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Final Fantasy XIII-2 Fragments After: Intermezzo AF400

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Intermezzo AF(After the Fall)400

There had always been music.

For some reason, in all of the "visions" I had seen, I could always hear music. The first "vision" I saw had been like that as well.

A glistening crystal amidst a lush green. Someone standing still before that pillar. It wasn't him, but the crystal itself that was singing. Strangely, it seemed that he didn't hear that song. That had to be why he somehow seemed lonely.

If only he could hear that song too.

Caius said that it was probably the voice of the daughters of the Goddess. The song of the daughters sleeping within the crystal does not reach the ears of man, he said.

If that was the case, then it might rather have been lucky that he couldn't hear their song. The power of the Goddess is the power of Chaos. The members of a tribe seem to claim it to be evidence of her affection, or a gift, but was that really so.

Living people are better off not knowing the existence of the Goddess. It would be best if they could distance themselves as far away from the Goddess and the unseen world as they can and live by their own strength.

The man stopped before the crystal seemed lonely, but there was a great light in his eyes. Even the young me could understand he was someone who sought to fulfill something by his own strength.

We'll meet in the future, for sure. Saying that, he left.

The person who taught me of songs was my mother. At the time, I did not know the word "mother" and did not who that person was.

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The people of the household speak before the seeress under no circumstances.

Even so, my mother probably wanted to show me something. She always hummed a song of no words. A high pitched voice like the chirping of a small bird, a deep voice like the rumbling of the earth. That beautiful voice underwent a number of transformations and invited me to an unknown world. I took in what numbered greater than words, and was taught.

I, who had been late to have a "vision", lived at my birthplace until the end of the age of seven. I think it was thanks to my mother, who taught me songs in the stead of words, that I was able to live with my family longer than any other seeress had.

Departing from my birthplace at an age where I could understand things was difficult in its own regard, but the sight of him standing before the crystal gave me strength. The sight of him lifting his face to cast off the loneliness and then starting to walk away.

I will walk bearing a strong will as he does. No matter how lonely I am, and no matter what awaits me at my destination.

It was some years after that I discovered he had been killed long ago during an insurrection by artificial intelligence.

I had my first "vision" where no songs could be heard. Instead, there was the sound of severe rains and people screaming. And then, my own death.

There was someone who mourned my death. I thought it was someone who I had seen before.

I remember. He is a person travelling across time. His name is Noel Kreiss. Caius said that he had met him before. He was someone who could twist time, so he had to be watched, he said.

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Was that really true? Noel Kreiss was shockingly alike the person who was killed by the insurgency of artificial intelligence. They have the same eyes. The eyes of someone who walks forth with the intent of doing something.

Those eyes gave me strength. Despite having seen my own death, I can remain this calm because I want to walk as he walked then.

That is why I want to trust Noel Kreiss. That he who has continued his journey with the same determination is not mistaken. There could be no evil in he who shed tears for a seeress he did not know. Even if, as a result, his actions would betray the laws.

One must not allow for there to be paradoxes in time. That is the law of the Farseers. I personally do not think to ever violate them. I was born as a seeress and will die as a seeress. That is who I am.

It wasn't that I myself had chosen to be born this way, but I am happy to have been born a daughter to that mother. My journey as a seeress too, had been slightly lonely, but not ill-fated.

I will go to that city. To the night where no songs can be heard. Not because it had been decided as such, but because it is how I have chosen to end my journey.