Chapter 11: The Sun-cryst

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Jahara

Lull of the Land

Garif Herder (speaking to another garif herder, longer tassels on mask): Ah, Geomancer Yugelu says that the Feywood has quietened of late. Perhaps one of the mighty fiends there has fallen?

Old War-chief Kadalu: Though it be unbecoming to speak of my brother this way, I sometimes see the genius in our War-chief. Supinelu is a great warrior of the garif. But now I fear he is in great danger. He hastes in all things, his mind ever rushing to what is next. Others in the village worry, too. Could it be that I have brought about this change in him? How might I mend it, if so?

Lowtown

Dalan's Place

Refugee/Koqmihn: I know we can't stay here like this forever. But… maybe just a little longer.

Refugee: It takes time to recover from… seeing what we have seen.

Dalan: Well, it seems there's not much left for me to teach you, m'boy. Wherever you might go, I can only ask that you take care and return safely. And when you have the time, come tell Old Dalan about your adventures, would you? I think I should enjoy *hearing* a story for a change. See that you live to do that much for me, m'boy!

Phon Coast

Hunter's Camp

Enthusiastic Streetear: Now, this might just be a rumor, but I've heard stories about a horse-fiend out on the Giza Plains… no idea how to flush him out, though.

Well-informed Bangaa: Come to me if you want to hear about *big* game. And about little game, too. Like that thing that was seen on the plains… ah, who cares?

Realistic Man: I've heard reports of rare game sighted in a cave. Apparently, this one's *particularly* mean-looking.

Balfonheim

Sea Breeze Lane

Hardy Pirate: Arrrrrrrr… …you talkin' to me? What? You've been to Giruvegan? Me, I prefer workin' to ramblin'. And after a day of workin', a night of drinkin'!

Chivany Breakwater

Sleepy Man: Ach, 'twas a long voyage. I'm weary down to me bones… You mind?

Quayside Court

Well-traveled Man: Oh ho ho! So Giruvegan *was* in the Jagd Difohr! Exactly as I predicted, no?

Proper Pirate: When you've somewhere to go, I always say, go proper-like! Pirate? Take the seas! Sky pirate? Take the skies! Arr! Ahem. Sorry 'bout that.

Beruny's Armaments

Carefree Man: Where are you off to, eh? If you're like to be away long, best go prepared. Take my advice, I've been around.

Saccio Lane

Resting Fisherman: So, you made it to Giruvegan. What a far-off place that must be, for me to have never heard of it in all my sailing days.

Manse Watch: Ah, there you are. Lord Reddas is waiting.

- Enter the manse.

  The Guv'nor expects good behavior from *all* his guests. In you go.

- Decline.

  Understood. If you've business to attend to elsewhere, I suggest you do so and come back quickly.

Reddas's Information

[Reddas speaks urgently to Rikken, Elza, and Raz.]

Reddas: Ships in the water! Send fishing dories if need be, I care not. Glossair engines are as good to us as sky to a fish. Leave what boats have foundered. I want souls saved, not driftwood!

[As the trio leaves at a sprint, Reddas notices the party walking in.]

Reddas: Our armada ran afoul of bad water near the Ridorana Cataract. All engines stopped asudden, becalmed. Trouble with a Mist thick as death, it seems. Those seas are jagd. I expected airship trouble, not a fleet foundering midst the waves. Tell me of what happened in Giruvegan. *[He looks particularly at Ashe.]* From the lay of your eyes, I measure all did not go well. Cid — was he false as I feared?

Ashe: Yes. But we may have caught a glimpse of his true intent. We may now know what it is that Cid searches for.

[Fade out and back in. Reddas is seated at his desk.]

Reddas: So the deifacted nethicite was only a fragment? And these Occuria — I know not, and care to know even less.

Fran: If we strike this Sun-cryst with the Sword of Kings, no new Stone may be born. We say the Sun-cryst is the source of all nethicite's power. If we might break it, the Dusk Shard would be as a thing lifeless. As for the manufacted nethicite, who can say?

Balthier: There is another way. We use the Treaty-Blade to cut a new Stone from the Cryst, use that to fight the Dusk Shard and the manufacted stones.

Reddas: Would you like to know the best use of nethicite? Will or nill, I'll tell you. You pick it up, and throw it away.

Vaan: Either way, we have to find this Sun-cryst first, right? Don't we? Across the sea… In a tower on a distant shore… Reddas?

Reddas: Familiar words, Vaan. I saw something of the sort written in some documents I chanced upon during my visit to Draklor. The Naldoan Sea, the Ridorana Cataract, and the Pharos lighthouse. I sent my fleet to fish out the truth behind these words… and caught trouble.

Basch: Then proof is ours. This lighthouse on the Naldoan Sea is the tower on the distant shore. The strong Mist that becalmed your ships is a grimmer — yet clearer — sign than any we might hope for. The Sun-cryst is there.

Balthier: All well and good, but how do we get there? Those seas are in jagd, as I recall.

Reddas: Try putting this one in your ship. *[He stands and tosses Balthier a Stone.]* 'Tis a skystone made to resist jagd.

Balthier: More spoils from the Draklor labs, is it? Why not use it yourself?

Reddas: That's just the thing. My ship's a Bhujerban model — it will not work. But should it fit the *Strahl*, she'll fly in jagd. *[to Ashe]* Lady Ashe. I would accompany Your Highness… if you do not object.

Ashe: I am in your care. But, tell me one thing: why do so much for us?

Reddas: The Nabudis Deadlands.

Ashe: Nabudis… was your home?

Reddas: Nay… but a memory burned forever in my heart.

*[**Reddas** joins the party as a guest!]*

Balfonheim

Saccio Lane

A Spot of Good Fortune

Rikken: Ah, it is you. Have you heard? Our ships sent to the Pharos have foundered!

Raz: Thankfully enough, it were just as the fishing sculls came home. We sent ‘em out straightaway!

Elza: Ridorana… the great Pharos and the bottomless Cataract. No man of Balfonheim would willingly go there, so oft are we warned as children. But Reddas is no man of Balfonheim. There were many against this expedition, but he… he knew no fear.

Rikken: You make for the great Pharos? That place is in jagd, you know. You will not be able to fly there.

[Nono comes up the street and hails Vaan.]

Nono: There you are! The repairs on the *Strahl* are complete, kupo! You can leave whenever you want from the **aerodrome**! Kupo! You’ve a skystone that can fly in jagd!? I’ll put it in the *Strahl,* then, kupo!

[The Strahl can now travel through jagd!]

Raz: Ah, that’s a spot of good fortune. That new skystone should ease your journey considerably. Now, you know the way? The Pharos, that “tower on a distant shore,” stands on an island at the **Ridorana Cataract**, in the Jagd Naldoa southeast of here. Take care…

Rikken: The “tower on a distant shore” stands on an island at the **Ridorana Cataract**, in the Jagd Naldoa southeast of here. Take care!

Rikken (x2): Hey, care for a bit of sport?

- Sure.

  Let the **tier 1** race begin!

  You’ve got a ways to go before you can hope to best us. *or*

  Nice, very nice! First place! Here’s your prize!

*[You obtain **a Potion**!]*

- No way.

  Right. More important things to do!

Manse Watch: I thought Lord Reddas left with you? No matter, there is no entry in his absence. If you want something, talk to those three.

Resting Fisherman: I heard the fleet has foundered near the Cataract! No fisherman worth his salt would go near that place. ‘Twas a fool’s errand took them there.

Quayhand: Is Reddas safe? Living in a port town, one is always at the mercy of the sea, but still…

Placid Pirate: I heard there was some trouble out by the Cataract… I hope those unfond of Reddas don’t take this as a call to action.

Queasy Boy: Me pa’s boat got in a spot of trouble. His fishin’ mates are goin’ to help him. They’ll find him, right? Right?

Contemplative Viera: I feel a great Mist rising from beyond the sea… But from whence could it issue?

Irritable Bangaa: What's that Reddas scheming at, taking those ships up to the Cataract!? I’ll have some answers of him, next we meet…

Quayside Court

Proper Pirate: So, you’re wanting to go to this Ridorana place, eh? Well, I always say, if you’re a pirate take the seas, and if you’re a sky pirate, take the skies! Proper-like! Arr! Ahem. Sorry ‘bout that.

Well-traveled Man: Oh ho ho! Going to Ridorana, are you? Too bad it’s in jagd, or you could go by airship. That reminds me, I heard that the Empire has found a way to fly in jagd. Now that’s something I’d like to try someday!

Beruny’s Armaments

Carefree Man: I hear you’re off to Ridorana, or some such place? Sounds like a long trip… best go prepared. Take my advice, I’ve been around.

The Whitecap

Seeq Merchant: Scary place, this, what with all them sky pirates ‘n’ sea pirates runnin’ about. Not so bad once you get to know ‘em, though.

Man of the Quay: Eh? **Ridorana**? That's a name I've heard. Supposed to be in the east of the Naldoan Sea… That's all I know. I don't get out much.

Canal Lane

Old Fisherman: Ridorana? Never heard of the place. Yet, the path to anywhere starts with a single step. Why, even this canal here leads to Ridorana! Heh.

Chivany Breakwater

Jolly Pirate: Aye, happy I was, for I invited this bonnie lass on a seafaring voyage… and she asked to bring a friend, she did! *(sob)*

Fishing Enthusiast: Ridorana? I'm a shipwright by trade, so I know a bit of the seas… Ridorana was far to the East, was it not?

Man of Reason: Ah, you go to the **Pharos at Ridorana**? I have not been to this place, but I fear it is a long journey. Of course, you'll never reach it by chocobo… I would recommend an airship… but you were probably already planning to do this.

Sleepy Man: Ach, 'twas a long voyage. I'm weary down to me bones… You mind? Eh? Giruvegan…? What all's that? *(yawn)*

Aerodrome

[This NPC and their dialogue can now be found at the counter in any aerodrome.]

Private Airships: Good day. We handle all private airship arrivals and departures from this desk. How may I help you? Let's see, your ship was the… *Strahl,* was it? Ah yes, Nono's been tending to your ship. He left a message for you: "From the aerodrome to the desert wastes, I'll be there to keep the *Strahl* in tip-top shape, kupo!" Nono seemed quite pleased to have finished his repairs. The *Strahl* is ready to depart whenever you wish. Would you like to board now?

- Yes.

  [Select destination first.]

  Very well. You may enter the hangar from the gate.

  [You go to board the ship.]

- No.

Have a pleasant day.

Private Airships (x2): Good day. We handle all private airship arrivals and departures from this desk. How may I help you? Let's see, your ship was the… *Strahl,* was it? She's safely berthed in one of our hangars. Would you like to board now?

- Yes.

  [Select destination first.]

  Very well. You may enter the hangar from the gate.

  [You go to board the ship.]

- No.

  Have a pleasant day.

Sea Breeze Lane

Hardy Pirate: Arrrrrrrr… …you talkin' to me? What? Goin' to Ridorana? Where's that? Me, I prefer workin' to ramblin'. And after a day of workin', a night of drinkin'!

Laboring Bangaa: What's with you? You lookin' for work!? Try asking around town… Who knows? There might be someone looking for a weaklin' hume. Hah!

Phon Coast

Hunter's Camp

Enthusiastic Streetear: I was out in the Dalmasca Westersand searching for a mark, when I saw a wolf of a kind I'd never seen before… 'Course, he wasn't a mark, so I let him be.

Well-informed Bangaa: Come to me if you want to hear about *big* game. I've heard rumor of something huge in the skies over a particularly mountainous region…

Dalmasca Estersand

The Outpost

Desert Wayfarer: My friend and I left the Wood to travel the world of the humes, but Bhujerba, Rabanastre… the din of these places is too great. This village, this desert… this quiet is for us.

Dantro: Not often we get viera through here. I remember the first time I saw one… Musta been during Princess Ashe's wedding. As for my replacement… Well, I've pretty much given up on him for now. I'm just passin' the time listenin' to this fella.

Wise Elder: The Ridorana Cataract? I seem to recall hearing something of the sort in Balfonheim, but it's been so long, who can say?

Giza Plains (Dry)

Nomad Village

[The dialogue listed here is provided you've complete the Great Cockatrice Escape side quest.]

Shurry: Accordin' to them Garifs, Brunoa an' that chief o' theirs 'ave got a lotta wot you might call *'ist'ry.* Eh? Not *relations!* I di'n't mean it like that! Wot I meant fer say was that 'e feels this, like, big… debt o' gra'itude to 'er. Dunno why, though!

Renn: We cockatrices May look the same, but there are two different kinds and no mistake. It was some time before I could distinguish it myself. It just goes to show you that sometimes the truth is right there under your beak, though you'd never see it for looking. A case in point: I set out from these plains to seek my mate, but in the end she was waiting for me right here all along.

Chit: Yer know them vieras? Well, the older they get, the longer their ears get. Don't believe me? Jus' look at Jote, Fran, an' Mjrn. There's yer proof! Well, that's wot *I* reckon, anyway.

Agytha: The capi'al is really a cut above. Top notch all the way. The pinnacle of *effluents* 'n' *eruditionment,* if I do say so meself! An' that view from 'Ighgarden… wiv the Imperial Paliss tow'rin' over ev'ryfink. I wouldn't turn me beak up at a classy roost like that! Haha!

Sassan: I ain't 'eard a bleedin' word outta Torrie. I'm itchin' to get on wiv the cerem'ny, but I'm startin' to think she might've 'ad second thoughts! I bloomin' *knew* i shoulda brought 'er back wiv me when I 'ad the chance.

Moomer: Got meself in a right mess over in Balfon'eim. These nutters got it inta their 'eads I was a cockatrice! A bloomin' cockatrice, mind you! They stuffs me in this crate, an' I'm in a ship 'fore I knew wot'd 'it me! Luckily, I still 'ad me wits about me, 'an it weren't long 'fore I gave 'em the slip. Couldn't walk straight fer days, though. Bleedin' ruffians.

Dania: Every now and then, I could swear the cockatrices understand what I'm saying. I'm probably just lettin' my imagination get the better of me.

Terra: They let me feed the cockatrices the other day. Next time, I'm gonna take 'em to a nice sunny spot where they can dust-bathe. I can't wait!

The Ridorana Cataract

The Pharos Lighthouse

[The Strahl *comes soaring over the open ocean, approaching a great tower, another clearly ancient structure. Water cascades out its base and down a long escarpment into a watery abyss; the* Strahl *flies by the falls, close enough to see the rainbows in their mist, before finally circling around the tower again to find a spot to land on the other side's small stretch of land.]*

Footfalls of the Past

The Tower

[Freshly disembarked from the Strahl*, the party looks up at the distant top of the tower. Ruins stand between them and the lighthouse.]*

Fran: A tower on distant shore. And about its peak, a piercing Mist.

Ashe: And in that Mist, the Sun-cryst waits.

Reddas: My lady. Your words still sound of doubt. Pray you reach your answer, ere we the Sun-cryst.

Ashe: And? Should I choose revenge, what then?

Reddas: Then your woe shall be your own.

[The group starts walking, but Balthier hangs back to say something to Vaan.]

Balthier: Vaan. A word. If something untoward should happen to me, you're taking the *Strahl.*

Vaan: Untoward? What's this about?

Balthier: I am the leading man. Might need to do something heroic. Don't worry. I'll show you how to fly her.

The Pharos at Ridorana

They Who Thirst Not

The First Trial

[In front of the tower entrance, a decaying draconic corpse, crawling with maggots, shudders and stirs. The body of a long deceased aevis, it rises, reanimated, and faces the party.]

[After defeating Hydro…]

[The party gets a victory screen. In the following scene, Ashe looks up at the looming golden doors, while Vaan notices something to the side.]

The Words of Raithwall

Vaan: Hey, Fran. something's written on the wall.

Fran: Engraved by someone, it seems. It's quite old. "Lo, seeker in days unborn, god-Blade bearer. Know you: this tower challenges the sky. Ware the watcher: the ward of the Three Waits, soul-hungry, unsated. He without power, want it not. He with power, trust it not. He with sight, heed it not. Rend illusion, cut the true path. In blood, Raithwall."

Ashe: *[shocked]* **The Dynast-King?**

Fran: Does it startle you? The Dynast-King took his sword from the Occuria. It was here he claimed the nethicite. He must have known he was not the last the Occuria would choose. He left this for you. Rend illusion, cut the true path. Words of much mystery. Yet his blood runs in your veins. Perhaps it whispers to you the truth?

[Ashe looks up at the door again. With a blue light, it activates. The golden plates of the door turn like gears, rearranging themselves into an opening at the bottom. Ashe is the first one through.]

First Ascent: Horizon of First Light

The Wellspring

Way Stone: Nothing happens. Strong Magicks bind the device.

Carven Pillar (on left): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"This tower, wrought by Hands Undying,

Heaven-bound path.

Its myriad ways cannot be walked

By those of the world below.

Those who trespass here in avarice

Will pay in tears.

They who master Power, Wisdom, Mist…

The tower's secrets are for them,

And them alone."

Carven Pillar (on right): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"Lo, seeker of Heaven's path.

Setting out, hearts of darkness

Shall light your way.

Beyond vigil of the three houses stand

Threshold of Night and Watcher both."

Altar of Night: The altar bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

  "The beasts here dwelling oft possess black orbs. Herewith approach, by thine offering sealed way to open."

- Use a **black orb**.

  The first seal has been broken. / The second seal has been broken. / The third seal has been broken. The Seal of Night loses its power.

- Do nothing.

Wellspring Labyrinth

Black Orb: The floating orb gives off a dark, eldritch glow.

- Touch the orb.

  *[You obtain **a Black Orb**!]*

- Do nothing.

Carven Pillar (southwest corner): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

> “Benighted child,
>
> Chosen, with life so short.
>
> Not for you are the words given the Unchosen.
>
> To Heaven’s bright sphere turn, Her heights attain.

Carven Pillar (southeast corner): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

> “From beasts of Tower’s base
>
> Wrest the Orbs you seek,
>
> Ripe with hidden Magicks.
>
> Orbs of Tower’s Magicks born,
>
> Here and here alone to be found.”

Threshold of Night: Strong magicks bind the door. It will not open.

Carven Pillar (northwest corner): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

> “Benighted child,
>
> Unchosen, with life so short,
>
> This tower freely may you tread.
>
> In your passing, learn of truth.
>
> In your passing, speak of truth.
>
> These words writ by Hands Undying.”

The Wellspring

Altar of Night: The altar bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

  "The beasts here dwelling oft possess black orbs. Herewith approach, by thine offering sealed way to open."

- Use a **black orb**.

  The first seal has been broken. / The second seal has been broken. / The third seal has been broken. The Seal of Night loses its power.

- Do nothing.

The Wellspring Labyrinth

Threshold of Night: Ancient letters hang in the stygian glow.

- Read the inscription.

  "Ahead the watcher waits, first of three.

  Ye without wisdom, return whence you came."

- Open the door.

  [The screen ripples like water; the party is seemingly transported into a desert area with rocky bluffs, much like the Nam-Yensa Sandsea, but with an eclipsed sun in the sky.]

- Do nothing.

Dunes of Profaning Wind

The First Watcher, Pandaemonium

[After defeating Pandaemonium…]

[The beast runs headlong into a wall, then falls, and disappears. You get a victory screen, then the desert fades and becomes the Blackrock Vault again.]

[The magicks binding the Way Stone fade.]

Wellspring Ravel — First Flight

Carven Pillar (southwest corner): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

> “You who crawl upon clay,
>
> Yet yearn for Heaven’s path, made by Our will.
>
> Tongue of stone’s green flame your way bespeaks.
>
> When Stone-face lit by green flame falls,
>
> Then flame returns to stone; the path is clear.”

Carven Pillar (southeast corner): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

> “On paths must you rely,
>
> And by path of living flame have you come.
>
> Frozen in stone,
>
> The green flame passes from time,
>
> Stone now and ever more.”

Wellspring Ravel — Second Flight

Carven Pillar (northeast corner): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

> “On sight must you rely,
>
> At mercy of the currents of this fading world.
>
> Seduced by false illusion,
>
> It is the Fool who cuts not his own path,
>
> Celestial glory ne’er to behold.”

Wellspring Ravel — Third Flight

Carven Pillar: Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

> “Wingless child,

Consigned to walk the world below.

Many are the works

Whose natures a duality possess.

When stone-face lit by red flame falls,

Then red flame turns to stone; the path is clear.

But stone born of green flame to darkness fades.”

Fool’s Facade: This wall appears different from the others.

- Strike the wall.

  [The wall disappears.]

- Do nothing.

Wellspring Ravel — Fourth Flight

Carven Pillar: Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

“Ignorant child,

Born of chaos.

Know you it was Our King, pitying

A world bereft of Order, surfeit with Strife,

Who stamped true Seal on mortal wax.”

Horizon’s Break

Carven Pillar (northwest corner): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

“Ignorant child,

Whose works are ephemera and folly.

Never forget, it is not your power which

O’er the temporal world holds sway,

But Our King's one Providence."

Carven Pillar (southwest corner): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"Ignorant child,

Blind whither you go

And whence you come.

It is the Undying who straighten

The weave you tangle so, who choose

The path you must walk.

So has it been, and so shall it be,

As befits those of our wisdom, ever-living."

Horizon's Cusp

Ancient Door: The door bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

  "Ahead the watcher waits, second of three.

  Ye without strength, return whence you came."

- Open the door.

  [The screen ripples, and the party is seemingly transported into a marshy area, like the wetlands of Tchita, again under an eclipsed sun.]

- Do nothing.

Marsh of Profaning Wind

The Second Watcher, Slyt

[After defeating Slyt…]

[You get a victory screen, then the marsh turns back to Horizon's Cusp.]

Second Ascent: Reach of Diamond Law

The Reach

Way Stone: The device bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

  "By this, return ye to the Wellspring. By other means, return ye back to this place. He who turns back and seeks again the Heavens through Ravel and hardship must once more climb."

- Touch the device.
- Do nothing.

Carven Pillar (left): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

> "Ignorant child,
>
> Of ignorance afeared.
>
> Rare is the power that can bind.
>
> Here alone such magicks work,
>
> Neath mingling of Cryst-drawn waters
>
> and deifacted jewels.

Carven Pillar (right): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

> "You who reach, but cannot grasp,
>
> In failure ever to wander.
>
> Be well prepared for what is to come,
>
> The writings heed.
>
> To your materials be true, Ere among the Four you choose."

Threshold of Knowledge, Magicks, Steel, Wealth: Strong magicks bind the door. It will not open.

Altar of Knowledge: The altar bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

"Here make of your Knowledge an offering. Gleaned for gleaning's sake, surrender it, only then the path to tread."

- Touch the altar.

  [The stone at the top of the altar glows a bright violet-pink; it levitates out to the center of the water whorl in the middle of the room, and seems to burst, turning the water a pinkish tint. A glyph in the same color on the Threshold of Knowledge.]

  Knowledge avails you not.

- Do nothing.

Altar of Magicks: The altar bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

  "Here make of your Magicks an offering. Accorded Man by His betters, surrender them, only then the path to tread."

- Touch the altar.
- Do nothing.

Altar of Steel: The altar bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

  "Here make of your Steel an offering. Honed sharp in days before Man's dawn, surrender it, only then the path to tread."

- Touch the altar.
- Do nothing.

Altar of Wealth: The altar bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

  "Here make of your Wealth an offering. Hoarded in stanchless avarice, surrender it, only then the path to tread."

- Touch the altar.

  [The stone at the top of the altar glows golden-yellow; it levitates out to the center of the water whorl in the middle of the room, and seems to burst, turning the water a goldish tint. A glyph in the same color on the Threshold of Knowledge.]

Wealth avails you not.

- Do nothing.

Carven Pillar (Threshold of Knowledge): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"Rare souls who accost tower and sky,

You alone binding magicks stir.

You who shun sextant and compass,

Fear not the darkness you must walk.

Companions at your side, into unknown pass."

Station of Banishment

Carven Pillar: Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"Ignorant child,

By hist'ry's shadow blinded.

Undying are We,

Magnificent beyond your knowing,

Worthy of your fear.

Once Our power did We wield,

Holding temporal sway o'er

All things great and small."

Station of Suffering

Carven Pillar: Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"Ignorant child,

Orphaned from hist'ry's truth.

In heights unknown and unknowable

Sit We, sovereign o’er all.

No more this Ivalice to walk,

From distant silence watch We your doings,

Beyond the reach of mortal knowing.”

Reach of the Damned

Carven Pillar (north): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

“Ignorant child,

Blessed with life on clay below.

All that lived and ever shall,

Are as nothing before the Undying.”

Carven Pillar (south): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

“Ignorant child,

Crawling through life on clay below.

All that lived and ever shall,

By Giruvegan’s grace to prosper

Now and forever.”

The Bounds of Truth

Ancient Door: The door bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

  “Ahead the watcher waits, third of three.

  Ye who crave wealth, return whence you came.”

- Open the door.

[The screen ripples, and the party is seemingly transported to a snowy scape, like the Paramina Rift. Fenrir emerges.]

- Do nothing.

Cleft of Profaning Wind

The Third Watcher, Fenrir

[After defeating Fenrir…]

[You get a victory screen, then the snowy scape fades away, turning back into the Bounds of Truth.]

The Bounds of Truth

[The following depends on what altar you selected. Ex. [x] will be Knowledge, if that's what you picked, and the rest in [y] will be Magick, Steel, and Wealth.]

Altar of [x]: A stone altar stands before you.

- Touch the altar.
- Do nothing.

Altar of [y]: Strong Magicks emanate from the altar.

- Touch the altar.

  [The stone from earlier returns from the water whorl to its place on the altar and its glow fades.]

  Dais of Ascendance: Your abilities are again your own.

- Do nothing.

Carven Pillar (left): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"Pilgrim impelled to Heaven's heights,

Skyward keep your course.

In Vessel of Sky now make your way.

Reaching this place, your worth proven,

The path for you shall open."

Carven Pillar (right): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

> “You who call the Vessel of Sky,
>
> Who would climb higher still,
>
> This Vessel’s ways now master to ascend.
>
> Through ways untrodden, pass but one.
>
> Through ways then known, move unhindered.”

Dais of Ascendance: Select floor. 66F or 67F

Third Ascent: Mete of Dynasty

Spire Ravel — 1st Flight

Way Stone: The device bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

  > “By this, return ye to the Wellspring. By other means, return ye back to this place. He who turns back and seeks again the Heavens through winding ways once more must climb.”

- Touch the device.
- Do nothing.

Carven Pillar: Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

> “You who reach this final sphere,
>
> No paths herein will you find.
>
> The heights you’ve climbed, their glyphs,
>
> These shall be your guide.
>
> To seal of night look first.
>
> Not easily this realm to pass.
>
> Failing twice, punishment you will face.”

[If you’re transported to 79F…]

Carven Pillar (northeast): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"You who reach this final sphere,

The heights you've climbed, their glyphs,

Shall be your guide.

Next turn to green-hued flame,

Which to your earthbound form gave wing."

Carven Pillar (northwest): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"You who reach this final sphere,

The heights you've climbed, their glyphs,

Shall be your guide.

Choose well each color,

Lest you be denied the path you seek.

To seal of night look first,

Where black of night stain door and glyph."

Carven Pillar (southwest): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"You who reach this final sphere,

The heights you've climbed, their glyphs,

Shall be your guide.

The third, too, is of the flame, not green in hue.

Hungering, consuming, denying wings

To earthbound form."

Carven Pillar (southeast): Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"You who reach this final sphere,

The heights you've climbed, their glyphs,

Shall be your guide.

The fourth is that you sacrificed.

Remember now the price you paid below.

Steel turns to whitened ash,

Wealth, it glimmers gold.

Magic cries for the violet dusk,

And knowledge, for pink blush of dawn."

Spire Ravel — Second Flight

Carven Pillar: Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"You who reach this final sphere,

Through these great gulfs of space.

To the Undying the final path belongs,

Pure brilliance unseen in distances traversed,

Untainted by glyph and color."

Hashmal

As the dais rises, a yellow light suddenly catapults up the shaft, hitting the lift and stopping it a floor early. An Esper emerges.

[After defeating Hashmal....]

[You obtain the Esper Hashmal, Bringer of Order.]

Empyrean Ravel

The Choice

Fran: The din of the Mist grows greater.

Basch: The Sun-cryst must be near.

Penelo: I wonder if she'll really do it. Take revenge against the Empire. I mean, I know how she must feel. It's hard losing someone you care about.

Vaan: Something we all got in common.

Penelo: But, you know, no matter how hard we try, we can't change the past. There's nothing that can bring them back. Still, sometimes, when I close my eyes… I can see them so clearly.

Reddas: Illusions of the past. You think to have cast them off, only to find them years later, unwearying, unrelenting. The past can bind a man as surely as irons. Cut the true path. But will she?

Carven Pillar: Ancient letters hang in an effulgent glow.

"This tower, wrought by Hands Undying,

Heaven-bound path.

You who master Power, Wisdom, Mist…

The tower's secrets are for you,

And you alone. Claim them.

To Heaven's last height you now ascend.

Chosen, know now the reason of your Choosing."

Defiance

Reddas: So this is the Sun-cryst.

[He approaches a brilliantly shining light, rays of which are emanating from the center of cobweb-like material. The central light appears to be coming from a cocoon. Ashe approaches with Treaty-Blade in one hand and the Sword of Kings in the other. She raises up the latter.]

Ashe: King Raithwall stood here. With this sword he cut the Sun-cryst… and took its power in his hand.

Vaan: But you're going to use the sword to destroy the Sun-cryst. Aren't you, Ashe.

Ashe: Don't interrupt me, Vaan.

[She takes a deep breath. The Treaty-Blade glows blue with energy. She thrusts it into the air and light pours out.]

[Streaks of fiery Mist -- like the kind that came from the Dawn Shard's explosion -- wend their way around the tower, climbing up to its peak, where it gathers in a pulsing, tempestuous light. Storm clouds and thunder are drawn in and the sky goes dark. Energy pulses outward in a wave.]

[Ashe goes to approach the Sun-cryst, now free of its cobwebs. The Mist still roils outside. Rasler's apparition appears again; this time, it seems everyone can see him.]

Basch: Lord Rasler!?

Ashe: You want revenge. You would have me use the Stone?

[Rasler reaches out to her.]

Ashe: You would have me destroy the Empire? Is this my duty? Is this what you want? I cannot.

????: Why do you hesitate?

[The party turns. The new arrival is none other than Judge Gabranth, walking along the parapet on the outer edge of the tower, with the Mist-storm at his back and a blade in each hand.]

Gabranth: Take what is yours. The Cryst is a blade. It was meant for you. Wield it! Avenge your father!

[Ashe gasps when she sees him. He begins advancing toward Ashe.]

Gabranth: Yes, it was *I* who wore Basch's face -- who cut down the Life of Dalmasca. Lady Ashe! Your father's murderer is here!

Ashe: You!?

Vaan: And Reks!

Gabranth: I slew your king. I slew your country. Do these deeds not demand vengeance?

[Ashe drops the Sword of Kings with a clang. She puts both hands on the hilt of the Treaty-Blade.]

Gabranth: Yes. Good! Find your wrath! Take up your sword! Fight, and serve those who died before you!

[Before he can reach Ashe, Reddas's sword clashes with his blade. They freeze.]

Reddas: A Judge Magister there was… 2 years past, he took in his hand the Midlight Shard, stolen from Nabradia, and used it not knowing what he did, and Nabudis was blown away. Cid ordered this of him to learn the nethicite's true power. That man swore never to let such terrible power be used again. He forsook his Judicer's plate, and his name.

[They finally break apart, both leaping backward from the other.]

Gabranth: Judge Zecht!

Reddas: It's been too long, Gabranth. Reach out your hand, Lady Ashe. But remember that which you must grasp is something beyond revenge, something greater than despair. Something beyond *our* reach. Try as we might, Gabranth, history's chains bind us too tightly.

[Gabranth trades a couple of blows with Reddas; Reddas is knocked back.]

Gabranth: No, we cannot escape the past. This man is living proof! What is your past, Daughter of Dalmasca? Did you not swear revenge? Do the dead not demand it?

[Ashe looks again to Rasler's apparition, then shares a look with Vaan as he picks up one of Reddas's swords. His face eases from the scowl it's in, as if they come to some kind of understanding. Ashe turns again to Rasler, who spreads his arms as if welcoming an embrace from her.]

Ashe: Rasler. My prince. Our time was short. Yet I know this: You were not the kind to take base revenge!

[She strikes out with the Treaty-Blade, slashing at Rasler's image. Blue light bleeds from the mark she's cut across him. He looks down at it in shock.]

Ashe: *[softly]* **The Rasler I knew is gone.**

[Rasler's expression changes again, setting in determination. For the first time, his apparition speaks -- but with the voice of the Occuria.]

Rasler: You are our saint, Ashelia B'nargin. You must use the nethicite. You must be the one to straighten history's weave!

[She slashes at him again, and this time he dissipates completely into blue light.]

Ashe: I am no false saint for you to use!

Vaan: Ashe…

Ashe: In all Dalmasca's long history, not once did we rely on the Dusk Shard. Our people resolved never to use it, though their need might be dire. That was the Dalmasca I wanted back. To use the Stone now would be to betray that. *[she turns to the others with fire in her eyes]* **I will destroy the Sun-cryst! I will discard the Stone!**

Gabranth: You claim no need of power? What of your broken kingdom's shame? The dead demand justice!

Vaan: You're wrong. What would change? I can't help my brother now. My brother's gone. He's dead!

Ashe: Even with power, we cannot change what has passed. What is done, is done.

[She drops the useless Dawn Shard, and it rolls toward Gabranth's feet.]

Gabranth: Yet without power, what future can you claim? What good a kingdom you cannot defend?

Basch: *[coming to stand between Gabranth and Ashe]* **Then I will defend queen and kingdom both!**

Gabranth: Hah! Defend? You? You who failed Landis and Dalmasca? What can shame hope to keep safe? Your shield is shattered! Your oaths poison those you would protect! Hear me, Basch! Do not think killing the kingslayer will win you back your honor! When you abandoned home and kin, your name was forever stained with blood!

[The two face off.]

Basch: Aye, this stain is mine to bear. But I will bear it willingly, knowing that I did all that I could… for hope!

Gabranth: Preen and strut as you like! In the end, we are the same! Blood-thirsting carrion birds, hell-bent on revenge!

Man's History

[After defeating Gabranth…]

[The Judge stands before them, winded but with his swords still at the ready.]

Gabranth: So you, too, would leave your debts unpaid?

???: Enough of this! I can bear no more!

[Gabranth turns to see Dr. Cid, with Dusk Shard in hand.]

Cid: You disappoint me, Gabranth. He trusted you. When you bared steel against the Princess, you foreswore your obligations to your Emperor. You shame yourself and make mockery of Lord Larsa's trust. You are unfit to serve him as sword or shield. And so I release you from that service. Your presence is neither required nor welcome.

[Gabranth's hands shake where they grip his sword as Cid begins to walk away. Enraged, he goes to cut the doctor down from behind…]

Basch: Gabranth!

[Venat appears and disappears in a flash, deflecting his blade. Then he is launched backward, thrown into a pillar. He falls and slumps to the ground. Basch looks away.]

Balthier: You were only a tool of this Venat.

[Venat appears again at Cid's back.]

Cid: How quaint! We are allies. The Occuria give men power as a master feeds his dog: it is meant to tame us. *[his gaze comes to rest on Ashe]* How well you've resisted their wile. By turning your back on their stones, you give us free hand to write our own history!

Ashe: And at what price? Dalmasca's freedom for your nethicite? I shall not suffer you to have it. The Sun-cryst be damned!

[She turns to the Sun-cryst to see that he has somehow made his way over to it already.]

Cid: Oh, be sure that it is! For what other purpose do you think you've brought us here? But, my lady, I would have you stay your Occurian sword! The Sun-cryst is glutted with Mist, and so precious a thing must not be squandered! Let us use the Stone! Finish this, Venat!

[He raises up the Dusk Shard in his hand, and Venat takes it up into the air: the three Stones, Dawn, Midlight, and Dusk, glow, and then join in a vortex of Mist. The party shields their eyes against its light; Vaan is buffed by its explosive energy. Cid laughs.]

Cid: Shards of nethicite! Cocoon of the Sun-cryst! Spill forth your Mist upon this Ivalice! Let sea and sky be awash in it, that Bahamut may come and drink his fill!

[The shards disappear; the others can now barely stand against the violent energy of the building Mist, while Cid revels in it, suspended in the air in the eyes of its storm. Balthier looks up at him.]

Cid: And lo! How brightly burned their lanthorn! Casts it back the shadow of Occurian design! Testament that Man's history shall be His alone!

Balthier: *[holding on to Fran, whose head is bowed against it]* **You made your nethicite for this.** *[Fran looks up as he lets her go to confront him]* **You mimic the Occuria's Stone for what? To become a god yourself?**

Cid: On whose shoulders better to stand than those of the would-be gods! Such high hopes I once had… but you ran, and ran, and they with you! Alas, the hour of your return is late. Come, Ffamran! Revel in the glory of my triumph!

[About halfway through the fight with Cid…]

Cid: Behold the manufacted nethicite… *[drawing a red stone from his pockets]* the fruit of our power and knowledge! See what the Stone of Man is capable of! Witness its power with your own eyes! Famfrit, to me!

[An Esper emerges, a gold-gilded blue giant carrying an urn…]

Condemned to Oblivion

[After defeating Famfrit and Cid…]

[Cid tries to raise his guns to the party once more, but they fall from his weary hands, and he collapses to the ground. Famfrit is sealed within its crystal. Balthier goes running for Cid, but Venat appears to block his way. Balthier gives it a hateful look.]

Cid: Let him by, Venat. It is done.

[He has managed to raise himself to his feet again.]

Cid: Ah, how I have enjoyed these six years.

Venat: *[turning to him]* The pleasure was all mine.

[Venat shifts to the side, allowing Balthier passage, then disappears. Mist is beginning to consume Cid's body.]

Balthier: Was there no other way?

Cid: Spend your pity elsewhere. If you are so set on running, hadn't you best be off? Fool of a pirate.

[Balthier watches as he finally disappears, as if evaporating into Mist, Mist that joins the rest amassing above the Sun-cryst. With the others, Penelo notices Fran laying on the ground.]

Penelo: Fran? Fran!

[She runs and kneels at her side.]

Fran: The Mist burns. To bursting it beats. The cocoon!

[The Sun-cryst is indeed glowing violently. Penelo hears Balthier approaching, and moves aside to let him in.]

Fran: The Sun-cryst bursts. You must run, as far as you can.

Balthier: Easy, Fran.

[She reaches out and rests her hand on his cheek.]

Fran: Hadn't you best be off? That's what a sky pirate does. You fly, don't you?

[He reaches up and gently takes her hand in his own, then smiles.]

Balthier: I suppose you'd better hang on, then.

[He looks over; the Sun-cryst's energy is reaching a critical point. Vaan and Ashe try to run into it.]

Vaan: Ashe! The sword! We have to stop it!

[They try to make their way to it, Vaan with the Treaty-Blade and Ashe with the Sword of Kings, but their attempt is futile; it pushes them back like hurricane winds. Suddenly, Reddas is beside her, holding an arm out as if to halt her.]

Reddas: You must quit this place! It's reacting. I've not seen its like before! Nay, never this large. Never such threat impendent.

[He takes the Sword of Kings from her, and holds it up as if saying a prayer.]

Reddas: For Nabudis.

Vaan: Reddas?

[He sprints headlong into the Mist, jumping into the air, stopped just short of the Cryst…]

Vaan: Reddas, no!

Reddas: I, Judge Magister, condemn you to oblivion!

[With a last effort, he swings the sword, and hits the Cryst. It goes quiet and still for only a moment -- and then the Mist pours out of it. Reddas's triumphant smile is swallowed in the light.]

[Across Ivalice, people look up to the sky, noticing something has changed: Jote in Eruyt, the Great-chief and his tribesmen in Jahara, the remaining nu mou acolytes on Bur-Omisace, and finally, in Balfonheim, the townspeople, including Rikken, Elza, and Raz, all look in the direction of the Ridorana Cataract. The scene fades out.]

The Sacrifice



The party looks up at the Pharos from the Strahl. Click image for video.

[Fade in again on the Strahl *hovering above the ocean some distance from Pharos. The party looks from the cockpit to its scorched, destroyed summit where the Sun-cryst had been. Ashe has her hand on Vaan's back.]*

Vaan: Reddas...

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[Go to Clan Primer](#) | [Go to Side Quests](#) | [Go to Intro & Key](#)