
FINAL FANTASY X-2
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OMEGA
FINAL FANTASY X-2
ULTIMANIA Ω
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Translator's note:

There are two versions of this short story, an FFX and FFX-2 version. Not sure why. The title is almost exactly the same, with the change of one particle. But the story is completely different. If you'd like to find them, they are in the following books (you can get them at amazon.co.jp or buyee auctions for pretty cheap)

FFX version: Final Fantasy X Ultimania Omega, page 592 (9784887870215)

FFX2 version: Final Fantasy X-2 Ultimania Omega, page 678 (9784757511613)

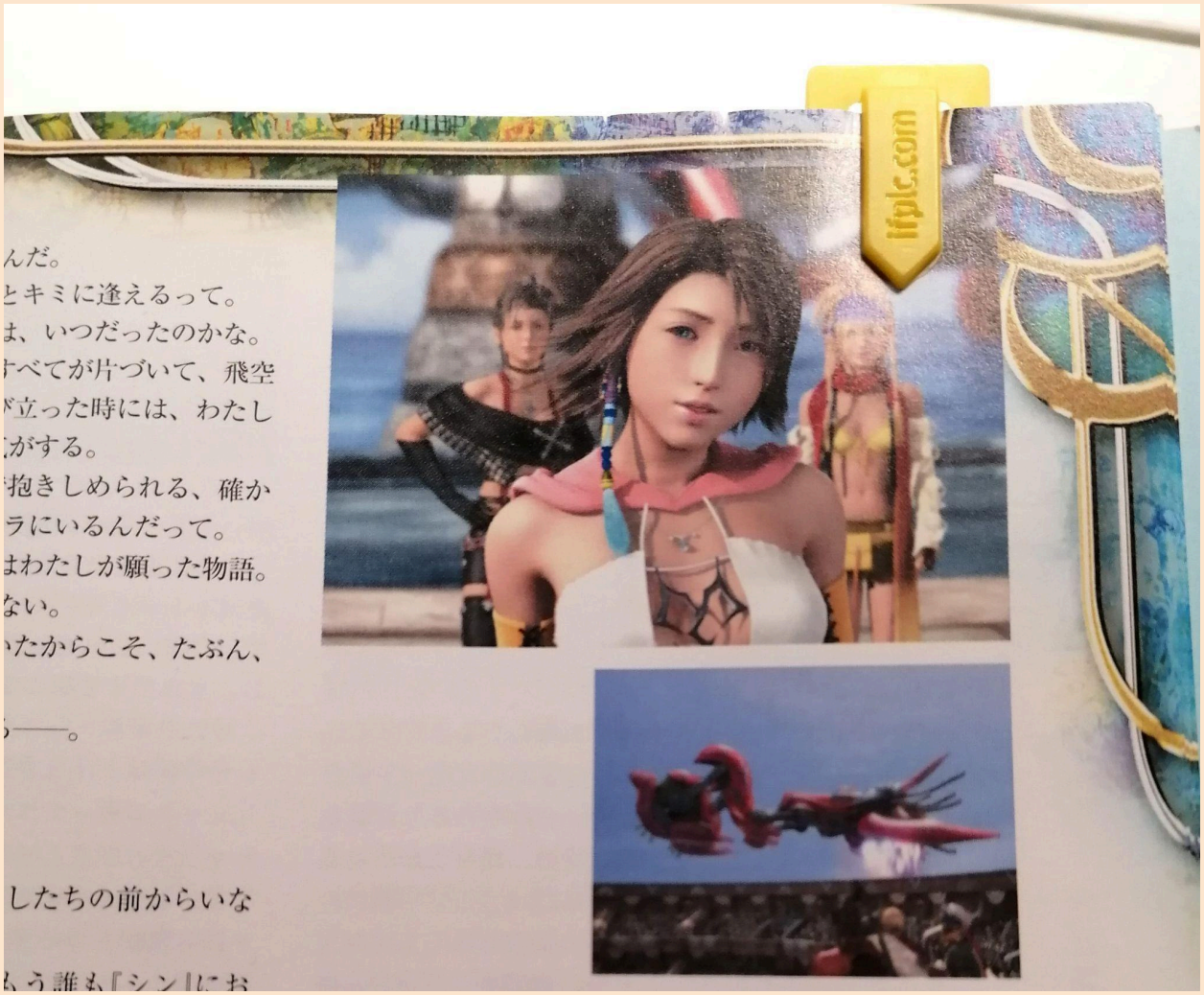
For more of my FFX/ X-2 related translations click here.

"The whistle that calls for you" by Benny Matsuyama

Final Fantasy X-2 version

I've always had a hunch, that once this journey was over, I could surely meet you again.I wonder when that became a certainty.

At the very least, I feel like I already understood then —— when everything was settled and the Celsius airship took off from Luca.*
You're here in the flesh, I'm sure of it, and I can hold you in my arms.
You're here in Spira.



Translator's note: You can see pictures of the normal ending next to the paragraph, with Yuna taking off and "going home". This is what the sentence is a reference to.

To hold you —— that's the story I wished for. However, this is the beginning, not the end. Perhaps realizing this is why you're here, and the two of us can walk together. You disappeared right before our eyes, melting into the sky and the sea. The "Eternal Calm" has begun, and there's peace in Spira. No one fears Sin anymore.

I've been waiting all this time. Believing you'd appear before me, and show me your sunshine smile again.
I thought that if everyone in Spira didn't forget you, their feelings would be woven together, becoming a force that could call you back to Spira, in place of the Fayth who stopped dreaming. A force that could summon you, who touched upon the truth of Spira from the vanished memories of "Dream Zanarkand"...

I wasn't confident in this idea—or, as Shinra would call it, a theory. After all, no one knew if it was right or wrong; it was a path to creating a miracle no one had ever done before. It would be a lie to say I wasn't anxious. But it was you who taught me the courage to walk that path. Your determination to defeat "Sin" without relying on the ultimate summoning, to end the recurring spiral of tragedy, has always gently encouraged me ever since.

That's why I never thought about giving up on you. Wanting to make that illusory hand touching my back a warm, certain one, I continued to go to the seas of Besaid every day.

Two years. Just two years in eternity, since our Calm began. But it felt too long to wait, and enough time to truly feel the world and people changing. I spent those years, from age 17 to 19, solely on

improving my whistling and diving skills. The rest of the time was spent meeting with people who came all the way to Besaid to see High Summoner Yuna.

Perhaps it was a reaction to being freed from the terror of "Sin," but the changes in Spira that I could see from everyone's stories were incredibly rapid. Perhaps it was because everyone lost their emotional anchor when it became known that Yevon's teachings, which had been their absolute anchor until then, were actually built on lies and secrets. Some couldn't forgive being deceived and their hatred for Yevon grew even stronger than that of the Al Bhed who had been persecuted by the temple. Conversely, there were also many who couldn't abandon the teachings they had grown accustomed to and clung to them more tightly than before. Before long, this had escalated into two large groups, creating a situation of two major opposing forces.

I was asked to join the organizations of the "Youth League" and the "New Yevon Party," and I listened to the concerns of those caught in the middle of the conflict. As time passed, and everything seemed to drift away into the distance, I sometimes felt like I was being left behind. In this changing world, I felt as if I alone remained frozen in time, stuck in that moment—the day when "Sin" truly vanished, and you were gone too…

But that's what I wanted.

Part of it was that people, bewildered by the rapidly changing Spira and the constant stream of new values, were looking for an unchanging, final "High Summoner." But I think that's because I was doing it, so everyone felt secure and projected onto me a bygone era.

Perhaps I was afraid of changing myself. I felt that if I changed, my belief that "this dream will definitely come true!" would waver, and you, who seemed about to appear somewhere in Spira, would fade away again.

Unconsciously, I might have had this obsessive thought that if I didn't maintain the same self I was that day, I would never see you again.

The people of Besaid—the people who had taken care of me since I was a child—were also worried about my stubbornness. The elderly, in particular, seemed to try to bridge the distance they had consciously maintained, after the painful fate of separation that summoners had to bear disappeared from this world along with "Sin," and they took care of me in various ways. They brought me marriage proposals so many times... Certainly, in the old Spira, you never knew when Sin would attack, so marriages happened early, and I was well past the age of marriage by societal standards, but this really troubled me. Wakka would laugh and say, "He just wants to see his grandchildren," and always refused on my behalf. He said it was painful for him to see the disappointed faces of the elderly.

Yes. There was no way I could agree to marriage. Partly because of what happened with Maester Seymour, but more than anything, it was something that lay beyond giving up on you.

But you know, marriage wasn't the only thing that lay ahead. Waiting for you meant I wouldn't change.

That meant that unless you appeared, I wouldn't be able to move forward. I didn't doubt it, but if my thinking was wrong, two years would turn into five, then ten, then twenty, and even when I'm an old woman, I wouldn't be able to move a single step from where I am now. I might become an old person skilled only at swimming and whistling, and then finally depart to another world...

Even though I thought that was inevitable, I also didn't want to be much older than you were when we said goodbye, and I started to feel a little anxious, when that opportunity presented itself.

Kimahri found it. Rikku brought it.

The rare sphere found on Mount Gagazet contained a record of someone who looked very much like you. They were imprisoned in some kind of jail, shouting about machines and summoners. Their age, appearance, voice, and way of speaking—everything seemed so much like you, and the thought that you might already be in Spira made me restless. If you were being held back, it would explain why you didn't come to see me, and if that's the case, I have to find you and rescue you from where you're being held.

I now have the perfect reason to leave my current location after two years. In the end, it wasn't you reflected in that sphere. But it felt like a message from you, telling me to move forward.

The idea that things wouldn't change until I met you was, conversely, a delusion that everything would be fine if only you appeared. Without realizing it, I was relying on you again, leaning on you.

Now I understand that wasn't right. But at the time, I didn't have the luxury of reflecting on it. I jumped onto the ship Rikku was on, just as I was. Afraid of being held back and having my feelings pulled back, I left the island like a runaway girl, without saying goodbye to everyone on Besaid—not even Wakka or Lulu.

The beginning of my journey as a no longer summoner.

The trigger was that sphere. In search of clues to the image I thought was you, I broke out of the shell I had created for myself. To a changing Spira. To change myself as well—

It wasn't until much later, after we'd set off on our journey, that I clearly realized the person reflected in the sphere wasn't you, but someone else.

Around the time we left Besaid, there was a growing movement throughout Spira to re-examine its history using the spheres that lay dormant there. It was called the "Truth Movement," and it

seemed like all the frustration from the fact that important information had been held by the powerful in Bevelle, and ordinary people had never been told the truth, had suddenly erupted. The idea was that only the images recorded by the spheres, unspoiled by anyone, could tell the truth as it was.

With the advent of machines making travel easier, professions unthinkable during the time of "Sin" emerged. The job of discovering treasure spheres containing valuable information, and then using or selling them—they're called Sphere Hunters. And I became one of those Sphere Hunters.

Why? Of course, to find you. The only clue we have about you is in that sphere, and to gather more information, we have to start by searching for other similar spheres.

So I figured the quickest way to get started would be to become a Sphere Hunter. Well, actually, the real reason is that Rikku and Brother had already started the Sphere Hunter Gullwings and practically forced me to join.

And so, while we were flying around Spira in the airship Celsius, collecting various spheres, we somehow ended up deeply involved in this incident.

1000 years ago, during the "Machina War" between Bevelle and the real Zanarkand, the destructive weapon Vegnagun was created as Bevelle's trump card using machines. Ultimately, it was too dangerous to use, but it still lies dormant in Spira, and has begun to shake the peace that we thought would last forever.

Even the summons we had defeated with our own hands to destroy "Sin," after such painful experiences, now stood before me as "enemies" who no longer responded to my calls... The Calm, which I thought would last forever, seemed to crumble beneath my feet, and I couldn't stop trembling. It felt as if everything I had gained at the cost of losing you was all for nothing.

In the confusion, unable to shake off that fear, I fell to the depths of Spira—to the farplane. Not as a dead person, but as a living, breathing human being.

There, I encountered a "shadow." The "shadow" of the person reflected in that sphere, the one I had chased after, thinking it was you. And then, I finally understood. It wasn't you. A tragic being—a being who sacrificed himself alongside his lover in the great war 1000 years ago, but whose grief and regret were so profound that only the will to destroy Spira was burned into his pyreflies—the "shadow" I had been chasing was that of hatred.

I ran and kept running, but you weren't there. I wanted to believe that couldn't be true, but all the unease I'd felt somehow made sense. So when I was left alone in the pitch-black darkness of another world, all my hopes of reuniting with you vanished, and two years' worth of loneliness overwhelmed me all at once.

I couldn't hold it in any longer, and I cried out. Even on the day I defeated "Sin"—the day my summoned beast companions and you, my precious one, disappeared—I didn't do that. The feeling

that no one was watching me, that no one was looking at me, must have brought out my true self—the part of me that wanted to rely on someone.

That's when it happened, wasn't it? I heard that whistle.

At first, I thought I was hearing things. The loneliness of being alone, the longing for you, made me hallucinate.

But there was a familiar presence. In the darkness of another world, I thought I saw a faint figure emerge. Guided by that presence, I climbed an invisible slope, ascending endlessly... and before I knew it, I was back in Bevelle—in Spira—through a great chasm leading to another dimension.

You've been watching over me all this time, haven't you? Even as a being of pure spirit, from another dimension, all this time...

What I was searching for was right beside me.

*

And then I thought.

The Fayth haven't vanished.

They simply stopped their long-lasting dreams and fell into a peaceful slumber. So you haven't been forgotten either.

Besides, among the people I met during my journey, there were many who cared about you, who fought alongside me against

"Sin" as a guardian. Just as I wished, you are etched in everyone's memories, remembered daily. Called upon in their hearts.

And your feelings undoubtedly remained within the energy of the other dimension. We couldn't exchange words, but I could strongly feel how much you cared for me. It pained me to realize I was still causing you so much worry.

But then, why haven't you appeared in Spira as a physical being? Everything I had imagined seemed to be fulfilled. Is something missing? If so, what could it be?

To complete the picture that is you, what is the final piece needed?

I thought and thought and thought, and finally, I saw the answer.

The conditions had been in place all along. Therefore, what was missing was something that hadn't changed in two years. If I could just manage that, the pieces would fall into place. And it wasn't anyone else who would fit it in, but myself—

That's right. "Yuna" had to change in the truest sense of the word.

*

If only "Sin" were gone, everything would be fine.

Peace would last forever, and everyone could live happy days. That's what I believed.

But that's not true. Conflict starts with a small misunderstanding, and it eventually swells to an irreparable size. No one truly wants war, but they get swept along by the policies of the group they belong to, and stop thinking for themselves. Even knowing they're heading towards tragedy, they can't stop and keep going.

"Sin" was born from such a war. Fearing destruction by Bevelle, the people of Zanarkand chose to become Fayth rather than surrender, hoping to preserve their city as a dream. And to protect this "Dream Zanarkand," a colossal beast was born, not out of malice, but out of fear, indiscriminately attacking humans. "Sin" wasn't there from the beginning.

The same goes for Vegnagun. Created by human hands to defeat the enemy in war. Moreover, it was given power that could even destroy Bevelle, the very entity that created it. Now, it's in the hands of the "Shadow" that hates Spira—Shuyin—and is waiting for an opportunity to destroy the world.

However, unrelated to Shuyin's hatred, Spira was spiraling downhill towards war. Without a leader, the Youth League and the New Yevon Party grew increasingly distrustful of each other, pushing themselves to the brink of destruction— mirroring the Machina War.

I finally realized that if everyone didn't make an effort to maintain the calm, it would easily crumble. There's no such thing as a promised eternal peace. Defeating Sin didn't mean the end. Everyone living in Spira, including myself, had to renew our resolve every day not to repeat past mistakes.

That's why I, along with Rikku, Paine, and the Gullwings, decided to try and save Spira once again. Not in the way I did as a summoner, but in a way that wouldn't sacrifice anyone or anything. Because regret after seeing something through to the end was something I never wanted to experience again.

First, I sang to the Youth League and the New Yevon Party, who were on the brink of conflict, to help them understand the futility of fighting and the folly of letting fear fuel hatred. I hoped that, like when we sang the prayer to Sin, it would unite the hearts of everyone in Spira, who had been so fragmented.

I think the concert in the Thunder Plains went well. But that wasn't due to my own power, but thanks to the feelings of Lenne, the songstress from 1000 years ago, who resided in the Dressphere. She was also a summoner of Zanarkand, and she and Shuyin became victims of war. Because of this, Shuyin came to hate everything, but Lenne conveyed through song the feeling that the same tragedy must never happen again. After that, it was as if the song had scattered the thunderclouds and the sun had shone through; everyone's resentment vanished. The song was broadcast throughout the world, and Spira became one again.

--Everyone remembered the importance and preciousness of peace.

Not forever, but people can learn. Through this incident, everyone will surely change, becoming stronger individuals who don't easily succumb to conflict.

I, too, can change. Even with thousands, tens of thousands of people harboring different feelings, I can become a better version of myself, without succumbing to that pressure, and with my head held high.

Without fear. Without wavering. We can change.

Vegnagun—a weapon of destruction so powerful, yet so delicate, that it was never used in the war a thousand years ago. Shuyin, attempting to activate it, intended to obliterate everything in Spira—himself included.

He had wanted to save Lenne from being forced into the war; in his desperation, he tried to turn the enemy's own weapon—Vegnagun—against them, only to fall in a hail of gunfire alongside Lenne, who had tried to stop him. Unable to forgive the cruel outcome or himself for failing to save his beloved, he became a "shadow." He turned into a shadow that wished only for ruin, forever averting his eyes from what Lenne had truly desired.

I knew he wouldn't be an easy opponent. But I believed—I was certain—that there had to be a way. I believed we could stop

Shuyin without resorting to methods I couldn't accept, like someone sacrificing themselves in another's place.

After all, Vegnagun was a machine built by human hands. Unlike "Sin"—whose nature was a complete mystery at first—Vegnagun was a machine; it could be dismantled by us. And Shuyin—a "shadow" born of intense, lingering emotion—could surely be dispelled by an outpouring of light. If we could only convey the love of Lenne, who had stayed in this world all this time out of concern for him, then without a doubt...

In the end, we had to use a bit of force to settle things, but after neutralizing Vegnagun, we managed to convey Lenne's feelings to Shuyin. We succeeded in making him realize the presence of the lover who had waited a thousand years for him—breaking through the "shadow" of despair where he had tried to hide, away from the light.

The hatred that had hardened over an eternity melted away, and love enveloped the sorrow, transmuting it into something else. Embracing one another, the two phantoms quietly faded away. Their feelings—trampled and torn apart by war—finally became one as they found their rest.

No... they didn't just vanish. They simply returned to the life of the planet.

Everything is connected. Organizational conflicts and harboring malice toward others seem utterly foolish when you realize that

humans—that *all* life—are one. We are all part of the sea of infinite life energy flowing through the Farplane.

Those who entrusted this era to us and departed haven't truly vanished. The voices of three men—Auron, my father Braska, and your father Jecht (who came from the dream Zanarkand)—clearly reached my ears as I faced that final battle. No one is gone. They were all watching over me from the Farplane.

The reason they linger there, rather than fully merging with the planet's life force, is surely because they still hold onto their feelings for me. They worry about Yuna—who gets lonely and isn't always strong—so they can't bring themselves to dissolve their hearts completely into the planet. If I can just be okay, then the energy formed by their mingled lives will someday become a new droplet of life, born into Spira as a completely different being. It all depends on me—that’s why I had to change.

You’re the same way, aren't you?

Truth be told, you could have gone to sleep a long time ago. You could have become one with the planet and prepared for rebirth. Yet, while I stood still for two years, you waited just as long. You watched over me, waiting for the moment I could walk on my own.

Now, as I bring this journey to a close, I can make a choice.

How do I want things to be for you? ...I suppose that, for a life force circulating within the planet, the "right" path is to drift into a

deep, peaceful slumber—just like Shuyin and Lenne. I could smile, say "I'm okay now," and show that I can walk alone; I’m sure I could do that.

But...

I made my decision a long time ago.

I think the reason you didn't come back lay in my own "resolve"—a different kind of resolve from the one I steeled myself with when fighting Sin.

If you had appeared right away, two years ago, I imagine I would have spent such happy days with you.

A time of bliss within the Eternal Calm that felt like it would last forever. No longer a summoner, I would have been so happy and joyful just to be by your side...

But I’m sure I would have realized it soon enough: that you were a being who could vanish at any moment. Whether it happened when the people of Spira’s memories faded, or when my own feelings wavered...

I probably wouldn't have been able to bear it. The anxiety of knowing that you—whom I’d finally reunited with—might one day fade away just like before, becoming untouchable and eventually disappearing.

It’s not that my feelings for you were a lie. It’s just that the fear would have kept growing. If we ever fought and drifted apart, I might have become unable to speak my true heart. Those days with you—meant to be happy—would have turned into a source of agony before I knew it.

The seventeen-year-old me back then couldn't have endured an epilogue like that. I lacked the strength to accept a "you" who might vanish and to keep walking forward together. And so, I spent two years remaining immature, refusing to change—which is why you couldn't return, yet you waited for me anyway. You watched over me while I did nothing but rely on you.

But now... having learned to accept change and strive for strength, I could go on living even if *you* were the one relying on *me*. If my feelings could become the power that keeps you present in Spira, I could believe in myself above all else and keep summoning you.

This journey has helped me grow. It’s not arrogance; I was able to change because I *had* to. I’m no longer just someone to be protected by you—I’ve become someone who can step up and lead the way, pulling you along at times. That’s how I see it.

Those two years, and every event that unfolded along the way—they were all necessary for me. They were a ritual I had to complete—to call out to you, and to become the person capable of calling you back.

You are surfacing into Spira right now. I can feel it. I can sense the fragments of you—which had been scattered, watching over me from every corner of the world—gathering together as one and coming to life. I know it’s not a dream; you truly exist in reality. I can feel it as clearly as if I were pressing my ear directly against your chest, listening to the beat of your heart.

We are connected. There was something tangible there—something akin to the spiritual bond I shared with Valefor, Bahamut, and the other aeons.

It was no longer just a premonition that we would meet; it was a firm resolve to do so. And it was a determination to overcome whatever anxieties lay ahead on my own—my unwavering commitment to walk alongside you, no matter how far the journey took us.

The final piece clicked into place...

I heard it—the sound of your whistling!

"Set course for Besaid!"

"Roger that!"

Brother shouted back in response to my command.

The crimson hull of the *Celsius* raced across the clear blue sky at full speed. Realizing we were drawing closer and closer, I couldn't stay calm anymore. I dashed out of the bridge, leapt into

the elevator, and paced restlessly in front of the boarding hatch. I couldn't see outside, but I could feel the bond between us being reeled in with tremendous force.

"Dive straight down! Right to the water's surface!"

"Yiiikes—roger that!"

Brother’s scream came through the speakers, and the floor lurched sharply forward. I pictured it: the *Celsius* plunging down from high above like a falcon spotting its prey.
We were getting closer. It felt close enough to touch. The ship screamed as it descended at a breakneck pace, then decelerated to avoid crashing into the sea. The doors began to open the moment we stopped, but I couldn't bear to wait; I jumped out before they had even fully slid open.

Into the shining waters of my home.

Toward *you*, looking up at me from below. To hold you with all my might. To truly feel the presence of you—something I couldn't quite grasp that day.

To hold onto you forever...

*

I’ve grown just one year older than you.

I run, pulling you by the hand, toward the beach where Wakka, Lulu, and the people of Besaid are waiting to welcome us.

"You know... you've changed."

You say this with a look that’s slightly bewildered, yet clearly shows you like the change.

"Well, a lot has happened since then."

I smile. Yes, so many things have happened.

So many stories I want to tell you.

The blessings of the people of Besaid await us. And the people all across Spira will surely bless us, too. Bless *you*. Bless *us*.

But above all, I bless us myself.

So that I can hold onto this feeling—right here, right now—forever and ever. Let’s walk together, always. This isn't the end of the story—it’s the starting point. Let’s move forward toward a happy ending, changing and growing together.

I won’t let go of your hand—not until the day we eventually return to that sea of life.