

Chapter 7: The Gran Kiltias and the Sword of Kings

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Jahara

Banks of the Sogoht

Garif Warrior (on crystal's side): The War-chief has spoken with the chocobo keeper. He has asked that you be allowed to ride for free. You travel to Mt. Bur-Omisace? Perhaps you will go by chocobo, then! Ah, the holy mountain... East of Ozmone Plain, through the jungles of Golmore, and across Paramina Rift it lies. I wish you a safe journey.

Gurdy: I heard from the War-chief. You ride for free! The offer's only good once, though. Well, care for a ride?

- Hire a chocobo.
- Decline.

Lull of the Land

Garif Warrior (on bank near two sparring partners): The garif dislike needless use of force, yet when battle comes to us, we face it as warriors must.

Garif Youth/Asdal: The Golmore Jungle to the east of Ozmone Plain is an ancient place that suffers no entry by Man. The wood has a mind of its own. It thinks. Often did the Great-chief tell me to avoid its boughs and winding paths when I was young.

Warrior Guromu: So the hume-child who came here was your companion. This is why he came to ask the same thing, I see now.

Old War-chief Kadal: Kerwon, by its very nature, does not welcome Man. Your journey, I fear, will be fraught with difficulty. I pray for your good fortune.

War-chief Supinelu: Mt. Bur-Omisace lies far to the east. It will be a long journey to its paths. Walk softly, for in foolhardiness lies doom.

Garif Herder (standing in front of shack by nanna pen): I am told that you entered our village with permission of the War-chief? This is most unusual, for he does not take to outsiders. Quite stoic, that one! Hoh! It is his strength, and his weakness. I am afraid it is the weak side that shines most brightly of late.

Warrior Hsemu: The Great-chief is across this bridge. Walk softly.

Garif Herder (talking to another near bridge to Elderknoll): On your way here through the plains, you must have spied the cave entrance? This is the way to Zertinan Caverns, and a place to avoid. Many fell creatures dwell within the caverns. Even our most hale of warriors find it difficult to enter the deepest reaches.

Geomancer Yugelu: The stick you gave to our War-chief has the power to ward off evil things. Our War-chief fights against a great monster, possessed of immense power. May that wood grow in his heart and make him strong.

Garif Elder: To the garif, magicite is most holy. We have worshipped the Stones since the beginning of time, and their tale is told in our legends. Yet, there is much we still do not know. What is this nethicite? Its very name speaks of dark power, yet it is a mystery to us.

The Elderknoll

Garif Elder (sitting and talking to two others): The jungles of Golmore are ancient, little changed since the earliest times. I have heard that a wyrm lives there, a legendary creature from the time of the gods.

Garif Elder (standing and talking to two others): There are many foul creatures in the lands around our village. They trample the herbs of the plains, and taint the magicite veins with their presence. It is perhaps more than our warriors can ever hope to handle. Yet we must do something.

Garif Elder (talking to another): To the east of here lies Paramina Rift. On days when the snows are heavy, the creatures known as elementals can be seen there. Take care, for they are quite dangerous, and unfond of Man.

Garif Youth: Hrm? Do you find my mask odd? You may look upon it all you wish, yet I will not take it off, lend it, or sell it. All garif receive a mask the day they are born, not to be removed until the day they die. This has always been our custom.

High-chief Zayalu: I am sorry we could tell you nothing about the nethicite. Still, you are welcome to visit our village again. Our War-chief has warmed to you considerably.

Great-chief Uball-ka: You go to Mt. Bur-Omisace, yes? There is one in the village selling provisions. You might speak with him.

Giza Plains (Rains)

Nomad Village

Sadeen: ...

The Royal City of Rabanastre

Southgate

[For dialogue with the Wandering Viera, see "Side Quests - Viera Rendezvous."]

Southern Plaza

Imperial: Hard to believe I've been here two years already. Heh. I remember when the Rains were a big deal. Now it's just same-old, same-old.

Muthru Bazaar

Patient Bangaa: We couldn't reach the deeper parts of the Garamsythe Waterway and it's put my friend here in the foulest of moods. We weren't able to make it past this one sluice gate. There's a moogles what has the key, but he wouldn't let us use it!

Trader: I set off for the garif village to see about stocking some of their wares. But I got lost on the way and barely made it back. I've given up on all that now. Reckon I'll just stick around here for the time being.

Merchant (blue seeq at top of steps): Spices! Authentic Bancour spices! Whaddaya say? Care for a pinch or two?

Merchant (blindfolded tan bangaa): I may never be a trade baron, but I bring in enough to live as I please. I've no complaints.

Traveler: Delightful it may be, but Rabanastre is not my home. It is time that I returned. What tales I have to tell!

Busy Messenger: You've heard there's a passage connecting the Giza Plains with Ozmone Plain now, right? Boss has me down there surveying for him.

Rabanastran (man in white, yellow, and brown): When I first moved to Rabanastre I couldn't tell one street from the other. But I think I may finally know my way around now.

Reks's Friend: You've made yourself some good friends along the way, Vaan, but you've done it all standin' on your own two feet. Reks would be proud of ya.

Rabanastran (seeq with turquoise horn): Heard tell there's a huge, powerful wyrm lurking somewhere in the Westersand - a wyrm unlike the others you're liable to find there. Think I heard me the cry of the beast once. Or maybe it was only the raging winds of a sandstorm. Regardless, I can't remember where.

Lowtown

North Sprawl

Rabanastran (woman in white): Locked himself in the house for fear of a ghost, has he? Hmm... I might have mentioned before, but that *is* the house the man who fled Nabudis lived in... until he fell ill and passed away. Were it me, I would be more frightened to be alone in there.

Rabanastran (woman in white) (if you completed Hunt #5): The child who'd been hiding in the house has finally come out. I must confess, I am... relieved. That *is* the house the man from Nabudis rented. He was a kind man. I... I do not suppose that he was the sort to return in death to torment the living. No. Did you notice? The seeq landlord - usually so jovial - did not laugh while the child was shut in the house. He sighed sadly all the while.

Dalan's Place

Dalan: Mt. Bur-Omisace? Let me think... What could you possibly need to go there for, m'boy? Well, it's none of my business, I suppose. The Gran Kiltias Anastasis leads the Light from Bur-Omisace. He is a wise man, said to find hidden truths in his dreams.

Rabanastran (kid at Dalan's right): Dalan was tellin' me about this place called Kerwon... Didn't sound like anywhere I'd wanna go.

Rabanastran (woman at Dalan's left): Most of us in Lowtown are glad to see Vayne gone. That one's too cunning for his own good.

The Skycity of Bhujerba

Aerodrome

Son: Bhujerba's nothing but sky and cloud - it's boring. Are you really going to build a summer home *here*, Father?

Mother: The rustic atmosphere is fashionable, dear. Our neighbors just bought a summer home in Bhujerba. Our residence must be even more grand.

Father: You've quite the competitive spirit, Mother. Father wouldn't change that about you for the world.

Ozmone Plain

Sunlit Path

Hope

[Vaana and Penelo chatter as the party enters the area. Basch speaks with Ashe.]

Basch: An alliance between Dalmasca and the Empire?

Ashe: Reason tells me 'tis the only course. We must avoid war with the Empire at all cost. Yet I fear I could not bear the shame. Had I but the strength -

Basch: A shame perhaps for me and for you. But for Dalmasca it is hope!

Ashe: And you can just accept this, can you?

Basch: After Vayne's ruse, I had abandoned hope for honor... yet never did I forget my knightly vows. If I could protect but one person from war's horror... then I would bear any shame. I would bear it proudly. I could not defend my home. What is shame to me?

Ashe: My people hate the Empire. They will not accept this.

Basch: There is hope.

[He looks to Vaana, Penelo, and Larsa all chatting casually.]

Basch: Hope for a future where we can join hands as brothers.

Lord Larsa's Guardians

[The scene changes. Two Judges of Empire stride down a grand corridor.]

[The Imperial City of Archades - The Imperial Palace]

Bergan: The Senate may play at intrigue, but Lord Vayne will not be brought down easily. The entire military waits upon his orders, from the War Council to the rank and file. What better blade than he to strike down the enemies of the Empire?

[They pass by another Judge who leans against the corridor wall. They don't notice her till she speaks.]

Drace: Your Honor reminds me of Zecht two years since. He, too, put his trust in Lord Vayne's strength, and what became of him? Gone without a trace since Nabudis!

Bergan: I will not hear you malign Judge Zecht! He was a noble warrior. Or... do you think his trust in Lord Vayne ill-placed?

Drace: Vayne took two of his own brothers' lives. He is ruthless beyond contempt.

Bergan: Ruthless, you say? Would he were more so! He gives traitors no quarter, be they of his own blood! How fitting for one who would bear the burden of Empire.

Drace: But could we bear him? *[turning to the other Judge]* Zargabaath, what of you? Surely you do not believe his brothers were traitors.

Zargabaath: So found His Excellency, Lord Gramis. You would do well to mind your tongue, Drace. That matter is long past.

[The two see Judge Gabranth approaching.]

Gabranth: Your Honors, a summons! Lord Vayne has arrived at the palace.

Zargabaath: We come at once.

[Bergan and Zargabaath leave Gabranth and Drace lagging behind.]

Drace: Lord Larsa has left for Bur-Omisace. He hopes to enlist the aid of the Gran Kiltias in stopping the insurgents. I doubt this will be enough to deter Ondore... but even a slight hindrance to his operations would be welcome. This will delay the Rozarrian invasion... and we will have bought much-needed time to shore up our defenses.

Gabranth: Just as His Excellency had hoped.

Drace: No matter the result, I am pleased with the young Lord's progress. I can already see the stunned faces of those mud-witted senators. The fools think a child emperor's strings easy to pull from the shadows... but they will find that Lord Larsa is no puppet.

Gabranth: Yes. The senators would be most pleased with a puppet for an emperor. Recall, Drace, how the Senate fears and despises Lord Vayne's ability? When they realize the truth, that Lord Larsa is no docile lamb to be shepherded... they will bare their teeth and devour him.

Drace: You're right. I shall speak on this matter with His Excellency at once. Gabranth. It falls to us to protect Lord Larsa. Are we agreed?

Gabranth: Aye.

[They set off down the hall together. Fade out, and back to the party.]

Game Hunter: We tried passing through Golmore Jungle, but we encountered some sort of barrier and could go no further. There *must* be a way through...

Golmore Jungle

The Needlebrake

Seeking Passage

[The party stands at the magical blue crest that acts as a barrier that blocks the path.]

Vaan: What is it?

Fran: The jungle denies us our passage.

Ashe: What have we done?

Fran: We? No. I.

[Fran turns and walk away.]

Vaan: What's that mean? How're we supposed to get through that?

[Balthier, some distance away, falls into step with her as she passes. You can hear Vaan indignantly shouting in the background.]

Balthier: Making an appearance?

Fran: I am.

Balthier: I thought you'd left for good.

Fran: Our choices are few. This is as much for you as it is me.

[They stop on the steps. Fran turns to Balthier.]

Fran: You are ill at ease. The nethicite troubles you?

[Balthier is silent.]

Fran: You've let your eyes betray your heart.

[Balthier shrugs it off. Fran stands before what seems to be nothingness, tracing the air with her index finger, glowing green with magicks. Vaan, who has followed them, watches.]

Vaan: What are you doing?

[Fran blows a soft breath with a gesture of her hand, almost as if blowing a kiss.]

Fran: Soon you will learn.

[A grassy path suddenly opens before them. Vaan looks stunned.]

Fran: We go to seek aid of the viera who dwell ahead.

Penelo: *[stepping in beside Vaan]* I bet they'll be glad to see you after so long.

Fran: *[looking down]* I am unwelcome. An unsought guest in their wood.

Jahara

Banks of the Sogoht

Garif Warrior (on the crystal's side): Judges, here, in our village. Times have changed.

Lull of the Land

Garif Warrior (watching the two spar by the river): More humes have come to our village, these in great suits of armor. I hear they have come to escort someone, but I know not who. They speak now with our War-chief.

War-chief Supinelu: These men among us, these Judges, came here to protect someone important from Archadia. And now I hear this person will accompany you. The Judges will soon leave us too, and quiet shall return to our village.

Judge/Judge Hausen: Do not fear, I bear you no enmity. I am Judge Hausen, guard to Lord Larsa. I would accompany my lord to Mt. Bur-Omisace, yet I fear my presence upon the holy mountain would... excite the followers of the Light. I entrust Lord Larsa to your care. Please, take this. It may help you along your way.

*[You obtain 3 **Hi-Potions!***

*You obtain **an Ether!***

Judge Hausen (x2): Normally I would accompany Lord Larsa to Mt. Bur-Omisace, yet I fear my presence would threaten the peace. I entrust Lord Larsa to your care. Please, be safe.

Eruyt Village

Road of Verdant Praise

Fran: In the village ahead you will find her: Mjrn. Bring her to me. She will know why you call her.

Fran: We will need Mjrn's help if we are to pass through the barriers of the Wood. She will know that I have come. Bring her to me. I will wait here for your return.

Lulucce: Kupo! Where have I seen you before...? No matter... I know why you've come! I've just the thing to help you get to the bottom of all those viera secrets... Would you like to buy a map, kupo?

[Select a map to purchase.

Eruyt Village 60

Cancel]

So long, kupo!

Lulucce (if you've bought his map): There are barriers along the paths of Golmore Jungle, kupo. As though the jungle itself chooses who may pass, and who may not. I'm pure as the driven snow... but I still couldn't get through. Maybe the jungle doesn't like snow...Perhaps I'll ask one of these viera about it.

Tetran: Kupo? I *thought* you looked familiar. You are the one who helped us on the *Leviathan*! We've had quite a time reaching this village. Oh, I hope you don't think we *followed* you here, kupo. That wouldn't do at all. Well, would you like to see my wares? You won't find many shops around here, kupo. Best stock up while you can! *[shop menu]* Any merchant worth his salt needs but one thing to do business: a customer, kupo!

Tetran (x2): Looking for something, kupo? *[shop menu]* A little chilly inside the village... I've decided to set up shop out here, instead, kupo. Want to hear something scary, kupo? I have it on good authority there are monsters which mimic crystals, and pounce when you touch them!

The Spiritwood

Wood-dweller (long-haired viera looking out over edge): You are unwelcome in the Wood. She will not suffer humes to walk Her verdant paths; Her barriers deny you. Leave now, whilst you may.

Wood-warder (standing at base of steps): You walk a hidden enclave of the viera known to outlanders as Eruyt Village. We wish no consort with others. Leave us.

Wood-dweller (viera with shoulder-length hair sitting in center): Our laws forfend contact with the world outside. Here silence and solitude will be your companions.

Wood-dweller (viera with long hair, staring up at sky with one hand against pillar): I have no words to speak to a hume.

Wood-dweller (viera with bob staring down at flowers): It is because the spring remains apart that the flowers bloom. ...You would not understand.

Viera Maiden/Nera: Mjrn? Why do you ask after her? I am not she. What is it you seek?

Wood-dweller (log-haired viera walking up and down path): The sunward path leads to the fane of our elder, Jote. Though I cannot think she would speak with a hume.

Wood-warder (walking up and down path to wood-warders' den): This path leads to the cove of the wood-warders. You will find naught there for a hume.

Warden Apprentice/Rena: Mjrn... her visage darkly clouded. A child of many gifts and much promise, yet she cannot bring her fierce spirit to heel. Ever do the storm clouds follow her... but why?

Warder-swordmaiden/Kjrs: The wood-warders gather about this cove. Mjrn is no wood-warder. You will not find her here. Do you come to visit misfortune upon us? You may expect no mercy if you do.

Warder-chief/Rael: What errand have you with Mjrn? What errand *could* you have? You should leave before aught ill comes to pass. For your sake, and our own.

Fane of the Path

Wood-dweller (viera with pixie cut sitting and talking to another viera): The fane of the village elder is just beyond this bridge. What errand could a hume possibly have with her?

Salve-apprentice/Alja: It is Mjrn you seek? She is usually just beyond this bridge, but I tell you now, you search in vain. I should not think she would even know who you are.

Wood-dweller (viera with pixie cut walking around behind salve-makers' den): Leave me be.

Jote

[The party approaches the elder's den. The viera eye them coldly. Penelo senses the tense atmosphere.]

Vaan: Hey, Mjrn lives here, doesn't she? We're here to see her.

[No answer. The viera simply glare at them.]

???: You will leave at once.

[A viera descends from the steps of the elder's den.]

Elder: It is not allowed for humes to walk on these grounds.

Vaan: We'll go as soon as we've seen Mjrn.

Elder: If you can find her.

Vaan: We're not leaving until you let us see her. *[Jote turns away defiantly.]* **Fine then. We'll look for her ourselves.**

[Vaan turns to walk away. The viera elder sighs a knowing "ah". The party turns to see Fran has come.]

Fran: I've heard the voice of the Wood. She says Mjrn is not in the village. *[turning to the elder]*
Jote. Where has she gone?

Jote: Why do you ask? The Wood tells us where she has gone. Or... can you not hear Her? *[Fran looks away]* You cannot. Your ears are dull from hearing their harsh speech, I think. Viera who have abandoned the Wood are viera no longer. Mjrn, too, has left Her embrace.

Balthier: And you forsake them in turn?

Jote: It is the will of the village. Viera must live always with the Wood. So is the Green Word, and so is our law.

Vaan: We'll let you worry about keeping your laws. Just do us a favor and stay out of our way. We'll find her ourselves.

[Wind, light, and leaves begin to swirl around Jote. She raises her arms, closing her eyes. After a moment she rests her arms again and speaks to the party.]

Jote: Our sister has left the Wood and gone west. She wanders warrens among men who hide themselves in clothes of cold iron. Thus to me has the Wood spoken.

[As Jote walks away briskly, Fran speaks.]

Fran: The viera may begin as part of the Wood, but it is not the only end we may choose.

Jote: *[halting to consider her words]* The same words I heard 50 years ago.

[Finally, Jote leaves them.]

Wood-dweller (viera with pixie cut hair standing in front of elder's den): To be viera is to abide by the Green Word. It is only natural that Jote's will and the will of the village be as one. If the Green Word forbids contact with the world outside, then so it must be.

Salve-maker/Hala: We have heard the whisper of the Wood. It tells us to deny passage to the humes. So have we summoned the barriers in Golmore. Those to whom Jote gives her leave, who bear **Lente's Tear**, may pass - no other.

Wood-dweller (long haired viera walking up and down path): Even should you find Mjrn, to us she is forever lost. Once a viera has forsaken the Wood, return is forbidden. Besides, I would not think a hume's

dull senses able to find her. You will be lucky if your flesh does not soon feed the feybeasts.

Wood-dweller (viera with pixie cut walking behind salve-makers' den): Are you lost? Or do you trespass here willingly? Either way, the presence of humes disrupts the harmony of our village... you must realize this.

Wood-dweller (sitting and talking to another viera): The salve-makers of our village gather at this house. A salve-maker must have knowledge not only of herbs, but of the Wood as a whole. With our knowledge of medicine and our healing hymns do we support and sustain the village as our elder, Jote, bids us.

Alja: Golmore Jungle has blessed us with a new herb, and we must decide how best it might be used to enrich our medicines. It is a matter beyond your understanding. I would thank you to interrupt us no further.

The Spiritwood

Wood-dweller (viera with long hair walking up and down path near exit to Fane of the Path): You flaunt our laws, abandon our village... does returning here not shame you? Did you think a mere fifty years would find you forgiven?

Rena: I would join my fellow warriors, but apprentices are not permitted outside the village. It is a hardship for me. What has become of Mjrn...?

Kjrs: You come with traitors who abandon the Wood... The blades of the wood-warders are sharp. Stay, if you would learn this for yourself.

Rael: You have spoken with Jote. The wood-warders brook no trespass within the village. Leave now, and do not look back.

Nera: To show interest in the world outside is forbidden by our laws, but a mind once open to the unknown will not be denied. Is this not what has brought you to us?

Wood-dweller (viera staring down at flowers): The flower that blooms upon the water may take root upon the land, but is it then the same flower?

Wood-dweller (long-haired viera staring up at sky): Did our laws not exist, I would still not consort with a hume.

Wood-dweller (viera sitting in center area): Mjrn, you seek? You seek in vain.

Road of Verdant Praise

Nice, Vaan

Balthier: Not bad, Vaan. Didn't think we'd get any information out of that one. So then, what was she saying about men in a warren?

Larsa: The Henne Magicite Mines - maybe that's what she meant. They lie in Bancour, south of the Ozmone Plain. The entire region is a colony of the Archadian Empire. There would be soldiers.

Balthier: Is that a problem? Let's move.

[Balthier and Fran turn to leave, when Vaan stops them.]

Vaan: Fran!

Fran: Yes?

Vaan: I was wondering - what Jote said, you know? About how you said the same thing 50 years ago?

Fran: Your point?

[Vaan makes an exaggeratedly thoughtful face and taps his finger on his chin.]

Vaan: How old were you again?

[A deathly silence as Fran stares him down, then turns and walks sharply away. Balthier turns his hands up resignedly.]

Balthier: *[groaning]* Nice, Vaan.

[Ashe sighs pointedly and the rest of the party makes remarks to Vaan as they pass him by.]

Larsa: Surprisingly rude.

Penelo: Try to grow up, please.

Fran: I would avoid unnecessary... confrontation. Do what you must, and let us be off. When you are ready, we should return to Ozmone Plain in the west. The Henne Mines are then only a short distance south.

Giza Plains (Dry)

Nomad Village

Arjie: Well, hello! The wary traveler never passes the chance to restock his supplies. [shop menu] I used to live in Rabanastre, before I met my husband. Then I moved here. I only get to see him during the Rains, but I'm happy all the same.

Camina: The tree what was blockin' the path to Kerwon's finally gone. And it's a good thing, too. Lots of herbs we can't find no other place. Are you goin' to Ozmone Plain? I haven't been too far that way, but the monsters sure look tough.

Tott: Little while ago, the whole west sky lit up in a flash. Only lasted for a second. Wonder what that was...

Nutsy: An elemental was chasing me, kupo! The rain was pouring down, and I could feel my fur crickle-crackle when it came near. Horrifying! Would you like to buy a map, kupo?...

Roaklo: I really wanna go see Ozmone Plain. I hear there are all these old ruined airships just waitin' to be explored... I get excited just thinkin' about it!

Nanau: I thought my little brother had been working hard lately, but now i find out he's just been planning to sneak off to Kerwon. Can you believe it?

Masyua: Don't often get visitors in this heat. What is it?

- Can you tell me about sunstones?

Did you notice the dark crystals? They again shine with light. No small thanks to the fine weather we've enjoyed these past days. Are you interested in making some sunstones?

- Sure, why not?
- How do I make sunstones?
- No, thanks.

You're always welcome, if you change your mind. We pay well for stones of a high grade, should you need a few extra gil.

- Nothing, sorry.

The garif live to the south, in northern Kerwon. They are an ancient race, who live by the ways of their ancestors. They wear masks from the day they're born until the day they die.

Jinn: I saw ‘em bringing a bunch of hurt Imperials to Rabanastre. I thought the war was supposed to be over? My family was killed in the war... But Brunoa brought me to live here. I don’t wanna see anyone else get hurt.

Lesina: Have you been to the garif village? Our elder and their chieftain go way back, but they haven’t seen each other in a cockatrice’s age. I make trips to their village to trade sunstones for medicinal herbs, hides... you name it. And the kids just love that nanna cheese they make.

Elder Brunoa: They tell me the fallen tree blocking the road to Kerwon was washed away by the Rains. The way south through Starfall Field is open. If you’re heading that way, see you’re well provisioned before setting out. Changes in the land mean changes in the beasts that walk them.

Elder Brunoa (x2): I was walking through the plains several days past when I was overcome by the feeling some great power had been lost. I pray it is no ill omen.

Terra: The cockatrices aren’t lookin’ so good lately. Can’t you tell? You gotta look close. And poor Dania... I wish there was something I could do to help out.

[Examine any one of the cockatrices...]

Cockatrice: (It looks a little down in the beak.)

[For more dialogue with Dania, Terra, and the cockatrices, see “Hunts - Little Love on the Big Plains.”]

The Royal City of Rabanastre

Southgate

[For dialogue with the Wandering Viera, see “Side Quests - Viera Rendezvous.”]

Adventurer: Just takes one look at the sky to tell if it’s the Rains or the Dry down in Giza. I think I’ve got an eye for tellin’ when the change will be comin’, too. Matter of fact, you can call me “Weather Eye” from now on. I like the sound of that, yes...

[And, indeed, from this time forth he will be labeled as “Weather Eye”. For more dialogue with the Weather Eye, see “Side Quests - Random Switch-Ups and Curiosities”]

Ozmone Plain

Sunlit Path

[If you do not have a Potion in your inventory...]

Imperial: Oh, cruel Fates! I have to help my friend... If I only had a **potion**!

[If you do have a Potion in your inventory...]

Imperial: T-Traveler... have you a **potion** on you? My friend is badly wounded... I fear that, untreated... he'll die. Please, just one **potion**...

- Give him a **potion**.

Thank you, thank you! I'm in your debt...

[You hand a potion to the Imperial.]

Thanks to you, my friend's life is saved. We are in your debt, sir. We fled here from the Henne Mines. We were attacked, you see... It was all we could do to make it this far. We'll rest here until my friend's wounds have had a chance to heal. If you like, we could lend you the use of a chocobo until then. There's a lot of terrain around here which can't be accessed without a chocobo. You let me know when you need one.

- Leave.

Imperial (laying on ground): I've you to thank for my life, it seems. I... only hope my mates in the mine are all right.

Imperial (standing beside his friend): Need a chocobo?

- Borrow one.

Right. On your way, then. Oh, and you *do* know that some paths are only accessible by chocobo, right? A sure sign that such a path is nearby is the presence of **chocobo footprints**. Keep that in mind, and you won't go wrong. The chocobo paths on the plains take you close to the entrance to the Henne Mines... which I'd stay away from, were I you.

- Do nothing.

[end conversation]

The Shred

Research

[Researchers and soldiers lay on the ground outside the entrance to the Henne Mines.]

Larsa: Researchers from the Draklor Laboratory. What were they doing here?

The Henne Mines

North Entrance

Gate Switchboard: This switchboard operates the mine gates.

- Press the switch.
- Do nothing.

Ore Separation: It's locked from the other side.

Advisory, Gate Operation: "For immediate distribution and posting: The colour of the switchboard phosphor corresponds with gates currently closed. Accordingly, use of the switchboard opens gates of the colour presently illuminated. Note your desired route and open such gates as it requires. It follows that one cannot open red and blue gates simultaneously. As gates throughout the mine are linked, do verify your route in advance. Workers' Weekly Wisdom: NO accidents. NO injuries. NO worries. -Imperial Army, Officiary of Resources"

Pithead Junction A

Wounded Imperial: I managed to escape... I don't know how, but I did. You must be careful. The mines... they're not safe. How could we have known...

Wounded Imperial (x2): (He's unconscious.)

Advisory, the 1st: "Noxious fumes and vapors are an ever-present threat within the mine. Should you feel you've been affected, report at once to the infirmary. Workers' Weekly Wisdom: Our workers are our greatest resource. -Imperial Army, Officiary of Resources"

Staging Shaft

The Stench of Power

Larsa: Look at the magicite. These mines much resemble the ones at Lhusu. Of course. Draklor must be searching for new sources of ore. Should the Resistance move, the magicite in Bhujerba will be forever beyond their grasp.

[The party notices another collapsed soldier some distance away. They run toward him. Fran gasps.]

Fran: Is it her? What is this Mist? [looking up] Mjrn!

[Vaana and Larsa look wonderingly at Fran, then turn in the direction she is looking. A viera comes stumbling around the corner.]

Mjrn: The stench of humes. The stench of power.

Ashe: What's wrong with her?

[Mjrn hears her and turns, pointing a finger at her, and when she next speaks, it's with an unearthly voice that is not her own.]

Mjrn: Stay away! Power-needy hume!

[Mjrn goes frantically running back the way she came, still stumbling.]

Ore Separation

Mjrn

[They catch a glimpse of Mjrn before she disappears again, behind the hulking form of a great wyrm.]

[After defeating Tiamat...]

[Mjrn comes stumbling out of the shadows. Fran starts running toward her. We see Mjrn is holding a piece of manufactured nethicite in her hand; she drops it, and once it comes to rest on the ground, it shatters. A fearful, shadowy visage appears around Mjrn; frightened, Fran stops, but it disappears almost as quickly. Mjrn finally passes out and falls to the ground.]

Vaana: That thing inside her. What was it?

[No one answers. Fran cradles Mjrn in her arms, and Mjrn, though still drowsy, stirs.]

Mjrn: Is it you?

[Fran nods. Mjrn smiles, and with a sigh, falls back into unconsciousness.]

[In the next scene, we soon see Mjrn explaining to the others in a small room in the mine what happened.]

Mjrn: When the hume soldiers came to the Wood, the village took small heed of them. So long as the Wood Herself is safe, the viera give little care to goings on beyond. But in me an uneasiness stirred. I had to discover why they had come.

Balthier: So you came here hoping to find something out, and got yourself caught. You're as foolhardy as your sister.

Mjrn: They took me then, and set close beside me a stone. They said its Mist would be drawn into me,

that the viera well suited this end. I saw the light coming from the stone, and then -

Fran: We have seen this. On *Leviathan*, the Mist from the Dawn Shard drove me, too, into such a rage. She was taken not by the Dawn Shard.

Larsa: Manufacted nethicite.

[Fran nods.]

Larsa: Then that means - Penelo, the stone I gave you, do you still carry it with you?

Penelo: Sure, it's right here.

[As she brings it out, Larsa snatches it from her hands.]

Larsa: This is more dangerous than I had imagined. I should never have given it to you. Forgive me. I did not know.

Penelo: I'd always thought of it as a sort of good luck charm. And even if it is dangerous, on *Leviathan* it kept us safe.

Ashe: There is a place for all things, even danger such as this.

Vaan: I hope you're right about that.

Eruyt Village

A Pleasant Lie

[The scene changes again. The party walks back into Eruyt, Fran and Mjrn side-by-side, chatting with each other. Jote is waiting for them.]

Jote: I heard the Wood's whispers. Take it.

[One of the viera beside her approaches the party, presenting them with a glowing pendant, which Vaan takes.]

Jote: Lente's Tear is a permission. Pass through the Wood and leave. To other places go.

Mjrn: That cannot be all! I saw it when I left the village! Ivalice is changing! How can the viera stand and do nothing at all?

Jote: Ivalice is for the humes. The Wood alone is for us.

Mjrn: But that is wrong! How can we just hide here in the trees when all the world outside is on the

move! I, too, wish to live freely - to leave this Wood!

Fran: Do not do this. You must remain away from the humes. Stay with the Wood. Live together with the Wood. This is your way.

Mjrn: But Fran - my sister!

Fran: I am no longer of you. I have discarded Wood and village. I won my freedom. Yet my past has been cut away forever. No longer can my ears hear the Green Word. This... solitude, you want, Mjrn?

Mjrn: Sister -

Fran: No, Mjrn. Only one sister remains to you now. You must forget my existence.

[Mjrn looks at Fran, hurt, and then runs away.]

Jote: I am sorry to make you do this.

Fran: She goes against the laws of the Wood. I threw down these laws. It is better that I do this. Better I than one who must uphold these laws herself.

[Jote nods to her two attendant viera to leave. She and Fran are left alone.]

Fran: I have a request: Listen to the Wood's voice for me. I fear - I fear She hates.

[Jote takes a moment to commune with the Wood, then announces her findings.]

Jote: The Wood longs for you. For the child gone from under Her boughs.

Fran: A pleasant lie, that.

[Fran turns to walk away, but Jote's next words stop her.]

Jote: Be cautious. The Wood is jealous of the humes who have taken you.

Fran: I am as them, now. Am I not? Good-bye, sister.

[Fran turns and walks to Vaan and Balthier, who wait for her.]

*[You obtain **Lente's Tear!**]*

Road of Verdant Praise

Tetran: Looking for something, kupo? *[shop menu]* I spoke with the viera elder about running my shop here. I was a little frightened at first, but she seems reasonable enough, kupo. Speaking of frightening, I

have it on good authority that there are monsters which mimic crystals, and pounce when you touch them!

Lulucce (if you've bought his map): Before we came here, we were locked away in a cramped little cell, the sound of machinery clinking and clanking, kupo. But here... it's so quiet! I can finally hear myself think. Kupo-po-po...

Fran: With Lente's Tear we can pass the barriers of Golmore Jungle. The Gran Kiltias on Bur-Omisace waits beyond. Our business here is done.

The Spiritwood

Wood-dweller (viera with long hair looking out over edge): The Wood whispers with the winds of distant lands, bringing us tidings from afar. A tranquil heart and keen ear might learn much of the world beyond the Wood, never needing to forsake Her gentle bosom.

Wood-warder (viera at base of steps): Many of our sisters have we lost to the beguiling winds of the outside world. We must lose no more. Your coming holds no joy for us.

Wood-dweller (viera with shoulder-length hair sitting in center): This place is one of quiet contemplation. Your presence disturbs its tranquility more than I would expect... Nera alone seems cheered, but she has always been... unique. Do not look for such welcome from others.

Wood-dweller (long-haired viera looking up to the sky): Viera who leave the village are viera no more. Shadow and illusion make for fleet quarry, but there is little joy in their capture.

Wood-dweller (viera with bob staring down at flowers): The flower that blooms upon the water, the flower that blooms upon the land. How are they alike? How do they differ? Are they really different at all? Or does the difference lie in how we perceive them? It vexes me.

Nera: In truth I should not speak with you. But it is all right. The others do not concern themselves with my doings. Here I was born, and here I live. I do not think, though, that past and present need dictate the future.

Wood-dweller (walking up and down path to warders' den and Fane): Our houses bear little likeness to those of humes. They are places where those of like calling, be they wood-warders or salve-makers, gather.

Wood-warder (near warders' den): With Jote's trust and blessing does Rael lead the house of the wood-warders. Our task of defending Wood and village is no small one. See that you do not disturb us.

Rena: Mjrn has returned, but still a weight presses upon my heart. Why is this so? Is she... different, somehow? Is there something I might do to help her?

Kjrs: Jote does not show favor to the sisters who share her blood. She is strict, yes. More so with her

sisters, still more again with herself.

Rael: We have known of the humes in the magicite mines. They fear us, and have not disturbed the Wood. We keep watch on them, but we do not interfere. Mjrn knew of this, but this was not enough for her. She left the Wood.

Fane of the Path

Wood-dweller (viera sitting and talking to other viera): Jote leads with Hala ever at her side. Hala herself is a salve-maker of great renown who has served the village as long as the village has stood.

Alja: We discuss the effect different methods of storage have on herbal potency. Do matters so beyond your grasp nonetheless hold interest for you?

Wood-dweller (long-haired viera wandering up and down path): One who has left the Wood but once ought never be allowed to return. It is only natural that the children of the Wood should not traffic with the world beyond. It is our way. The elder is too forgiving of her sister.

Wood-dweller (viera with pixie cut behind the salve-makers' den): Once more the village is quiet, still. All reason for your presence is now gone, is it not?

Wood-dweller (viera with pixie cut near Jote's den): There are those who have raised their voices against Mjrn's return, but I support the elder's decision. Never in the past has she erred. I do not think she is like to start now.

Hala: Mjrn went against the Green Word. The decision to welcome her back has met with much discord. These foreign winds bring much trouble for us. You may rest here if you like, but do not interfere with the doings of the village.

Jote: Mjrn is yet in her spring. Trouble her no more. She would shake and scatter before the rough winds that blow beyond the Wood.

Mjrn: An indescribable sensation overtook me within the mine. It reached out, closed about my heart... then all was darkness. This loathsome shadow... ageless and ancient beyond any viera or hume... what was it?

Golmore Jungle

The Parting Glade

Wood-warder: It is several years now since such as you began passing through the Wood, unwelcome. Some sought only to flee their pursuers, but others there were who thought to bring ruin to the Wood. This wakened in Mjrn a deep disquiet. That she should see this and leave the Wood surprises me little.

Dell of the Dreamer

[The Elder Wyrn rises up from the glen.]

Paramina Rift

Fading Vale

Kiltias (on left): Beyond this rift you'll find the holy mountain. Take each step one at a time, and you shall reach your destination.

Kiltias (on right): Mt. Bur-Omisace is to the northeast. Should you go south you'll enter the rift... take care. Gods guide your path. Faram.

Refugee (talking with seeq): The Kiltias of Mt. Bur-Omisace took us in and treated us warmly. Thanks to their aid I'm well enough to return home now.

Refugee (blue seeq): When newcomers what can't walk on their own arrive, I carry them up the mountain. I'm glad to help the Kiltias, any way I can.

Freezing Gorge

Uncertainty, and House Solidor

Balthier: Empires parade down city streets, while refugees walk barefoot through the snow.

Larsa: And so I sue for peace to stop short war and ease their suffering. My father will choose peace.

Balthier: Will he now? You sound sure of yourself. You can never know another, even your father.

[Balthier and others walk away; Vaan is left with Larsa.]

Vaan: Don't take it the wrong way, okay?

[Larsa doesn't respond.]

[Scene changes to Emperor's audience room in Archadia.]

Vayne: This crisis would not end were I gone. The Senate hates the very fact that House Solidor exists. By necessity, we must find reason to silence them.

Gramis: Necessity? Ah yes, necessity. Does that word free you, I wonder? You show no hesitation to solve matters with blood.

Vayne: The sword of House Solidor cannot be left to rust in doubt. It was you, Excellency, who tempered

that sword.

Gramis: Is this your idea of vengeance?

Vayne: It is my idea of necessity.

[Gramis grumbles frustratedly.]

Vayne: If we do not act now, it is not only *our* future you imperil.

Gramis: So you would dirty your hands, to keep his clean?

Vayne: My hands are stained with blood. I see little reason to stay them now.

Gramis: So they are. And so House Solidor lives on.

[Back to the party at Paramina Rift.]

Mt. Bur-Omisace

[A cinematic shows us sweeping views of the mountain. It rises up into the sky, surrounded by tiny, floating isles and clouds. The temple is built into the side of it. The largest part in the center is domed in blue.]

Sand-strewn Pass

Kiltias (at entrance): His Grace, the Gran Kiltias Anastasis, watches over all Mt. Bur-Omisace, land closest to the gods. Can you not feel your soul's burdens lifted?

Traveling Merchant (seeq at right): This mountain may be protected by the Kiltias, but should you venture to Paramina Rift, you'd best go prepared. *[shop menu]*

Traveling Merchant (hume man at left): You don't have the look of a pilgrim, nor a starving refugee. You... have money? Go on, buy somethin'! *[shop menu]*

Hymms: Many are the fiends that lurk in the crags of Paramina, but of them, the **elementals**, appearing during heavy snows, are the most dangerous.

Refugee (man with chocobo talking to Kiltias): Here, on Mt. Bur-Omisace, the Kiltias protect us, yes? We will not need to leave our home again, yes?

Kiltias (speaking with refugee): Be at ease. Mt. Bur-Omisace is a holy place, protected by the gods themselves. You need not fear a thing.

Refugee (woman standing beside kid): We gather in this place because Mt. Bur-Omisace is the holy mountain of the Kiltias. We are safe from empires and their wars, here...

Temple Approach

Refugee (man in brown pants listening to Kiltias): This is not the best land upon which to make a living, but here we are safe from armies and fiends. That is enough.

Refugee (man in blue pants listening to Kiltias): I was set upon by fiends in Paramina Rift, when the Kiltias saved me! I owe them my life.

Kiltias (woman speaking to group of three refugees): More than ten thousand souls find peace on Mt. Bur-Omisace. Our doors are open to all. The blessings of the gods be with you. Faram.

Refugee (man in blue plants speaking with seeq and other man): Me? I was born in Nabradia. My village was burned to the ground in the war two years ago, and I made my way here. I envy you Dalmascan folk. Even an occupation's better than seeing your home and everything you loved reduced to a pile of ashes...

Refugee (black bangaa walking around): This place reeks of poverty. Tch, there's not a thing of value in the whole camp. ...Uh, what I just said, you didn't hear that. I'm a refugee too. They kick me out of here, I've no place to go.

Refugee (woman in blue dress talking with family): We cannot rely on the Kiltias to provide everything for us. We must do what we can to help.

Kiltias (woman walking back and forth): Ah, another refugee. I can see you're weary. Please, eat and rest. You are safe here.

Refugee (man in brown pants speaking with seeq and other man): They say the Gran Kiltias Anastasis can silence a king, or even an emperor, with a single withering glare. What I want to know is, why does he hide up here on this mountain? He should be down there, stopping those warmongers.

Refugee (man in gray pants at end of food line): At home, I chased rats in the gutters - for food, not for sport. Here I sleep with my belly full each day. It is like paradise, you see.

Refugee (man in brown pants, second in food line): Ah, a new arrival? Don't worry, no need to jump the queue here. There's food enough for all.

Refugee (man in darker brown pants, first in food line): We are refugees from the Republic of Landis, fallen to the Empire long ago... before you were born, son. When we first came here, there were few of us enough. Now, the fires of war rage outside, and we are close to overflowing.

Kiltias (woman at head of line): There's enough for all. Please, no pushing.

Refugee (woman in blue dress talking to man by soup line): Ahead on the temple grounds, there's a viera, name of Relj. I'd heard her kind were frigid, but that one is made of *ice*.

Refugee (man slumped over sitting on crate, listening to woman): ...You came through Golmore Jungle? Ah, yes, I see, you jape with me! We both know no viera would allow a hume to pass through their Wood.

Refugee (black tattooed bangaa walking around by stone archway): Up from here are the temple grounds. Never been, myself. They don't feed you up there.

Refugee (man in brown pants looking out over camp): See how many tents there are? There's more every day. I'm thinking to leave this place. The more people come, the less space there is for all.

Kiltias (woman standing to right in stone archway): Ah, a pilgrim. The temple grounds are ahead. The Light shine upon your path. Faram.

Temple Grounds

Kiltias (woman standing in front of entrance): Welcome to Mt. Bur-Omisace, holy mountain of the Kiltias. May I ask why you've come to us?

- On pilgrimage.

I see. All are welcome here. Through these temple grounds you will find the sanctum where the Gran Kiltias Anastasis presides.

- As refugees.

I see. All are welcome here. However, this is the way to the temple where the Gran Kiltias Anastasis presides. The Kiltias tend to refugees beside the road by which you came.

Archadian Wayfarer: Can't fly in jagd so I came by ship, but the view from here was worth the long journey. I'm no believer, but this place *is* impressive.

Kiltias (one of two listening to nu mou acolyte): Every day we welcome more refugees seeking the protection of the Kiltias, and our capacity to feed and shelter them grows ever more strained.

Acolyte (talking to a man and a woman Kiltias from edge of path): We cannot feed the refugees indefinitely, but must give them the means to feed themselves. If only one could magick foodstuffs...

Kiltias (man standing at side of path): The building ahead is the main temple. Within you shall find the Hall of the Light where His Grace Anastasis presides.

Kiltias (woman walking back and forth across path): You have the look of one who knows many technicks. But did you know that some technicks alter their range with different weapons? For instance,

were you to use Souleater upon a winged foe, a sword would not avail you, yet a bow would serve in good stead. A good grasp of the situation is essential to prevailing in combat.

Acolyte (nu mou talking to two Kiltias in middle of path): The islands floating in the sky are said to be the remains of a great sky continent, shattered and fallen long ago. Even now, they bleed power, robbing airships of their buoyancy.

Kiltias (woman at right, at top of steps): Ah, a pilgrim. Continue on to reach the Hall of the Light, where presides His Grace the Gran Kiltias Anastasis.

Acolyte (nu mou preaching from atop a crate): My sleep oft troubled of late. I pray 'tis merely the nerves of an old man. Light guide your path. Faram.

Kiltias (woman in four-person group listening to nu mou acolyte): The old and wise nu mou elders teach us Kiltias. Simply speaking with them is a revelation.

Kiltias (woman talking to man Kiltias at edge): We Kiltias live on the gifts of believers. In the past, Nabradia and Dalmasca, too, gave generously, but those days are no more.

Kiltias (woman in large group listening to nu mou acolyte): The elders are concerned about the future of our mountain. Are the ever-swelling waves of refugees a sign of more evil to come? Faram.

Kiltias (woman walking around area to the left stairs to Hall of Light): The refugee's numbers are growing, while the pilgrims' decrease. It is sad. I would think the faith vital in times such as these.

Kiltias (woman standing before stairs to Hall of Light): I ask that you remain quiet while in the Hall of the Light. His Grace is a dreamsage, and must have silence. Do not disturb his meditation.

Relj: Alone... Leave me alone. The hearts of humes are weak. I dare not grow close to them, lest mine grow weak as well.

Kiltias (woman talking to Relj): Alone...? Relj, do not say such things!

Wyrms Philosopher: I came to the Paramina Rift hoping to study a rare strain of wyrms known as the vyraal. Sadly, I've been most disappointed. If not the Rift, where might it be?

Acolyte (nu mou looking out over edge): Mt. Bur-Omisace is protected by the holy power of His Grace the Gran Kiltias. Once, long ago, a great wyrms, filled with avarice, sought to steal the riches of our mountain, but His Grace drove it off to Paramina.

Kiltias (woman on right, in middle of stairs to Hall of Light): Up the steps you'll find the Hall of the Light, where presides His Grace, Anastasis.

Acolyte (nu mou at top of stairs to Hall of Light): Ah, you are in Lord Larsa's party, yes? The Gran

Kiltias awaits within. You shall find him through these doors.

Hall of the Light

Acolyte (nu mou to the left): His Grace Anastasis awaits ahead.

Acolyte (nu mou on the right): His Grace the Gran Kiltias is a dreamsage. He has known of your coming for some time.

The Dreaming, and the Serpent

[The party approaches the Gran Kiltias, who stands silent with eyes closed. Everyone waits patiently, except for Vaan.]

Vaan: Is he sleeping?

[Ashe quickly shushes him, but then another voice speaks. It is the Gran Kiltias, though he does not open his eyes or move his lips.]

Anastasis: No, my child. I do not sleep. I dream. For reality and illusion are a duality, two parts of a whole. Only the mirror of dreams reflects what is true.

Ashe: Anastasis, Your Grace, I am Ashelia -

Anastasis: Lay down your words. Ashelia, daughter of Raminas, I have dreamt your dream. Who better to carry on the Dalmaskan line than she who bears the Dawn Shard? Your dream of a kingdom restored is known to me.

Larsa: Gran Kiltias, then give us your blessing. Grant the Lady Ashe her accession -

???: I do not suppose this is something you might... reconsider?

[A dashing, dark-skinned young man in sunglasses walks in with an attendant beside him; the party makes way for them as he approaches Larsa and Ashe.]

???: My little emperor-in-waiting. You called and I have come.

[Larsa reaches out to shake his hand, but the much taller man instead opts to ruffle his hair. Slightly annoyed, he turns to Ashe and gestures.]

Larsa: This is the man I wanted you to meet. Believe it or not, he is a member of the noble House Margrace, rulers of the Rozarrian Empire.

???: I am but one of very, very many. Try as I might, I could not stop this war alone... thus I came seeking

Larsa's assistance.

[He takes off his sunglasses and hands them to the attendant, while he lays his head back and groans as though exhausted, then looks to Ashe again.]

Al-Cid: Al-Cid Margrace, at your service. To think I stand before the Lady Ashe. It is truly an honor.

[He kneels and takes her hand, kissing it. Penelo is covering her mouth in shock in the background.]

Al-Cid: I see it is true after all. Ah, stunning is Dalmasca's desert bloom.

[Larsa sighs with exasperation.]

Anastasis: In Archadia, Larsa. In Rozarria, Al-Cid. They dream not of war. Should empire join with empire, the way will open for a new Ivalice in our time.

Al-Cid: Hah, Gran Kiltias! You speak much of dreams. But in the real world, war is upon us.

Ashe: Gran Kiltias, I was told my coming here would prevent this war. I was to assume my father's throne and announce the restoration of Dalmasca... treat with the Empire for peace, and persuade the Resistance to stay their hand. I have not come all this way to be asked to reconsider!

Al-Cid: A word from you and the Resistance would stop cold... and Rozarria's pretext for joining the war... scattered, off to the four winds. This was what we had hoped. Alas, circumstances change. A full two years have passed since your reported death. Were it to become known you were still alive... I fear it could only worsen our current situation.

Ashe: Because I am powerless to help.

Al-Cid: *[shaking his head]* Nay, in fact it has little to do with you.

Larsa: Then what? If Lady Ashe were to extend her hand in friendship... perhaps I could then persuade the Emperor. His Excellency will solve things peacefully -

Al-Cid: The Emperor Gramis is no more. His life was taken.

Larsa: *[sighing]* Father.

[Scene change; Judge Gabranth marches down a corridor filled with soldiers, who escort apprehended and shackled Senators away from the Emperor's audience room.]

Senator 1: What possible cause could we have to lay hand on the Emperor?

Senator 2: A deception and an outrage! The Senate will not stand for this!

[Judge Gabranth enters the audience room, where Drace, Vayne, Bergan, and Zargabaath all stand over

a Senator's body, collapsed on the floor. The Emperor is slumped over dead in his throne.]

Drace: A viper amongst our Senators!?

Vayne: With Chairman Gregoroth as its head. He confessed and passed his own sentence.

Bergan: A viper with many tails. Much of the Senate is culpable.

Vayne: We had to strip the Senate of authority and assign powers of Autocracy to myself -

Drace: Spare me your lies! I see the serpent coiled here before me!

Zargabaath: Drace, you speak too freely!

Drace: Zargabaath! Do not tell me you join in this mummer's farce!

Zargabaath: With Rozarria poised to invade at any moment, our leader must have a free hand.

Vayne: The once-great House Solidor is now reduced to myself and my dear brother Larsa.

Drace: Surely you would not go so far!

[Drace draws her sword and points it at Vayne's neck.]

Drace: Vayne Solidor! As Judge Magister and upholder of the law, I hereby place you under arrest!

[Drace gasps; Bergan has drawn his sword and now holds it to her neck in turn.]

Bergan: Vayne did not make himself autocrat. It was the very Ministry of Law which you serve. Do you see it now, Drace? When you bared your sword at His Excellency, you bared your sword at the law.

Drace: You wear the mummer's motley well, Bergan.

[Slowly, she drops her sword... then turns and slashes at Bergan, who quickly blocks. He reaches around and grabs her around her face, lifting her off the ground, and then throws her across the room. Her sword goes flying.]

Drace: Such strength - inhuman!

Vayne: Zargabaath, take the *Alexander*. Accompany Bergan and bring Larsa back to me.

[Zargabaath nods and turns to leave. Gabranth steps up.]

Gabranth: Your Excellency, Lord Larsa was placed under my charge.

Vayne: Oh? Perhaps you mistook your orders then. I see no other explanation for why you were reporting

on my doings to my late father.

Gabranth: Your Excellency -

Vayne: A hound, begging for scraps at the Emperor's table. Would you serve another master, hound? You may fulfill your duty as Judge Magister before us all.

[Gabranth looks to Drace, laying on the floor.]

Vayne: She has been tried and found guilty.

Zargabaath: Your Excellency, I beg you reconsider!

[Gabranth slowly kneels to set down his helm and pick up the sword that was thrown from Drace's hand. He then moves to Drace, kneeling, with sword poised to pierce her armor. He pauses.]

Drace: Do it. I care not.

[Gabranth looks at Drace.]

Drace: Live, Gabranth. Protect the young lord. Protect Larsa...

Gabranth: Forgive me.

Drace: Pray be quick.

[Another long pause; then, he thrusts the sword. Drace stifles a cry, then quickly goes limp. Vayne takes Gramis's hand and places it on his lap, as if to make him look more dignified.]

Vayne: And so House Solidor lives on.

[Scene changes back to the group in the Hall of the Light. Al-Cid is taking his hand from the crestfallen Larsa's shoulder to approach Ashe.]

Al-Cid: Let us suppose you approach the Empire with a peaceful resolution. The Late Emperor Gramis would have lent you his ear, that much is certain. But we are dealing with Vayne Solidor. Should the Princess return, he would claim her an imposter. All to tempt the Resistance into battle. Vayne wants this war, that much is certain. As our ill luck would have it, the man is a military genius.

Anastasis: The dreams have told me thus. To reveal yourself would imperil us all. I see war, and Vayne's name writ bold on history's page.

Al-Cid: Archadia's banners fly high. They are making ready for the coming war. According to our latest reports...

[He reaches to his left; his attendant has papers in hand already for him; he takes them and reads them

aloud.]

Al-Cid: The Western Armada prepares for war, under Vayne's command no less. The newly formed 12th Fleet has already been deployed. The Imperial 1st Fleet stands ready. They'll be under way as soon as the *Odin's* refit is complete. And there is more: the 2nd Kerwon Expeditionary Force is being called in... to replace the missing 8th, so there will be no gaps. *[folding the papers]* The largest force ever seen!

Ashe: And then... the nethicite is the coup de grace. *[turning to Anastasis]* Gran Kiltias, Your Grace. I spoke to you of my succession. Let us put that aside. Should I become Queen of Dalmasca now, powerless as I am, I can protect nothing. With a greater power at my disposal, perhaps then.

Anastasis: It is the nethicite of which you dream?

Ashe: I require something far greater.

[Anastasis now opens his eyes and speaks in his live voice.]

Anastasis: To wield power against power. Truly the words of a hume-child.

Ashe: I am descended from the Dynast-King himself.

Anastasis: Indeed. Then you have but one choice. Seek you the other power Raithwall left.

Ashe: Does such a thing exist?

Anastasis: Journey across the Paramina Rift to the Stilshrine of Miriam. There rests the gift he entrusted to the Gran Kiltias of his time. Seek it out. The Sword of Kings can cut through nethicite.

[Ashe nods and turns to leave, but Anastasis is apparently not finished.]

Anastasis: Why he would entrust the power to destroy nethicite, the instrument of his greatness... to another and not to his own progeny, I cannot say. Awaken Ashelia B'Nargin and take up your sword, or your dream will remain but a dream.

[Ashe turns and starts to walk. She stops when she sees Larsa, still frozen in shock; she gives him a regretful look, then continues on. The others follow her.]

Anastasis: *[aside, as he falls back into his slumber]* My dream too, fades into day.

[Larsa leaves the party.]

Al-Cid: Larsa has gone to the inner sanctum with the Gran Kiltias. I believe the news of the Emperor's assassination came as something of a shock. Was I overly direct, perhaps? No matter, he is in good hands now.

Acolyte (nu mou on right): The Sword of Kings is held deep within the Stilshrine of Miriam. Go **south**

through the Paramina Rift. The Light guide you. Faram.

Acolyte (nu mou on left): The Light may lack strength in arms, but we are not powerless. If the Gran Kiltias can sway Archadia and Rozarria, war can be averted.

Temple Grounds

Acolyte (at top of steps): You go to the Stilshrine to claim the Sword of Kings? So, the power that King Raithwall gave the Kiltias shall once more grace history's stage. Though we maintain the entrance to the Stilshrine of Miriam, the interior is the demesne of fiends ancient and powerful. Be wary, friend.

Kiltias (woman on left side of steps): What words did His Grace share with you? Do not forget them, even be their meaning unclear to you now.

Kiltias (woman across from bottom of steps): South through the Paramina Rift you'll find the Stilshrine of Miriam, but there are many fiends along the way. The Light protect you. Faram.

Kiltias (woman at top of first steps, on left): The Gran Kiltias can see the future with his dreamsight. Perhaps he may read the future invested in you?

Kiltias (man standing at side of path): The words of His Grace Anastasis are a path to salvation. Carry them in your heart, let them guide you. Light shine upon you. Faram.

Kiltias (woman standing in front of exit to temple approach): You go to the Stilshrine of Miriam? Then go prepared. The ice of Paramina Rift is treacherous and unforgiving.

Sand-strewn Pass

Cartographers' Guild: Howdy, Pilgrim, kupo... Would you like to buy a map, kupo?

[Paramina Rift 3200

Mt. Bur-Omisace 15

Cancel]

So long, kupo!

Paramina Rift

The Fading Vale

Refugee (blue seeq): You going to the Stilshrine of Miriam? Then you're headed the wrong way. Go back to Mt. Bur-Omisace and head south.

Refugee (man talking to seeq): I hear war is afoot. I had intended to return home, but perhaps I shall stay on the mountain longer.

Kiltias (to the left, coming from Bur-Omisace): May the merciful blessings of the gods light your path. Faram.

Kiltias (to the right, coming from Bur-Omisace): Did you meet with His Grace Anastasis? Follow his teachings, and your soul shall surely find salvation.

Path of Firstfall

Acolyte: To walk this rift in ice and snow, this is part of our asceticism. Go up this slope, and south from there to reach the Stilshrine of Miriam.

Refugee (woman in blue dress): Everywhere you go in Ivalice, there is war. Only on Mt. Bur-Omisace do we refugees find peace.

Refugee (black bangaa): If you go to Mt. Bur-Omisace, you go the wrong way. Head southeast down this slope, then to the north. I've lost my way too many times here.

Golmore Jungle

The Needlebrake

Hidden Path: The path to Eruyt Village is gone.

- Speak to the Wood.

[The path to the village opens.]

- Do nothing.

Eruyt Village

Road of Verdant Praise

Fran: I would avoid unwanted confrontation. I shall wait for you here. My presence would only disquiet Mjrn. When I turned from the viera, I turned from my past. Too far is it now to turn back.

Ozmone Plain

Sunlit Path

Scrap of Paper: The back bears an Archadian seal. Something is written on it: "It's not much, but I hope

this letter of thanks reaches those who saved my injured friend.”

[You obtain 2 Alarm Clocks!]

Jahara

Banks of the Sogoht

Garif Warrior (at right) (if you didn't hire chocobo): What? You have not hired a chocobo yet? It would not do to refuse the War-chief's generosity.

Garif Warrior (on the right): Ah, it is you. To what far-off land do you travel now? You will have to tell me of your travels someday.

Lull of the Land

Garif Warrior (on riverbank by sparring partners): We warriors of the garif test our mettle by going to Zertinan Caverns. Many fell beasts dwell there. The Catoblepas, most of all, is a scourge. Our old War-chief, too, fought it, and now... I swear, one day we shall slay it.

Asdalu: You have been to Mt. Bur-Omisace? Where do you go now? I admit, I envy you. I have never been further than the plains in all my years. I, too, wish to see such wonders as the skycities someday...

Warrior Guromu: Our War-chief is a great warrior, though not so great as his older brother, who served as War-chief before him. Like a demon-god in battle he was.

Garif Warrior (talking to another behind Guromu): A short while ago, in the depths of Zertinan Caverns, a creature with strange powers was seen. I spoke of this with the elders, and they are of a mind that it is a lord among fiends told of in our legends. I fear for us all.

War-chief Supinelu: You who walk the paths of Ivalice, I would give you advice. There are caves, called the Zertinan Caverns, near Ozmone Plain. The creatures that dwell in those caves are fell indeed. It is worth your life to venture inside. Be warned.

Old War-chief Kadalū: I believe my brother — he is the War-chief — wears his responsibility too heavily. He thinks he must do all himself. Yet there is not one of us who is all-powerful. Thus we rely on our companions to make up for our shortcomings. If only he could see this...

Garif Herder (pacing by nanna pen): On rare occasions, hume merchants come to our village, asking for us to sell them the cheese of the nanna. Our cheese would fetch a good price in the cities, they say. We garif have no need of money, so we turn them down.

Garif Herder (standing in front of shack): Tell me, what do you think of our War-chief? He is serious, and

ofttimes grim to a fault. Why does he always seek to do everything alone?

Garif Elder (wandering around area): Supinelu has only been War-chief a short while. Yet he is too earnest, I think. His enthusiasm is well meant, but wasted. I would aid him...

Geomancer Yugelu: No matter what your reasons may be, it is a wrong thing to harm others and to take life. Yet, even though we may know this, there are times when we must fight other men. This is a truth.

Garif Herder (one of two, nearest the bridge to Elderknoll): The humes who live on the continent to the north, I have heard that they are skilled in the use of machines, that these machines do much for them. We have no such machines in our village, nor have we ever wanted for such things. We have the blessings of the land, and this is enough.

Warrior Hsemu: The Great-chief is across this bridge. Walk softly.

The Elderknoll

Garif Elder (sitting and talking to two others): The humes are over-rash in their handling of magicite. Magicite is great power in a very small thing. Those who take that power lightly... will pay the price.

Garif Elder (talking to another): To the east of here lies Paramina Rift. On days when the snows are heavy, the creatures known as **elementals** can be seen there. Take care, for they are quite dangerous, and unfond of Man.

High-chief Zayalu: The land of Archadia that rules the continent to the north has good reason to trust to might, yet I feel its ambition goes too far. The proud heart becomes dulled to the suffering of others. When the strong forget suffering, it can only lead to evil.

Great-chief Uball-Ka: The nethicite you hold, its power is spent. It will be your posterity who wield the Stone in ages yet to come. The Stone... is full of thirst, as are those who desire it. Once they find each other, who knows where they will go?

Lowtown

Dalan's Place

Dalan: I can tell there is something you want to ask me, but you hesitate. Not sure whether you can tell Old Dalan your troubles, eh? Listen to me, Vaan. If you trust in yourself, and do what you feel is right, you will not fail. There is no better advice I can give than that.

The Stilshrine of Miriam

Walk of Mind

Kiltias (against the wall to the left): The legendry tells us the Sword of Kings was never meant to be used for the base spilling of blood. Think you on these words.

Kiltias (woman to the left of the door): Of their own accord will the doors part for one with the blessing of the Gran Kiltias. Graceful and merciful Father watch over you. Faram.

Kiltias (man to right of the door): The Sword of Kings, gift of King Raithwall, rests within. It is said that only one worthy of the title Dynast-King might take up the sword.

Ward of Measure

Pedestal of the Dawn: The pedestal bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

The words seem to have been left by King Raithwall: “Treaty-seeker: relic held, this pedestal embrace.”

- Touch the pedestal.

[with Dawn Shard equipped] The magicks binding the ruins fade. *[You are transported to the Ward of Vetilation.]*

[without the Dawn Shard equipped] The pedestal appears unchanged. *[a swarm of zombies appears]*

- Do nothing.

Way Stone: The device bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

The words seem to have been left by King Raithwall: “Nethicite-bearer, embracer of Dawn’s light. I summon you.”

- Touch the device.

Nothing happens. The device remains asleep.

- Do nothing.

Walk of Torn Illusion

Pedestal of the Dawn: The pedestal bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

The words seem to have been left by King Raithwall: “Treaty-seeker: relic held, this pedestal embrace. Paths untrod discover.”

- Touch the pedestal.

[with Dawn Shard equipped] A hidden path is revealed.

[without the Dawn Shard equipped] The pedestal appears unchanged.

- Do nothing.

Walk of Revelation

[After you defeat the Life Crystal/Crystalbug...]

[A crystal appears!]

Ward of the Sword-King

Ancient Door: Powerful magicks bind the door.

Sword of Judgment: The statue bears an inscription that seems to have been left by King Raithwall: “To guardians three I trust, that the worthy may pass, all others be shunned.”

The magicks binding the door fade.

Way Stone: Magicks stir within this device.

- Touch the device.

[You are transported back to the Ward of Measure.]

- Do nothing.

Ward of Measure

Ancient Door: The door bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

The words seems to have been left by King Raithwall: “In time of strife, the Treaty-seeker these doors to unbar.”

- Open the door.

[You are let in to Cold Distance.]

- Do nothing.

Walk of Prescience

Stone Brave: The statue bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

The words seems to have been left by King Raithwall: “Guardians three, face ye the blade. With relic-bearer join, your fealty swear to me.”

- Examine the statue.

You discover a mechanism in the statue’s base. The statue looks as though it can be rotated.

- Rotate the statue.

The statue looks as though it can be rotated.

- Turn the statue clockwise.
 - Turn the statue counterclockwise.
 - Do nothing.
- Do nothing.

[A strange floating monster with three tentacles and feather-like appendages emerges from a hole in the ground.]

Ward of Steel *or* Ward of Reason

[After turning all three Stone Braves correctly...]

Stone Brave: The colossus has undergone some change...

Ward of the Sword-King

Ancient Door: The door bears a timeworn inscription.

- Read the inscription.

The words seems to have been left by King Raithwall: “Wisdom proven, assay now your power.”

- Open the door.

[You enter the Hall of Worth.]

- Do nothing.

The Hall of Worth

[The room is frosted over with a layer of ice. In the middle lays a creature which rises up, a sort of mermaid like thing with staff in hand: Mateus.]

[After you defeat Mateus...]

[Mateus disappears into a icy blue glyph.]

Vault of the Champion

The Nethicite Destroyer

[The party sees the legendary Sword of Kings, nearly occluded by the grand, blue glowing device which has held it for centuries. As Ashe approaches, the Dawn Shard begins to glow. The magicks which are binding the sword begin to dissolve; one by one the blue lights go out, until finally the glow which surrounds the sword itself dissipates, and the sword levitates toward her. Ashe takes the Sword of Kings by the hilt — and promptly groans in distress as the levitative effect disappears and the tip of the heavy blade crashes to the ground.]

[As Ashe ponders the blade, Vaan approaches.]

Vaan: You should try it on the Dawn Shard. See if it can destroy nethicite or not.

Ashe: What?

Balthier: He just may be on to something. The Dawn Shard's no use to us, after all.

[Fade out and in again. Ashe gingerly sets the Shard down and goes to take up the blade - and the Shard begins to glow.]

Ashe: The Stone bleeds Mist.

Fran: It has been roused. It fears the sword.

[Ashe gasps as the apparition of Rasler appears from the Shard. He shakes his head at her.]

[Ashe raises the blade above her head, with both hands — she hesitates — then brings it down. It lands just to the side of the Shard. For a moment, it seems as if nothing has happened. Then the apparition of Rasler nods to her approvingly, and disappears, taking the glow of the Shard with it.]

Fran: The stone is quiet.

Ashe: This is the sword. The nethicite destroyer.

Balthier: Should it find its mark.

[The others begin to walk away, but Ashe stops one of them.]

Ashe: Vaan.

[He turns.]

Ashe: Tell me. Did you see him again?

Vaan: I didn't. Not a thing. Not even my brother. Not... not anything.

*[You obtain the **Sword of Kings!**]*

Walk of Mind

Kiltias: We had begun to worry at your long absence. Return with all haste to holy Mt. Bur-Omisace. We, of course, must remain here.

Smoke

[As the party is leaving, they look overhead to see yet another Imperial fleet, flying over head, led by a gargantuan warship. On board, Judge Zargabaath looks out from the cockpit.]

Bergan: The Empire's debts grow legion.

[Back on the ground, Fran turns and noticed something.]

Fran: There!

[She points to a trail of smoke coming from Mt. Bur-Omisace.]

Vaan: Smoke?

Ashe: What could it mean?

Kiltias: The same fleet we saw descend upon Bur-Omisace not long before you emerged from the shrine. I pray for our brothers on the mountain...

Paramina Rift

Path of the Firstfall

Refugee (black bangaa): What was that airship just now? The nu mou over there went all pale and galloped off towards Mt. Bur-Omisace!

Refugee (woman in blue dress): Mt. Bur-Omisace has no military to defend itself. Should an army invade, it would be over in the blink of an eye...

Kiltias (nearest to Golmore exit): I've heard that an Archadian airship has come, but they shall do no harm to the mountain of the Kiltias. We must have faith.

Kiltias (farthest from Golmore exit): The Empire has ignored the Kiltias for many long years... why attack now?

Refugee (standing with the Kiltia): The ship that just passed over was an Imperial airship. There's no mistaking it. I saw one just like it when my homeland was attacked...

Refugee (blue seeq): Everyone's sayin' they saw an airship. How can that be? No airship flies in jagd!

Mt. Bur-Omisace

Sand-strewn Pass

Traveling Merchant (hume): That were a surprise, and none of it good! A whole Empire's worth of troops must've been on that airship! Glad none o' my wares were taken... *[shop menu]*

Wounded Kiltias: To send their soldiers here and profane this place... Has Archadia no fear of the gods?

Traveling Merchant (seeq): I thought the Imperials gone, yet just a moment ago, I heard screams from the temple... Are you sure you're quite prepared? *[shop menu]*

Cartographers' Guild: That Archadian airship has left... but I would stay away from the temple! Very unhappy mood in there, kupo... Would you like to buy a map, kupo? *[map menu]* So long, kupo!

Temple Approach

[As you enter, you see the smoke is coming from the refugees' camp — it's been lit on fire.]

Wounded Refugee (old man): Those Judges... I thought they were protectors of the law, but they are only cruel brutes, bullying the weak.

Wounded Refugee (man standing with three others looking at the smoke): There are still Imperials up in the temple. I'd stay clear of the place, were I you.

Wounded Refugee (woman in blue dress against rock wall): I've been separated from my family. Gods, I hope they're all right!

Wounded Refugee (kid crying): Mama was standing with the Kiltias, and the man in armor knocked her down! She can't get up for the pain... Mama!

Wounded Refugee (old man looking out over tents): Our home... our home...

Wounded Refugee (standing with man looking out over tents): The Kiltias, they tried to stop the soldiers. The Imperials set fire to our tents as punishment.

Temple Grounds

Wounded Kiltias (woman slumped on ground before entrance): The Archadians... A Judge, leading armed men... Those who went to stop them, slain, every one!

Wounded Kiltias (woman being helped by kneeling man): You and the Lady Ashe... Quickly, you must leave... The temple - they are there still...

Wounded Kiltias (man at base of stairs): We began speaking with the Archadian forces that arrived, when the Judge, he suddenly drew his blade...

Acolyte (looking over the scene in front of stairs to Hall of Light): That they would profane the holy mountain of the Kiltias so! Has Archadia no fear of the gods?

Acolyte (walking amongst the fallen): You must not go near the temple! The Judge, he is still there... His Grace Anastasis attempts to reason with him within...

Wounded Kiltias (woman kneeling by two other fallen Kiltias): The Judge cut down all Kiltias who tried to stop him, and profaned the temple... I pray His Grace is unharmed...

Wounded Kiltias (man slumped on ground): That man...a *monster*! So many people... felled with but a single blow...

Relj: Just when I began to grow close to them, they started killing each other. It is as I feared... Hume

behavior is savage and ugly.

Hall of the Light

The Reins of History

[The party walks in to see the Hall demolished. Ahead, Judge Bergan stands over a body.]

Bergan: Ah, our vagrant princess. Swift has your lust for revenge led you to the Sword of Kings.

[He steps aside slightly, so that we see the body at his feet is that of the Gran Kiltias Anastasis. All gasp in unison.]

Bergan: You will surrender it to me. Too late, and to their sorrow do those who misplace their trust in gods learn their fate.

[As he approaches, we see a fearsome visage appears superimposed upon him for a moment — just like the one that haunted Mjrn in the mines.]

Vaan: There it is again.

[Bergan's body exudes a murky aura...]

Balthier: Fran, I don't like the look of that.

Fran: This Mist - he holds a Stone! It controls him as it did Mjrn!

Bergan: *[laughing]* No. No, the power of manufactured nethicite is the power of Man! A weapon forged by his wisdom... who would challenge the gods themselves! A fitting blade for a true Dynast-King. Raithwall did but pretend the title... A cur begging nethicite scraps from his master's table. *[he throws up his hands as if in exhalation]* Hark! Ivalice hails her true Dynast-King, Vayne Solidor! He shall defy the will of the gods, and see the reins of History back in the hands of Man! His time is nigh! The new Ivalice holds no place for the name Dalmasca. The stain of Raithwall's blood... shall be washed clean from history's weave!

[After defeating Bergan...]

[Bergan suddenly begins to writhe about, striking out as if at unseen enemies. The murky aura surrounds him again, and suddenly magickal bursts from his chest. He falls backward with a cry.]

[Balthier examines the body of Bergan, then approaches the party. Ashe and Penelo kneel beside the Gran Kiltias.]

Balthier: He set his very bones about with manufactured nethicite. The Gran Kiltias?

[Penelo shakes her head, then gasps in realization.]

Penelo: Wait - what about Larsa?

Al-Cid: Gone. Spirited away by Judge Gabranth.

[They look back to see Al-Cid limping toward them, helped along by his attendant.]

Vaan: You okay?

[Vaan runs toward him. His attendant helps lower him to the ground to sit.]

Basch: So he was here.

Al-Cid: Ah, as for our young lordling, he went along - to avoid trouble, you see. But Judge Bergan had other ideas. He flew into a rage, and I was left to fend for myself. *[as he talks, we see bodies strewn about over his shoulder]* Please, Princess, you must permit me to take you back with me to Rozarria.

[Ashe kneels before him.]

Ashe: So that you can protect me?

Al-Cid: I would lay down my life at a single word to be sure... but I harbor no maundering delusions of valiant grandeur. Vayne has our War Pavilion jumping at shadows. They favor a pre-emptive strike. But you - you will convince them otherwise. You will see that they do not start this war.

Ashe: This I cannot do. Forgive me, but my errand here is not yet done. I must wield the Sword of Kings, and with it bring an end to the Dusk Shard.

Al-Cid: Ah, this Stone. Do you even know where it is?

Balthier: I can venture a guess. The Draklor Laboratory. In Archades. The Empire's weapons research begins and ends there. How soon do we leave?

Ashe: At once. As for matters in Rozarria... I bid you luck.

[Al-Cid's attendant helps him stand, hoisting him up and letting him lean on her.]

Al-Cid: So you would leave each to fend for his own. Let us hope that you are not disappointed. Ah, that's right. Larsa left a message. "The differences between our two lands will fade before the shared dream of men." *[he puts his sunglasses on again]* My leave I take.

[Scene fades out, and then back in on the steps to the Hall of Light. In the rain, the acolytes and Kiltias kneel in mourning. The party looks on.]

Ashe: How do you propose we reach Archades?

[A map overlays the screen and they discuss the route.]

Ashe: Archadia's borders will be well guarded for fear of Rozarrian invasion. We dare not approach by air.

Balthier: And their navy will see that the coast is watched as well.. No, we go afoot. We'll cross into Archadia in the Salikawood. We can reach the Wood any number of ways, but the easiest is to head north from Nalbina.

Fran: There is a hunter's camp just beyond the Salikawood. The camp sits within Archadia's borders, so Imperial patrols there should be sparse.

Balthier: Getting that far should be half the fun. Let's be sure we go prepared.

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