cause for concern. You are quite the troublesome princess, aren't you?

Ovelia: I'm sorry, I did not mean to-

Delita: I'm glad you're safe.

Ovelia: Delita...

Yuguewood - Undead Encounter

[Rapha and Ramza pass through the haunted wood on their way to Riovanes. They are accosted by a number of undead fiends.]

Rapha: Those who fell in the Fifty Years' War still linger in the wood. You will find no release here! Return with your remorse to the land of the dead!

[They put the undead to rest.]

Ramza: Let us put some distance between us and this haunted wood.

Riovanes Castle - The Grand Duke's Ambitions

|Grand Duke Barrington had invited knights of the templarate to Riovanes in |
|hopes of striking a deal with them. The grand duke had seized the Taurus and |
|Scorpio Stones from Ser Isilud, and was attempting to use them - along with |
|his knowledge of the location of the Scriptures of Germonique - to acquire |
|the full backing of the Church. However, Lord Folmarv refused to comply, |
|angered by the grand duke's presumption. |

[Inside Riovanes Castle, Duke Barrington and a few of his men greet Folmarv and Wiegraf.]

Barrington: Ah, a warmest welcome to you both. I do hope you've found my halls to your pleasure. They may lack the grandeur of Lesalia's, but I find they make up for it in other ways. Castles built as seats of governance are so dreadfully plain. Would you not agree? There is such greater beauty in a fortress built for war. Ivalice herself would seem to be in agreement. Ever has she been ruled by men with power. Some might take this latest upheaval as a sign that the Crown - in its austere seat - has lost the strength to keep her under rein.

Folmarv: Your summons spoke of matters more pressing than the style of Lesalia's keep.

Barrington (rising): Must everyone be in such haste?

[He steps away from the table and his guests.]

Very well, I shall ask you outright. Will you not join your strength with mine?

Folmarv: I am afraid your meaning escapes me, Your Grace.

Barrington: As I said a moment ago, it is -power- that rules Ivalice. Who do you think now holds power? Duke Larg, and the Order of the Northern Sky? Duke Goltanna, mayhap, with the Southern Sky's swords at his beck and call? No, I can assure you it is not they. The ones who hold true power are the ones who hold the Zodiac Stones - the Knights Templar.

Folmarv: You think us the greatest power in Ivalice?

Barrington: The Stones are said to possess a phenomenal magick. If legend is to be believed, they were responsible for the cataclysm that laid waste to Mullonde in bygone days.

Folmarv (chuckling): Ah ha ha! Oh, forgive me. I forget myself. It's just - I would never have expected a man like yourself to believe in such utter fantasy.

Barrington: You mean to tell me that you do not? Curious. I had heard that the cardinal's death was somehow connected to the Stones.

Folmarv: Truly? As I had it, the cardinal had taken ill.

Barrington: Is that so? Might I ask, then, the reason you seek that young Beoulve? I can only imagine what he must have done to earn the label of heretic.

Folmarv: The inquisitors do not share with us the reasons for their decisions.

Barrington: So, you know nothing at all. How terribly convenient! Still, I wonder if there could not be some detail you are simply forgetting. Marach!

[Isilud walks in, led by Marach.]

Isilud: Father...F-forgive me.

Folmarv: Hmph. Your meaning becomes clearer.

Barrington: I've taken Scorpio and Taurus for safekeeping.

Folmarv: You worthless fool of a son!

[Folmarv slaps his son, sending him to the ground. One of Barrington's guards enters.]

Riovanesian Guard: Pardon my intrusion, Your Grace, but your long-awaited guests are at our gate.

Barrington: Marach, would you kindly see to them?

[Both the guard and March exit. Isilud stands back up.]

Folmarv: What is it you wish, Barrington?

Barrington (sits back down): Cooperation. I said as much a few moments ago. It would be a mutually beneficial arrangement, I assure you.

Folmarv: And if we were to refuse?

Barrington: Then I suppose I'd be forced to unmask the Church's plot for what it is.

Folmarv: Stones alone prove naught.

Barrington: In that you are correct, ser. But it would be hard to say the same of the Scriptures of Germonique. I dare contend they might generate something more of a stir. Duke Larg, Duke Goltanna - even the Council is like to raise an eye at those.

Folmarv: Where are they?

Barrington: Oh, who could say? You of all people must know how easily such details can elude the mind's grasp.

Folmarv: Wiegraf, see to the mage who left a moment ago. I shall attend to matters here.

[Wiegraf leaves as the duke stands.]

Barrington: Do not think to threaten me! This is a battle you cannot hope to win.

Folmarv: No, it is one we cannot hope to lose. Who is there to oppose us, save you feeble-bodied humans?

Isilud: Father...?

[Thunder crashes.]

Folmarv: You misjudge the strength of your enemy, Grand Duke Barrington. There will be no sport in killing you.

Barrington: You would raise arms against your host under his own roof?

[Guards enter the room and prepare to draw weapons. Folmarv simply bows his head.]

Folmarv: The hospitality of your hall grows cold. I fear I shall have to take my leave, once I've shown you the power of the Stones!

[A gold light shines in the center of the man, and we hear a man's scream just as the camera pans up.]

[Meanwhile, Ramza and Rapha are met at the gate of Riovanes by Marach.]

Rapha: Please, Marach, heed my words! We can leave this place together!

Marach: Death is the price for disloyalty. You know this as well as I. The grand duke sees all debts paid in kind. Turncloaks are set upon by their once friends, hunted relentlessly until the end. To flee this day is to live your rest in fear, ever wondering when the knife will find its mark. Such is not a life I choose to lead. If we but finish this one last task for him, the grand duke will release us both from his service. He swore as much to me!

Rapha: Swore it on what? His -honor-? Do not tell me you believed him! The man's words are honeyed poison. I'd sooner deal with a devil. They make not such effort to conceal their lies!

Marach: The grand duke would not lie to me! We need only kill that man and take the Scriptures from his corpse, and then our chains are cut!

[Ramza is once again caught in a quarrel between the siblings.]

Ramza: What have you done with Alma?

Marach: You fear for the life of your sweet sister, Ramza? Hand over the Scriptures of Germonique, and you both may yet live.

Rapha: His words are false, Ramza! Do not be taken by them! He will tell you whatever you wish to hear, and kill you both when he has what he desires! Surrender the Scriptures, and you forfeit your only leverage. So long as you hold that book, your sister's life is guaranteed!

[Rapha and Marach injure each other during the battle.]

Rapha: What you say is true, Marach. There is no point in simply running. These chains that bind us must be cut by our own hands!

Marach: Rapha, wait! Do not be foolish!

[The two teleport and the battle is promptly finished. The gates of Riovanes opens slowly and an injured guard is making his way out.]

Guard: Claws...and fangs...Gods have mercy...

[Lightning flashes.]

Ramza: Pray let them be safe. Alma...and Rapha, too.

Riovanes Castle - Alma's Escape

|Alma sat alone in the dungeon of Riovanes Castle, no doubt wondering when I |
|would come to rescue her. The dungeon's eerie quiet was shattered suddenly by|
|a shriek of pain. Alma staggered backwards as a Riovanesian knight fell |
|before her and, after a few fearful words, breathed his last. Alma prayed for|
|his soul's repose and then padded cautiously through the open door. |

[In the dungeon inside Riovanes, Alma catches wind of something strange happening outside.]

Alma (thinking to herself): Ramza...

[She hears a deathly scream.]

Alma: What is happening!?

[The sound of swords fighting, bodies falling and soldiers dying fills Alma's ears. A wounded knight enters the cell and collapses just as Alma's feet.]

Those wounds are terrible! What...what did this to you?

Riovanesian Guard: A beast...beast with - oh gods, my limbs grow cold!

Alma: Be strong, ser!

Guard: B-begone...from here, my lady. There is...only death here...

[He dies. Alma covers her mouth with her hands. She hears more fighting and rushes out of her cell.]

[In another part of the castle, Ramza walks along a hallway littered with dead guards. Wiegraf is standing at the end, his back to Ramza.]

Ramza: By the gods...

Wiegraf (turning): So, you've come.

[He takes a step forward.]

Draw your sword, Ramza.

[They simply stare at each other.]

Not in the mood? I hope you will not object to me drawing mine.

Ramza: I pity you, Wiegraf. More than you can know...What must Milleuda think, to see you now? You would sell your soul to the Lucavi to slake your thirst for revenge.

Wiegraf: Revenge? You think that is what drives me? I have no such petty concerns. I do not fight to avenge Milleuda's death. I sow the seeds of chaos in the world of men, and reap the anguished cries of the weak. But worry not, Ramza. Yours is a special case. I shall kill -you- myself!

[Ramza and Wiegraf duel alone.]

Ramza: Auracite is the work of demons, not gods - the Zodiac Braves, their unholy knights. Heroes of a false legend!

Wiegraf: *chuckle* All such tales of gods and their miracles are false. Those who would lead prefer that history suit their needs, and rewrite it to see that it does. And why shouldn't they? The fault lies not with them. The reeking masses yearn for gods and miracles. It is their opiate, and they consume it greedily. The people do not endeavor towards greatness, but rather mire themselves in their petty strifes - shackles on the feet of man. Their leaders give them no more than that for which they clamor. It is history's oldest and most oft-repeated tale. Do men exploit this weakness to dominate their fellows? Mayhap they do. But they succeed only because the people are eager to know such dominion. Gods are only illusions born of man's fear. It is they who see this charade for what it is and join in the pageantry who are to blame.

Ramza: And you? You did not conquer your fear. You turned to the auracite to find your miracle.

Wiegraf: It is -because- I am weak, -because- I fear, that I turn to the gods. Can you claim to be free of weakness and fear?

Ramza: No, but I endeavor to be so!

Wiegraf: Your endeavors are soon ended!

[Ramza strikes him with all of his might.]

Wiegraf: You are...stronger than I had thought...

[He teleports away.]

Ramza: You cannot run, Wiegraf! Show yourself!

[Wiegraf teleports back to the top of the staircase.]

Wiegraf: This has gone on long enough.

[A blue light fills him and he transforms once again into the Belias, the Gigas.]

Belias: I am come.

[Ramza's companions join him.]

You fight alone no more? Then nor shall I. Here join me, followers loyal and true.

[He releases a howl and three demons join his side.]

The battle is now joined, Ramza Beoulve! Behold for true fell pow'r of the Dark!

[Ramza is once again pitted against a creature of the netherworld. He finishes the Lucavi and Belias falls.]

Unnnhaahhh! Brought down by hand of mortal man!

[He lurches back to scream as a blue light fills him and disintegrates him. He

leaves the Stone behind and nothing else. Ramza does not mourn Wiegraf's loss.]

Ramza: Alma!

Riovanes Castle - Tragedy's Mark

|In shock from the horror of the events that had unfolded, Alma discovered |
|Knight Templar Isilud in the grand duke's parlor. He entrusted her with the |
|Pisces Stone before falling into an eternal sleep. Lord Folmarv then |
|appeared, but as he approached Alma, the Virgo Stone began to shine |
|brightly. Intrigued, he took the struggling Alma away with him. |

[In the banquet where Barrington had previously met with the Knights Templar,
Alma finds a number of murdered men. One of them, Isilud, is just barely alive.
He is bloodied and calls out.]

Isilud: Ungh...ahhh...

[Alma rushes to him.]

Alma: You're going to be all right.

Isilud: My...my sword. Where is...my sword? I must stop him. Stop -it-...Won't
you fetch...a taper, to kindle some light? It is so dark here...

Alma: It's all right. You needn't fight any longer. Rest yourself.

Isilud: Your brother...tell him for me. The auracite...a foul work. Evil...My
father...nay, that was no longer...my father. Transformed by the auracite. One
of the Lucavi! *cough*

Alma: You should not speak.

Isilud: Ramza was right...It must be stopped. It could destroy...all of
Ivalice. Such power...You must tell them. Tell them all. They must cease their
fighting. Together they must face a...greater threat. Where is my sword? My arm
does not heed me...

Alma: Be still now. I saw...its body in the hall. My brother slew it. It is
done.

Isilud: It is dead? Slain? Then I might rest...In my doublet. There is a piece
of auracite. You must give it to your...your brother for me.

[Alma reaches inside and retrieves the stone. It sparkles in her hand.]

Alma: I will.

Isilud: Thank you. My eyes are weary...heavy with sleep. Let me rest them
for...for a little while...

[He lowers his head and dies.]

Man's Voice: Whose voice is that?

[Folmarv walks in and notices Alma.]

Folmarv: Ah, so here you are. I shall speed you to join the others.

[He walks towards Alma, just as she backs away.]

You needn't fear. Your death shall be quick.

[He takes another step and stops abruptly. He glances upwards.]

Belias? They've defeated him. Your brother is ill luck for us. Come, we're leaving.

[As he grabs for Alma the Zodiac Stone Folmarv possesses gleans.]

What's this? Virgo stirs. You? Could it really be?

[He grabs Alma.]

Mayhap our luck turns! I should not have thought to find our quarry here! I had feared we might search another century or more and still not find you!

Alma (shaking violently): What are you talking about? Release me!

Folmarv: Do not worry, your life is safe. Now, come!

[Folmarv punches Alma and throw her over his shoulder. He teleports away. Alma drops the Zodiac Stone next to Isilud's corpse.]

[On the rooftop of Riovanes Castle, Rapha stands face to face with Grand Duke Barrington.]

Barrington: After all I've done for you, you now repay me with betrayal? You owe me your life, you ungrateful wretch! You would not stand here today were it not for me! Did you prefer digging through sordid heaps of rubble? Or have you already forgotten that?

Rapha: Oh, I recall that quite clearly. It was after you burnt our villag, was it not? Shortly after you murdered my mother and father and everybody else! It is not with -betrayal- I repay your deeds! It is with -vengeance-!

[She pulls a blade out and advances upon the grand duke. He in turn draws a pistol and points it at Rapha.]

Barrington: Vengeance? You truly believe that you are capable of exacting vengeance on me? I am your father, Rapha - the man who raised you from a girl! You cannot kill your own father. Though you are welcome to try!

[Rapha hesitates.]

chuckle You cannot do it. Do you know why? The flesh remembers, Rapha. It remembers fear, cold and trembling. But it will not always be so. In time, your fear will blossom into another flower - and I shall have that one as well.

Marach (from afar): It's true, isn't it?

[Marach joins the two on the roof.]

You meant the words you spoke just now!

Barrington: You turn on me as well, Marach? You truly are an ungrateful lot.

Rapha: I'll kill him, I will!

Marach: Rapha, no!

[Just as Barrington fires off a bullet aimed for Rapha, Marach rushes in to take the hit. He pushes his sister out of the way and falls dead.]

Rapha: Marach!

[She checks his vitals.]

Speak to me, Marach! Oh, Father, no!

[Ramza, upon hearing noises on the roof, makes his way up.]

Ramza: Rapha! Marach!

Barrington: You must be Ramza. Move no further! If you wish to help your brother, Rapha, bring me the auracite he carries. It should be on his person. Check his robes.

[She does so and pulls out the Stone. Behind the grand duke we see a mysterious female walking coolly up to him.]

Yes, that is it! Bring it to me! Quickly now! I grow impatient!

[He turns in surprise at the woman, just before she grabs his collar and lifts him high in the air.]

Urg!

[With ease she throws him off the back side of the roof. She is then joined by another unknown female and the marquis Elmdore.]

Elmdore (to Rapha): I wonder if you would not relinquish it to me instead.

Ramza: Marquis Elmdore? I thought you-

[Rapha pockets the Stone and the marquis steps closer to her.]

Elmdore: No, dear. This is not a game of hide-the-Stone. Bring it here.

[A chill wind blows.]

Ramza: Guard yourself, Rapha! Those are no humans!

Elmdore: You must be the heretic, Ramza. I suppose I owe you my thanks. Forgive me for not expressing my gratitude sooner. I would have you know I am not a violent man like Folmarv. Will you not yield the Stone of your own accord? I do so hate to see blood spilt needlessly. Spare me the struggle, and I shall be glad to ask Folmarv to return your young sister.

Ramza: What have you done with here!?

Elmdore: Mayhap I did not make myself clear. I would have the Stone, if you would speak more of that.

Ramza (to Rapha): I cannot let worry sway me. It must not go to him.

Elmdore: An adoring brother you must be, to trade your sister for a stone!

After all you've faced in coming here, you leave her to her fate?

Ramza: I have no words for you.

Elmdore: Indeed, it seems the time for words is past. Celia, Lettie! The girl carries the auracite. Take it from her corpse.

[Ramza fights atop Riovanes to protect Rapha and himself from the reincarnated marquis and his two assassins. Together they manage to send them into retreat.]

So...this is the strength that felled the Gigas - and Cúchulainn as well. Celia! Lettie! Come, this night is lost. If you wish to claim the auracite I hold, Ramza, you had best make your way to Limberry. I shall await your coming there with bated breath.

[The three disappear, leaving Ramza, Rapha, and fallen Marach.]

Rapha: Oh, Marach...

Riovanes Castle - A Different Power

|Marach had taken Grand Duke Barrington's bullet to save his sister's life. |
|As a tearful Rapha cradled his body, the Scorpio Stone upon her chest began |
|to glow. At this, I recalled the horrible episode of transmigration with |
|Wiegraf, and a dreadful feeling consumed my thoughts - that a Lucavi might |
|appear at any moment. But no demon was summoned by the Stone's light. |
|Instead, Marach's soul was restored to him. |

[After the fight, Rapha stands vigilantly beside her brother's corpse. Ramza looks on.]

Rapha: Look, Marach! A new dawn is risen! Can...can you see it? So often we sat together talking, waiting for the coming of the first light. We'd talk of the journeys we wanted to make together, wouldn't we? How when the war ended, we would go back and visit our old village. You remember, Marach, don't you? Don't you? Tell me you do! Tell...tell me you'll still go!

[She buries her head in his arms. Ramza turns.]

Ramza (thinking): Wait for me, Alma.

[The Zodiac Stone Rapha possesses begins to give off a faint cry.]

Rapha: What's this?

Ramza: The auracite cries with here. It resonates with the grief in her heart. Wiegraf's heart was full of sorrow as well...and despair. And those feelings summoned forth-!

Rapha (looking at the stone): You grieve for him as well? Thank you.

Ramza (holding out an arm): No, Rapha! You must not listen to that voice!

[A red light surrounds Rapha and a crimson pillar descends upon Marach. He has been given restored life.]

Do my eyes deceive me?

[Rapha backs away in shock as Marach moves more.]

Marach: Uh...uhn...

Rapha: Marach!

Marach: Rapha...? Wh-where are we? Why...why am I here?

[Rapha embraces her brother.]

Rapha: Oh, Marach! Thank the gods, you're alive!

Marach: Ow! Do you mean to suffocate me? Ha ha ha...

Riovanes Castle - A Pure Heart

|I searched desperately for Alma, but she was nowhere to be found at Riovanes. |
|All that remained in the castle's ravaged parlor was the Pisces Stone. Marach |
|remarked that the Stone's power depended on the nature of its user, but as I |
|clasped the Stone tightly in my hands, all I could think of was Alma. The war |
|had begun to take a new direction, and chaos flared throughout Ivalice. |

[Ramza walks one final time through Riovanes Castle in search of his sister. He spies Isilud's body and the Zodiac Stone that his sister had left.]

Marach (voice over): A voice called to me in that land of pure white light, though whose it was I cannot say. "Return," it said to me. "Return to the side of the valiant - the one whose heart beats true."

[Ramza picks up the Stone.]

Ramza: Another Zodiac Stone? But why would it be here?

Ramza (voice over): I'd thought auracite a product not of godly fashion, but an issue of hands far fouler - a gateway of sorts for Lucavi into our world

Marach (voice over): I know not by whose hands it came to be, but I do not think its evil inherent. I believe it is the wielder gives its power shape.

[Ramza inspects the Stone.]

Ramza: I shall save you, Alma. Come what may.

[We see a night sky over Riovanes Castle. Arazlam narrates.]

Arazlam: Frustrations with the stalemate growing, the Order of the Nothern Sky recalled its full force from the war's now expansive front. They marched on Fort Besselat, with plans to turn the tide of the war.

VI. Chapter 4 - In the Name of Love

Riovanes Castle - In the Shadows

|While grasping for clues as to Alma's whereabouts, Marach mentioned the name |
|Lord Folmarv, lord commander of the Knights Templar. It seemed that even High|
|Confessor Marcel and his vile ambitions were being used by him. In order to |
|uncover the truth about Lord Folmarv and his aims, I thought it wise to visit|
|my former friend and confidant Delita in Zeltennia. |

[Ramza, Marach and Rapha stand inside Riovanes Castle. Bodies are still dead on the ground as they discuss the future plans.]

Marach: I have not seen such slaughter. There are corpses at every turn.

Rapha: But your sister was not among them, was she?

Ramza: No, she's not here.

Marach: They had her in the castle, I'm sure of it. They must have taken her elsewhere during the fighting. Three men from the templarate arrived not long after you. Three and no more.

Ramza (nodding): One became a Lucavi. I killed him myself. Another, Isilud, was slain in the melee. This third must have taken Alma.

Marach: No doubt he means to bring her to Mullonde. Mullonde is the seat of the Church's power, and they act in High Confessor Marcel's name. Where else would he go?

Ramza: I wonder. I do not think their High Confessor knows the true power of the Stones. Consider this. Wiegraf did not know their secret until he had struck his bargain with Belias. And by the look of things, Isilud died fighting the Lucavi.

Marach: What are you getting at?

Ramza: By inciting this war, the Church hopes to broaden its power. Clearly this is the High Confessor's ambition. But he only wants the Zodiac Stones for their symbolic power. To sway the minds of the people.

Marach: Do you imply that someone is using the High Confessor's ambition to some other purpose?

[Ramza nods.]

Rapha: This third man in the templarate's party. Who is he?

Marach: I cannot say for sure, but I believe it was Lord Folmarv, commander of the Knights Templar.

Ramza: He is the key.

Marach: What will you do?

Ramza: I travel to Zeltennia. Delita is there, and I must see him.

Marach: He succeeded Baron Grimms in leading the Blackram Knights, did he not?

Ramza: The Church and the Knights Templar manipulate Delita from behind the scenes. With luck, he can shed some light on who this Lord Folmarv is, and what

he wants.

[Both Rapha and Marach join the party.]

Zeltennia Castle - Keeper of the Stone

|Orran welcomed Count Orlandeau back to Zeltennia Castle, whereupon the young |
|astrologer reported to him the peculiar string of events happening throughout|
|Ivalice, all revolving around the Stones. He then spoke candidly of the |
|Church and the Knights Templar, and their suspicious tendencies of late. |
|Count Orlandeau pulled the Libra Stone from his pocket and gazed into it, |
|overcome by foreboding at the battle that must soon come. |

[Thunder God Cidolfus Orlandeau stands at a window. Orran, who we learned is his adoptive son, enters the room.]

Orran: Welcome home, my lord.

Orlandeau (turning): Yes...home. You are well?

[The two meet halfway.]

Orran: I am, thank you. What news of the war?

Orlandeau: None good, as you know well enough. War is a dirty enough affair when you know who your enemies are, but this...ha! Would my good name were our only casualty.

Orran: I should think Duke Goltanna's name in greater peril. They say his other lords bannermen remain here only because you do.

Orlandeau: Leave such foolish talk to fools. When a member of House Orlandeau pledges his lord fealty, he honors that oath, though it cost him his life.

Orran: I'm sorry. I spoke overmuch.

Orlandeau: Words are wind. Now, this errand I set you to. I would hear of it.

Orran: The reports are true, my lord. The crystal discovered beneath Goug, the Stone the late cardinal found in the ruins of Zeltennia-both auracite for true, by all accounts. The Knights Templarate, too, are passing busy, though the object of their labors I cannot say.

Orlandeau: Do our ears in Mullonde hear nothing?

Orran: Hear perhaps, but dead men tell no tales. If only we had some evidence of the High Confessor's plot, we might use it to compel a peace.

[Orlandeau walks back up to the window and pulls out a Zodiac Stone from underneath his cloak.]

Orlandeau: This shall not long remain hidden from their gaze. And then the storm will be upon us.

Dugeura Pass - Southern Sky Troops

[Meanwhile, Ramza and company traverse over steep mountains.]

Southern Sky Guardsman: So long as we draw breath, you will find no passage through these lands.

[The group is victorious and moves on to the Free City of Bervenian, where the enemy awaits him. Their leader is a female Templar, clad all in green.]

The Free City of Bervenian - Meliadoul

Knight Templar: You slew my brother, and I will have satisfaction of you!

Ramza: Your brother? Who are you?

Templar: Do not play games with me! I am Meliadoul Tengille. You killed my brother Isilud at Riovanes! And now you will die! Not by any order of His Holiness. I do this for Isilud!

[Ramza cannot coerce this woman, and fighting begins.]

Ramza: You say Isilud was your brother. But I am not your brother's killer! Do you not know what happened at Riovanes? The murder done there was not done by the hand of any man. An abomination-a Lucavi killed your brother!

Meliadoul: A Lucavi? So the Lucavi again walk among us, killing for their own delight? Ha! A splendid tale! But a lie less fanciful might better persuade.

Ramza: They keep the truth from you as they did your brother. You are puppets, dancing on strings you can or will not see! The Zodiac Stones are much more than holy crystals to be revered. They hold real power, the power to work wonders. A power in itself neither good nor evil, but the purpose your masters would put it to is plain enough. Open your eyes, Meliadoul! Let Folmarv deceive you no longer!

Meliadoul: Do you think to convince me with this prattle? You are a fool indeed! My father would never deceive me so.

Ramza: Lord Folmarv is your father!?

[Meliadoul fights with her last breath, but makes a promise not to perish in this fight.]

Meliadoul: You fight well. Small wonder Wiegraf fell to you. Hear me, Ramza. When next we meet, your blood will soak the earth!

[She teleports away and the battle is won.]

Zeltennia Castle - A Common Chord

|As Delita mourned the loss of his sister Tietra, he heard Ovelia whistling |
|with a blade of grass. They smiled at one another, discovering a most |
|unlikely commonality between them. Delita spoke of his beloved sister's |
|death, and swore to protect Ovelia from a similar fate. |

[Shortly after the battle with Meliadoul, Delita is thinking to himself in a keep, looking out the window.]

Delita (thinking): Tietra...

[He steps closer to the window and his head lowers. He walks out after hearing an odd noise. It is Ovelia, attempting to whistle with a blade of grass, just outside of the castle.]

Delita (off screen): You know that trick, too - making a whistle of a blade of grass?

[He enters and picks up a blade of grass himself.]

Ovelia: A friend taught me, when I was living at the monastery. I can never seem to make it work, though.

Delita: Here - like this.

[Delita whistles with the grass. Ovelia tries and fails. Delita shows her once more and she succeeds this time.]

Ovelia: I did it!

[Delita's pendant flashes and Ovelia notices it.]

Ovelia: What's that?

Delita: Oh, this?

Ovelia: A pendant?

Delita: I keep it as a remembrance of my sister, Tietra. She...she was caught up in this fighting and died.

Ovelia: I'm sorry.

[Delita clenches his fist.]

Delita: She died for the nobility's convenience. They used her and cast her away, and for that I cannot forgive them.

Delita (turning to Ovelia): I shall not let them deal to you the same fate they dealt to her. I will protect you from aught and all who would use you.

Ovelia: Delita...Thank you.

Finnath Creek - Monster Encounter

[Finnath Creek is a terrible trespass for Ramza as he is forced to fight through a horde of monsters.]

Ramza: These waters are deeper than I'd thought. A single misstep could spell disaster.

[He wades through the dangerous waters and arrives at Zeltennia Castle.]

Zeltennia Castle - Delita's Will

|I met Delita at a church in Zeltennia. He informed me of the High Confessor's|
|plan to assassinate both Duke Larg and Duke Goltanna in a bid to give the |
|Church absolute power over the realm. I inquired of Delita's true intentions.|
|It was then that he denied his loyalty to the Church, and expressed his |
|feelings for Ovelia. |

[Ramza is kneeling at a well-lit altar inside the church at Zeltennia. The camera is zoomed out and we see Delita enter. He strides towards Ramza.]

Delita: A heretic at prayer in a church. Passing bold, Ramza.

Ramza (as he raises his head): I shall ask it plain. Why has the High Confessor planted you amongst Goltanna's men.

Delita (still walking): I see no harm in telling you. Duke Goltanna and Count Orlandeau. I am to assassinate them.

[He kneels alongside RAMZA when he reaches the altar. RAMZA raises his head in shock upon hearing this. Delita's face is firm and looking straightforward.]

Groups such as the Corpse Brigade, ill-contented with the Crown and the nobility, are in no short supply. The Church only fans rebellion's flame. The people tire of war, and their disdain for the Crown waxes with each passing day.

[The camera pans up amongst the candles as there is a transition to a faraway battlefield. The sun is bright and the sky is clear as hundreds of men and dozens of flags wave in the distance. We see Fort Besselat as the clouds pass by signifying time passing.]

Delita (the following is spoken during the above mentioned actions): Of course, Goltanna and Larg want to put down the rebellion at home, only they lack the troops to do so. To break the impasse, they seek to bring an end to the conflict for good and all. Even as we speak, their armies mass at Fort Besselat to that purpose.

[The scene returns to the church, where Ramza is intently listening to Delita's words.]

Ramza: Then these months of rebellion and unrest - it all goes as the High Confessor had planned.

Delita: Yes. But it will not end as they have hoped. Larg and Goltanna will be assassinated once the battle begins.

[Another shot of the fort with an orange sky and what looks like the end of a gruesome battle.]

Cut off one head, and two more spring forth, so naturally their closest allies must die with them.

[Back to the church where Delita rises and walks up the altar.]

Count Orlandeau of the Order of the Southern Sky, Zalbaag of the Northern. And of course, Lord Dycedarg. With their leaders gone, the fighting will cease, and they will have no choice but to embrace the peace we offer.

Ramza: A peace? Or surrender on the Church's terms?

Delita: The people will proffer to the Church the role of mediator with hands upraised. What's more, the Church will have the Zodiac Braves.

[Delita focuses on the stained-glass window above the altar.]

One thing yet remains between the Church and the auracite. The heretic, Ramza Beoulve.

Ramza (incredulous): Is that it? You've come to fetch the auracite for your masters?

Delita (banging his fist on the table): I am no hound heeling at the Church's skirts. I answer to no one but myself.

Ramza: Meaning what?

[Ramza is still kneeling at the foot of the altar. Delita is a few steps above Ramza and is standing like a regal figure, basking in the sunlight.]

Delita: Meaning I would not think twice of killing you, Ramza, should the hour come. But not this day. Though our methods be different, our goals are not. As long as they remain so, you are no enemy of mine.

[Delita begins to walk out (in the same camera shot as when he first arrived).]

Ramza: Delita.

[Delita stops. The two speak to each other yet stand back to back.]

Let us fight this together.

Delita: I cannot join you. She needs me - far too much to leave her now.

Ramza (turning his head): The princess?

Delita: Prince or princess, the Church cares not. It craves only power.

[Camera pans up towards the chandelier.]

A puppet state, with the High Confessor at its strings. This is their grand plan for Ivalice.

Ramza (turns to Delita): And you? Do you not use Ovelia to fulfill your own ambitions?

Delita (looking up): I cannot say. I am sure only of this.

[The screen goes black.]

To save her life, I would gladly give my own.

[The scene returns to normal.]

You must think this strange.

Ramza: No, I understand only too well.

[From outside the church Ramza hears a booming voice. It is the voice of Zalmour, and is heard while the camera swings across the inside walls and windows of the church.]

Zalmour (from outside): I address the heretic, Ramza Beoulve! You are besieged! You will surrender yourself up to us at once!

Ramza: I know that voice. Confessor Zalmour!

[Ramza runs out of the church while Delita walks coolly. As Ramza opens the church doors, Delita is engulfed in the ensuing sunlight.]

[Confessor Zalmour stands atop the church's bell tower with a number of Church guards. He notices Delita alongside Ramza.]

Zalmour: The Blackram Knights' Delita Heiral? Yours is an unexpected sight!

Delita: He has seen me. He must not live to tell of it! We must fight them, Ramza!

Ramza: They know nothing of the High Confessor's plot. They serve him blindly. If we explain what has happened, they may well listen.

Delita: Hear your words, Ramza! Reasoning with their ilk is folly, even you must see this. But you have leave to try!

[The fight against Zalmour begins.]

Zalmour: You realize what it is you do? This man is a heretic! You that do abet him shall share his fate! I did not think to find the commander of the Blackram Knights a traitor to our cause!

Delita: My choice is made. If it means I must slay each of you to the man, so be it!

Zalmour: You should tremble with fear to mock the Heavens so! To slay a man of the cloth is to wound this fair land's peace, and turn your back on the natural order the Father has bestowed on us! It is to turn your back on the gods!

Delita: Wound the peace? Ha! You hide behind this peace only as it suits you! You invoke the name of the gods to subjugate the weak. This peace you hail is a vile farce! Men such as you profane the gods to speak their names!

[The battle rages on.]

Ramza: It is not the gods that concern me, but the truth!

Zalmour: Truth, you say? Do you name the charges against you false? Our Holy Office offered you a forum in which to clear your name, to absolve yourself of the charges of murder and theft that dog you. But you discarded this chance like so much night soil. You fled, and in so running proved your guilt! You have been tried and found guilty, Ramza Beoulve! Your only absolution now is in death! The hour of your plea comes too late!

Ramza: Then you force my hand!

[The High Confessor falls.]

Zalmour: Great Father, strike these sinners, that they...may feel your wrath...

Zeltennia Castle - Gears in Motion

|A woman approached Delita and I after we had defeated Confessor Zalmour. Her |
|name was Valmafra, a young mage dispatched by the Church along with Delita. |
|She informed us that the Order of the Northern Sky had begun its advance on |
|Fort Besselat. I immediately started out for Besselat to meet with Count |
|Orlandeau, for this was my only hope of preventing a major clash of the |
|Orders. |

[After the battle, Ramza and Delita stand outside the church at Zeltennia.]

Delita: Where will you go now, Ramza?

Ramza: Two errands brought me to Zeltennia. The first was to meet with you. The second is to speak with Count Orlandeau.

Delita: The Thunder God?

Ramza: I mean to enlist his aid in exposing the Church's intrigues.

Delita: How?

Ramza: I have powerful evidence of the Church's misdeeds.

Delita: The Scriptures of Germonique!

Ramza: I spoke with the count's adopted son, Orran, not long past. He pledged their aid should I bring hard evidence against the Church.

Delita: Orran, eh?

[A woman joins them, blonde in a brown outfit with a blue cape.]

Delita: It's all right. She's with me. Mullonde has provided several others to help me carry out my task. She is but one.

Woman: Help you? I was sent to keep -watch- on you.

Delita (turning): And a fine job you're doing of it. Only she knows our plans in full. I trust no other in Goltanna's army more.

Woman: You're the youngest Beoulve, Ramza, am I right? My name is Valmafra.

Delita: I take it you did not come for idle chat?

Valmafra: The Northern Order moves.

Delita: They make for Besselat?

Valmafra (nods): Count Orlandeau himself has departed for the same only just now. Duke Goltanna is like to join them soon. At the head of your Blackram Knights, no less.

Delita: Then we're too late. The fighting will continue.

Ramza: Do not give up yet. I might still convince the count to avoid this

needless bloodshed.

Delita: Then our paths part once again.

Ramza: Be safe, Delita.

Delita: And you, Ramza.

[Delita steps towards Ramza and the two shake hand. Ramza departs.]

Valmafra: You mean to let him go?

Delita: He acts as I expected he would.

Valmafra: Even your friends are only pieces to be played.

Delita (turning quickly): Mind your words! You know not what you say!

Valmafra (shrugs): Such outbursts ill become a man.

Delita: Haven't you somewhere else to be?

[She leaves.]

Beddha Sandwaste - The Other Templarate

[On the way to Fort Besselat, Ramza confronts Barich, a Machinist. He is dressed in templarate attire and has a long scar running down the side of his face, and is planning something vile.]

Barich: That's the last of it. The winds bear it onward now. And fair winds they are. They should keep it airborne for a half-day if they hold-more than time enough.

[Ramza appears.]

Barich: Now there is a creature I had not thought to find in these wastes!

Ramza: One might say the same of a Knight Templar so far from the Church. What is it you scatter to the wind?

Barich: Oh, that? I suppose there's no harm in your knowing. There's naught you can do to stop it now.

Ramza: Stop what!?

Barich: This.

[Barich pulls out a satchel from his robes and lobs it at Ramza. His entire party is inflicted with Poison status.]

Ramza: Poison!

Barich: Yes. Ground into a fine powder and cast upon the winds toward the Northern Sky. The toxin will not kill the men who breathe it-but it will wither their constitution, rendering them unable to fight.

Ramza: But why? The High Confessor stands to gain naught by handing victory to

Golanna!

Barich: Nor does he think to. The moment Goltanna hears of the Northern Order's plight, he will send his armies against them. With his own stronghold unguarded, Goltanna will be an easy target for assassination, and Count Orlandeau with him. But do not think Duke Larg will escape this scourge-his is the easy death to achieve. Amidst the coming chaos, who could say how Duke Larg might meet his end?

Ramza: You're inhuman!

Barich: You ought rejoice! This will mean an end to war and bloodshed. And with that end, a new beginning. The Church's hand shall rule. Such is the will of the people. They clamor for change-an end to groveling at highborn heels.

Ramza: The war will end, but not like this. There is another way!

Barich: I expected you'd say as much-no matter!

[Barich launches an assault against Ramza.]

Barich: Once you've put a stop to this fighting, what then? How do you propose to purge Ivalice of her corruption? Her fever will not cease to rage till her festered limbs are cut and seared! Even you must see that now!

Ramza: You would cut away the pure flesh with the fould. There is corruption, yes, but there are also good men in Ivalice, and they are not few! There are ways to heal a festered wound without the knife. The poison can be drawn!

Barich: Pray tell what poultice might draw the nobles from this land! So long as you blight it with your existence, we must bow to your whims. A man alone might know equality. Two men, never! One will ever seek to exploit the other. And I will not be exploited! I will claim your seat, and take what is my due. I should think I have at least that right!

Ramza: You think to cure the realm's corruption by becoming part of it? What when another comes to claim your seat? You care not for Ivalice's suffering-you care only for your own!

Barich: Such righteous words! More the greater your hypocrisy!

[Ramza wounds Barich critically.]

Barich: No! I was not...not to die like this...

[He perishes while Ramza looks on towards the Fort.]

Ramza: Gods give us haste.

Fort Besselat - Thunder God in Chains

|Upon his arrival at Fort Besselat, Count Orlandeau was accused of plotting |
|rebellion against Duke Goltanna. Although the count maintained his innocence,|
|the duke, fully unaware of the High Confessor's scheme, ordered him |
|imprisoned. Soon after this surprising turn of events, Delita was dubbed a |
|Knight Devout by Duke Goltanna and made lord commander of the Order of the |
|Southern Sky. |

[The scene shifts to where Count Orlandeau is surrounded by some of Goltanna's knights.]

Orlandeau: I, plotting against the duke? Are you mad?

Southern Sky Knight: Please, my lord. Do not make this harder than it must be. We have our orders.

Orlandeau: Why in the name of all that's good would I wish to unseat my liege lord?

[Goltanna walks in and the knights kneel.]

Goltanna: You ask the very question that vexes me. I am gravely disappointed in you, Cid.

Orlandeau: Surely you cannot mean that, Your Grace! I am no turncloak! I am your most loyal man!

Goltanna (now on the other side of the room): The proof speaks otherwise. It seems you have been in league with members of the Church, working secretly to see me ousted from my rightful seat.

Orlandeau: That is absurd! From what lying blackguard did you hear such reverie!?

Goltanna: Even yet you deny it? My information comes from the High Confessor himself. You can imagine his distress upon learning of the plot.

Orlandeau: Your Grace, the High Confessor deceives you! It is he who schemes in the shadows!

Goltanna: The High Confessor? Now there is an august claim! Have you any evidence of this?

Orlandeau: Twenty and more years of loyal service, and still you require evidence? Words fail me, Your Grace.

Goltanna: As you fail me. I cannot hope to fight a war without your Order's forces. Still, it seems I am left no choice. A lamentable situation for us both. Take him from my sight!

[The knights rise and force Orlandeau out of the room. Delita then enters, along with Valmafra. They both kneel.]

Delita: You summoned, Your Grace?

Goltanna: I want you to maintain your contact with Mullonde. Once the Confessional rescript is in my hands, Larg is as good as defeated.

Delita: Fear not, Your Grace. The High Confessor's mind is most firm on that account.

Goltanna: Hmm. He had seemed somewhat indifferent to me. There is another matter as well. I am placing the Order of the Southern Sky under your leadership. Henceforth, you are a Knight Devout.

Delita: You grant me honor far beyond my due.

Goltanna: I expect I shall not regret it. I place my full and utter confidence in you, Delita-you, and you alone.

Delita: Your Grace.

[Ramza enters Fort Besselat from the South, determined to stop the eventual outbreak of war.]

Southern Sky Knight: Who are you? How did you breach the fortress?

Ramza: We are not of the Northern Sky! We come under white banner to meet with Count Orlandeau. We must see him at once!

Knight: So, the count has visitors! I wager you're the rabble he found to assassinate the duke. You fools! We hold Orlandeau in a cell behind these very walls! Not to worry. There's room enough in the dungeons for you and the count both!

[ALTERNATE: Ramza enters Fort Besselat from the North.]

Southern Sky Archer: I did not know the Northern Sky had men brave enough to mount a frontal assault. Just as well. We'll kill them and be done with it.

[Once more Ramza is forced to fight.]

Ramza: We must act quickly if we are to stop this battle.

Fort Besselat - Duke Larg's Assassination

|The foul poison dispersed by Ser Barich of the Knights Templar brought the |
|Order of the Northern Sky to its knees. Even Lord Dycedarg and Duke Larg |
|succumbed to its vile effects. Zalbaag rushed to their rescue, only to |
|witness Dycedarg stab their duke in cold blood. Zalbaag stood in a state of |
|shock and disbelief as Dycedarg spoke of his ambition that Ivalice be brought |
|under total reign of House Beoulve. |

[On the other side of Fort Besselat, the Order of the Northern Sky has taken a heavy blow. Poisoned bodies are scattered about. Zalbaag arrives too late.]

Zalbaag: What's happened here?

[He looks for survivors and finds a barely conscious female knight.]

You are unwell. What's wrong?

Knight (coughing): It's only my...my head. I'll be...fine.

[She collapses. Dycedarg appears behind his brother.]

Zalbaag: Can you hear me? What ill magick is this?

Dycedarg: They have befouled the air. A poison extracted from mossfungus spores.

[He falls to his knees. Zalbaag rushes to him.]

Zalbaag: Lord Brother!

Dycedarg (holding his head): I will be well. I worry only for the duke. Where is he?

Zalbaag: Would that I knew. My search has yielded naught.

Larg (from above): Zalbaag...Dycedarg. I am here.

[Larg lies in a corner atop a parapet, coughing and ailing. The two Beoulve brothers run to his aid.]

Zalbaag: Excellency, are you harmed? Someone! Summon an apothecary at once!

Dycedarg: How do you feel, Your Excellency?

Larg: My head...it is as though it were split in twain. But I do not think it serious. I just need...some time.

Dycedarg: Most unfortunate.

Larg: What?

[Dycedarg produces a blade and deftly stabs Larg in the chest.]

Larg: Urgh...What...have you done?

Zalbaag: Dycedarg!?

[Dycedarg pushes the blade in deeper.]

Dycedarg: Be silent, Brother!

Larg: You...you've betrayed me? You killed your father to...to gain control of your house. And now you have killed me.

[Dycedarg backs away, panting heavily. Larg falls and dies.]

Zalbaag: Is this poison your work as well?

Dycedarg: No...No. It is a gift to those who would see House Beoulve take center stage.

Zalbaag: Why do this?

Dycedarg: Duke Larg was slain in battle. It is now left to House Beoulve to carry out his wishes.

Zalbaag: This-you go too far.

Dycedarg: This dagger. Place it among the corpses. They were assassins. Sent by the Southern Order. You understand me...yes?

[Dycedarg collapses.]

Zalbaag: Dycedarg!?

[Back on the other side of the Fort, Ramza approaches the floodgates. He hatches a plan.]

Ramza: Of course! The sluice! With the sluice open, the lake's waters will

flood everything downstream. Battle will be impossible.

[He wades through Southern Order troops to open the sluice. He talks briefly to himself.]

There should be a lever at either end of the sluice. Pull both levers, and the sluice will open. Now to reach them without getting killed.

[Ramza reaches the first lever.]

The first lever. Here goes.

[He bends down and manages to pull it free. He turns to the second lever.]

Once the other lever is pulled, the sluice should open!

[He reaches the other lever.]

This should do it!

[He pulls the lever and the water gushes forth, quickly flooding the land.]

Fort Besselat - Freeing the Count

|Opening the floodgates at Fort Besselat prevented a disastrous clash of the |
|Orders. Count Orlandeau, disillusioined by his liege lord's warmongering, |
|decided to accompany us in hopes of putting an end to the High Confessor's |
|ambitions. The count's adopted son Orran returned to Zeltennia to ensure that|
|Ovelia would remain safe. |

[Inside the Fort, Orran, Valmafra and Ramza enter the dungeon where his father is kept.]

Orran: Count Orlandeau, we've come! I pray you've been kept well, my lord.

[Ramza and Valmafra kneel.]

Orlandeau: Well enough, as you can see. And this must be Ramza. How you've grown, boy! Still, I recognized you at once.

Ramza (looking up): Have we met, Excellency?

Orlandeau: Yes, though I can't say I'm surprised you've forgotten. You were only a child of some three or four years at the time. You gave us all quite a fright, trying to lift my sword. Your father gave you a scolding that left you in tears, but at least you weren't hurt. Ha ha ha. And now here you've come to rescue me. I thank you. There's no need to kneel.

[They rise.]

Orran: The battle is ended, with only light casualties on either side. This, too, thanks to the help of Ramza and his companions. We've managed to hold the fires of war at bay, for a time.

Orlandeau: I see. You are a worthy son of Barbaneth, young Ramza. There are many who owe you their thanks, and I give it now in their stead. And mine with it, to be sure.

Ramza: I do only what must needs be done.

Orlandeau: I see your likeness to Barbaneth is more than skin deep. Your deeds honor him, boy.

Valmafra: Pray forgive my interruption. But Duke Goltanna means to execute Your Excellency on the morrow. We should waste no time in fleeing.

Orran: It is as she says, my lord. We should continue this elsewhere.

Orlandeau: Yes, yes. It won't do for me to remain here with Goltanna in this ill temper. Orran, the hour of this war's end will not be long in coming. Until it does, I mean to travel with Ramza. We must put a stop to the High Confessor's plans.

Orran: Then I will go with you, my lord!

Orlandeau: No. You will return to Zeltennia and see to the safety of Lady Ovelia. She alone is the rightful heir to the throne. You must see that she comes to no harm.

Orran: I understand.

Orlandeau: Well, Ramza, you've no objections, I trust?

Ramza: None at all, my lord.

Orlandeau: Then let's away before we're found.

[The leave the room, and Orlandeau joins the party.]

Fort Besselat - The Black Lion Slain

|Duke Goltanna stood in frustration as the war was brought to an unexpected |
|halt, and commanded Delita to recommence a full-scale attack. It was then |
|that Delita abandoned his feigned loyalty to the duke and killed him. Delita |
|then prepared a body double of Count Orlandeau to make it appear as though |
|the duke had been assassinated by the Thunder God. |

[In another area of the Fort, Duke Goltanna contemplates the current circumstances.]

Goltanna: How has the sluice been opened? I suffer a plague of fools!

[Delita walks in and kneels.]

Delita: You called for me, Excellency.

Goltanna: You are to gather a company of soldiers and move against the Northern Sky at once!

Delita: The water from the sluice makes movement difficult enough, let alone fighting.

Goltanna: What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. This is an opportunity we cannot let pass! They will not be expecting an attack. If they slip

away now, who can say how long this war may drag on?

Delita: I must refuse.

Goltanna: Refuse!?

[Delita quickly draws a blade and lunges at Goltanna, piercing him.]

Goltanna: How...how dare you?

Delita: No man would wish to see you king!

[Blood gushes forth as Delita pulls back his blade. Goltanna falls to the floor in an instant. Delita turns and calls to someone outside the room.]

Delita: Come!

[Valmafra and a man dressed as Orlandeau enter the room. The Orlandeau doppelganger, a devout member of the Church, kneels before Delita.]

Delita: Know that your death is not in vain.

Glabados Devout: The vanity would be in living, when Saint Ajora calls me to His side.

[Delita executes the man.]

Valmafra: The real Count Orlandeau has escaped with Ramza.

Delita (lowering his head): Then we can but hope that Ramza does not fail us.

[We are shown an image of the now completely flooded Fort Besselat while Ramza speaks.]

High Confessor Marcel came forward with his offer to mediate a peace between the camps, but though their leaders had been lost, their capacity to make war had not. The High Confessor's offer fell on deaf ears.

I made for Limberry. For Alma...

Sal Ghidos - The Flower Peddler

[Ramza, on his way to Limberry, is stopped by a street merchant.]

Flower Peddler: A flower for a gil, ser?

Ramza: A flower?

Flower Peddler: Yes, a flower-a blossomed bud. You've seen one, I'm sure.

Ramza: Of course I have!

Flower Peddler: Well, then, surely you could spare a gil for one of mine. They're quite pretty.

[CHOICE 1 - I've no need of flowers.]

Ramza: I'm afraid I've no need of flowers.

Flower Peddler: I see. Good day to you, then.

[She walks off.]

Ramza: Was I wrong to say no?

[CHOICE 2 - A gil seems a fair price.]

Ramza: A gil seems a fair price.

Flower Peddler: Then you'll buy one? Truly? Oh, thank you, kind ser!

[There is an exchange of money and flowers.]

Flower Peddler: Few stop these days, and even fewer buy. It is a harder life than you might know. I always dream some charming knight will come galloping through and sweep me away from all this. Beg pardons, ser. I know there's naught that you can do. I thank you again! May that flower bring you good fortune.

[She walks off.]

Ramza: These times are hard for all.

Mount Germinas - Assault

[On the way to Limberry Castle Ramza is assaulted by highwaymen.]

Highwayman #1: Want to pass, pay the toll. Just tip us yer gil and be on yer way. And those swords won't be helpin' ye here. Less'n ye wish to pay the toll in blood.

Highwayman #2: Do you flash that, Cap? This cull's the heretic they're all on about! A bounty on his head so high we're like to need a ladder to reach the top. Why stop with the gelt they have on 'em? Nim the head on his shoulders and we'll have drink and morts enough for months!

Highwayman #1: His clock is the one from the bills, and no mistake. I'm not much for head huntin', but gil is gil. Mill 'em, lads!

[Ramza doesn't get the chance to free himself and finishes them all.]

Lake Poescas - Undead Encounter

[At Lake Poescas Ramza also runs into enemies, this time of an undead nature.]

Ghost of the Lake: What men of flesh and blood dare disturb the slumber of the dead? Men with...auracite!? We will have it from you! Then at last will our souls ascend to that lofty plane, as yours rot here in their stead!

[After finishing the undead, Ramza departs once more for Limberry.]

Eagrose Castle - Dycedarg's Ambition

|Ser Loffrey of the Knights Templar paid a visit to the Beoulve manse in hopes|
|of arbitrating a peace to the conflict. But acceptance of such aid would mean|
|kneeling before the Church, and Lord Dycedarg promptly rejected it. His |
|veiled threats against the Church prompted Ser Loffry to express suspicions |
|regarding the death of our father, Lord Barbaneth. Before leaving, the knight|
|gifted the Capricorn Stone to Dycedarg. |

[Knight Templar Loffrey sits down with Dycedarg. They are in a small room with a lit fire, and one of the doors is open.]

Loffrey: So, you are unwilling to compromise on your position.

Dycedarg: Ivalice's reunification under its rightful king was His Grace's most fervent wish. We've no intention of laying down arms until Prince Orinus sits the throne that is his birthright. You will not steer the helm of Ivalice at your own pleasure. Not so long as this house stands.

Loffrey: Do you not know who made your assassination of the duke possible?

Dycedarg: I dislike the question. Larg was felled by a Southern Sky assassin. Or do you mean to say that you were the ones who sent him?

Loffrey: I'll not play at this fool's game. There is to be no convincing you, then?

Dycedarg: Were it our desire, we could crush the templarate like an overripe grape. Of that I am quite convinced.

Loffrey: Pray remove that fine white cloak beforehand. Burst grapes oft leave a fearsome stain. Tell me, this poison employed at Besselat—do you know what it was?

Dycedarg (after a moment of silence): I believe it was an extract of mossfungus spores.

Loffrey: So it was. An insidious thing, mossfungus. It takes a great quantity to kill a man, but the toxin never leaves the blood. The smallest, most undetectable of doses will prove lethal, if repeated oft enough.

Dycedarg: ...

Loffrey: Even a learned eye might confuse the symptoms with those of common affliction. Oft as not, the person being poisoned is never even aware. And should they become so, it is almost invariably too late. Your late lord father was taken by malady, was he not?

Dycedarg: Do you make some implication?

Loffrey: I'm told you yourself have some knowledge in poisoncraft.

Dycedarg: What of it?

Loffrey: I recently learned an interesting fact. I had wondered if you might be aware of it. Mossfungus poisoning leaves spores in the body. When a victim is buried, they say toadstools sprout above the grave.

Dycedarg: ...

Loffrey: Forgive me, I digress. Ah, yes, there was another matter—a gift from High Confessor Marcel.

[He pulls out a Zodiac Stone. It glimmers as he sets it upon the table.]

Dycedarg: A gemstone?

Loffrey: It is a Zodiac Stone—a blessed crystal from Mullonde. The High Confessor wished for you to have it. Please accept it as a symbol of the Church's good faith.

[It glimmers again as the camera turns to the hallway, where we see Zalbaag has been eavesdropping this entire time.]

Limberry Castle - Searching for Alma

[Ramza finally reaches the gate of Limberry Castle. As he walks cautiously to the door, he sees no one.]

Ramza: Not a soul to be found. Could the castle truly be abandoned? The door stands open...

[He pauses at the doors entrance, wary of a strange feeling.]

I dislike this. There is something familiar—yes. The battle with Cúchulainn, with Belias...

Woman's Voice (from above): Guests! Guests come to Limberry!

[Celia, one of Elmdore's female assassins, makes herself known.]

Celia: I'd begun to think you'd never arrive.

Second Woman's Voice (from afar): Such a waste that would have been. We've such a warm welcome planned.

[Lettie, the other assassin, enters from another height of the building.]

Lettie: A kiss, to see you to your grave.

[A number of disfigured horned beasts joins the girls and surrounds Ramza.]

Ramza: We've walked into a trap!

[Ramza is forced to fight through the dangerous group.]

Celia: If you would see your sister again, you must fight your way to her!

[She teleports inside the castle.]

Lettie: I await within. But I've so little patience...Best be quick!

[She also teleports away.]

Ramza: I am coming, Alma!

Limberry Castle - Earthly Vessels

| Lord Folmarv was in audience with Marquis Elmdore at Limberry Castle. They |
| spoke of their ultimate goal of resurrecting the "Angel of Blood." Alma's |
| flesh would be required as a vessel. At word of my arrival, the marquis made |
| his way down to confront me. |

[Marquis Elmdore and the man Folmarv sit inside Elmdore's chamber, at a table.]

Elmdore: Belias and Cúchulainn...defeated. We are all that's left - we and Adrammelech, who waits trapped in the Rift.

Folmarv: Do not worry over Adrammelech. He will join us ere long.

Elmdore: You've found a host?

Folmarv: Not I. The Stone. The Stone chooses the flesh, as it was with us.

[Elmdore stands and walks to the window.]

Elmdore: Of course. Then all that remains is the revival of the master. Once that is done, we will have no need of auracite-nor of these vessels. We will come and go as we please. Do we have a host for the High Seraph? Do not tell me it is that girl.

Folmarv: There is but one host fit for the High Seraph. The girl is the chosen. Now we need only find the way to the necrohol, and the High Seraph's soul.

[Celia and Lettie teleport into the chamber, kneeling.]

Celia: He is here.

Lettie: I've drawn him into our web. What would you now have me do with him?

Elmdore: Ah, Ramza. So long you kept us waiting. We have a score to settle from Riovanes.

Folmarv (turning): Do not take light of him. He is a worthy foe. Not even Belias could stand before him.

Elmdore: You needn't worry about me. I shall deal with him. You've matters of far greater import. You must find the gate to the necrohol.

Folmarv: Be at ease. I will not disappoint you.

[Folmarv stands and teleports away.]

Elmdore: See that you don't. Now fly!

[The group reaches the hall of Limberry, where Elmdore and his assassins wait.]

Elmdore: At last, the hour of my retribution is come.

Ramza: Where do you hide my sister!?

Elmdore: Questions are the right of the victor, Ramza-not that of a man about to meet his end!

[Ramza is again forced to fight a man who's life he once had saved. During the

battle Lettie and Celia transform into monstrous beasts.]

Elmdore: You are strong. There...there is no denying that. It is more than I can overcome...so bound within this fragile shell of flesh.

[He teleports away and his assassins disappear.]

Elmdore's Voice: I await you in the undercroft. It is there your darling sister sleeps.

Ramza: You will not escape me!

[Ramza is met with further opposition in his pursuit of Elmdore. It is an old friend that calls to Ramza.]

Mysterious Voice: You'll not enter the undercroft on my watch. The way is shut.

Ramza: Who speaks? Reveal yourself!

Mysterious Voice: Naive as ever, I see.

[Argath teleports on the wall. He is different, an ghostly form.]

Argath: Ha! To think my luck so fair that we would chance to meet again!

Ramza: Argath! How did-I thought you for dead!

Argath: Dead? Oh...Ramza...Your mind's as common as your friends! I did not -die-, I was reborn! Chosen by a greater power! I did not fall before, nor shall I here. That fate belongs to you!

[He raises his arms and summons a number of Ultima Demons to his aid.]

You've no hope in this fight. Come! Let us kill these maggots!

[Ramza fights is former friend turned foe once more.]

Ramza: So, your soul is bartered as well. Your grandsire would be proud.

Argath: How dare you! You, pampered and coddled from your earliest days! What do you know of our affairs? Of being made to toil for another's pleasure, near without reward? Being tread upon even by peasant filth, struggling endlessly to rise back to your feet-what do you know of this? I'll purge this kingdom of all who once dared look down on me! There is no place in the world for the meager!

Ramza: You'll do nothing of the sort!

[They continue to fight.]

Argath: How do you intend to stop me? You who cannot even defend his own sister? A son of House Beoulve, and meek as a butterfly all the same! Ha ha ha!

Ramza: Guard your tongue!

Argath: Worry not, I'll soon send your dear sister beyond the veil to be with you! Just as I did Delita's!

[Argath falls a second time to Ramza.]

Argath: M-Mother...Help...me...

Ramza: I'm on my way, Alma!

[At last Ramza reaches the undercroft where Elmdore awaits.]

Ramza: Elmdore! You fight a battle already lost! Release Alma, and end this vain struggle!

Elmdore: *chuckle* How could I release what I have never held? There are but ghosts within these walls.

[Ghost Knights and Skeleton creatures appear atop the tombs.]

Elmdore: But far be it from me to turn away the one Beoulve to grace us with his presence!

[A purple light engulfs him and like Wiegraf and Delacroix before him, turns into a Lucavi. He is a winged beast named Zalera, the Death Seraph.]

Zalera: Here dying, join my legion of undeath. Your blood, the roses on unhallow'd graves!

[Meliadoul enters the room just in time to see the transformation.]

Meliadoul: The marquis is made a demon!? What devilry is this?

[Zalera mounts an attack against both Ramza and Meliadoul.]

Meliadoul: This...this is the work of the auracite?

Ramza: Do you now believe me? Your brother Isilud learned this foul truth, and died fighting it!

Meliadoul: You...you speak true? My father, Folmarv-does he know of this?

Ramza: I...I tried to-

Zalera: *cackle* Before me stands the seed of Folmarv's loins? So much alike with brother Isilud, both heirs of father's numen unpossess'd. The sire's flesh, a vessel without flaw!

Meliadoul: My father is host to a demon!?

Zalera: Truth dawns within this child's naivety. Who once was hers, now kin to naught but woe. Let not such trifles weigh upon you now. Ere long you shall know darkness deeper still!

[The fighting continues.]

Meliadoul: Forgive me, Ramza. I took your words as false. I thought you for an enemy.

Ramza: I might have done the same in your place. But now let us avenge your brother's death!

[The Lucavi is no match for our heroes.]

Zalera: Hashmal...bring order here...where I have failed.

[The same purple light engulfs him as he disappears and leaves nothing but the

Stone behind.]

Limberry Castle - The Enigmatic Lucavi

[Marquis Elmdore had been possessed by a Lucavi, but we managed to slay him in
|battle. It was then that Lady Meliadoul learned the truth about the death of |
|Ser Isilud, her young brother, and at last we made our peace. She entrusted |
|the Sagittarius Stone to me, and informed me of the Capricorn Stone being in |
|my lord brother Dycedarg's possession. |

[In the undercroft after the battle, Meliadoul speaks with Ramza.]

Meliadoul: My mind reels to think such evil power lay concealed within this tiny crystal. These holy relics of the Church...I'd thought them no more than strangely colored stones. I knew not that they sought to work true miracles through them.

[The stone glimmers.]

Ramza: The truth was kept well guarded, from you and Isilud alike. Even Wiegraf knew naught of their true nature until he became a Lucavi. It is as I thought. Lord Folmarv guides even the High Confessor's scheming to their ends.

Meliadoul: What is it they wish?

Ramza (shaking his head): I cannot see their ends. If we are to judge from Riovanes, they possess power enough already to drive an army to its knees. Yet still they do not use it, or even flaunt it openly. There must be a reason, and that reason is our answer.

Meliadoul: Surely they stay their hands for something. The Lucavi are cruel and wicked, and cannot be felled by men. Every tale and legend paints them the same.

Ramza: So they do. But I have seen these monsters slain. They do not appear to be the undying demons of which the legends speak.

Meliadoul: Legends are but stories, embellished with each new telling. Mayhap the Lucavi are no more than ordinary fiends.

Ramza: Let us pray that you are right.

[Meliadoul hands the Stone to Ramza.]

Meliadoul: I trust the auracite to you. But I ask a favor in return. Take me with you. I must know what made my father as he is. And...there is another thing I would know as well.

Ramza: What is that?

Meliadoul: My father did a puzzling thing. He gifted the Capricorn Stone to Lord Dycedarg. But I cannot begin to fathom why.

Ramza: He gave a Zodiac Stone to my brother?

[Meliadoul joins the party as Ramza decides to travel to Eagrose.]

Zeltennia Castle - Delita's Betrayal

|Wrongly imprisoned as a conspirator in the assassination of Duke Goltanna, |
|Orran escaped his cell and went to see Ovelia in hopes of clearing Count |
|Orlandeau's name. There he found Delita, and harshly condemned him for |
|betraying the duke. Delita attempted to justify his actions, saying that |
|deception and betrayal were essential to his goal of ruling the people as the |
|hero they desired. Ovelia was shocked by his words. |

[Ovelia is standing outside a window. She turns suddenly as she hears a clash of swords.]

Gruff Voice (from outside): He disappeared!

Second Voice: Search the eastern half!

Third Voice: He was injured when he sprung his cell! He couldn't have run far!

[Orran enters the room, closes the door behind him and kneels. He is injured.]

Ovelia: Orran! What's happened!? You're bleeding!

Orran: Lady Ovelia...there is something...something I must tell you...

Oevelia: You mustn't speak!

Orran: I beg you...hear my words. The man who murdered Duke Goltanna was not... not my father, Count Orlandeau. My father, he...he was framed for treason. He escaped from Fort Besselat with...Ramza Beoulve. He fights now to frustrate the High Confessor's plot.

Ovelia: I did not think the count a man who would plot at rebellion.

Gruff Voice (from outside): The door won't open!

Second Voice: Lady Ovelia! Are you safe?

First Voice: Please open the door, my lady!

Ovelia: But if not your father, then who?

Orran: It-

[The Knights outside open the door and rush in.]

Southern Sky Knight: Princess, has he harmed you!?

Knight #2: We found him! He's in here!

[Delita enters, wearing a noble robe. The knights kneel before him.]

Delita: Leave us.

Knight #1: My lord?

Delita: Stand up, turn, and walk out the door behind you!

Knight #1: B-but, Lord Commander-!

Delita: It was not a request.

Knight #1: As...as you command, my lord.

[The two knights leave. Delita walks up to Orran and Valmafra enters the room.]

Ovelia: I beg you, hurt him no further!

Delita: This is a foolish thing you've done, Orran.

Orran (looking up at Delita): Traitor...You have no right to speak to me.

Delita: You act as though you did not wish for what I did. Look around you. Do you see any earnest tears? You were not alone in praying for his fall. I even made your father out for dead. You should thank me. No one pursues a man known slain.

Orran: I am in no mood for japes!

Ovelia: Why would you do such a thing, Delita?

Delita: I told you, didn't I? I work to see you made a queen for true.

Ovelia: Naught you do is for true! You wish only to use me like the rest!

Delita: You do not trust me?

Ovelia: ...

Delita: You trust me or you don't, Ovelia. Which is it?

Ovelia (lowering her head): I...I want to trust you. I do. But...it is not such an easy thing.

Delita: Return to your chambers. I need have words with Orran.

Ovelia: Please, do not hurt him.

Delita: I won't. You have my word.

[Ovelia walks off and opens the door to her room. She closes it, not actually entering and plans to eavesdrop on the conversation.]

Orran: What I meant to do is done. I only sought to clear my father's name. Go on. I only ask you make it clean and quick.

Delita: Stop your whimpering. I do not mean to kill you. That would be a waste.

Orran: What use could you possibly see in me?

Delita: Your loyal service.

Orran: Ha! Again you jape! I would die before I bent my knee in your service!

Delita: No. No, you would not. I am going to bring down the Northern Sky. And when that Sky falls, the land of Ivalice will again be made level. Then I build a new kingdom for Ovelia. The High Confessor will face judgment as well, of

course. I am not the Church's hound.

[Both Orran and Valmafra turn sharply to Delita.]

Orran: Are you mad?

Delita: You know what I do is right? It is undeniably so. A commonborn squire takes the reins of a knightly order, and leads a wayward kingdom from the midst of chaos. The masses yearn for a hero. I give them what they wish.

Orran: Using aught and all to forge your legend?

Delita: Is that so wrong?

[Ovelia runs into her room as Valmafra draws a knife. She makes preparation to advance on Delita.]

Delita: What? Do you mean to kill me? I know full well the High Confessor sent you to keep watch on me. Your orders are to kill me at the first sign of betrayal, no?

[He walks around Orran to come face to face with Valmafra.]

Do it, then. Stab me with that dagger. I stand before you unarmed! Strike me down! If you will not, then do not blame me for this!

[He charges at Valmafra - her knife still drawn - as the camera speeds up. We hear a woman's scream.]

Beoulve Royal Cemetary - Mossfungus

|Zalbaag, having overheard the conversation between Dycedarg and Ser Loffrey, |
|was prompted to investigate our lord father's grave. Mossfungus caps had |
|grown at the gravesite, just as Ser Loffrey had said - proof that Barbaneth |
|Beoulve, our beloved lord father, had been poisoned. Zalbaag stood in |
|disbelief before Father's place of rest. Our lord father had died at the |
|hands of his own son. |

[The scene shifts to a grassy hillside. Zalbaag walks up a slope and turns.]

Zalbaag: It's just over here.

[An herbalist follows close behind.]

Herbalist: Beg pardons, my lord! I cannot keep your pace!

[Zalbaag continues up and we see a large grave.]

Zalbaag: Lord Father...I need you to take a look at something over here.

[He looks at the herbalist and heads to the side of the grave. He picks up something from the ground and tosses it at the herbalist.]

Catch. Can you tell me the name of that mushroom?

Herbalist (inspecting): Of course. It's mossfungus, my lord. Not the deadliest of poisons, but not something you'd want in your stew, either. The stuff gets

you in the end.

Zalbaag: So I hear.

[Zalbaag turns and lowers his head in the direction of the grave. The herbalist tosses the mushroom into the water.]

Herbalist: I, uh-do you not think we should be getting back now, my lord?

Zalbaag (looking up): What has you so terrified?

Herbalist: Don't you know, my lord? Mossfungus grows only on corpses. And, well-they say it's a right bad omen to find it growing on a family grave. The house falls as the cap rises...or so they say.

Zalbaag: On your way, then.

[He tosses some money to the herbalist.]

Herbalist: Heh. Kind thanks, my lord.

Zalbaag: Your fee is as promised. The rest should help you forget what you've seen.

Herbalist: Forget what?

[The herbalist turns and leaves. Zalbaag again bows his head at the grave.]

Zalbaag: Forgive me, Father...

The Magick City of Gariland - A Sorceror's Trap

[On the road to Eagrose, Ramza makes a quick stop in Dorter.]

Man's Voice: So, the marquis has fallen.

Ramza: And who might you be?

[We see a templarate on the roof, overlooking the hilly path.]

Man: My name is Cletienne. I come in Lord Folmarv's stead, to see his will made manifest.

Ramza: A knight of the templarate, then! Where is Alma?

[Ramza advances towards Cletienne only to get ensnared in a vacuum of blue light. He is unable to move.]

Ramza: My...my limbs are frozen! What foul trick is this!?

Cletienne: A time magick of my own fabrication, its might all but wasted on one such as you. I thought myself overcautious in readying a trap, but it appears that was not the case. You'll find no avail in struggle. You've not the strength of will to break free. Make your peace. You go to the gods.

[He raises his arm and begins enchanting a spell. A column of fire shoots out of Ramza, only to be interrupted.]

Cletienne: What!?

[A powerful attack descends upon Cletienne, and he falls to his knee. Ramza is freed.]

Woman's Voice: Ser Cletienne. How long has it been since last we met?

[Meliadoul walks to Ramza's side.]

Cletienne: Yours is an unexpected sight. Tell me, when did you don the traitor's cloak?

Meliadoul: I was not aware I had. Is not that garment draped about your own shoulders? It is Isilud and I who were used, by you and all the others!

Cletienne: What of it, if you were?

Meliadoul: Those sins will be atoned for. There shall be no mercy - not even for you.

[Cletienne's followers appear and battle ensues.]

Meliadoul: Know you the Stone's secret - what it is my father means to do?

Cletienne: He strives towards a grand and lofty goal. Of it, I will say no more. Such things exceed your feeble capacity for understanding.

Meliadoul: You know the truth, and yet you aid him!? But...but why?

Cletienne: *chuckle* My reasons, you've no need to know.

[Meliadoul helps Ramza forestall this new enemy.]

Cletienne: This I did not foresee. But surely the time I've bought will suffice.

Meliadoul: Ser Cletienne, wait! Is...is it true? Is my father...a Lucavi?

Cletienne: You've eyes, have you not? Go and see for yourself.

[He teleports away.]

Meliadoul: Could he...truly be?

Eagrose Castle - Beoulve Manse

[Ramza makes a long overdue return to his home. The gate is empty save for a lone chocobo.]

Ramza: No guards. Passing strange.

[He walks up to the chocobo.]

Zalbaag's mount. Now to get inside...

[He opens the gate and enters. Inside, Zalbaag stands a step higher than Dycedarg, blade in hand. The elder brother is on the ground.]

Dycedarg: Have you taken leave of your senses, Zalbaag? This is madness!

Zalbaag: After what you've done, you think yourself fit to lead our house?

Dycedarg: That business with the duke? Larg was long dead ere my dagger found its mark. Think, Brother. He was a weak man, who relied on others to fight where he could not. More fool he for starting a war he could not stomach.

Zalbaag: Our liege lord's murder bothers me not half so much as our father's! How could you dirty your hands with his blood? What manner of son are you?

Dycedarg: I am my father's son! I know naught of his murder!

Zalbaag: Duke Larg's dying words. I could scarce believe my ears, but there was no mistaking what he said. Why did you kill him, Dycedarg? Why!?

[A knight enters the hallway.]

Northern Sky Knight: Lord Dycedarg!

Dycedarg (turning): Zalbaag is taken with some madness!

[More knights enter and surround Zalbaag. Dycedarg rises.]

Seize him!

Zalbaag: Lord Brother!

[Ramza enters.]

Ramza: Stand your ground, Zalbaag!

[Ramza and Zalbaag team up to fight their elder brother.]

Zalbaag: Ramza! It is all as you've said! Dycedarg enkindled this war and slew the duke. All to feed his own ambition. He has sullied our name, brought scorn upon our house - he must be made to pay!

Ramza: He shall, Lord Brother!

[They continue fighting.]

Dycedarg: You fools! Why will you not follow where I lead? Why do you turn against me? The powerful must rule the weak! It is our duty! The Crown once held such power, but no more! See how fate has brought it low? Why should we not rule in its stead? We must wield our power and seize the reins of Ivalice! Why will you not see this?

Zalbaag: You feast on power, Brother, but leave no place at table for justice. The name Beoulve befits brave men who raise their swords in justice's name. You are no Beoulve!

Dycedarg: Justice? I'd die of shame to hear the word from my own lips! Such lofty ideals cannot rule a people so common. Who has earned you the right to wield your sword of justice? To be hailed as hero? Is it not I? I, who have dirtied my hands to keep yours clean? All that you are you owe to me! You ought be on your knees thanking me, yet here you stand in judgment!

[The brothers quarrel until Dycedarg falls.]

Dycedarg: You've ruined...everything. Ivalice was to be...to be ours. You fools...what have you done?

[He falls, but the Capricorn Stone emits a green light and Dycedarg transforms into Adrammelech, the Wrath.]

Adrammelech: So this is what it is to be a god.

[He focuses and a light that obliterates his fallen comrades.]

Fool of a brother! Heed well these words, the last your ears shall hear. Slain by my hand, our father, Barbaneth. This war had brought our house its chance to rule. He would but watch as hist'ry passed us by. His due I granted him, no more, no less. No sword yet wrought can parry poison's kiss.

[Another powerful force from Adrammelech and Zalbaag disappears in a pillar of light.]

And so on you, Ramza, my gaze alights. Now know regret, a traitor's recompense!

[Ramza fights his brother turned Lucavi.]

Adrammelech: Too soon this mortal coil did I assume! Angel of Blood, High Seraph...come too late..

[He disintegrates and leaves the Stone behind.]

Ramza: House Beoulve is no more. But what does it matter? We are the sum of our deeds, not our names. Alma...I will find you, Alma.

Mullonde - The High Confessor's Demise

|Having lost numerous comrades and most of the Stones, Lord Folmarv and his |
|knights attacked High Confessor Marcl. Lord Folmarv learned the location of |
|the entrance to the necrohol of Mullonde after threatening the High Confessor|
|with death. The gate was said to lie within the vaults of Orbonne Monastery. |
|The High Confessor pleaded for his life, but was brutally slain by the |
|knights, who then headed for the monastery. |

[As Ramza approaches Mullonde, the holy city where the High Confessor Marcel rules, we're shown the scene within the innermost chambers. Dead priests cover the ground. Loffrey, Folmarv and Cletienne are assaulting the High Confessor. Folmarv delivers a sword strike to his stomach.]

Marcel: I did not...think you capable of such treachery.

[Folmarv pulls back his blade and blood spews forth. The High Confessor falls to his knees.]

Folmarv: Had you made your confession willingly your life might have been spared. I should have preferred to employ measures less...extreme, but there's no time for that now.

Marcel: I don't...understand.

Folmarv: I had hoped to enlist your aid in gathering the auracite. But the boy holds most of the Stones now. Your aid is no longer required.

Marcel: Help me...please...

Folmarv: Your wound is deep, but it is not mortal. Treated soon, you will live. But you must earn your life. Tell me: Where is the entrance to the necrohol?

Marcel: Orbonne. The vaults beneath the monastery. In the lowest levels, there is a glyph bound by a magicked seal.

Folmarv: And how does one break this seal?

Marcel: I know not. The Scriptures may hold some clue...I cannot say.

Folmarv: At every turn, the boy!

[Folmarv makes a gesture at Loffrey, who takes a closer step.]

Folmarv: Good-bye, Funebri.

[Folmarv leaves with Cletienne close behind.]

Marcel: Do not...leave me like this. I beg you...

[Loffrey hefts his blade and thrusts it into the High Confessor's back. He then leaves.]

Mullonde - Ramza's Decision

[Just outside the Cathedral Ramza fares against the guards.]

Templar Mage: Halt! None save members of the clergy are permitted within these walls! State your name and title, and let your purpose in coming here be known!

Ramza: My name is Ramza Beoulve! I petition the release of Alma Beoulve, whose person is held unlawfully by the lord commander of the Knights Templar!

Mage: Ramza Beoulve!? You are fool enough to present yourself before us? We will carry out your sentence where you stand!

[Ramza breaks through the guards.]

Ramza: Be strong, Alma! It will not be long now!

[He enters the Cathedral, where the three mysterious templars await him.]

Folmarv: Ramza, at last we meet! Pray forgive me. I ought to have called upon you sooner, but I have been ever so busy of late. I fear I remain so even now, so let us make this brief. If you would see your sister returned alive, you will relinquish the Scriptures and all the auracite you possess. Refuse, and she dies ere the word leaves your lips. Are we of an understanding? My patience is grown thin.

Ramza: I have what you desire. Where is Alma? I surrender naught until she is brought before me.

Folmarv: Did you not hear a word I said? I offered no negotiable terms. Forfeit the Scriptures and the Stones, or forfeit your sister's life.

[Ramza takes a few cautious steps forwards and brings out the Germonique Scriptures.]

Ramza: Here are the Scriptures. The Stones I hold until I see that she is safe.

[He sets the book on the ground and Loffrey walks to pick it up. Loffrey leafs through it.]

Folmarv: Well...?

Loffrey (nodding): ...It is written here. A surprisingly simple incantation.

[He closes the book and puts it in his robes.]

Folmarv: Excellent. Then we have all we need of them. Of course, I suppose propriety dictates that we venge Belias and the others while they're here.

Ramza: We are deceived!

[The battle begins against the three men.]

Ramza: Why did you not kill Alma?

Folmarv: What do you mean?

Ramza: You took no pause in slaughtering your own son. Why keep my sister alive?

Folmarv: Our affairs are not for you to know!

[Meliadoul has some choice words for her father.]

Meliadoul: Are you truly the father I've always known?

Folmarv: Of course I am, child! Why do you fight on their side? When did you turn against your own kin?

Meliadoul: When my own kin ceased to be the man he once was.

Folmarv: Whatever do you mean?

Meliadoul: The marquis Elmdore de Limberry was made some sort of fiend when he used a Zodiac Stone. And at Riovanes - the monster who killed Isilud and all the others was you, wasn't it?

Folmarv: Monster? You think us monsters!?

Meliadoul: Then it's true! You are not my father.

[After the group wounds them, Folmarv falls to his knees.]

Folmarv: Hmph. We will serve our vengeance another day.

[He teleports, as do Loffrey and Cletienne.]

Ramza: They are even more craven than I'd thought!

Sanctuary - Brother in Arms

[Ramza enters in pursuit of Folmarv. He stands next to a coffin with lit candles around it.]

Folmarv: I fear I've no more time to waste on you. Would that I could bid you farewell here, but I suspect you'd not part ways so easily. I suppose you must be returned to the Father after all. My thralls will delight to guide you to His keeping. This sanctuary even holds a sarcophagus. It's as though Fate lends her hand!

[A flash from Folmarv's stone summons a number of beasts.]

Of course, death is sooner served by steel. I shall let this one be your foeman as well.

[A pillar of light reveals Zalbaag, now undead just as Argath before.]

Ramza: Zalbaag!

Folmarv: Once he was your brother, but he is reborn unto us now. You're a heretic already. Why not a kinslayer? *chuckle*

[He teleports.]

Ramza: Ever the coward!

Folmarv's Voice: Zalbaag! Deliver me the head of that young man before you! He must not leave this cathedral alive!

[Ramza is forced to fight his brother in order to save his own life.]

Ramza: Lord Brother, its I! Do you not know your own blood?

Zalbaag: ...Ramza? Is that you? What...what is this place? It is so dark, and I...I cannot see. Am I-what am I doing? Do I stand? Sit? I have no...no sensation. It's as though I...had no limbs.

Ramza: You are being controlled by Lord Folmarv-a Lucavi!

Zalbaag: Am I...fighting you? Why...why would I do such a thing? Ramza...flee. Flee, or...or I may strike you down.

Ramza: Lord Brother! Heed not the false feelings in your mind!

[Ramza does what he must, and Zalbaag falls.]

Zalbaag: F-forgive me, Ramza. I have...have caused you pain. Alma...Please... save Alma. You are her...only hope. F-farewell, my brother. And...thank you.

[He explodes in a burst of lightning and flame.]

Ramza: Zalbaag-!

Mullonde - Requiem

|I rushed to Mullonde Cathedral in high hopes of finally being reunited with |
|Alma, only to find High Confessor Marcel on the verge of death. The High |

|Confessor was beyond help at this point, but before his demise, he was able |
|to tell me where the Knights Templar had gone. I knew then that Orbonne |
|Monastery was my only hope of finding Lord Folmarv, and ultimately my beloved |
|sister Alma. |

[Mullonde. A mass of dead priests litters the floor. The High Confessor Marcel lies at the foot of the stairs with a sword in his back.]

Marcel (thinking): Someone...please...!

[Ramza walks in the room, none too shocked at the apparent blood bath that had occurred earlier. He notices movement from the High Confessor.]

Ramza: Gods have mercy!

Marcel (reaching for Ramza): Help me! Father help me...please!

Ramza: Be strong, Your Holiness!

Marcel: The knights...of th-the t-templarate...

Ramza: You know where they've gone? Tell me-you must tell me where!

Marcel: Or...Orbonne...

[The High Confessor falls and perishes. Ramza stands up solemnly.]

Ramza: Orbonne Monastery.

[He turns and leaves.]

Monastery Vaults - Fourth Level

[Forlmarv has a number of obstacles in the way. Loffrey is about to go to the lower level and is speaking with his henchmen.]

Loffrey: Keep watch here. I go to Lord Folmarv.

Templarate Knight: My lord!

[Loffrey leaves just as Ramza arrives.]

Ramza: What secrets lie among these tomes?

[Ramza and company tend to the enemies swiftly. After the battle Ramza hears voices through the door.]

Loffrey (from below): I will tend to matters here.

Folmarv (from below): Very good.

Loffrey (incantation): Faol...cheo...de...anda! Zorda...mu...feo...mal, Reeve of...oath unto you...bound. Time...cross you...vastness...Throw...Her...that we...pass!

[A blue light fills the screen.]

Ramza: Do they flee before us again?

Monastery Vaults - The Fifth Level

[Ramza pursues his enemies down to the Fifth Level. There he runs into Loffrey and a number of other henchmen.]

Loffrey: We've waited for you, Ramza. How very far you've come, but no farther! Your bones will rest here in the darkness. The stones of the monastery make an ironic cairn for a heretic such as you!

[After minutes of intense fighting.]

Ramza: There is something familiar in this. Something reminiscent of our battle with Celia and Lettie. You are no mortal man.

Loffrey: No, that I am not. I am something far greater. Folmarv has made it possible for me to leave behind ignorance, the frailty of the flesh. I am given the gift of life eternal. A joy you can never know.

Ramza: What drives you to do what you do? What is it you seek?

Loffrey: Questions...so many questions. But your search for answers is in vain. They wait beyond me, forever beyond your reach!

[In the end, Loffrey is finished.]

Loffrey: It is not...my time. So much remains...to be done. (he stands) For you, Ramza...I shall cast open the very gates of hell. Faolos cheos de vanda! Zorda ramud feolio...Zomal, Reeve of Time, by oath unto you am I bound. Timeless, cross you now the vastness of Time's gulf. Throw wide Her gates that we may pass!

[A burst of energy erupts from the center of the battle map. The camera zooms out and rays of light spread forth. There is a moment of darkness. When light returns, both the party and Loffrey are no longer.]

[Loffrey is wounded and lying against a wall. The same energy erupts and Ramza is transported onto a heraldic glyph on stone.]

Ramza: What is this place?

Loffrey: The necrohol of Mullonde. Never again will you see the skies of Ivalice. Without the glyph...the gate...there can be no return.

[Loffrey raises his hand and chants an incantation. The stone upon which Ramza arrived falls into the abyss. Ramza barely escapes. Loffrey lowers his hand in apparent weakness.]

Loffrey: There is...no turning back now. Go. Your sister...awaits.

[Loffrey dies.]

Ramza: Alma is near.

[Ramza goes further into the necrohol.]

The Necrohol of Mullonde - Beginning of the End

[Awaiting Ramza is Cletienne at a desolate plain.]

Cletienne: So, Ser Loffrey is defeated. Then it falls on me to stop you, if I would do no honor to his noble sacrifice!

[Battle enrages as opposing forces collide.]

Ramza: Where is Folmarv gone!?

Cletienne: What manner of question is that? There is but one place he would go. Our purpose in coming here is solitary. We seek to resurrect our lord and master, the High Seraph. Or rather, to awaken him from the imperfect state in which his former host's death has left him. Lord Folmarv makes for the place our master's soul now dwells - the place where Saint Ajora met his end.

Ramza: Where!?

Cletienne: Were I you, I would concern myself with my own fate, not that of Saint Ajora!

[Cletienne perishes just as Loffrey did before him.]

Cletienne: Loffrey...Forgive me...

[Just after he passes a flash of light is seen from a distance.]

Ramza: That flash of light - he must be there!

Lost Halidom - Barich's Revenge

[Journeying towards the flash of light he believes to be Folmarv and his sister, Ramza is yet again met with a Templarate, Barich and a horde of fiends.]

Barich: Truly, it is a joy that we should chance to meet again. I once suffered defeat at your hands, but it will not happen twice. This dead city will be your final resting place!

[Barich and his minions are certainly formidable.]

Ramza: So you've become the pawn of the Lucavi, too. Was such your fear of death, that you would sooner bend your knee to demons?

Barich: You are a naive child who speaks of things he does not understand. Only now am I made truly human!

Ramza: How does selling your soul to demons make you human?

Barich: I stand above all other men now. I have transcended death itself! No longer must I bow my head in coy attempts to curry favor with you highborn nobles! I've bouth my freedom. I am a human at last - no longer something less!

Ramza: You think freedom a thing bought and sold? What value, a freedom you have not earned? A man who's lost his pride can never be free. You surrendered your own freedom the moment you bowed your head to someone undeserving!

Freedom and equality cannot be bartered. They are rights - rights earned with sweat, and toil, and blood! Freedom is no raiment of Lucavi weave! They tell you you wear cloth of gold, but in truth you stand more naked as before!

[But Ramza is determined, and Barich falls once again by his hand.]

Barich: How can I die...? I thought I had...transcended...

Ramza: The Stones resonate. We draw near.

Airship Graveyard - The Final Battle

[Finally Ramza falls upon Folmarv at an airship graveyard. The man has Alma in front of him, she is unconscious.]

Folmarv: I do not understand. Why does Virgo not awaken? The spirit of the High Seraph lingers in this place, I am sure. What could be amiss?

[He ponders for a moment.]

Folmarv: Mayhap you are not the vessel of Saint Ajora after all. No. No, it cannot be that. Virgo stirred at your presence. You must be the one.

[He sees Ramza.]

Folmarv: They have come.

Ramza: It is over, Folmarv! You will not rouse Virgo! End this! Release my sister!

Folmarv: Of course...It is but a matter of blood! You see, do you not? She wants for blood. The Angel of Blood must slake her thirst ere she rise again. The land has drunk deep of blood in the chiliads since Saint Ajora's death. Yet still she covets more. So be it. Once more to world of light, there to steep the earth in blood's sweet rain. *chuckle* Worry not. You will not live to see the storm.

[He draws out the Libra Zodiac Stone and transforms into Hashmal, the Bringer of Order, a lion-like Lucavi.]

Hashmal: Angel of Blood, in all things you I serve. No wine more deep, no searing coal more hot than this, the crimson blood for you I spill!

[The battle begins.]

Ramza: Alma, I'm coming! Wake! Cast off this sleep!

Hashmal: She will not waken to your vile speech.

Ramza: What have you done to her?

Hashmal: Her will intact, our plans come to naught. When next she wakes, her sacred task made clear. Unto this world our brethren must she call.

[And still once more Ramza remains triumphant.]

Hashmal: My lord and master...still you do not wake...

[The Virgo Stone sparkles and Alma awakens.]

Alma: Wh-where...where am I?

Ramza: Alma!

Alma: Ramza! Is it...truly you?

Hashmal: Too far we've come...to taste now of defeat...Angel...of Blood. That you should rise...my life I gladly give!

[Hashmal destroys himself. All that remains is the Libra stone. It shines and reacts with the Virgo stone. Alma screams and is transformed into the visage of Saint Ajora.]

Saint Ajora: I am come once more.

Ramza: Alma, no!

[A light emanates from Saint Ajora. It seems to struggle with her reincarnation.]

Ajora: What...is this? What happens to me? Unghhh...Ramza...please. Help me...

Ramza: Alma!

Ajora: Ramza...No! You cannot-! You must not-! NO!

[A light descends from the heavens and a blue flame engulfs Ajora/Alma. A few feet away Alma is separated from the demon. She appears relatively unharmed.]

Ramza: Alma! Are you all right?

Alma: I...I will be. But Ajora - you must kill her...quickly...

Ajora: To thwart my coming...you would dare assay? No. It shall not be. Loyal minions...heed my call - to me!

[Ultima Demons appear in the blink of an eye. The graveyard begins to tremble.]

Ajora: I suffer spite...from neither lord...nor serf!

[A blinding light reveals a transformed Ajora, not Ultima, the High Seraph. She floats, taller than any on the battlefield with crimson dress and white wings.]

Ultima: Your defiance reaps you naught but death's embrace!

[Ramza and his sister do battle against the High Seraph. After surviving by chance, they pull off a final attack.]

Ultima: Impossible...this end to meet...I see it now, too late. In you...his blood, my vanquisher in times...long past. But not so soon...shall I accept defeat...

[A rising wind stirs as Ultima transports away, and a massive blue energy bolt transforms her into a true beast, the Arch Seraph, at least twice the size of her original incarnation. Ultima has a skeletal frame and a soulless face.]

Ultima: You should yourself shall not escape my wrath!

[The final battle ensues, and after many close calls, Ramza pulls off the impossible and slays Ultima.]

Ultima: Had I but...more power...

[The Arch Demon disintegrates in a tube of light, taking the entire graveyard of airships along with her.]

Beoulve Royal Cemetery - Alma's Burial

[A half a dozen or so mourners in black surround a new plot, where a Priest is giving the last rites.]

Priest: Blessings of the Great Father descend, and guide your body's return to the earth. May the grace of Saint Ajora lead Alma's soul to the eternal shores of Paradise. There she shall find peace. Faram.

[The Priest makes a holy gesture.]

Mourners: Faram.

[They slowly leave.]

Mourner #1: She was so young.

Mourner #2: For all the children of the house to be taken at once - the gods are cruel.

Mourner #3: And the youngest son, Ramza, denied even a burial - such tragedy.

Mourner #4: For three centuries House Beoulve stood, but no more.

[All the mourners depart while Orran and Valmafra enter.]

Orran: Ramza, Alma...forgive me. I am late in paying my respects. I would have come sooner, were not so many eyes upon me.

[Valmafra lays flowers on the grave.]

Orran: Delita and Ovelia are wed now. A commonborn youth restores peace to the realm, and now together with a princess, he forges a new kingdom. A tale of heroism not like to be soon forgotten. I believe Delita may be just the man you said - pure of heart, in the end. When Valmafra revealed herself for an agent of Mullonde, he made it appear as though he'd killed her, then let her run. I think he must have caught a glimpse of himself in her - a tool manipulated by Lord Folmarv.

[Valmafra motions that she will be leaving Orran alone.]

Orran: My father...Did...did he die bravely?

[He shakes his head.]

Orran: I'll visit you again. Be at peace.

[Just as he turns to go, he glances back.]

Orran: Are you truly dead? I still cannot believe you are gone. After so much...*sigh*

[Again he turns, and again he turns back around, this time to see what appears to be Ramza and Alma on the backs of chocobos.]

Orran: Could it be-?

[The two Beoulve siblings ride off.]

Orran: Ramza, Alma! Wait!

[Valmafra returns.]

Orran: They're alive. They're both of them alive!

[The two look on where Ramza and Alma had ridden.]

Orran: Thank you, Ramza...

The Epilogue

[The camera pans out and we are treated to the final FMV of the game. It consists of Ramza and Alma racing through Ivalice on the backs of chocobos, while we are given a final narrative by Arazlam.]

Arazlam: Ramza and his sister were not seen again. Orran Durai was left to ponder the mark they had left on history's page.

"I know not what brings men joy. Of what drives them to great deeds, of what legacies they hope to leave, I know less yet.

"But I do know this: The true hero of this tale was the man forgotten."

Orran would spend the next half-decade assembling an account of all to which he had borne witness.

His work complete, Orran presented this account, the Durai Papers, before the Clemensian Council, then convened for the selection of a new High Confessor. However the Church, fearing above all else the revelation fo the truth seized Orran as a heretic and burnt him at the stake.

The pen that inked them forever stilled, the Papers then lay hidden for long centuries, forgotten even by the church that had concealed them.

But I have found the truth, and so lay it for all to see. That his deeds might guide generations to come that his name might receive the honor its due.

Arazlam Durai

Author of the Zodiac Brave Story

[The credits roll.]

Zeltennia Castle - Ovelia's Last Moments

[We see one final scene. Ovelia, once more in the chapel ruins, is joined by a regal Delita on chocobo.]

Delita: I thought I might find you here. Everyone has been looking for you.

[He dismounts and sends his chocobo off. Delita brings out a bouquet of flowers.]

Delita: Today's your birthday, is it not? I brought you-

[Without a moment's notice Ovelia lunges at Delita, stabbing him in the abdomen. She pulls back.]

Delita: O-Ovelia?

Ovelia: How could you? You...you used them, and all the others! And someday you'll cast me aside, just as you did him!

[Delita pulls the knife free and manages to stab Ovelia, killing her almost instantly. He limps away, drops the knife, and glances up at the heavens.]

Delita: Did you get your end in all of this, Ramza? I...I got this.

[He remains kneeling as the camera zooms out. "The End" flashes on the screen.]

VII. Optional Sidequests

The Clockwork City of Goug - The Metallic Sphere

|Besrudio Bunansa, machinist and father to young Mustadio, uncovered a |
|peculiar metal sphere from within Tunnel 57, far beneath the city of Goug. |
|None of us had even a slight familiarity with its structure or use, but for |
|some reason it reacted to the Stone in my possession. The symbol of Aquarius |
|was engraved upon its surface. |

[Ramza, Mustadio, and Besrudio enter a workshop in Goug. They are standing around a giant steel orb.]

Mustadio: So, this is the device you'd mentioned?

Besrudio: The same, unearthed just as digging began on Tunnel 57. I'd thought to disassemble it, but I haven't the slightest inkling of how to begin.

Mustadio: An iron sphere...curious.

[Ramza takes a step forward and a strange light emits from the Zodiac Stone. It appears as if the Stone and the steel orb are communicating.]

Mustadio: What just happened?

Ramza: Was it reacting to the auracite?

Besrudio (kneeling): This is a most peculiar symbol (the Zodiac sign for Aquarius).

The Royal City of Lesalia - Enter Beowulf

[Ramza enters a tavern as a number of patrons sit down for a drink. Ramza walks up to the tavernmaster.]

Tavernmaster: Good day to you. Might I interest you in a drink?

Ramza: Mayhap you might. Have you any milk?

Tavernmaster: Ha! I like you already! I've not had a customer order milk before. You've seen your share of battle, have you not? Most men as live that sort of life come wanting spirits.

[Ramza overhears an interesting conversation.]

Monk: You mean to say the stories were true? There are monsters in Gollund?

Squire: Hordes of them, causing all sorts of trouble. They had to close the mines.

Monk: Times as these, knights are too busy slaying each other to deal with the beasts.

Squire: The town's raised a call for hunters.

Tavernmaster (to Ramza): You can swing a sword, aye? There's coin to be had in this.

Ramza: I care not for coin. I would go to aid the people in their plight.

Tavernmaster: A man of honor, are we? Few enough of those these days. If only Lord Barbaneth were still alive! He'd do something about it.

[Ramza continues listening in the patrons' conversation.]

Squire: As I was meaning to say, though, there's one among 'em no hunter can best.

Monk: A keen one, eh? What manner of beast?

Squire: A beast of legend - the Holy Dragon.

Tavernmaster: You mean to go?

Ramza: Yes - at least to know if the talk is true.

Tavernmaster: Gods be with you, then.

[Ramza readies to leave when a man in a white cape stops him.]

Swordsman: If you leave for the mines of Gollund, would you not hire my sword to accompany you?

Ramza: I do not believe we've made acquaintance.

Swordsman: I am Beowulf - a hunter. I pursue the Holy Dragon of which they speak. It has been my purpose for many a year. My knowledge of her would surely be a boon. What say you?

[CHOICE 1 - I've no need of hired steel.]

Ramza: My apologies, but I've no need of hired steel.

Beowulf: I see. Most unfortunate. Good-bye, then - and fare-well.

[CHOICE 2 - How much gil does your blade require?]

Ramza: Very well. How much gil does your blad require?

Beowulf: We can speak of coin when the job is done. Come, let us make for Gollund.

The Mining Town of Gollund - Fight for the Holy Dragon

[Ramza and Beowulf fight a number of battles and reached the final level of the Gollund Shaft. Already, Syneugh, an Archaeodaemon, and a horde of powerful monsters surround Reis, the fabled Holy Dragon.]

Syneugh: What good to you, this Stone? Give it to me, and your life may yet buy you.

[Ramza and Beowulf appear.]

Beowulf: Reis! At last I've found you! As I live and breathe, I will let no harm befall you!

[After the battle, Beowulf introduces Reis to Ramza.]

Beowulf: My thanks, Ramza. I could not have saved Reis without you.

Ramza: Then we have found the dragon you sought.

Beowulf: A companion more dear to me than life itself. Mere words can be no fitting thanks.

[He takes a step and hands Ramza the Aquarius auracite.]

Beowulf: And you. You have sought this stone, yet?

Ramza (incredulous): But how-?

Beowulf: Let us just say I have my own debts to settle. As have you.

Ramza: Who are you?

Beowulf: No enemy of yours.

Ramza: I have enemies enough. I would be glad to count you a friend. Come. Let us quit these darkened halls.

[Beowulf and Reis (Dragon) join the party.]

The Clockwork City of Goug - The Automaton

|We placed the Aquarius Stone into that peculiar metal sphere uncovered from |
|beneath Goug. At this, the sphere reacted violently and began to change form. |
|Standing before us was a marvel of ancient technology - an iron automaton in |
|the form of a man. It seemed to recognize me as a master of sorts, so I gave |
|it an order. |

[Ramza, Mustadio and Besrudio encircle the steel orb in the workshop in Goug. They now have the Aquarius Zodiac Stone representative of the symbol engraved on the orb.]

Mustadio: Will the Stone truly bring the sphere to life?

Besrudio: You saw as much with your own eyes, did you not?

[Ramza walks forward and takes out the Stone. It glimmers as he lays it down next to the orb. He steps back as bolts of energy emanate from the orb.]

Mustadio: You were right! It stirs!

[The Automaton rises on two legs, grows two arms, and emits a powerful energy. The steel figure stands still.]

Mustadio: Is that all? It must no longer be operational.

[Mustadio walks up to the creature just as its eyes glow red. He jumps back in fear and shock. The Automaton, Construct 8 turns to Ramza.]

Construct 8 (all caps signifies a 'robot' voice): INITIALIZATION COMPLETE. ALL SYSTEMS NORMAL. WHAT IS YOUR COMMAND MASTER?

Mustadio (still in shock): By the gods! The machine speaks!

Construct 8: AWAITING YOUR COMMAND, MASTER.

Mustadio (looking at Ramza): Give it a command, Ramza.

Ramza: M-me? Must I? Mayhap -you- could-

Mustadio: What are you talking about? You're the thing's master!

Construct 8: REPEAT: AWAITING COMMAND.

Ramza: V-very well. Uhhh...Dance!

Mustadio (facepalm): Oh, for-!

[Construct 8 begins to dance in place. Mustadio stares in amazement]

Mustadio: It...it's dancing.

[Construct 8 stops dancing.]

Mustadio: I wonder how powerful this thing is.

Construct 8: I AM VERY STRONG.

Ramza: Well, then...Dispose of Mustadio!

Mustadio: Oh, for-!

[Ramza points to Mustadio and Construct 8 advances on him. He emits a strong flame attack and knocks Mustadio off his feet. Ramza is frantic.]

Ramza: Oh, no! Phoenix down - where is the phoenix down!?

[Construct 8 joins the party.]

The Clockwork City of Goug - The Orrery

|Besrudio recovered another marvel of the ancients beneath Goug, this time |
|from Tunnel 83. It looked to be an orrery, and reacted to the stone in my |
|possession. The symbol of Cancer was inscribed at its base, just as the |
|symbol of Aquarius had been inscribed upon that metallic sphere. Like as not, |
|a new Stone is needed to activate this machine. |

[Again we find Ramza, Mustadio and Besrudio in the workshop with an unidentifiable piece of machinery. It appears to be a compass or wind vane of sorts. It takes up most of the room and is rotating slowly.]

Mustadio: Father, what is this monstrosity?

Besrudio: I'm not entirely sure. I've been assembling it from pieces recovered in Tunnel 83.

Ramza: It has the look of an orrery.

Besrudio: To hear it said, it does. Hmm...

[Ramza walks up to the 'orrery' and holds up a Zodiac Stone. Just like with the steel orb, the stone reacts and emits a blue stream of energy.]

Mustadio: What was that?

Ramza: This device reacts to the auracite as well?

Besrudio (leaning down): Hmm - what's this? There's a mark inscribed upon the base (the Zodiac symbol for Cancer). Indeed...another Stone appears to be required.

Ramza: Then I suppose we had best begin searching.

The Merchant City of Dorter - The Godless Thief

|I headed to Dorter, sensing a connection between the Zodiac Stones and the |
|recent rash of robberies targeting members of the clergy there, only to fall |
|into a trap set by bounty hunters pursuing the thief. It was then I met the |
|sky pirate named Balthier. |

[Ramza walks the streets after hearing strange rumors.]

Ramza: A godless thief with designs upon the Church vaults. Could it be he seeks the stones? The road to auracite is barred by Templar swords. But it is the same road that leads to Alma.

[There is a quick flash of Alma looking back at Ramza.]

I will walk whatever road I must to see you free.

[As Ramza passes a pillar we see a thief lying in wait. He pulls a knife and

lunges at Ramza. He is joined by another man armed with a sword.]

Even if it means walking headlong into a trap!

[Ramza crosses blades with one of his pursuers as another flies from the rooftops. Ramza is now fighting a three on one battle.]

Brigand #1: He took the bait! I told you he would!

Brigand #2: We've got the wrong man. This one's not the thief! But he's still a heretic!

[Amidst the sword battle a gun goes off, and the fighting ceases. One of the pursuers falls from a gunshot wound. We see the legs of a new character, Balthier.]

Balthier: Your mistakes were twofold, I'm afraid.

[The standing brigands hold their ground but focus on Balthier. The camera slowly pans across the image of a smoking gun.]

You sprung your trap without looking to see if the game you hunted was the one you'd snare. And you sold me short. I'm no thief.

[We now see the main as he pulls his gun back and over his head.]

I'm a sky pirate.

Brigand #2: It's him!

Balthier: Now that we've dispensed with the pleasantries. Tell me where I'll find the Cache of Glabados.

Ramza: The Cache of Glabados?

Brigand #1 (rising as he clutches his wounded arm): Two heretics instead of one. Rum luck, I say! We'll claim the bounty for them both!

Balthier: Oh, you'll have your reward for finding me.

[He walks coolly towards the brigands, who are still in arms.]

And don't think about running off without collecting. My shot is faster.

[He aims his weapon.]

Or my name's not Balthier.

[During the battle alongside Balthier.]

Balthier: They've numbers, if nothing else. Perhaps a brief alliance is in order? One hand washes the other and all that.

Ramza: I'll certainly not object!

The Merchant City of Dorter - The Sky Pirate

|With Balthier's help, we were able to subdue the bounty hunters. Suspecting |
|the Cache of Glabados that Balthier sought was in fact the auracite, I |
|informed him of the Stones' terrible power. His interest piqued, Balthier |
|decided to join us on our journey. |

[After the battle alongside Balthier.]

Balthier: Such a warm welcome. I see my reputation precedes me.

Ramza: You are branded a heretic as well?

Balthier: Religion and I don't mix, I'm afraid. *sigh* Another false lead.

Ramza: Why do you seek this...Cache of Glabados?

Balthier: Women, treasure - does a man need reason to pursue beauty?

Ramza: The Church's treasure - it is not the prize you think it.

Balthier: Then you know it?

Ramza: No, it's only - you're better off not searching. The road is fraught with dangers you cannot know.

Balthier (smug): Who do you think you're talking to? The leading man never balks at a little danger. Though, this does have more the feel of a cameo role...Nonetheless, I have my reasons for seeking that particular treasure. I found it once - laid my hands on it, and look where it's gotten me. If I find it again, I can put things back as they were. And since you seem to know something of it, you've gained yourself another traveling companion.

Ramza: Oh?

Balthier: Not to worry. I've some experience in the chaperoning of children.

Ramza (as the two depart): I'm no child!

Balthier: Yes, they all say that, don't they?

Ramza: And -you- say you are a sky pirate. Would you have me believe that you can fly? I see no wings.

[Ramza leaves while Balthier shrugs and shakes his head.]

Balthier: I seem to always find myself a pirate without a sky. At this rate, I'm like to forget how to fly altogether.

[He follows Ramza, and then joins the party.]

Nelveska Temple - The Curse

|Reis was loved dearly by Beowulf, but due to the [sic] jealousy of a certain |
|celebrant who pined for her love, their relationship was brought to ruin. |
|Realizing that Reis felt no love for him, the celebrant flew into a fit of |
|rage and cast a curse upon Beowulf. But in a selfless act of love, Reis took |
|the curse in his stead. This curse had doomed Reis to life as a dragon, but |
|was lifted by power of the Cancer Stone. |

[After hearing rumors at Zeltennia, the party enters Nelveska Temple, where a automaton named Construct 7 stands guard.]

Construct 7: WARNING! WARNING! HUMAN ENTRY PROHIBITED! VACATE PREMISES WITHIN 30 SECONDS. THIS IS NOT A DRILL. 30...29...28...27...26...25...24...23...22... SYSTEM ERROR. 3...2...1...ANNIHILATION MODE INITIATED. RESEARCH STAFF: EVACUATE TO SHELTERS IMMEDIATELY!

[It is apparent now that Construct 7 is powered by a Zodiac Stone, as he emits a blue light and steams. Ramza finishes him off and he appears to have fallen.]

Construct 7 (kneeling): SYSTEM FAILURE. UNABLE TO RECHARGE POWER. CONNECTING RESERVE CIRCUITS.

[The Stone reacts again and he is somewhat revitalized. Ramza makes quick work of his renewed enemy.]

SELF-DESTRUCT MODE ENGAGED. INITIATING COUNTDOWN. 30...29...28...27...26... 25...SYSTEM ERROR.

[He explodes in a parade of light and lightning, leaving behind the Zodiac Stone. Ramza, Beowulf and Reis the dragon stand outside Nelveska Temple with the Cancer Stone.]

Ramza: This dragon? In truth I find it difficult to believe.

Beowulf: If not my words, believe your eyes. The Stone we've won, Cancer - on it my hopes must rest. Go now. Be not afraid.

[He walks up to Reis and comforts her as she walks inside the temple with the auracite. A blue light fills the sky and bolts of energy emanate from the temple. Then an unknown blonde woman exits from the very place the dragon had just recently entered.]

Beowulf: Reis. Is it truly you?

[The woman Reis runs into Beowulf's arms.]

Reis: Beowulf! I had thought the joy of your embrace forever lost.

Beowulf: Reis. My beloved...

[Reis (Dragonkin) joins the party.]

The Clockwork City of Goug - Cloud

[The Cancer Stone triggered Besrudio's machine into full activation. It seemed | to be some type of teleportation device - a gate leading to worlds of an | | outer dimension. As we looked upon the globe in awe, a thunderous noise rang | | out, and a young man was summoned before us. This being from another world | | identified himself as "Cloud," and then departed with these mysterious words: | | "I have to get there..." |]

[After obtaining the Cancer Stone from Nelveska Temple, Ramza, Mustadio and Besrudio prepare to test the reaction of it towards the "orrery".]

Mustadio: You don't suppose this one will metamorphose as well, do you?

Ramza (walking up to the machine): We'll soon know.

[He sets the Cancer Stone on the ground. Everything begins to shake.]

Mustadio: Father's mercy!

[The screen darkens and bolts of lightning strike the top of the machine. A loud noise disturbs the entire room. In an instant, a lone figure falls on the floor, kneeling and appearing confused.]

Young Man: What...is this place? Who...who am I? I remember being swallowed by a current - a great stream, and then...

Besrudio: I recall reading of something like this in a volume long ago: a transporter.

Mustadio: A transporter?

Besrudio: A device for teleportation across dimensions - across the very fabric of time and space.

Ramza (approaching the man): Then, the man before us hails from a world beyond our own?

Besrudio: Like as not. Behold his manner of dress.

Young Man: My name...is Cloud. Yes, that was it.

Ramza (walking towards Cloud): I am Ramza, of House Beoulve. That man over there is-

Cloud (turning his back): I couldn't care less what your names are. What I need is a battlefield. That's right. I was...I was a member of SOLDIER.

Mustadio: Has he no manners at all?

Cloud (dropping to his knees and grasping his head): Uhn...What is this...this feeling in my fingertips? The heat! Inside my skull...No, stop...Sephiroth - no!

Mustadio: Best keep your distance. That man is not stable.

Cloud: I have to get there...

[He storms past Ramza and Besrudio and leaves the room.]

Mustadio: What do you suppose that was all about?

Sal Ghidos - Search for Cloud

[Cloud is walking the streets when he runs into what he believes is a familiar face.]

Flower Peddler: A flower for a gil, ser?

Cloud: ...

Flower Peddler: Is something the matter? Do I look like someone familiar?

Cloud: No. Never mind.

[He walks on.]

Flower Peddler: Well, then...Good-day to you, too.

[A wind blows and three street men appear, surrounding the woman.]

Oh, no!

Ruffian: We've been searching for you, Aerith. Thought you'd kick'd away, eh? Hawking flowers for your mum again today, I see. Such a dear girl, always working so hard for your mum...

[By this time two more ruffians have joined.]

Aerith: Please, ten more days - even just a week is all I need!

[The leader steps forward and grabs Aerith's shirt in a threatening gesture.]

Ruffian: We set the date, and the date's long passed, love. You'll make good on that gelt here and now - all thirty thousand as we lent you!

Aerith (shaking her head): Release me!

Ruffian: You know, now as I look at you, you're quite the rum-duchess, aren't you? Seems to me as you'd earn a lot more selling that tinder-box o' yours than them flowers!

Cloud (from off screen): Get your hands off her!

[Cloud walks confidently up to the group.]

Ruffian: What did you say?

Cloud: I said get your filthy hands off her.

[He does so, and then turns his attention to Cloud.]

Ruffian: I'd not be talking to me like that. Might be as you get blood on them fancy riggins of yours.

[Cloud pushes the man off him and looks at Aerith.]

Cloud: Run.

[She escapes. The gang leader throws up his fists.]

Ruffian: You looking for a good drubbing!?

Cloud: You want to fight? Uhnnn...

[A sharp noise pierces his mind and he falls to one knee.]

Ruffian: What's with this cull?

[Ramza appears in the street.]

Ramza: Cloud! Are you all right?

Ruffian: Twice-be-damned luck! Come on, boys!

[Ramza fights to protect Cloud.]

Cloud: Uhhnn...My head...

[He once again drops to his knee.]

Ramza: What's the matter, Cloud!?

Cloud: No...stop! I'm a member of SOLDIER! I was not...made!

[After the brigands are dealt with.]

Cloud: I've lost something...something very important.

Ramza: Cloud...?

Cloud: I've not been myself ever since. Who...who am I now? What should I do? How...how can I stop this pain?

Ramza: Cloud...There are people waiting for you back in your world, am I not right? With the power of another Stone, we may be able to return you there.

Cloud: Let's go, Ramza. I can't stay here. I have to get there - to the Promised Land.

[Cloud joins the party.]

Zeltennia Castle - Reunion with Ovelia

|As she prepared for battle, Lady Agrias was briefly reunited with Princess |
|Ovelia. Promising to return, Lady Agrias departed as Ovelia looked on with |
|worry, unable to express her growing distrust of Delita. |

[Ovelia is praying at the ruins site near Zeltennia Castle.]

Familiar Voice: My lady.

[Ovelia rises and turns to see Agrias, her once bodyguard and friend enter the courtyard and kneel.]

Ovelia: Agrias!?

[She steps forward as Lavian and Alicia enter and kneel just behind Agrias.

NOTE: If you dismissed Lavian and Alicia they will not be in this scene.]

Agrias: Pray forgive the late hour of our coming.

Ovelia (kneeling): Oh, Agrias! Gods be praised, you're alive! I'd no way of reaching you, and I'd feared the worst. Such a weight is lifted! Please, rise.

Agrias (rises then lowers her head): Forgive me. I gave cause for needless

worry. Ser Ramza aided me. I travel with him even now.

Ovelia: Then I owe Ramza a great debt of gratitude. You'll return to me now, won't you, Agrias? I need your sword and shield now more than ever. Your counsel I sorely miss as well. Please, Agrias, you will stay, yes?

Agrias: My apologies, Your Majesty. I cannot tarry here, though it pains me to leave. There are nefarious forces afoot, who would take the helm of Ivalice and steer her to the doom of all. A darkness falls upon the realm, my lady, and it is but a matter of time before we are consumed by it. To turn a blind eye to this is to forsake the hallowed oath I swore: to defend this kingdom at the peril of my life. My sword is sworn to you as well, and I mean for it to serve. Your safety requires that this plot be stopped. It is not lightly that I abandon duty, but only for the love I bear you and our kingdom. I can but pray that you forgive me, Highness.

Ovelia (dismayed): I...I see. But-

Delita's Voice: You're fond of this place, aren't you, Ovelia?

[Delita strides into the courtyard in his regal attire. Lavian and Alicia fall off to the side while Agrias stands to the side of Ovelia.]

Ovelia: Delita...

Delita: Well met. Agrias, was it not?

Agrias: Unmannered dog! How dare you address Her Majesty by name!?

Ovelia: Agrias, it's all right.

Agrias: But, my lady-!

Ovelia: It's fine. Pay it no heed.

Agrias: If that is Your Majesty's wish...

[Her and Ovelia share an unspoken exchange. Agrias turns to Delita.]

Would that I had not to beg favors of such as you, but fate is not so kind. Responsibility for the well-being of Her Majesty the Princess rests in my hands. But at present, my hands toil toward another purpose. It is not without reluctance that I put my faith in you, but the choice is made for me. Please, let no harm come to Lady Ovelia!

Delita: Put your mind at ease. I will keep her safe.

Agrias: I shall trust your words. Should aught befall Her Highness, know that my vengeance, and your death, will be swift.

Ovelia: Agrias!

[Agrias walks to Ovelia and takes her hands. We don't see it, but she gives Ovelia a knife.]

Agrias: My lady. I want you to carry this, though I hope with all my heart you need not use it.

Delita: Having a knife for protection may not be a bad idea.

Ovelia (taking the blade): Thank you, Agrias.

[Agrias, Lavian and Alicia once again kneel.]

Agrias: And now, I must take my leave.

Ovelia: Father watch over you.

Agrias: I promise this: When all is done, I shall return to you. Until such time, pray be safe.

Ovelia: I shall await your return.

Agrias: Fare-well, Majesty. And gods be with you. Lavian, Alicia! With me (again, if you do not have Lavian and Alicia, she will not say this)!

[The three female knights leave the courtyard. Ovelia steps forward next to Delita and her head lowers.]

Lionel Castle - A Voice From the Past

|Beowulf and Reis were homeward bound when a mysterious knight appeared, |
|spiriting Reis away to Lionel Castle. Awaiting her there was Celebrant |
|Bremond, the man who had exiled Beowulf out of jealousy over Reis. The |
|knight seemed to have some connection to Beowulf as well. |

[Beowulf and Reis are atop a parapet overlooking Lionel Castle.]

Reis: The fields of Lionel unfold on the horizon - the grass and soil of our homeland. Forgive me, Beowulf. For me, you've forfeited so much. You now even bear the heretic's brand. We cannot return home.

Beowulf (turning to Reis): There's naught to forgive. 'Twas Bremond whose deeds were ill, and those I am not of a mind to pardon. I've grown accustomed to this vagrant life. It is not Lionel's fields I love. So long as you are with me, Reis, I am home.

Reis: My love...

Beowulf: We're like to be departing soon. I had best go and see if my help is needed.

[Beowulf walks down the steps ahead of Reis. As he reaches the bottom she screams.]

Reis: What do you-? Release me!

Beowulf: Reis!

[Beowulf springs back up the steps to find a man dressed in a Templar uniform. He has dark hair and stands staring at Beowulf. Reis is nowhere to be found.]

Beowulf: Ser Aliste!

Aliste: We meet again, Beowulf. I know not how you managed to free Reis of her curse, but Celebrant Bremond bids me extend his deepest gratitude.

Beowulf: Where is she? What have you done with her!?

Aliste: Come now, there's no need to lose your composure. The girls sleeps peacefully. And when she awakens, she'll be safely within the keep of Lionel Castle, where Celebrant Bremondts awaits her.

Beowulf: Return her at once, ere I draw my blade!

Aliste: Are you sure you wish to do that? My men are loyal, yes, but I cannot say what they might do to your sweet Reis should I fail to return. If you would have her back, you'd best make for the castle.

[Aliste turns to leave.]

Beowulf: Ser Aliste, wait! What has become of you? You were once my ally, and hers! Why now this?

Aliste (turning): You know nothing, Beowulf. Have you no knowledge of the bounty on your own head? 'Tis sum enough to make a man forget allegiance. Add Bremondts's reward to that, and you've one enough to make a man forsake it altogether!

[He turns back away from Beowulf.]

Aliste: I shall guarantee Reis's safety until such time as you arrive. If harm should befall her, we lose our only hold on you. In the meantime, take care to guard your own neck. That head of yours is worth more than most men can even dream of.

[He teleports away.]

Beowulf: Reis...wait for me.

[Ramza and Beowulf arrive at the gate of Lionel.]

Ramza: The gate stands open. I've not seen a trap so plain.

Beowulf: Nor I.

Aliste (from atop the gate): Beowulf, at last! I'd near grown tired of waiting.

Beowulf: Aliste!

Aliste: I thought to ease your passage within, but I see my hospitality is met with scorn. No matter. I'd not planned to let you pass beyond here.

[He turns and guards rush in.]

The effects should have taken hold by now. Let us treat with steel!

[Beowulf is forced to fight his once friend alongside Ramza.]

Beowulf: Lay aside your sword! I've no wish to fight you!

Aliste: Ha! Have you lost your edge in all these years of chasing after that girl?

[The two continue to fight.]

Aliste: Are you truly the same knight once hailed as Lionel's finest? My

contract ends with your last breath. Stay not your hand - I shall not stay mine.

Beowulf: Where gone is the noble Ser Aliste - the knight I once trusted with my life?

Aliste: The man has long since passed!

[Beowulf strikes Aliste down.]

Aliste: Mayhap your edge is not lost after all.

Beowulf: We've fought enough, Aliste! Will you not end this madness?

Aliste: It's not over. Not yet...

[Aliste now is fighting with his last breath, but it is not enough to stop Beowulf and Ramza.]

Aliste: I am...defeated.

Beowulf: Aliste!

Aliste: Dwell not on this, Beowulf. My days were already at an end. *chuckle* Even the noble Ser Aliste cannot best malady.

Beowulf: What?

Aliste: I'd not die...in a sickbed, succumbed to weakness and...and infirmity. What...what are you doing? Go! Go...and save Reis! She awaits you within. Take her...and your freedom. I die now...fulfilled. Fare-well, Beowulf...my lord...

[He falls.]

Beowulf: You fool!

Reis's Rescue

|Reis was imprisoned in Lionel Castle after being abducted by Celebrant |
|Bremond. Sensing a changed within the castle, she began to fear for her |
|safety. Her worries were soon forgotten, however, as her beloved Beowulf, |
|victorious in defeating the celebrant, appeared before her. Reunited at long |
|last, the two lovers rejoiced. |

[Celebrant Bremond stands in the Oratory, surrounded by his personal guards. He is pacing nervously. A female ninja enters and kneels.]

Ninja: My lord, the gate is breached!

[Panic is clearly seen by all.]

Bremond: What!?

Ninja: There's more. A great number of our troops have fallen comatose. We know not why. We fear them drugged.

Bremond: Im...impossible! Who-?

Ninja: Our remaining numbers engage the enemy at the gate, but these are no common soldiers. I - forgive me, my lord, but I do not think they will be held for long.

[The guards all take a step back as Ramza and Beowulf enter.]

Beowulf: Bremond! I come for Reis. I shall have her relinquished at once!

Bremond: B-Beowulf! N-no! C-come no closer! K-kill them! Kill them all! You'll...you'll have whatever reward you wish! Gil - or...or jewels! Wealth enough to...to last you all your days!

[The guards exchange glances and ready themselves to fight.]

Beowulf: Reis...you'll soon be safe.

[Beowulf leads the charge against the Celebrant.]

Beowulf: Will you not accept the truth, Bremond!? Reis does not love you, nor ever will she!

Bremond: N-no! That's...that's not true! Reis is but deceived! It is you... your lies that blind her heart! When you are gone, it will all be different! There's...there's naught you can do that I cannot. I can buy her aught and all she wishes. She'll want for nothing!

[They continue to quarrel.]

Beowulf: 'Tis your mind that is deceived, you who deceive it! Love is not a thing for goods or gil exchanged! Reis would never open her heart to a man such as you! My living or dying plays no part in it!

Bremond: You...you cannot fool me! You do not...You do not know here as I do! Reis is mine! My own! I will not surrender her to you!

Beowulf: Your notion of love is one of control and possession. Such a thing is not love! Reis freely took the curse you meant for me, though she knew what it might entail. For her, I would fain do the same. That is what it means to love. And it is something you will never know.

Bremond: No! It is you - you and that vile tongue! I need only silence it, and we can live together in bliss!

[Bremond falls. He kneels before making one final plea.]

P-power...of the Dark...Heed my call!

[He chants a spell and the ground begins to shake. Suddenly he has transformed into a Dark Dragon. His guards are nowhere to be seen.]

Denied earthly pleasure, surely Paradise as well...But vengeance I shall know!

[Beowulf must fight a holy man in his last resort. Finally they defeat the evil being he has become.]

Ungaaah!

[The dragon disappears and he reverts back to his own self.]

Reis...is...mine...

[He collapses and dies.]

Beowulf: Reis belongs to no one.

[Meanwhile, Reis is locked in a large room. She is staring out one of the large windows when she hears voices from the hall.]

Man's Voice: Nor here. She's nowhere to be found.

Second Man's Voice: Only this room remains, then.

[Reis slowly backs away as the door to her room is opened. But to her surprise Beowulf enters.]

Beowulf: Reis!

[The two run to meet each other and embrace.]

Reis: Beowulf! I knew you'd come!

Beowulf: It's over now, my love. It's over, for good and all. No one will chase us any longer.

[They end their hug and turn to Ramza.]

Beowulf: Thank you, Ramza. You are the reason she is safe. We've brought naught but trouble upon you, yet you have never failed to aid us in our plight.

Ramza: Think naught of it. What sort of man would I be to ignore those in need of my aid?

Beowulf: I owe you a debt of steel. I shall repay it in kind.

[Reis and Beowulf both rejoin the party.]

Tavern - Gift of the Magi

|It was Lady Agrias's birthday, although she had forgotten the significance of |
|the day. Young Mustadio had prepared a special present in anticipation, |
|however. He had been eagerly awaiting the day for more than a month. |

[Agrias is sitting in the pub at a table by herself. Mustadio and Ramza walk in and stop just before the bar.]

Mustadio: Hmm...

[The camera pans to Agrias and Mustadio takes a few steps back.]

Ramza: Well? Do you intend to give it to her or not?

Mustadio: Give...what? To whom? I've...I've no idea what you-

Ramza: Mustadio!

Mustadio (lowers his head): All right, all right...

[He walks lacking confidence towards Agrias. He stands at her table.]

Mustadio: Ah, Agrias! I, ah, I hope this is n-not...not a bad time.

Agrias (turning): Hmm? Is something the matter?

Mustadio: N-no, it's just, I - here!

[He hands her a wrapped box.]

Agrias: What's this?

Mustadio: It's a, ah...um - a present! I heard today was your birthday, so I, well...

Agrias (grabbing the gift): Today -is- my birthday, isn't it? I'd near forgotten. Who told you? Lavian? Alicia? Those two cannot still their tongues, can they?

Mustadio: Um...Anyway, I, ah, wanted to...to give you this. It isn't much.

Agrias: May I open it?

Mustadio: Ah, yes, of course!

[She opens the gift.]

Agrias: Lip rouge?

Mustadio: Yes. Y-you're always busy fighting, and...and...Well, I know you've probably small time for such womanly things, but...I thought m-mayhap you might like to have that.

Agrias: I've small time, yes, but I chose this life for myself. It's not as though I regret it. Still, there are times...Are you sure it's all right for me to have this?

Mustadio: Of course! Why do you ask?

Agrias: It cost a goodly amount, did it not? Surely a gift like this is wasted on a knight such as I?

Mustadio: No, not at all! Please, accept it!

Agrias: Very well, then.

Mustadio: Oh!

[She applies the lipstick.]

Agrias: Well?

Mustadio: ...

Agrias: Do I look odd?

Mustadio: Wh-what? N-no! You look wonderful! Truly...truly so!

Agrias: Thank you, Mustadio. I will treasure it, as I do our friendship.

Brigand's Den - Disorder in the Order

[Ramza hear a rumor of a renegade group within the Order of the Northern Sky. They head to the Brigand's Den where a group of deserters has gathered.]

Deserter #1: We've reached the bottom of the barrel. Our rations will soon be gone. What now? Strike another wain?

Deserter Leader: I think not. Our numbers swell. The time is ripe we sacked a village. We've scavenged scraps for long enough. Let us feast now from the table!

Deserter #1: You'd have us raid a town? I cannot help but feel that goes too far.

Leader: Too far!? Who was it stood on the front lines at Besselat? You-and I! And this, are recompense? We risked our lives, while those damnable Beoulves fled for theirs. Let them reap now what they've sown! Steal and plunder till there's naught left. What we take is what we're due.

Deserter #2: And if the Order should appear?

Leader: We give them a fifth, and they disappear just as quick.

Deserter #1: Ha! I like it. That's why we follow you!

Leader: Mayhap you've some wits after all.

[They all laugh as Ramza and Agrias approach.]

Deserter #2: Someone approaches!

Leader: More come to fill our ranks, eh?

Ramza: So, you're the turncloaks who dishonor the Order's name! I'll abide your crimes no longer. Yield now, and keep your lives.

Leader: "Yield," the boys says!

[They laugh once more.]

Beg pardons, milord. I'm afraid we're not very good at yielding. Lack of experience and whatnot. We'd be happy to let you on your way, though. With one condition: Leave us that wench.

Agrias: You craven worm! Think you women sport! Then be glad, for I've no mind to leave-not until I've had that tongue from your throat!

Leader: Oh, you'll have far more than that, sweetness!

[Ramza and Agrias fight to take out the deserters.]

Deserter #2: Boss, is that not...the Thunder God!? There's no mistake! I fought him and his men at Dugeura Pass!

Leader: Don't be absurd, the count was slain at Besselat! He's just another dead man, and all dead men look the same!

[The fighting continues.]

Ramza: Why lower yourselves to this? Did you not join the Order to protect the people?

Leader: Are you daft, boy? We joined the Order to make a knight's living! And what a living it's been-driven on like beasts of burden, denied our pay and even proper rations! Would that honor flavored soup, I might have use for it. But I've had my fill of boiled lentils.

[Agrias is shocked at the dishonor amidst.]

Agrias: There are people who lack any food at all, and you scorn what you are given? You steal from the poor that you might grow fat! Know you how many hunger and die because of what you do?

Leader: What's it to me how many die?

Ramza: It's not your bellies that are empty-it's your souls!

Agrias: If you would rob others of the right to live, then you've no claim to it, either!

[Orlandeau speaks to the man who pointed him out.]

Orlandeau: Do you see, my friend? Your spirit yet lives on. The time for cautious restraint is past. Let justice now be served!

[The group takes out the deserters deftly.]

Ramza: It is times such as these when the people -need- the Orders to protect them.

Agrias: Ivalice weakens, and so the vultures come to feed. We'll no doubt see more before the end. This strife must be quelled, Ramza - and soon.

Warjilis - Deep Dungeon Rumors

[Ramza enters a tavern in Warjilis. A number of adventurers fill it. Ramza catches an earful of a few different conversations.]

Knight: 'Twas a greater success than could have been foreseen!

White Mage: I mean not to boast, but I daresay our success owed itself to me.

Tavernmaster: Even Count Minimas has fallen on hard times, eh?

[In another conversation.]

Patron #1: Then the legends speak true! Treasure sleeps on that island.

Patron #2: Aye, that it does. Treasure beyond worth - down in the depths, out of sight and reach.

Patron #1: It's bound to be guarded by traps, no? Else it would sleep in some noble's vaults by now.

Patron #2: More than traps - a wizard, if talk be true. Soul as dark as the caverns he calls home...

Patron #1: No thank you is what I say to that, then! A man would have to be a fool to go there!

Patron #2: 'Tis no place for the craven, that much be true. To enter is to bid good-bye to the light of day.

Patron #1: What did they call this place again?

Patron #2: Midlight's Deep - and rightly so.

[Back in the first conversation.]

Knight: How so? 'Twas I who saw the task completed!

White Mage: You? What did you do, but almost get us-

[She sees Ramza eying her.]

What are you looking at? Be on your way, this is no show!

Midlight's Deep

[Ramza traverses through the many levels of the Midlight's Deep, finally reaching the bottom most floor, Terminus. There an older mage, Elidibus, stands surrounded by powerful creatures.]

Elidibus: What's this? The shadows glisten. An umbrage falls upon my meditations. The air is charged - Stones? Seek you the auracite as well? Reap, then, your reward! For to it I am wed, and unto me power beyond knowing granted.

[He pulls out a stone and a green light encircles and then transforms him into a powerful Lucavi.]

Auracite or wick of life, one is surrendered here!

[Ramza defeats the renowned wizard with the help of a creature named Pallene.]

Fate's hand dons the glove of irony...To fall in darkness...denied the Dark's embrace...

[He explodes in a green light and leaves behind the thirteenth Zodiac Stone. Pallene the Byblos joins the party.]

VIII. The Scriptures of Germonique

I opened the Scriptures of Germonique, entrusted to me by Elder Simon, and began to leaf through the pages. The words before my eyes were writ in a holy script of the ancients. Several illustrations were scattered throughout, but many pages were missing or damaged, and the script was exceedingly difficult to decipher. I was deeply curious as to what knowledge lay within.

As I was turning pages, faintly penned letters in modern Ivalician script

occasionally caught my eye. Notes of an explanatory nature had been added here and there throughout the book. I wondered who might have written them.

Judging by the faded ink, some entries were more than a decade old, while others seemed to have been penned only in the last few days. As I touched my finger to one of them, the writing smeared. The ink had yet to fully dry. Every note was written in the same hand -- Elder Simon's, I suddenly realized. He must have devoted a significant portion of his life to deciphering these Scriptures, line by painstaking line.

I relied heavily on his fragmentary notes as I continued reading.

Apparently the holy script had been recorded by Germonique, a disciple of Saint Ajora. Germonique...That name struck a familiar chord. Half-forgotten history lessons rose unbidden in my mind.

And then I remembered. Germonique was the disciple who had betrayed his master, turning him over to the Holy Ydoran Empire. I was astounded that a libram penned by the same Germonique from my history lessons now rested in my very hands.

I could hardly contain myself as I turned the pages. And then I was assaulted by a shock far greater than the realization that I held a priceless historical artefact.

Originally I had thought the book to be no more than a collection of Saint Ajora's teaching, as recorded by Germonique. How unprepared I was to learn what it truly contained. This tome served as an account of Saint Ajora's life. The Saint Ajora described within was of a considerably different nature than the man about whom we have all been taught.

I had always known that Saint Ajora was no ordinary mortal. My faith in the Church of Glabados was not as profoundly complete as that of my lord brother Zalbaag, yet I did believe that Saint Ajora was a child of the gods, descended from the heavens to deliver humanity from its self-inflicted chaos. Or should I say, I had believed. All I had thought immutable was shattered upon reading the Scriptures.

Saint Ajora's birth came in the midst of a golden age of technology, when airships yet plied the skies.

He was born in Lesalia, in the city of Bervenian. Moments after his birth, he rose to his feet and approached a well. Upon reaching its base, words of prophecy poured forth from his infant lips: "A calamity shall soon befall this well. Seal it up at once, that none may drink of it."

Some days later, the Black Death visited the town of Bervenian, and all those who drank the well's tainted water succumbed to the plague and perished. Only those families who heeded the prophetic words of Saint Ajora were spared from death and malady. After the incident with the well, the people came to revere Saint Ajora as a portent of miracle and child of the gods.

But it was not until he reached the age of twenty that Saint Ajora would become the savior of Ivalice, and take his place among the gods in Paradise.

Ivalice was not always united as it is today. Long ago, the realm was divided into seven kingdoms: Fovoham, Lionel, Limberry, Lesalia, Gallionne, Zeltennia, and Mullonde. Each warred with the others in a never-ending struggle to expand its own territory.

This conflict had continued for centuries, until an ambitious young king rose to power in Mullonde. This young monarch dreamt of united all of Ivalice under his hand, but the road to victory was a difficult and dangerous one. The king turned to ancient tomes and the dark magicks found within, summoning a demon from the netherworld to do his bidding. But once unleashed, the demon slew the king and set out to destroy the very world itself.

To combat this monstrosity, a great hero set out on a quest. Together with his twelve disciples, he collected the Zodiac Stones that had been scattered throughout the world, and the Zodiac Braves were born again. The Zodiac Braves soon defeated the creature's minions and banished the demon back to its infernal plane, for this becoming known as the saviors of our world.

The story is now a well-known legend. The Zodiac Braves have since appeared whenever the world balanced on the brink of catastrophe, only to vanish just as quickly once the crisis has been averted.

Similar catastrophe threatened the world in the time of Saint Ajora. The king of Limberry summoned a demon in hopes of seizing control of all of Ivalice, and once again plunged the world into chaos. And just as in the legend, Saint Ajora collected the twelve Zodiac Stones. And once again the Zodiac Braves rose to defeat the marauding demon. However, the sovereigns of any age have small tolerance for the interference of well-meaning "heroes."

Fearing the charismatic saint's growing influence, the Holy Ydoran Empire dispatched soldiers to capture him and his devoted followers. Pharism was the prevalent religion in that day, and its priests feared Ajora's growing influence. Ultimately, Germonique, the thirteenth disciple, was tempted by the sordid coin, offering vital information that led to his master's capture. The saint was executed upon the gallows of Golgollada soon thereafter.

But lest we forget, Saint Ajora was a child of the gods. The wrath of the heavens was swift and terrible. Immediately following the execution, Mullonde, the center of Pharist teachings, was visited by a terrible cataclysm and sank into the sea.

Saint Ajora then ascended to Paradise to take his rightful place among the gods.

This was the legend with which I was familiar -- the very same tale told to every child of Ivalice. But the Saint Ajora described within the Scriptures of Germonique was a different man altogether.

Ajora was no child of the gods.

He was a mere mortal, no more divine than you or I.

He was a revolutionary, who fought to realize his own ambitions.

He was no lover of peace -- no hero who would sacrifice himself for the good of humanity.

Germonique wrote of him:

As the founder of a new religion with a rising number of followers, Ajora was seen as no more than a nuisance to the empire. But Ajora was apparently more than just a religious founder. He was a saboteur who infiltrated enemy states to collect information and sow disorder. Ajora was a spy, dispatched to the Holy Ydoran Empire by a rival state.

Whatever he claimed to be, it was fact that the empire began to fear this upstart's growing influence. Germonique was employed to collect evidence that would allow the empire to arrest Ajora as a spy. The thirteenth disciple was in

reality no more than the empire's instrument in a play to uncover Ajora's true intentions.

It seems that Ajora indeed attempted to reassemble the Zodiac Braves. Germonique confirmed in his writings that Ajora even discovered some of the Stones. But what was his purpose in seeking them?

I do not know if the young king of Limberry actually summoned a demon. At the very least, I have failed to encounter even a single line within the Scriptures that records the event. Yet catastrophe did indeed befall Mullonde at the time of Ajora's death. According to the Scriptures, the bulk of the city sank into the sea.

The footnotes provided further enlightenment. They expressed a different view, no doubt the personal opinion of Elder Simon.

"Although many spoke of their existence, none had ever set eyes upon these Scriptures of Germonique. Some might say they are fraudulent, written with the sole purpose of discrediting Saint Ajora. But I know this tome to be authentic."

"When I served as an inquisitor for the Church, many others in the Holy Office feared the existence of this work. And the same is no doubt true for the High Confessor. They were all fearful of these writings, for everything contained within them is fact."

"After Saint Ajora's death, the Church, which had capitalized on his considerable influence to seize power for itself, had only one task: to conceal his true nature as a human being. This one fact had to be erased from the annals of history. They needed to ensure that Saint Ajora be remembered as a child of the gods."

"Their use of the Zodiac Braves, a legend believed throughout Ivalice, was a stroke of genius. It was a simple feat to convince the people that Saint Ajora had led the Zodiac Braves to defeat a demon. A demon that never existed..."

"I realize now that I had lost my faith the moment I began to read these Scriptures. And yet I feel no sorrow. Thinking back, I now know that my desire to know the truth was stronger than my faith had ever been."

"But I have committed one great sin. I failed to condemn the Church for lying to our flock all these years. And why? I knew that if I were to share this book with the world, my precious library would be taken from me."

"And to me there could be no pain greater, for this library is the only means of slaking my endless thirst for knowledge. My curiosity eclipsed my will to do what was right."

Elder Simon wrote that Saint Ajora's demon never existed. But I have seen the dark power of the Zodiac Stones with my own eyes. There is an evil presence at work -- something much more sinister than even the High Confessor and his twisted plots.

IX. Dossier

NOTE - The entries for each character come directly from the end of the chapter for each chapter in which they have a new entry. Some things have been condensed to avoid redundancies and ease the flow.

Ramza Beoulve

A knight apprentice of the Royal Military Akademy at Gariland. House Beoulve has long been a respected military family, and for generations has produced commanders of the Order of the Northern Sky. Though a member of House Beoulve, Ramza feels out of place among his brothers.

After witnessing the kidnapping of Princess Ovelia, he learned of his elder brother Dycedarg's plan to manipulate the events of the resulting war in a bid for power. Realizing he could not sit idly by, Ramza decided to attempt to stem the outbreak of war in opposition to his brothers.

He rescued the princess in an attempt to prevent war, but was foiled by Count Delacroix. He has now been branded a heretic and is wanted for the cardinal's murder.

He stands in staunch opposition to his brother Dycedarg and others who brought about this war for personal gain. He also discovered that the Church of Glabados is moving in the shadows in a plot to regain its lost authority, and that the Lucavi are manipulating the Church in turn.

Delita Heiral

Delita is Ramza's childhood friend and knight apprentice of the Royal Military Akademy at Gariland. Born to a farming family in the demesne of House Beoulve, Delita and his sister were taken in by the late Lord Barbaneth after losing both parents to the Black Death. Meeting Argath and Milleuda has forced Delita to question his own place.

Delita was one of the kidnapers of Princess Ovelia. Although he was thought to be aligned with the Order of the Southern Sky, this does not seem to be the case. Rather, he appears to be working with figures plotting something known to neither Duke Larg nor Duke Goltanna.

Delita was a lieutenant commander of the Blackram Knights under Baron Grimms. He was promoted to his current position of commander by Duke Goltanna as a reward for successfully returning Princess Ovelia to Zeltennia, making it appear this chain of events came to pass through the machinations of deliberate will.

Though it is thought that Count Orlandeau's assassination of Duke Goltanna resulted in Delita's appointment as lord commander of the Order of the Southern Sky, the truth paints quite a different tale. Amidst the bedlam of Fort Besselat's defense, Delita freed the count and slew the duke himself.

Even now, Delita continues manipulating others to fulfill his own ambitions.

Princess Ovelia Atkascha

Ovelia was adopted by the late King Ondoria III after he lost his second sone, but is actually trueborn daughter to the former monarch Denamda IV and half-sister to Ondoria III. Soon after entering the Atkascha royal family, a third son, Prince Orinus, was born to the queen, and Ovelia was entrusted to Duke Larg.

Alma Beoulve

The youngest of the four Beoulve children. Alma is Ramza's full sister. She attends the Eagrose Preparatory Academy, and like her brother, was born of a different mother than the elder Beoulve siblings. Alma's bright and cheerful demeanor charms all those around her.

Alma has begun to question the motives of her two eldest brothers after losing Tietra and Delita in the tragedy at Ziekden Fortress.

Since birth, Alma has spent almost her entire life within a monastery, and has only recently returned to live in the Beoulve manse. Because of their similar circumstances - and closeness in age - she finds favor with Ramza over her elder siblings.

Lord Zalbaag Beoulve

Lord commander of the Order of the Northern Sky and holder of the title Knight Devout, Zalbaag was the second eldest of the Beoulve brothers. His countless victories in the Fifty Years' War led the late King Denamda IV to declare, "The savior of Ivalice is in Gallionne, and his name is Beoulve." Zalbaag is also a devout member of the Church of Glabados.

Reincarnated as a Lucavi thrall, Zalbaag was then defeated in battle.

Lord Dycedarg Beoulve

Dycedarg is the eldest Beoulve brother, and a military tactician in the service of Duke Larg, liege lord of Gallione. In accordance with the wishes of his late father, Lord Barbaneth, Dycedarg ceded the position of commander of the Order of the Northern Sky to his brother Zalbaag. Instead, he became a strategist for Duke Larg, a friend of Dycedarg's since childhood.

Dycedarg was Duke Larg's most trusted retainer. In addition to being a master tactician, it is also said that he was an expert swordsman well versed in the ways of magick. He was gravely wounded in a recent surprise attack by the Corpse Brigade.

He assassinated Duke Larg at Fort Besselat, but was subsequently slain in a fierce attack by Zalbaag's forces soon after seizing power.

Duke Bestrald Larg

Liege lord of Gallione and trueborn brother to Queen Louveria, wife of King Ondoria III. House Larg is a branch of the Atkascha royal family, and is able to trace its roots back to King Denamda II - the monarch responsible for the Fifty Years' War. Duke Larg served as a general in that conflict, and today possesses command authority over the Order of the Northern Sky.

Duke Larg was assassinated as part of Lord Dycedarg's plot during the siege of Fort Besselat.

Duke Druksmald Goltanna

The ruler of Zeltennia. Duke Goltanna, like Duke Larg, is descended from the line of King Denamda II, the monarch responsible for the Fifty Years' War. His

standard is the Black Lion - one head of the royal family's twin-headed lion crest. He served as a general in the Fifty Years' War and now controls the Order of the Southern Sky - one of the great knightly orders of Ivalice.

He was assassinated during the siege of Fort Besselat in a plot directed by Delita Heiral and the Church of Glabados.

Prince Orinus Atkascha

The third son born to Queen Louveria and the late King Ondoria III. Because their first two sons died shortly after birth, Prince Orinus was the rightful heir to the throne of Ivalice. Few among the citizenry retain faith in their current king, who rarely participates in matters of government, citing ill health. Most realize that the regent who governs in his place has the true power.

As he is yet an infant, a regent is to be appointed to govern in his stead. Dukes Larg and Goltanna are even now preparing to clash over this coveted position.

When war broke out, Duke Larg declared the prince to be king, and himself regent. After the duke's assassination, however, Orinus led the life of a fugitive, finally taking refuge in Romanda.

Queen Louveria Atkascha

Wife of King Ondoria III of Ivalice and trueborn sister to Duke Larg. She became queen at twenty and bore three sons. The first two died shortly after birth, leaving Prince Orinus the sole heir. The king's ill health has left him distant from affairs of government, making the queen the de facto ruler of Ivalice.

After the king's death, the queen quickly disposed of any who stood in her way - even members of the royal family.

Louveria was banished to Fort Besselat, accused of kidnapping the princess to ensure her own son would sit the throne. She disappeared amid the battle that erupted there soon after.

Ondoria Atkascha III

18th monarch in the Atkascha line, Ondoria III was crowned after Denamda IV's death from illness in the final days of the Fifty Years' War. In stark contrast to his predecessor, who personally led men into battle, Ondoria III was frail, weak-willed, and generally ill-suited to his position. He lies in his sickbed as the court hurriedly prepares for Prince Orinus to ascend the throne.

He contracted the Black Death and died after seven days and nights of fevered suffering.

High Confessor Marcel Funebri

High Confessor Marcel is the leader of the Church of Glabados in Mullonde. Although the Church has lost some of its former power, for the most part it answers to no authority but its own. It is no overstatement to say that the High Confessor wields power rivaling that of the king. He is guarded by an

order of elite warriors known as the Knights Templar.

Funebris was the mastermind behind the War of the Lions. By orchestrating this conflict, the High Confessor hoped to regain the Church's lost influence. His ultimate goal was for the Church to be the supreme power in Ivalice - greater even than the Crown itself.

While fanning the flames of war between the dukes Larg and Goltanna, the High Confessor is using his Knights Templar to search for the Zodiac Stones in hopes of winning over the common people.

In reality, the High Confessor had been carrying out the will of dark beings known as Lucavi. He died an unwitting pawn in their ploy to dominate the world of men.

Argath Thadalfus

Born at Lefondes in Limberry, Argath was a knight apprentice in the household of Marquis Elmdore. His family was brought to ruin during the Fifty Years' War, and it was Argath's ambition to restore honor to the Thadalfus name by becoming a knight. He envies Ramza who, despite being of higher birth than Argath, does not appreciate his own fortune.

He was killed at Ziekden Fortress during a campaign to eliminate the Corpse Brigade.

He was revived by the power of the Lucavi after being slain at Ziekden, but was defeated by Ramza.

Ser Goffard Gaffgarion

A sellsword hired by the Order of the Northern Sky to escort Princess Ovelia to Eagrose. He once served as a division commander in the Order of the Eastern Sky in the Fifty Years' War. But at war's end, Gaffgarion was expelled from the Order as a result of the barbarism of the methods he employed to ensure victory. He was felled in the battle at the gate of Lionel Castle.

Lady Agrias Oaks

A noble and fiercely loyal female knight serving in the Lionsguard, the Crown's personal shields. Tensions between Dukes Larg and Goltanna after the death of Ondoria III led to fears for Princess Ovelia's safety, and the Council dispatched Lady Agrias to Orbonne Monastery as a guard. She sympathizes with the princess for having to live a sequestered life.

Count Cidolfus Orlandeau

Often called the Thunder God, Count Orlandeau is lord commander of the Order of the Southern Sky, and fought alongside Barbaneth and Zalbag Beoulve in the Fifty Years' War. He has been fast friends with Duke Goltanna for some twenty years, and it is due to House Orlandeau's support that the duke can wage war. However, Count Orlandeau is critical of the duke's recent behavior.

Accused of plotting against his duke, he was stripped of title and imprisoned at Fort Besselat. However, he escaped thanks to the efforts of his adopted son, Orran Durai, and Ramza.

Orran Durai

A mage in the service of the Order of the Southern Sky, and adopted son of its lord commander, Count Orlandeau. His true father served with the count and was killed in the waning days of the Fifty Years' War. Orran is currently investigating corruption in the Church at Count Orlandeau's behest.

After the assassination of Duke Goltanna, Orran's knowledge of what had actually transpired led Delita to imprison him in the Zeltennia Castle dungeon.

Confessor Zalmour Lucianada

A former inquisitor of the Church of Glabados. As a priest whose duty was hunting down and exterminating heretics, he ranked in the top echelon of the Church's hierarchy. Confessor Zalmour wielded incomparable power both within and without the Church, and no one - not even the knightly orders - could challenge his authority. He was defeated in battle with Ramza in Zeltennia.

Celebrant Bremond Freithberg

Bremond was born into a prominent Gariland family, and graduated at the top of his class at the Royal Military Academy before succeeding Cardinal Delacroix as liege lord of Lionel. He exiled Beowulf out of jealousy over Reis, and had Reis abducted once she returned to human form. Bremond took the form of a dark dragon when cornered by Beowulf, but was defeated.

Elder Simon Penn-Lachish

Elder of Orbonne Monastery and renowned theologian, Elder Simon is a devout member of the Church of Glabados. Although he once served as a Church inquisitor, a certain incident led to his retirement, whereupon he withdrew to the remote sanctuary of Orbonne Monastery. He was both a teacher and a loving father figure to Princess Ovelia.

He was slain when the Knights Templar raided the monastery in search of the Virgo Stone.

Aliste Rosenheim

Former lieutenant commander of the Gryphon Knights of Lionel. Ser Aliste became commander following Beowulf's exile. Upon learning his days were numbered, Ser Aliste made up his mind to die fighting Beowulf, who had long considered the knight his most trusted soldier and a worthy rival. He was slain in battle at Lionel Castle after abducting Reis.

Beowulf Cadmus

Former leader of the Gryphon Knights of Lionel. When Celebrant Bremond fell in love with Beowulf's fiancée Reis, he had Beowulf declared a heretic, stripping him of rank. After Beowulf found Reis and freed her from the celebrant's draconic curse, she was then abducted and held for a time. Beowulf was reunited with her after defeating Celebrant Bremond.

Wiegraf Folles

Leader of the Corpse Brigade, a group of brigands terrorizing Gallionne. During the Fifty Years' War, he served as leader of the Dead Men, a company of volunteer soldiers assembled from the peasantry. Although they fought valiantly, they were no longer needed after Ivalice's defeat, and at war's end were summarily discharged without compensation.

As leader of the Corpse Brigade, Wiegraf used kidnapping and assassination in a campaign to free the common people from the suffering imposed by the ruling classes. However, the Brigade was wiped out in a government counterattack. As the Church's interest coincided with his own hatred of the aristocracy, he then joined the templarate, but was slain in battle against Ramza at Riovanes.

Reis Duelar

Reis was Beowulf's betrothed, but was changed into the Holy Dragon by Celebrant Bremond's twisted curse. She was returned to human form by the power of the Cancer Stone.

Although she was abducted and brought to Lionel Castle by one of Bremond's men, she was ultimately rescued by Beowulf.

Valmafra Lenande

Once Delita had infiltrated Duke Goltanna's army, this young mage was sent by the Church to assist him. Her orders were to execute Delita if he were ever to betray the Church. But even after his true plans were revealed, Valmafra realized she had grown to respect and admire Delita, and was unable to raise a blade against him.

Cardinal Alphonse Delacroix

Liege lord of Lionel and second in command to the High Confessor of the Church of Glabados, Cardinal Delacroix was also a respected theologian and knight of prominence in the Fifty Years' War, and had been adored by the common people. The cardinal fused with Cúchulainn - one of the Lucavi demons of legend - and was searching for the Zodiac Stones as part of some vile plot.

Rapha Galthena

A member of Grand Duke Barrington's secret band of Khamja assassins, and Marach's younger sister. After losing her parents in the Fifty Years' War, Rapha wandered as an orphan until Grand Duke Barrington took her in. When she discovered the grand duke himself had razed her village, she left Riovanes and swore revenge.

Marach Galthena

A member of Grand Duke Barrington's secret band of Khamja assassins. After losing his parents in the Fifty Years' War, Marach wandered as an orphan until Grand Duke Barrington took him in and trained him as a mage. Marach thinks of the grand duke as his father, even going so far as to take up arms against his own sister, Rapha, who has turned against the lord.

He was slain atop Riovanes Castle shielding his sister Rapha from a bullet, but was revived by a Zodiac Stone.

Marquis Messam Elmdore de Limberry

Liege lord of Limberry. Marquis Elmdore battled fearlessly against the Ordallian army when it invaded Ivalice in the Fifty Years' War. Hailed by friends as the Silver Prince for his bright metallic armor and long silver hair, he was feared by foes as the Silver Demon. He is a devout member of the Church of Glabados and an ordained inquisitor.

He was struck dead by an arrow on the Fusse Plains, but rose again as one of the Lucavi. In the end, he was defeated at the hands of Ramza.

Grand Duke Gerrith Barrington

Liege lord of Fovoham. Grand Duke Barrington did not serve in battle during the Fifty Years' War, as he was no warrior, but his large group of outland sellswords fought in his name. Among their numbers was a group of war orphans trained as assassins, whose fearsomely tempered skill helped earn the grand duke the name of "King of the Forge."

The grand duke had stolen the Virgo Stone in hopes of utilizing its great power for military purposes. However, this drew Lord Folmarv's ire, and Grand Duke Barrington died in the ensuing chaos.

Mustadio Bunansa

A young man who works in the mines of Goug. Mustadio is the son of Besrudio Bunansa, a brilliant machinist famed for the creation of mechanical weaponry. Young Mustadio has mastered the use of the pistol, a device that can fire metallic projectiles at high speeds when packed with explosive powder.

Besrudio Bunansa

A veteran machinist living in the city of Goug. A master of his craft, Besrudio is best known for his innovative mechanical weaponry. He is an avid researcher of ancient machinery. Thugs in the employ of the Baert Trading Company abducted him in hopes of obtaining the Taurus Stone he had discovered in a tunnel beneath Goug. He was rescued by Ramza.

Ludovich Baert

Head of the multifaceted Baert Trading Company, based in Warjilis. Ludovich Baert is a man of wealth and prestige, but he has another, lesser known side as the leader of a criminal organization dealing in slave and opium smuggling. His failure to seize the Taurus Stone infuriated the cardinal, who then saw Ludovich pay with his life.

Celia

An Ultima demon summoned by Marquis Elmdore.

Lettie

An Ultima demon summoned by Marquis Elmdore.

Saint Ajora Glabados

Ajora was born in the Lesalian city of Bervenian twelve centuries ago. Raised in Milados, he preached openly about the coming of Paradise. This infuriated Pharist priests, and the Holy Ydoran Empire hanged him as a traitor. When Mullonde - the center of Pharist teachings - then sank into the sea. Ajora's disciples began to preach of his divinity, eventually forming the Church of Glabados.

Knight Templar Folmarv Tengille

Details concerning this knight are unknown. He seems to be tied to Ovelia's kidnapping, along with Delita Heiral.

Lord commander of the Knights Templar in Mullonde. Thought High Confessor Marcel was to lead the revived Zodiac Braves, Lord Folmarv seems to have plans of his own.

Knight Templar Loffrey Wodring

A Knight Templar in the service of the Church of Glabados. By order of Lord Folmarv, he set off to Eagrose in hopes of forming an alliance with Lord Dycedarg. Ser Loffrey is one of a select few who know of Lord Folmarv's true intentions.

Knight Templar Isilud Tengille

A Knight Templar in the service of the Church of Glabados. Ser Isilud was the trueborn son of Lord Folmarv, the templarate's lord commander. He was also one of the new Zodiac Braves, holding the Pisces Stone. Ser Isilud blindly follows the words of his father, but has no knowledge of the Stone's power to summon Lucavi.

He was killed by his father, who was said to have become a Lucavi.

Knight Templar Cletienne Duroi

A Knight Templar in the service of the Church of Glabados. Cletienne is quite an accomplished mage, and graduated with top honors from the Royal Military Akademy at Gariland. Such was his devotion to the Church of Glabados that he joined the templarate immediately after graduating the Akademy.

Knight Templar Barich Fendsor

A Knight Templar of the Church of Glabados. Ser Barich was a machinist in Goug before joining the templarate. As a result, his pistol skills far outmatched his swordplay. Born a commoner, Barich joined the movement against the aristocracy in his younger days. Due to this, his name had appeared on a blacklist kept by the templarate. He died fighting in the Beddha Sandwaste.

Knight Templar Meliadoul Tengille

A Knight Templar of the Church of Glabados, and daughter to Lord Folmarv. After witnessing the marquis Elmdore de Limberry transform into Zalera, the Death Seraph, she began to question the motives of her own father. Lady Meliadoul now travels alongside Ramza on a search for the truth.

Cloud Strife

Besrudio Bunansa discovered a marvel of ancient technology called a "transporter" in Tunnel 83, far beneath the city of Goug. This peculiar machine summoned Cloud from another dimension. Perhaps in shock from his inter-dimensional journey, he complained of headaches, mumbling foreign words such as "Sephiroth." It is unknown whether he can return to his own world.

Tietra Heiral

Tietra is Delita's younger sister. Both are children of a simple farmer who lived and worked on land by House Beoulve. Lord Barbaneth Beoulve assumed custody of both Tietra and Delita soon after their parents were taken by the Black Death. Tietra secretly worries about her brother, who has been sent to the Royal Military Akademy at Gariland. She attended the Eagrose Preparatory Akademy with Alma, but her peers would not accept her due to her roots.

Tietra was taken hostage after a failed assassination attempt by the Corpse Brigade on Lord Dycedarg. She was then killed by Argath Thadalfus at Ziekden Fortress.

Lord Barbaneth Beoulve

Former lord commander of the Order of the Northern Sky, Lord Barbaneth was hailed as Knight Gallant - the highest rank in all of knighthood. His countless victories helped to compensate for Ivalice's inferior numbers in the Fifty Years' War. Fear of this man forced Ordallia to agree to an equal peace, although Ivalice had in fact lost. He was fatally poisoned at the war's end.

Gustav Margriff

The Corpse Brigade's lieutenant commander, and former lieutenant of the Dead Men. Gustav was a knight in the Order of the Northern Sky before joining the Dead Men. However, the atrocities committed by the Order, such as the mass killing of enemy soldiers and the sacking of villages, convinced him to leave it. He was slain by Wiegraf after abducting Marquis Elmdore.

Milleuda Folles

Swordmaiden of the Corpse Brigade and trueborn sister to its leader, Wiegraf Folles. She fought at his side among the Dead Men in the Fifty Years' War. Yet at war's end, the Crown failed to honor the Dead Men's valor with just recompense, leading them to rise against their former liege lords. It was fighting in this uprising that Milleuda died on the Lenalian Plateau.

Gragoroth Levigne

A knight of the Corpse Brigade. Gragoroth stormed the Beoulve manse at Eagrose to assassinate Lord Dycedarg, a retainer to Duke Larg. Although he failed to kill Lord Dycedarg, Gragoroth abducted Delita Heiral's younger sister, Tietra, while fleeing. In a final battle with the Order of the Northern Sky, he was killed trying to escape with her as his shield.

Luso

A young hunter who still retains a boyish innocence. Rescued from an attack by monsters in the Zeklaus Desert. Luso decided to travel with Ramza until such time as he could reunite with his former companions. He records each day's events in a leatherbound book that he carries with him at all times.

Balthier

Balthier is a free spirit who owes allegiance to no man or country. He travels in his ship, the Strahl, stealing from the evil and corrupt. His skills as a machinist and thief are second to none. Balthier is searching for the Cache of Glabados, and is currently traveling with Ramza.

Eldibus

A gifted mage who fought against the Romandan army when it invaded in the middle part of the Fifty Years' War. Elidibus uncovered a myriad of black magicks and summoning spells from ancient tomes, which he used in the Ivalician war effort. He disappeared once control of Riovanes Castle was regained. Could the Lucavi in the bowels of Midlight's Deep truly have been him?

Arazlam Durai

A modern-day scholar of medieval Ivalician history. Arazlam is also well known as an archaeologist and theologian, and many recall the controversy sparked by his interpretation of the Durai papers. He has penned such classic works as "The Enigmatic War of the Lions," "The True Saint Ajora," and "The Durai Papers: 400 Years of Truth."

X. Location Descriptions

The Magick City of Gariland

Home to the Royal Akademy for the Magickal Arts, famous for producing Elidibus, mage hero of the Fifty Years' War.

Mandalia Plain

Large limestone spires protrude from this plain like the fangs of a great beast.

Eagrose Castle

High seat of Gallione and home to Duke Larg, its lord, this city is second in size only to the royal city of Lesalia.

The Siedge Weald

An ancient forest surrounded on all sides by mountains. Said to have once been home to a race of extinct moogles.

The Merchant City of Dorter

A city that developed as a hub for overland trade. It is a lively place frequented by all manner of merchants.

Zeklaus Desert

Scorching in the daytime and freezing at night, it is no mystery why so few travel through this desert.

Brigand's Den

A small structure built upon a pier. Once a refuge for fishermen, it is now home to brigands.

Lenalian Plateau

A barren plateau dotted with jagged boulders, but little flora of which to speak.

Fovoham Windflats

These sprawling flatlands are covered by low grasses and battered by fierce winds from the Rhana Strait.

Ziekden Fortress

A fortress built during the Fifty Years' War to prevent a Romandan invasion from across the Rhana Strait.

Orbonne Monastery

A monastery built more than twelve centuries ago and said to house an extensive basement library.

Araguay Woods

A sprawling forest covering the southern Lesalia region and inhabited by a variety of rare fauna.

Zeirchele Falls

Few can help but be enchanted by the sight of Zeirchele Falls cascading down the stairlike Algost Mountains.

The Castled City of Zaland

An elevated city built atop a low mountain, this castled city serves as a gateway to the province of Lionel.

Balias Tor

The location where Balias, the first of Saint Ajora's disciples, was put to death by the Holy Ydoran Empire.

Lionel Castle

Home to Cardinal Delacroix, liege lord of Lionel, this castle once belonged to the Holy Ydoran Empire.

Tchigolith Fenlands

Countless people died here during the Fifty Years' War, changing this once fertile plain into a poisonous fen.

The Clockwork City of Goug

A mining town where mechanical weapons are crafted using techniques passed down from antiquity.

The Port City of Warjilis

The only merchant port in Lionel, this city developed as a port of transit for trade on teh Bugross Sea.

Balias Swale

The barren valley where Balias, the first of Saint Ajora's disciples, hid from the Holy Ydoran Empire's pursuers.

Golgollada Gallows

The site of Saint Ajora's execution, now employed as a public execution ground by Lionel.

The Mining Town of Gollund

Rich in mineral resources, the Felmarian Highlands where this town lies are also battered by year-round snowstorms.

The Royal Capital of Lesalia

High seat of the Crown. At its heart towers the luxurious keep that houses Ivalice's royal family.

Grogh Heights

The largest farm belt in the Lesalia region. Most of the crops harvested here are destined for the capital city.

The Walled City of Yardrow

A fortress city with some ten centuries of history, protected by thick stone walls built to repel invaders.

The Yuguewood

Two-century-old yugue trees still grow here, but even this primeval forest was not spared from the ravages of war.

Riovanes Castle

Home to Grand Duke Barrington, liege lord of Fovoham, this castle is distinguished by its Romandan-style towers.

Dugeura Pass

Nearly 2,000 dohms in height, Mount Landria was once used by monks as a holy place of fasting and atonement.

The Free City of Bervenian

Famous as the birthplace of Saint Ajora, this city is under direct authority of the Church of Glabados.

Finnath Creek

The Thealla Peaks reach 6,000 dohms in height. The water flowing down them is frigid even in midsummer.

Zeltennia Castle

Home to Duke Goltanna, liege lord of Zeltenna, this castle was heavily reinforced during the Fifty Years' War.

Beddha Sandwaste

A wild desert covering much of western Limberry. The tombs of ancient emperors are buried in the sand.

Fort Besselat

A natural fortress surrounded on three sides by sheer cliffs. Served as a first line of defense during the Fifty Years' War.

The Trade City of Sal Ghidos

Once a center of trade with Ordallia, this city has withered since relations with Ordallia were severed.

Mount Germinas

This peak is the oldest on the entire continent. The range from which it rises is a barren, rainless one.

Lake Poescas

Once a large body of water, this area is now nothing but a dried lake bed covered in white salt.

Limberry Castle

Home to Marquis Elmdore, liege lord of Limberry, this beautiful white castle rests on the shores of Loch Dalla.

Mullonde

Home to the powerful Mullonde sect of the Church of Glabados, whose rule supercedes that of the Crown here.

Nelveska Temple

Ruins of an ancient temple built between two sheer cliffs. Used as a base for freedom fighters during the Fifty Years' War.

Midlight's Deep

A lighthouse built to prevent ships sailing the Bugross Sea from running aground. It suffered damage during the Fifty Years' War.

Mount Bervenian

The largest active volcano in Ivalice. Molten lava flows down its surface, while ash and smoke darken the sky.

Dorvauldar Marsh

Rich marshland in western Limberry. The Dorvauldar River carries fertile soil from here to the plains.

XI. Tavern Rumors

The Corpse Brigade

Brigandry is on the rise across the land, and Gallione has by no means been spared. Wains are struck and pillaged, high-ranking officials taken at sword-point. Most of the incidents of this past six-month are believed to be the work of a company of felons and former sellswords known as the Corpse Brigade.

It is oft said the only good brigand is a dead brigand, and the Order of the Northern Sky would like naught more than to see the Brigade made corpses for true. But as yet, it is all the knighthood can do to keep the outlaws in check.

King Ondoria III

The health of King Ondoria III has been a subject of concern since his collapse at the birthday celebration of Prince Orinus. The Board of Chamberlains has since announced that the king has regained consciousness and his fever has broken, but will yet require several weeks of quietude and bed rest in order to recover.

Many speculate that it may be some months before the king resumes his official duties. However, Queen Louveria and her retainers have long been in charge of most affairs of state, and thus few problems are anticipated during the king's absence.

The Fifty Years' War

The half-century of conflict between Ivalice and Ordallia is today known as the Fifty Years' War.

The beginning of the Fifty Years' War can be traced to the death of Ordallia's King Devanne III, and his failure to name a successor. His cousin, Varoi VI, was next in line for the throne; however, King Denamda II of Ivalice (the uncle of Devanne III) proclaimed himself the rightful heir and declared war on Ordallia.

However, this was merely a pretense to justify the invasion of the neighboring Ordallian province of Zelmonia. Once an independent state, it had been annexed by Ordallia nearly a century prior. Ivalice had since been aiding the province in an effort to weaken Ordallia - an effort that ultimately failed. Tired of Ordallian rule, the Zelmonian leadership and nobility secretly petitioned Ivalice to take a more direct hand in their liberation.

After a victory in Zelmonia, the Ivalician armies marched on the Ordallian capital of Viura. As fate would have it, Denamda II succumbed to fatal illness on the road. The momentary confusion amongst Ivalice's troops gave Ordallia the opportunity it needed to regroup, and Varoi VI succeeded in pushing the Ivalicians back as far as Zelmonia. The resulting impasse would not be broken until the Romandan army's invasion two years hence.

Romanda, a powerful military state lying across the Rhana Strait, marched on Ivalice at the behest of Varoi VI, a blood relation of the Romandan nobility. However, Denamda II's successor Denamda IV was a fearless warrior, personally leading his men into battle against the combined might of Romanda and Ordallia. This, along with an outbreak of the Black Death in Romanda, forced the Romandan

army to withdraw after only three years.

Two military orders worthy of particular mention in this conflict are the Order of the Northern Sky, led by Knight Gallant Barbaneth Beoulve, and that of the Southern Sky, led by Cidolfus Orlandeau, known also as the Thunder God.

After countless victories at home, these two orders had been poised to advance into Ordallia. However, the protracted conflict had begun to take its toll on domestic morale. Peasant uprisings and revolts throughout Ivalice and Ordallia forced both countries to send their troops home to pacify their own citizens, resulting in another stalemate.

It was Denamda IV's sudden death by malady that broke the stalemate, although some claim that he was murdered. His successor, Ondoria III, was ill suited to the throne, and left the governing of Ivalice to his queen and retainers. Without Denamda IV's leadership, the armies of Ivalice had little prayer of preventing Varoi VI's successor, Prince Lennard, from defeating the troops stationed in Zelmonia and advancing into Ivalice proper.

Despite the valiant efforts of the Northern and Southern Orders, Ivalice failed to repel Prince Lennard's invasion of Zeltennia. Ivalice's leaders soon began looking for a peaceful alternative. In the end, both states agreed that prolonging the war would prove mutually detrimental, and a pact was signed allowing each nation to return to addressing domestic strife. An equal peace in name, it was in reality a defeat for Ivalice.

The economy of Ivalice was brought to the very brink of ruin as it struggled to pay reparations to its former enemies and to repay the loans taken from neighboring states to fund its war effort. Soldiers returning from the front found themselves without pay, and entire orders of knights were summarily discharged from service. The swelling ranks of the unemployed did little to relieve the people's distrust of the Crown and the nobility.

The Assassination Attempt

While the Corpse Brigade has been vanquished, their leader Wiegraf Folles continues to evade justice. And even as the Order of the Northern Sky worked to round up the last of the Brigade, former Brigade members led an attack on the manse of the esteemed House Beoulve at Eagrose. Their target is said to have been none other than Duke Larg's advisor, Lord Dycedarg Beoulve. Fortunately, the attempt was thwarted.

In the Wake of the King's Demise

Since the death of King Ondoria III, Queen Louveria's campaign to seize total control of the government has proceeded apace. All who oppose her - even members of the Council - are mercilessly stripped of their rank. Even the queen mother, who had openly criticized the actions of her son's wife, was banished to Bunahan, never to return. Her fate is unknown, although some say she was poisoned.

The Dukes Larg and Goltanna

Duke Larg, trueborn brother of Queen Louveria, and Duke Goltanna, cousin of the late king, are locked in a fierce political struggle for control of Ivalice. Both men hope to be appointed guardian of Prince Orinus and thus gain the title and authority of regent. Although the queen supports Duke Larg, a goodly number

of nobles and Council members appear to back Duke Goltanna, and there are rumors he may be officially appointed regent ere long.

Widespread Peasant Revolt

Peasants riot throughout Duke Goltanna's province of Zeltennia. This sudden outbreak of civil unrest stems from the unanticipated loss of crops due to last year's drought, coupled with the burden of taxes that have been steadily rising since the end of the Fifty Years' War. A group of former knights calling itself the Order of the Ebon Eye appears to be fomenting the violence, even as Baron Grimms' Blackram Knights struggle to contain it.

Princess Ovelia Kidnapped

Princess Ovelia has been kidnapped from Orbonne Monastery. Witnesses claim the knights responsible bore the crest of the Black Lion, leading many to conclude that it was the work of Duke Goltanna's Order of the Southern Sky. The duke, however, denies involvement and is dispatching a search party in an effort to prove his innocence. Given the unrest in Zeltennia, it seems doubtful he will be able to spare many men for the effort.

The Legend of the Zodiac Braves

Long ago, before Ivalice was united as it is today, the land was divided into seven kingdoms: Zeltennia, Fovoham, Lionel, Limberry, Lesalia, Gallione, and Mullonde. Each kingdom clashed with the others in an endless effort to expand its own territory.

The conflict continued for centuries, until a brave and ambitious young king appeared in Mullonde. This king dreamt of uniting all of Ivalice under his hand, but such feats are not with ease achieved. Turning to ancient tomes and the dark magicks found within, he summoned a demon from the netherworld to do his bidding. But once unleashed, the demon could not be controlled. It slew the king and set out to destroy the world of men.

Twelve brave warriors were gathered to slay the demon and the foul horrors that it had summoned. They soon defeated the horrors and banished the demon back to the netherworld. These twelve warriors each carried with them a crystal engraved with a sign of the zodiac, and so became known as the Zodiac Braves.

Zodiac Stones

These crystals are said to date from the age of myth. Each bears the mark of a sign of the zodiac, leading them to be called the Zodiac Stones. They are thought to harbor divine power which allowed the Zodiac Braves to perform astonishing miracles. Their last appearance in historical records dates from the time of Saint Ajora. Since then, the Zodiac Stones have remained hidden from mortal sight.

The Baert Trading Company

The Baert Trading Company, a successful trading company based in the merchant city of Warjilis, has garnered the favor of the populace by donating generously to bridge - and road - building projects, as well as to local orphanages. But not all of the talk surrounding this company is favorable. Many say the true

source of the trading company's wealth is of a most unsavory nature - opium smuggling, slave trading, and even murder most foul.

A Stalemate

Three months have passed since the Battle of Groffovia - the first full-scale battle between the forces of Lesalia and Limberry on the plains that define the border of their two lands. Formidable knights, once allies in war, now meet each other as enemies on the battlefield in skirmishes with no clear victor - bloody clashes that have resulted in close to four hundred thousand casualties.

Many say that the two sides have reached an impasse, and the prospect of a protracted struggle does little to bolster the already low spirits of the people.

Princess Ovelia Saved

Princess Ovelia, abducted from Orbonne Monaster, has now been rescued. To the shock of many, the culprits were Duke Goltanna's aide Chancellor Glevanne and, it seems, Queen Louveria herself. Rumor holds that the queen instructed the chancellor to dispose of the princess, thus placing her own son next in line for the throne. Chancellor Glevanne has been put to death for the plot, but the queen denies all knowledge of it.

The young warrior who saved the princess is said to be a lieutenant in Baron Grimm's Blackram Knights by the name of Delita Heiral. In honor of his achievement, he is expected to be given leadership of the knights in place of Baron Grimms, who was killed in battle against the Order of the Ebon Eye.

The Death of Cardinal Delacroix

It has been three months since the death of Cardinal Delacroix, liege lord of Lionel. Although his death has been attributed to malady, many speculate that he was assassinated. Some even say that he was slain by an otherworldly fiend. The violent assault on Lionel Castle by a band of brigands on the eve of Delacroix's death lends momentum to such outlandish rumors, for strangely enough, the slain appeared to have been crushed to death.

Drought and Flood

Famine the likes of which have not been seen in decades has descended upon Ivalice. The eastern lands of Zeltennia and Limberry suffer from a drought which has reduced the harvest to half that of a normal year. And to the west in Gallione and Fovoham, widespread flooding has also destroyed close to half of all crops. The capital of Lesalia is awash with refugees who have lost their homes in the war, or who are simply in search of food.

Marquis Elmdore Slain

The marquis Elmdore de Limberry, dubbed the "Silver Prince" by his friends and "Silver Demon" by his foes, was slain by a stray arrow in battle on the Fusse Plains. Despite his noble title, he was a popular figure amongst the common people and a devout member of the Church of Glabados. A steady stream of mourners pay respects at his grave. He was a steadfast general of Duke Goltanna's and it seems a certainty that his death will affect the war.

A Turning Point

Having apparently lost patience with the long stalemate, Duke Larg's troops have at last taken action. The Order of the Northern Sky, along with most of the soldiers on the front lines, have marched on Fort Besselat. Besselat is an indispensable strongpoint in the battle against Zeltennia, and capturing it would give Duke Larg's forces access to Limberry's abundant food supply. This battle could well be the key to victory.

The Horror of Riovanes

Just as rumors of the otherworldly fiend that attacked Lionel Castle begin to die down, another is now said to have appeared at Riovanes - the residence of Grand Duke Barrington. More than five hundred men lost their lives in the ensuing battle. No witnesses survived and there are no clues as to what occurred. Those who have seen the aftermath say that they will never forget the scores of corpses, some with their heads crushed like melons.

The Haunted Mine

Monsters have taken up residence in one of the many coal mins in Gollund. The local government sent out a call for knights to slay the beasts, but the war has made finding able-bodied men difficult. Anxious to be rid of the monsters, the government is now offering a reward for any commoner who can slay them. One can only hope that such a hero will be found soon.

Lionel's New Liege Lord

Several months had passed since the murder of Cardinal Delacroix, and the question of who would succeed him as liege lord of Lionel had been on everyone's minds. Although a fierce struggle for power no doubt occurred behind the scenes. Celebrant Bremond was chosen in the end as expected. He is known for his genial disposition and uncompromising pursuit of heretics, and most have high hopes for his future as Lionel's new ruler.

Rash of Thefts

Clergymen from all over Ivalice have been reporting thefts as of late. All of the items stolen have been jewels in the care of religious institutions, leading the Church of Glabados to conclude that the crimes are the work of heretics or other enemies of the Church. Anticipating further incidents, it has warned its members to exercise particular vigilance.

A Call for Guards

The city of Bervenian has donated a treasure known as the Wailing Orde to the city of Dorter, and a merchant has been commissioned to make the delivery. However, recent rumors of bandits on the trade routes have him too frightened to make the journey. He seeks guards with strong swordarms to protect him along his way.

The Cursed Isle of Nelveska

The isle of Nelveska lies some eighty thousand dohms north of Zeltennia. The center of the island is home to the ruins of many ancient temples which served as a crucial base for the warriors fighting Ordallia's forces during the Fifty Years' War. Although Nelveska may appear to be a lush jungle paradise, the local fishermen avoid it, claiming that it is cursed, and a "fearsome iron sentinel" will slaughter any who dare approach.

XII. Errand Feats

The Salvage of the Highwind

The merchant ship Highwind had sunk some 20 sectas out into Warjilis Harbor. As it was carrying the molds needed to create chocobons, Psalmba Exports' newest product, some have speculated that the ship may have been sunk by a rival firm. However, it was determined to be an accident when we successfully recovered both the ship and its cargo.

Salvage Expedition

The salvage expedition was sponsored by the Lesalia Adventurer's Guild. Most attendees were young men and women from landlocked regions who would otherwise never get the chance to scour the depths for sunken treasure. Happily, we found a sunken hull (like as not placed there by our hosts) and succeeded in rescuing it from its watery grave.

Diving Expedition

We took part in a diving expedition sponsored by Thompson Traders, an outfitter located in Yardrow. There was a wide variety of participants, from children to the elderly, including many who might otherwise never have the opportunity to go diving for treasure. Diving is not easy work, but the participants accepted this and had a fulfilling, if exhausting, time.

The Enterprise

The Rhana Strait, located between Ivalice and the Romandan peninsula, is infamous for its treacherous waters. The Enterprise is only one of the many ships the strait has claimed. Judging from the vessel's extravagant design, it like as not belonged to a noble, but there are no records of its ownership, and no hint as to why the information was covered up.

Drudge Work

We responded to the Zeltennia Salvagers' Guild call for divers. The guild's operations had been on hiatus since a scandal several years ago, and only resumed as of late. Still, one would never know it from the contract that we were made to sign, even for our short employment. As we worked, we couldn't help but wonder what would become of this guild, surrounded as it was by dark rumors.

The Foundered Falcon

We were told of a sunken vessel known as the Falcon at the bottom of the West Bugross Sea. The Falcon was thought to have encountered a typhoon as it carried tributes from the continent, sinking the ship and drowning her crew. Among those lost was a Lord Hamilton, emissary to the Walled City of Yardrow. The job served to remind us all how dangerous sea travel can be.

The Hero-King of Legend

We learned that a ship said to belong to Mesa, the hero-king who saved humanity in the Cataclysm, had foundered not far off the shores of Goug. We immediately set to work and succeeded in raising the great vessel. However, a cursory examination of the ship revealed modern construction. We later learned that the vessel belonged to the Estoire Trading Company in Goug. We had been fooled.

The Salvage of the Durga

We learned that the Durga, a merchant ship owned by Barnvell Imports, had sunk 40 sectas into the Gulf of Carnen. As the Durga carried a number of valuable goods from the farthest corners of the continent, company representatives were understandably nervous. We raised the vessel, but her cargo had largely dissolved in the brine, resulting in a substantial loss for the company.

The Lionel Emissary

A ship carrying a Lionel emissary was attacked by pirates and sunk in waters not far off the coast. Her cargo was clearly of extraordinary importance, as countless others were working to raise the ship when we arrived. Luckily, we were able to raise her and quickly performed a search. In one of the passenger cabins, we found a treasure that we claimed for ourselves.

Swallowed by the Sea

Several valuable tomes were stolen from the Gariland Akademy for the Magickal Arts. According to witnesses, the thief was a man of some thirty years. He was seen escaping from a second-floor window and boarding a nearby ferry. Unfortunately for him, the ferry sank. We raised the vessel, but were unable to locate the books. Mayhap they were washed away by the current.

False Advertising

We answered the Yardrow Salvage Guild's call for divers. Attracted by the guild's claims of high income for little effort, we quickly found it to be just the opposite. We were worked from early morning until late at night for a pittance. But at the very least we have learned that when something sounds too good to be true, it oft is.

Gleddia Isle Shoals

Gleddia Isle lies 15 sectas into the Inlet of Riovanes. Waters in the area are swift and shallow, making shipwrecks a common occurrence. However, as it is the

closest route to the inlet, many merchants who know not of its treachery still venture near and are sunk. This was no doubt the case with the ship we raised as well.

Merchant Ship

Another ship ran aground just off the coast of Gleddia Isle, some 15 sectas out into the Inlet of Riovanes. The ship was the Delphi, a large merchant vessel owned by Eastgable Merchantry. As the ship was unregistered, we conducted a routine search and discovered a large quantity of illegal drugs being smuggled from the mainland. The cargo was worth some 70 million gil on the open market.

Salvage of the Dawn Queen

The Dawn Queen, a merchant vessel owned by Galesta Trading, capsized 35 sectas into the Bay of Seijista. It seems that a birthday present for the company's owner was on board. Moved by his assistant Holsecca's concern for the man, we raised the vessel. Upon recovery of the cargo, we were surprised to hear that Holsecca had in truth been worried only for his job.

Abandoned Mine

The abandoned mine expedition was sponsored by the Lesalia Adventurer's Guild. Most attendees were young men and women from coastal regions who might otherwise never explore places such as this. Luckily, we struck a vein of ore and even uncovered some lost treasure, making this task a profitable one.

Coal Mining Expedition

We took part in a mining expedition sponsored by Thompson Traders, a Yardrow outfitter. There was a wide variety of participants, both men and women, including many who might otherwise never have the opportunity to try their hand at mining. Mining is no easy task, but the participants seemed to accept this and had a fulfilling, if exhausting, time.

Will Hunting

An information broker told us of a hidden vein of ore in the long-abandoned Coldmann Mine. Apparently, it was mentioned in the will of Old Toppa, the mine's former manager. However, when we contacted Old Toppa's family, we learned that his will had been stolen. Working with the city guard, we apprehended the informant, a man named Gordon, and restored the mining rights to the family.

Orra Mine

The Orra Mine, famous for a spectacular vein of gold, suffered a cave-in not long ago. It seems that in their rush to mine the gold, the miners were too greedy and dug too deep. Ten miners lost their lives in the cave-in, but the company still continues to mine and has yet to admit any wrongdoing.

Coal Miners' Holiday

The Ducatia Mine has put out a request for miners. This generally occurs only when new veins of ore are discovered, and since no new ore has been found in this mine since the discovery of a copper vein several years ago, this would indeed be good news. But since the copper miners are still employed, some suspect this urgent need for extra miners can only mean gold has been discovered.

Molten Maiden

Mount Gulg has not erupted for nigh on 5000 years, yet dangers enough remain that few dare venture near. But we did, and it was at the bottom of that deep, dark shaft we saw her: a lady of flame! Locals tell of a young girl who stumbled over the volcano's rim, thought the truth of it we could not say. Nonetheless, we erected a small shrine and offered prayers for the Mount Gulg Maiden.

There and Back Again

At last we returned from the Endless Caverns. It seems the unique nature of the caverns was the reason why none had ever before returned. The caves' strong magnetic field and monotonous, grid-like layout have a paralyzing effect on one's sense of direction. However, marking our path allowed us to escape and at last dispel the mystery surrounding the caverns.

Beyond the Cliffs

We have conquered the Himca Cliffs! Searching for a hidden vein of gold, we reached the top of the misty peaks, and fields of grass seemed to extend endlessly before us. In the distance stood an enormous tree, the likes of which we had never seen. Mayhap it was the World Tree itself. As we left, we felt as if we had witnessed one of the wonders of the world.

Divine Encounter

We found a god in the Godsvale! We dug down some 30 sectas in search of ore deposits when our trench opened up into some ancient catacombs. We had just constructed a small shrine, and were praying for the souls interred in the tombs around us, when suddenly the figure of a man garbed in shimmering robes appeared before us. Then he disappeared as quickly as he came.

Past Glory

We discovered that mining had resumed in Balvack Mine, albeit on a temporary basis. The miners sought to put any rumors of hidden gold to rest once and for all, and of course we joined them. As we were digging, an old miner remarked, "It feels like we're back in the gold rush again." What could that old man have seen in that empty shell of a mine?

Miner Difficulties

Ducatia Mine was again recruiting miners. As only days had passed since the first recruitment drive, we decided to look into the situation. Upon being hired, we were subjected to an even stricter examination before finally being allowed into the mine itself. Once inside, we confirmed that a gold vein had

indeed been discovered and was being mined in secret.

Miner's Tears

A gold rush some years ago caused numerous towns to crop up at the foot of Mount Ourobos, and for a time the mountain crawled with prospectors. However, the meager amount of gold found could not support the towns. The miners soon left, turning the villages into little more than ghost towns. All that remained of the miners' dreams were the tears of the old man who told us his tale.

The Sable Swords

To combat the theft and violence prevalent during the Fifty Years' War, the Sal Ghidos Council created an elite guard made of fifteen knights who had proven their worth on the battlefield. This group of black-clad warriors was known as the Sable Swords. It is said they perished after falling prey to a bandit's trap in Death's Gorge, but even today people report sightings of ghostly figures in black.

Frontier Marathon

The Merchant Council of Dorter sponsored a frontier marathon. Participants competed with one another to find lost remnants of ancient civilization. All we had to go on was information gleaned from ancient texts, legends, and stories as we raced to be the first to find undiscovered ruins.

Second Frontier Marathon

The Merchant Council of Dorter sponsored a second frontier marathon. There were even more participants this time, and a change to the rules allowed us to use vehicles, which greatly increased the potential search area. We rented a chocobo carriage not far from the starting area, and succeeded yet again in finding a lost ancient wonder.

Upon the Plateau

The Lenalian Plateau is thought to be home to demons and all manner of evil spirit. A line from local legend reads, "And a demon descended upon the high plateau of Lenalia, and the world was plunged into darkness." However, we witnessed only a series of quiet, rolling hills with no apparent relation to the cursed land of legend. And yet as we left, we did feel a strange chill.

Third Frontier Marathon

The Merchant Council of Dorter sponsored a third frontier marathon. The success of the first two races meant that there were even more participants this time. Some complained of the expanded search area, but after the race began, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. It is said that the next race will not be held for some time, until more reports of lost ruins have surfaced.

Son of a Sandworm

The Beddha Sandwaste crawls with monsters. We were warned of this on the very

day we set off in search of the lost ruins. A monster known as a sandworm is said to appear at the end of each month, bringing blackened skies and sandstorms that shut the desert off from the outside world. Is this an attempt to protect the ruins' legacy, or a message to humans who dare defile remnants of the past?

The Desert Explorer

Lamzen the Adventurer hailed from the main continent, coming to Ivalice by way of Romanda. He was an explorer of some renown on the mainland, and made a number of important discoveries there. We joined his party and set off, exploring the unfamiliar Zeklaus Desert. Thanks in part to his experience, we located the ruins.

Beyond the Pass

After hearing the old farmer's account, we made our way to Dugeura Pass. There we witnessed an unusual local ceremony, in which they danced around an elemental. We later learned that it was a sacrificial ceremony in ancient times, performed today as part of a festival. Although unrelated to the ruins we found beyond the pass, it was an interesting sight nevertheless.

Frontier Expedition

We took part in a frontier expedition. Such expeditions are popular, for the prospect of discovering lost wonders gives hope to those exhausted by the mundanity of everyday life. As a surprising number of people attended, we divided ourselves into groups of 10 and set off exploring at dawn. We forged deep into the jungle, where we found remnants of an ancient, advanced civilization.

Blossoming Hope

The poisonous fens of the Tchigolith Fenlands are a remnant of the Fifty Years' War, and even today their desolation bears silent witness to the brutality of that conflict. But as we were departing for home, we saw something extraordinary: a celsettia flower blooming amid the deadly mists. By the time our children are grown, might these fens again be covered in celsettia blossoms?

The Vaschons

The Vaschons are an unusual group of adventurers, exploring regions previously untouched by man and then teaching others about them. As their notoriety has grown, so have their numbers, but the captain's natural leadership ability allows her to easily coordinate their efforts. She recorded every step of our journey, from beginning to successful discovery. We look forward to reading it later.

Honest Eke

We headed off to investigate the farmer's tale. The mountain was beautiful, bathed in mist like something out of a fairy tale. Yet even in that seemingly untouched wilderness, the effects of the war were evident. We will not tell you

what we saw there; it is best seen for oneself. We left with mixed emotions, knowing that even this hidden bit of paradise would eventually disappear.

Merhant's Regret

They say that faith reveals all things, but it seems this does not apply to lost ruins. The man who told us of these ruins, a merchant by the name of Bibbitt, has faith only in gold. When we told him of the ruins we had discovered, he ran from the tavern to see for himself. We can only hope this whole experience taught him that there is more to life than gold.

Amidst the Mist

Mount Vector is a mysterious place where rain falls continuously. This soft rain was quite relaxing and served to soothe our battle-weary bones. The high temperatures in the region mean that the mountain is always swathed in mist, leading to stories of white demons that prey on travelers. We located the ruins, and bid this oasis for the soul a reluctant farewell, before continuing on our journey.

Wild Kingdom

A rash of monster attacks had finally resulted in the loss of human life. The behemoth that had taken up residence in the mountains near Bervenian killed Cassandra, the owner of a nearby farm, and some thirty others. Although we were successful in our efforts to slay the beast, our battle with this king of monsters was uncomfortably close.

Lilith's Libation

Bacchus Winery's most popular product is Bacchus Liqueur, an incredibly sweet drink made from bacchus seeds, and it was the reason for the attacks on the company's wains. What was thought to be the work of bandits was actually that of monsters drawn to the sweet smell. We defeated them and their leader Lilith, ensuring that Ivalicians could again partake in Bacchus's blessing.

Father and Son

Enticed by the offer of reward, we set off to find a dragon. After a fierce battle in the Glenn Peaks, we succeeded in slaying one. No sooner had we extracted its tooth than we found ourselves ringed by soldier - the duke's men. Duke McEnroe himself was present, and gave us a fine reward for the tooth. We felt a tinge of pity for the duke, who must buy his own son's respect.

Whisperweed Blossom

The labyrinthine cave on the outskirts of Warjilis led to a vast underground lake. We sensed we were being watched as we stared across the water, and turned to see a pack of red mouses ready to pounce. After overcoming our foes, we saw an astonishing sight: the blossom of whisperweed, a plant that blooms only once in several millenia. Could the monsters have been protecting it?

The Typhoon

Typhoon Karzst has been captured! We learned that Bevester Karzst, wanted for 765 counts of purse-snatching was hiding in Sal Ghidos, and quickly set out to capture him. We were aided by a mysterious ninja clad in black, who promptly vanished after we defeated the Typhoon. Witnesses told us the ninja was none other than the informant who had sold us the information.

Criminal Count

Count Minimas has been exposed! After defeating the door mimic, we performed a cursory search of the area, whereupon we were startled to discover a cache of gold and documents hiding in the count's cellar. The nature of the documents would take too long to explain here, but suffice to say they removed any chance of the count winning the upcoming mayoral election.

Left Behind

Zerro struck again, targeting Viscount Barfire this time. Zerro, who seems to target corrupt aristocrats, infiltrated the noble's manor dressed as a guard. He fled with paintings, gold, and other treasure. We managed to corner him in the gardens, but he disappeared in a cloud of smoke, leaving behind a message and treasure. After verifying he was gone, we claimed the treasure and left.

Zerro's Mark

Zerro struck again! This time, his target was Baron Barthundra, a dealer in art. Unbeknownst to the baron, Zerro had been hired as an assistant at his gallery, allowing him to pilfer paintings, gold, and other valuables undetected. Before disappearing yet again, he left behind a note and a treasure. After ensuring we were not being watched, we claimed the treasure and headed for home.

Hilltop Estate

The chimera, once thought extinct, had indeed reappeared. Such an abomination - a foul creation bearing the features of countless beasts - could only have been wrought by the hand of man. It stands to reason that the chimera was the work of dark sorcery, and rumor would place responsibility on one of the townspeople. We managed to fell the beast in a battle that spanned some eight hours.

Pitiable Monster

We were called to assist in an unusual case of pet-turned-monster. The metamorphosis resulted from magicks that the pet's owner, young Diara Luca, had found in an ancient tome in her family library. After disposing of the pet and questioning Diara, we learned that the chimera seen in town not long ago was also hers. We released her after eliciting a promise that she stop experimenting.

A Wish Come True

The Braana clan has been defeated! The pirates had been plundering small fishing villages on the outskirts of town, taking hostages from each to keep others from calling for help. But thanks to the bravery of a ten-year-old girl

named Fia in a tiny fishing village near Riovanes Castle, we were notified of the pirates' plot, and the craven lot was brought to justice.

Eternal Youth

Lady Vitts, the proprietress of an inn near Zeltennia Castle, lost her six-year-old son Gallua to an accident. However, as we discovered during our investigation, she was convinced he still lived. According to a doctor learned in such matters, the trauma of losing her son had caused the good lady to lose touch with reality, resulting in this errand which we were sadly unable to complete.

Cornelia's Rescue

Little Cornelia, Baron Catastro's only daughter, was kidnapped by a man calling himself "Jacques le rapeur" and demanding the Catastro family jewels. We met the culprit on the pretense of delivering them. As it turned out, "Jacques the rapeur" was actually a man by the name of Roberts - Cornelia's tutor. Cornelia had planned the kidnapping in an attempt to reunite her estranged parents.

The Rescue of Young Lord Pappal

Duke McEnroe's son was kidnapped by brigands claiming to work against the nobility. The city guard conducted their own investigation, supplemented by an outside search party at the request of the duke. Working with members of the guard, we infiltrated the culprits' hideout, and rescued young Pappal. It seems the men's ultimate goal was the dissolution of Ivalice's aristocracy.

Call of the Wild

Carrot, a five-month-old malboro kept as a pet by Countess Zalmasse, had gone missing. After an extended search, we found Carrot feeding in the hills behind Zalmasse Manor and recaptured her. Consulting with a specialist, we learned that domesticated malboros regress to their wild state every fourth generation, and determined this was the cause of little Carrot's escape.

Doll's Lament

We headed to an old house on the outskirts of Lesalia to investigate the cause of mysterious noises. They started late that night and seemed to be emanating from a room on the second floor. Upon entering the room, we found a doll crying alone in the pitch blackness. Later, we learned that the house's former residents had died in a fire many years ago. Was the doll lamenting the fate of its owner?

Message in a Bottle

We looked into the items washing up on the shore near the city of Gariland. We mostly found refuse from cities across the sea, but amongst the garbage we saw a small bottle containing a scrap of paper. Although we were unable to decipher the foreign script inscribed on the paper, it appeared to be a plea of some sort.

The Mudman

We were asked by residents of Goug to defeat a monster living in an abandoned well. What we found at its dark, dank bottom was a figure in the shape of a man, covered from head to toe in mud. It took all of our strength to defeat it. From its remains crawled a bedraggled vagrant. It seems that he had taken shelter in the well, only to be engulfed by the mud monster.

Umbral Prison

We followed up on reports of a strange figure seen prowling the streets of Zeltennia. We soon spied our quarry, but as we followed him, our surroundings suddenly seemed unfamiliar. The figure was none other than the legendary phantom known as the Black Cape, and it had trapped us within an umbral prison. However, our faith and bravery allowed us to break free and defeat the shade.

Final Protest

For five days, thirty students of the Riovanes Military Institute had confined themselves to an ancient mountain temple outside of town. It seems this was in protest for beatings received at the hands of their teachers. The Ivalician Minister of Education has taken the charges very seriously, and dismissed a number of faculty members from the school, including the headmaster.

The Informant

Our investigation revealed that there was indeed a spy in the secret society's ranks. Heckern Maver, a man of one-and-forty, had been hired by a rival group as a spy. Through his testimony, we learned the society had been trafficking in endangered resplendent chocobo plumes. We searched their base, whereupon one of the smugglers confessed, helping us take down the entire syndicate.

Revaluation

Viscount Lachayle entrusted us with a centuries-old family heirloom, so that we might determine if it was genuine. Consulting various experts, we obtained proof of its authenticity. However, the viscount's remark that he loved it above all else led to the dissolution of his marriage while we were away. He seemed to learn from the experience, and gave us the treasure upon our return.

The Spooky Bard

It seems that the bard Edward is in love with Anna, the golden voice of Warjilis. Although their work rarely allows the two to meet, they have exchanged love letters for years. We discovered this sweet truth upon delivering the bard's letters.

Stuffed to the Gil

Count Minimas, famed for his yearly contributions to local Dorter charities, could not open his family vault. It seems that it had been stuffed full with bags of gil, jamming the opening mechanism. Although this reminded us of the lavish lifestyles that nobles lead, we felt Count Minimas and his charity work a shining example in our corrupt society, and so we were happy to aid him.

Raffleshiva

We discovered that the raffleshiva, the legendary man-eating plant, does indeed exist. It grows in the north, and its blossoms can reach 5 sectas in diameter. It reached for us with its giant tentacles when we encountered it, but somehow we managed to escape. We have no doubt that the scientific community will be most interested in this find.

Ode to Joy

Anna, the renowned singer, is to be married! After seven years of long-distance romance, a date is finally set. The lucky man is none other than Edward, a bard employed at Riovanes. Edwards' gentlemanly manner has caused many to suspect he may be a prince in disguise - mayhap of continental royalty. This charm is no doubt what attracted Anna to him. We wish the two of them every happiness.

Brave Little Dorman

Dorman, a boy of seven who hated math, recently raised his hand to answer a question in math class during open house. We were able to witness the miracle for ourselves. Recalling how the child struggled to answer even the simplest questions when we began tutoring him, we could not help but smile, and we swelled with pride as he correctly answered the difficult question.

Revived Talent

Mameco, a wandering minstrel, has returned to the stage. Since winning a talent contest several years ago, his unique act had been the favorite of local audiences. However, an extended slump had rendered him unable to perform. We spoke with him at length, and though we are unsure if our off-the-cuff suggestion for a new hairstyle made the difference, Mameco seems in better spirits.

Easy Come, Easy Go

Count Minimas, famed in Dorter for his yearly donations to the Red Wings, found himself unable to open the door to his mansion. Newly added solid gold fittings had rendered the door too heavy to open. But once again, we couldn't help but think of the philanthropic count as one of the few hopes for our corrupt society.

The Clockwork Faire

We took part in the annual Clockwork Faire as assistants to the Goliphans machinists' club. The Goliphans enter the competition every year and always do admirably, but had never taken the first prize. But this time, despite the fact that there were more entrants than ever in the contest's history, the Goliphans' innovative clockwork chocobo carriage brought them victory.

Mameco's Sendoff

Not long ago, the wandering minstrel Mameco gave his first performance in night

on ten years. Although he had been in an extended slump, he is now an indispensable part of Eagrose's nightlife, and his farewell show was his most spectacular yet. Our thoughts were with Mameco as he departed on his new tour.

The Blackjack

The Blackjack, a casino ship equipped with slot machines and all manner of card games, docked in Warjilis Bay. Gambling is strictly regulated by the city, but the owner of the ship, a man of seven-and-twenty named Setzer, claims that he was merely trying to bring a little enjoyment into the drab lives of the townspeople.

Larcam Mercantile

The president of Larcam Mercantile, Nalman Hosse, a man aged one-and-forty, is now wanted by the authorities for drug smuggling. While fighting a monster attacking the company's caravan, one of the chocobo wains overturned, revealing a large stash of drugs. We turned the driver of to the city guard, but their investigation determined that the president was behind the entire operation.

A Mother's Love

We had been asked by Old Blanche to deliver her son Dinar his favorite dish. Upon learning he was slain by monsters that morning, we agonized over how to break the news. On the advice of Dinar's wife, we told her that we had delivered the meal and Dinar was well. Old Blanche is blind and has little time left, but her last wish - to make this dish for her son on his birthday - is now fulfilled.

A Perfect Score

The Duchess Cupper's son Michael, a boy of two-and-ten, received a perfect score on his Gariland Magick Exam. With a pass rate of 1 in 600, the exam is said to be one of the most difficult in Ivalice, and Michael is only the second in history to pass with a perfect score. Givent his, our reward of 10,000 gil seemed rather stingy, but Michael's smile when he heard the news was reward enough.

XVIII. Artefacts

Statuette of Lilith

This stone idol depicts Lilith, a goddess heralded as both the first fiend and the mother of all life. Warriors through the ages have sought this figurine, believing it grants strength.

Tobacco Pipe

This ornate pipe, once that of an infamous thief from the Orient, is primarily used for smoking tobacco. Crafted of goldentite, it can also serve as a sturdy weapon in desperate times.

Black Cat

This figurine of a black cat has eyes of lapis lazuli and claws inlaid with diamonds. A piece of considerable antiquity, it is highly sought after among collectors.

Coin Blade

Once used as a divination tool by a caravan of nomadic merchants. Coins engraved with foreign markings have been strung together in the shape of a sword, hence the given name.

Hanya Mask

A mask fashioned in the visage of a race of giant demons that ruled over a foreign land in ages past. These vicious creatures were described as the manifestation of human hatred.

Parade Helm

Designed for victory parades, this ceremonial helm favors flair over function. The myriad precious stones adorning the helm attest to the affluence of a once great nation.

Moppet Bread

A treat beloved by children since ancient times, the secret to making these bite-sized loaves of bread has been all but forgotten. This scroll contains the last known copy of the recipe.

Goliath Bread

An acquired taste enjoyed mainly by adults, these hefty loaves of leavened bread have long been eaten for the energy they impart. This scroll contains the last known copy of the recipe.

Calcobrena

First popular in regions where other forms of amusement were few, these dolls are now many a young girl's treasure. It is said their lifeless eyes harbor the souls of lost owners.

Lugae

The eccentric design of the well-loved marionette holds a nearly supernatural fascination for children. With the craft now lost to the ages, these remaining are all the more precious.

Red Materia

These stones, developed by the ancient Saronians, are the result of experiments

in storing knowledge within gems for later generations. They are said to enhance the abilities of the possessor.

Black Materia

These stones, developed by the ancient Saronians, are the result of experiments in storing knowledge within gems for later generations. They are said to enhance the abilities of the possessor.

White Materia

These stones, developed by the ancient Saronians, are the result of experiments in storing knowledge within gems for later generations. They are said to enhance the abilities of the possessor.

Rat Tail

Long used among sorcerers as a magickal reagent, this exquisite delicacy was once the catalyst for a full-scale war. It has an extremely potent flavor.

Mesa's Musings

The first edition of a fictional novel depicting the life of the savior Mesa. The book is badly damaged, with only the introduction remaining legible.

Nanai's Histories

A journal written by the psychologist Nanai that provides an in-depth analysis of the lives of a wide spectrum of people. One chapter covers the travails of a certain gambler.

Veil of Wiyu

The momentous events described in this book, if true, hold the potential to rewrite the pages of history. It documents the life of a woman now all but forgotten.

Enchanted Machinegun

Guns of this type are said to have been used aboard airships in days of your. Their bullets could be used for different purposes, depending on the magick with which they were infused.

Zanmato

The indecipherable script engraved into this enchanted blade identifies it as the weapon once used to slay a demon in a single blow. It is a talwar-type sword of immense size.

Orb of Minwu

The soul of Minwu, the First Mage, is said to be sealed within this stone. As such, it is sometimes called the Soul of Minwu. An orb only in name, it is in actuality comma-shaped.

Tarot de Bennstat

Tarot cards hand-painted by Bennstat, a well-known artist. It is the only deck of its kind, and was stolen from Lesalia's National Museum of Art some years ago.

Excalipoor

Forged in memory of the legendary sword Excalibur. Although only a replica, this sword is extremely sharp, and has served a goodly number of adventurers.

Yggdrasil Mistletoe

A parasitic shrub feeding on the bark of the World Tree. Upon sprouting, it shrivels and dies in half a day. Its leaves, if properly harvested, can be used to brew an elixir of eternal youth.

Chocobo Cannon

This weapon shoots fattened chocobos, which are gorged on gunpowder before being stuffed into its barrel. Highly imprecise, it never proceeded beyond the experimental stage.

Saint Elmo's Fire

These azure flames are said to cause spontaneous combustion in humans. As the phenomenon affects only those suffering from malady, Saint Elmo's Fire is feared as the source of both.

The Scriptures of Germonique

A historical account of Saint Ajora's life recorded by his disciple, Germonique. Its very existence has long been denied.

Aries

One of the twelve legendary Zodiac Stones. This particular stone bears the symbol of the Ram, and was obtained after defeating Wiegraf Folles in battle.

Taurus

One of the twelve legendary Zodiac Stones. This particular stone bears the symbol of the Bull, and was discovered deep beneath the Clockwork City of Goug.

Gemini

One of the twelve legendary Zodiac Stones. This particular stone bears the

symbol of the Twins, and was acquired after defeating the marquis Elmdore de Limberry.

Cancer

One of the twelve legendary Zodiac Stones. This particular stone bears the symbol of the Crab, and was acquired after defeating Construct 7.

Libra

One of the twelve legendary Zodiac Stones. This particular stone bears the symbol of the Scales, and was a valued heirloom of House Orlandeau.

Scorpio

One of the twelve legendary Zodiac Stones. This particular stone bears the symbol of the Scorpion, and was acquired after defeating Cardinal Delacroix in battle.

Sagittarius

One of the twelve legendary Zodiac Stones. This particular stone bears the symbol of the Archer, and was entrusted to Meliadoul of the Knights Templar by the High Confessor.

Capricorn

One of the twelve legendary Zodiac Stones. This particular stone bears the symbol of the Goat, and was acquired after defeating Lord Dycedarg in battle.

Aquarius

One of the twelve legendary Zodiac Stones. This particular stone bears the symbol of the Water Bearer, and was recovered from the depths of a Gollund coal mine.

Pisces

One of the twelve legendary Zodiac Stones. This particular stone bears the symbol of the Fish, and was entrusted to Alma by Ser Isilud just before his death.

Serpentarius

A thirteenth Zodiac Stone newly added to the twelve. This particular stone bears the symbol of the Serpent Bearer, and was obtained after defeating Elidibus in battle.

XIV. Wonders

Shrine of Chaos

When the world was young, the primal deities sealed Jaaed the Netherlord deep beneath the earth. Its decrepit chambers tainted by a foul and unholy air, the Shrine of Chaos is said to mark the site of his prison.

Eureka

This once prosperous capital of the Kashka Dynasty was destroyed in the Cataclysm, along with the vast legacy of its royal family. It is now a necropolis, populated by spirits drawn to the shades of past glory.

Pandaemonium

The capital of the ancient Palamecian Empire. The towering mountain range encircling the city guarded it from even the most ambitious airship captains. A warping device was the only means of bypassing this natural barrier.

Mirage Tower

This ancient tower links the Castle of Ronka to the earth below. Its magicked facade shields it against casual inspection. However, the enchantment's unstable nature allows it to be seen as a mirage-like image at times.

Floating Castle

The winged ones possessed technology allowing them to transmute cloudstone into crystals, like the ones that keep this castle aloft. Unfortunately, both the winged ones and their wondrous knowledge were lost in the Cataclysm.

Matoya's Cave

Court thaumaturge Matoya once enjoyed the adoration of the ancient Ronkan peoples, but that ended with her creation of the Enthralled - a work of witchcraft to the lay eye. It was then she took up residence here.

Floating Continent

Theories once abounded as to what this mass of land might be. Academics have now settled on one prevailing theory: The Cataclysm caused a shift in the balance of subterranean cloudstone, allowing it to surface.

Fortress of Trials

Once a place of training for the royal guard in the ancient kingdom of Baron, this castle was lost in the Cataclysm. Graduates of the institution once filled the ranks of the Red Wings, a prestigious airship corps.

Ronkan Ruins

The Ronkan Dynasty dominated the world from its skyborne castle until an

enigmatic plague brought about its sudden and tragic demise. Today its empty ruins float in a cold and desolate silence.

Falgabard

This village is said to have been inhabited by an order of dark knights. While the fell blades of these knights lent them great power, they also cut short their lives. The order's numbers dwindled, until at last none remained.

Tower of Babel

A legendary tower that extends to the heavens from deep below the earth. Also called the Tower of the Colossi, this mighty spire withstood the Cataclysm, and is a priceless remnant of ancient civilization.

Phantom Train

The Phantom Train became so known for its primary purpose during an ancient age of war - the transport of battalions of the ghastly Enthralled. It is also called the Chariot of the Damned.

Tozus Village

A race of gnomes known as the Lilliputians inhabits this village. These gnomes were ruled by a merciless dictator until a mighty giant known as Atlas freed them at long last from their oppression.

Chocobo Forest

Naught but a glimpse of light creeps into this deep wood. Rare breeds of chocobo thrive in this mystical forest, and the World Tree is rumored to be at its center. The pungent scent of chocobo fills the air.

XV. Job Descriptions

Archer

Equipped with a bow and arrow, this warrior provides valuable long-range attacks. May Aim for higher damage.

Arithmetician

A learned warrior who used Arithmeticks to analyze natural phenomena and pinpoint magickal attacks.

Astrologer

A learned augur who uses Astrology to manipulate fate and sway the course of battle.

Automaton

This taciturn general-purpose robot is a relic of a lost civilization's
tehnology. It exists only to serve its master.

Bard

A warrior who uses his voice as a weapon. May use Bardsong to support his
allies in battle.

Behemoth

This fearsome monster has enormous hooves, a great furry man, gigantic horns,
and a thick muscular tail.

Black Mage

A warrior who uses Black Magicks to channel elemental powers into powerful
offensive spells.

Chocobo

A large bird with vestigial wings that are incapable of flight. Its fast
running speed makes it an ideal mount.

Cleric

A true believer in the divine power of the gods, using Holy Magicks to protect
loved ones.

Dancer

A warrior who dances across the battlefield, garbed in colorful raiments. May
Dance to hinder the enemy.

Dark Knight

This warrior exchanges life for power, using Darkness to disintegrate all who
stand in the way.

Divine Knight

A knight versed in both scripture and sword, sworn to the service of the gods.

Dragonkin

Human in appearance, but descended of dragons. The blood of the Holy Dragon
flows in her veins.

Dragoon

A warrior who may make soaring Jump attacks even in full armor, the dragoon is also a master spearman.

Dragon

A giant monster covered in scales. Although it has wings, it cannot fly. It is very aggressive and not very intelligent.

Fell Knight

A fallen knight who has turned his back on the light of the gods. He leeches the souls of enemies with his Fell Sword.

Game Hunter

A hunter who trails rare monsters, employing Huntcraft skills to overcome them.

Geomancer

A warrior who uses Geomancy to control powers lying dormant in the natural terrain.

Goblin

A diminutive species of goblin with large ears and an upturned nose. Surprisingly strong for its small size.

Holy Knight

Baptized in the divine light of the Church, the holy knight smites foes with powerful Holy Sword techniques.

Hydra

This three-headed monster is able to fly, despite its huge size. Each head shares its consciousness with its mates.

Knight

A brave and chivalrous warrior of unmatched skill. Uses a knight's sword to unleash the Arts of War.

Machinist

An engineer working to revive lost technologies, capable of firing guns highly accurately with the Aimed Shote ability.

Mime

Monk

A warrior, devoted to physical training, whose unarmed attacks are deadly. May use Martial Arts.

Mystic

A warrior who uses the Mystic Arts to bend the forces of the cosmos to his or her will.

Netherseer

An assassin able to corrupt the laws of nature by speaking the words of forbidden Nether Mantra.

Ninja

A warrior who uses stealth to be all but invisible. The ninja may also Throw weapons at faraway enemies.

Onion Knight

Although able to equip all weapons, this sad warrior excels at none, and is far from being the most powerful.

Orator

A warrior who participates in battle using Speechcraft. Words, rather than swords, are the orator's weapons.

Panther

A nimble quadruped that hunts using its sharp teeth. he fluid covering its fangs and claws causes status effects.

Princess

Daughter to the king and an heir in line for the throne. She is the epitome of elegance and grace.

Samurai

Following a warrior ethic from a foreign land, the samurai uses Iaido techniques to attack with his or her katana.

Sky Pirate

A pirate who sails the open sky, free from all laws and obligations. He never lets a mark escape.

Skyseer

An assassin able to bend the laws of nature by speaking the words of forbidden Sky Mantra.

Soldier

A mysterious otherworldly traveler capable of formidable Limit techniques when his rage reaches a breaking point.

Sorcerer

A magick user with countless incantations at his command. His powerful spells make all those who oppose him suffer.

Summoner

A warrior who may Summon the most powerful of spirits, the beings known as espers.

Swordsaint

A peerless warrior who commands an entire knightly order. It is said that none can match his swordplay.

Templar

A devout knight who defends the Church from heretics. Uses Spellblade techniques to strike down the enemy.

Thief

A warrior whose nimble fingers allow him or her to Steal from nearly anyone.

Time Mage

A warrior who uses Time Magicks to control space and time, toying with laws created by the gods themselves.

Ultima Demon

A fell monster named after Ultima, the High Seraph. Attacks with incredibly destructive Demon Magicks.

White Knight

A pious knight clad in pure white armor. His untarnished soul enables him to wield a Holy Sword to smite enemies.

White Mage

A warrior who taps into the powers of the divine, using White Magicks to cast spells of recovery and protection.

XVI. Character Quotes

Menu Quotes

Ramza

Be aware of your units' turn order at all times. Such is the swiftest path to victory!

Delita

Should you be injured, Ramza, speak up and I shall say a chant to heal you.

Argath

"Rend" skills can destroy your opponent's equipment!

Gaffgarion

If it's hand-to-hand combat you're up against, remember to bring a shield!

Lavian

Be on your guard! You cannot perform actions in water of depth 2 or greater.

Ladd

The higher your Bravery, the higher the chances a reaction ability will be triggered!

Alicia

Remember, while you may be able to attack from above, it may not be possible from below.

Boco

(You get the feeling you've met before.)

Ovelia

I pray we can all be ever so slightly kinder to one another.

-Mustadio

Guns require no charge time. Simply aim and fire!

Agrias

Our lives are as fleeting as a dream. What a somber thought.

Alma

To live in an age so wondrous is a blessing - but to live in Ivalice, even more one.

Luso

It's kind of fun never knowing what lies ahead!

Rapha

Faith offers no shield against Sky Mantra, for words are treacherous things.

Marach

Nether Mantra deals great damage to those of little Faith. Believe and you shall be saved!

Beowulf

Temples? Ah, where people worship the gods. Or perhaps the flat areas bracketing the forehead.

Reis (Dragon)

Balthier

No rest for the weary or wicked.

Construct 8

DOES NOT COMPUTE! CANNOT PROCESS COMMAND!

Reis (Dragonkin)

!

Orlandeau

Long ago, I was taught to strike from behind and keep my back to the wall.

Cloud

It is concealed at the top of the volcano!

Meliadoul

What is love? Mayhap it is when you care more about someone else than you do about yourself.

Byblos

...

Generics

Ice-based magicks grow stronger when it snows.

Pray do not grow angry.

One good strategy is to focus your attacks on a single foe.

Dismiss Quotes

Ramza

Ch.1 - I am a Beoulve. I cannot turn my back on all this.

Ch.2 - You seek to learn the truth, do you not? How could you do that without me?

Ch.4 - I cannot dismiss myself from my own service!

Delita

I will not leave your side. We're friends, are we not?

Argath

I will not leave you until my debt is paid! I do not like to leave my accounts unsettled.

Agrias (Guest)

A knight cannot turn her back on duty and leave her work undone!

Gaffgarion

Don't presume to tell me what to do. I'll take no orders from you.

Boco

(It looks upset at being told to go home, mayhap because it has no home to go to.)

Ovelia

I am an Atkascha. It isto me to decide when and where I go.

Mustadio (Guest)

I cannot leave now! We're going to save my father, aren't we?

Mustadio

You meant that for true? I'd thought we'd become friends.

Agrias

I've sworn my sword to your cause. I would not forsake that vow, save it were your wish.

Alma

No, I'm going with you. You want me to stay, don't you?

Luso

Well, I guess if that's what you want. Take care!

Rapha

Is there naught I can do to help? I've not yet had a chance to properly repay you!

Marach

I owe you much. Will you not allow me the chance to repay my debts?

Beowulf

You'd have me to return to monster hunting?

Reis (Dragon)

Balthier

I'd thought you to have better judgment in these things.

Construct 8

(it looks upset at being told to go home, mayhap because it has no home to go to.)

Reis (Dragonkin)

Must I be doomed again to solitude, when I have only just regained my freedom?

Orlandeau

You've no more need of the Thunder God?

Cloud

There's no getting off this train until we reach the station.

Meliadoul

I owe you my apologies for doubting you before. Have you yet not forgiven me?

Byblos

(It seems excited. It may have thought you wanted to give it a treat.)

Generics

Are you certain about this? I'd thought us faster friends.

This is certainly sudden. Do you truly believe you can manage without me?
I do not wish to say farewell. Can I not remain with you a little longer?
I beg you, do not say such things! I'll prove my worth to you, I swear it!
Surely you jest! If I leave now, what has all of this been for?
That...was not a jape? You wish for me to leave in earnest?
I thought I'd finally found my place. Are you sure you will not have me?
If that is your wish, there's naught I can do. Are you sure about this?
So, you've no more use for me? You'd leave me behind now that I'm of no worth
to you?
Are you sure? I had hoped I could continue lending my strength to your cause.
Won't you rethink this? We've come this far together.
Would that it came not to this! Are you sure it's for the best?
You no longer need my services? Surely you do not mean that!
Then I shall go. I pray you do not come to regret your decision.
I see. Given the choice, I'd prefer to stay, but I understand if that is
impossible.
Pardon me for saying this, but are you not being a bit selfish? Will you not
reconsider?

Desertion Quotes

Lavian

Ladd

Alicia

Boco

Mustadio

(Faith Threat) Can we truly save this world? Is such not beyond man's doing?

(Faith Desertion) I am by no means a religious man. But even still, my faith
seems stronger than yours.

Agrias

(Faith Threat) Our strength is naught before the almighty power of the gods.

(Faith Desertion) The hour is late, but I have decided to change my course. I
will trust to fate, and not fight it.

Luso

(Faith Threat) Would you mind if we visited a church sometime? I like to keep
up with my devotions.

(Faith Desertion) I'm sorry, but I have to say good-bye. I've decided to follow
the teachings of the gods.

Rapha

(Faith Threat) I must rely on other people no longer. It is in the Father I now
place my trust.

(Faith Desertion) It is not too late to seek forgiveness. The Father's love
knows no limits.

Marach

(Faith Threat) There are limits to what mere men can do. Noble as our goal may
be, our efforts are futile.

(Faith Desertion) O Father, cast off my worldly chains that I might better know

your grace!

Beowulf

(Faith Threat) The hearts of men are easily confused. It is only the gods who see with eyes unclouded.

(Faith Desertion) How hideous, this conflict! I can trust in the good of humanity no longer.

Reis (Dragon)

Balthier

(Faith Threat) I've not the slightest belief in the gods. It's just- well, you know.

(Faith Desertion) I've developed a bit of a thing for the gods, lately- well, at least for the goddess of fate.

Construct 8

Reis (Dragonkin)

(Faith Threat) What good lies at the end of this struggle? Only the gods can save us.

(Faith Desertion) I wish that I could remain with you, but to do so would be to never know salvation.

Orlandeau

(Faith Threat) Is this truly the right path? Not for you, but for me.

(Faith Desertion) I chose the wrong path. The one on which I belong is the one that leads to the gods.

Cloud

(Faith Threat) I feel the flow of the Lifestream. It speaks of greater powers in the world than our own.

(Faith Desertion) I've decided to leave. I want to learn more of the gods.

Meliadoul

(Faith Threat) No matter what is lost, I must keep my faith in the gods.

(Faith Desertion) O Father, merciful and almighty, let not my faith waver, but grow ever stronger!

Byblos

Generics

XVII. Credits, Thanks and Legal Information

- CiprianoMcDohl - Germonique Scriptures, Midlight's Deep, Ramza
- PrincessOvelia - Introduction (preface, the New Game content), Barbaneth's Death
- OKVoiceTalent - FFXII Script Guide and layout inspiration
- TBaatar - Original FFT Script Guide and inspiration
- VixyRPM - Uploading FMVs on YouTube
- FFT Board - Information, requests, assistance and a general escape from life.
- Square-Enix - Porting this great game and giving it a makeover that is highly deserved (next stop, full 3-D!)

GameFAQs - The boards and the FAQs.

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Lastly, Kyle Johnston is a busy man. He rushed this guide out for its first version. Please, please, please do him a favor and contact him if you notice any mistakes (even if it's only one tiny grammatical error). If you would like to assist him in any way or add to the FAQ itself, please contact him. Again, his e-mail address is Gilgamesh1095@gmail.com, and can also be reached via the Chrono Trigger DS messageboard on GameFAQs.com.

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PLEASE DO NOT CONTACT ME FOR GAME ADVICE!!! This guide is to help, and if you need further help then post your questions on GameFAQs messageboards. My e-mail is meant only for corrections/assistance to my work. I am not available to answer all your gaming needs.

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