

Chapter 6: The Garif

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Excerpt from Memoirs of Marquis Halim Ondore IV, Chapter 16: Biding Time

The Dreadnought Leviathan is sunk. The 8th Fleet of the Archadian Imperial Army, lost.

As Word of the Events in the Jagd sounded throughout the Empire, quit I Bhujerba, citing sudden Malady.

My true Motive: to bring the various counter-Imperial Forces scattered throughout Ivalice together in unified Resistance.

By this Time, Lady Ashe had made her Return to Rabanastre. She had not, however, made known her Presence. Rather, she was content with keeping both her Whereabouts, and those of the Dawn Shard, concealed.

Had she chosen to go before her People, my Error in announcing her Suicide would be known, to the great Detriment of my Efforts to assemble a Resistance.

In such Circumstance as the Lady Ashe then found herself, even were she to proclaim Dalmasca restored, it would serve only to invite the Empire's Wrath.

Though Archadia had lost her 8th Fleet, she remained, as ever, a Military Power with which to be reckoned.

- Memoirs of Marquis Halim Ondore IV, Chapter 16: Biding Time

The Senate

[Another cinematic brings us back to the great city of Archades in the middle of the day. Hovering

vehicles like cars zip between the gigantic buildings.]

[The Imperial City of Archades – The Senate]

[In a darkened room, hooded figures sit around a huge, round table. Emperor Gramis presides over them.]

Senator 1: The Rozarrian Empire assembles a vast host under guise of martial exercises. It is our belief they wait for the proper pretext... the sooner to make their strike against Archadia. The loss of *Leviathan* and her fleet at such a time comes as a most grievous blow. Were Rozarria to invade, the battle would be hard-fought. Had Lord Vayne not deployed the fleet so capriciously... we would not find ourselves in such perilous circumstance.

Senator 2: Lord Vayne shall be made to answer for his actions. It is the will of the Senate. Excellency, though he be your son, justice must be served.

Gramis: A convenient thing, justice. And so I must now make a choice... between my throne, and my son.

Senator 2: A most lamentable situation for us all.

Senator 3: Oh? For Lord Vayne, perhaps, yet surely Lord Larsa will make for a fine emperor.

Gramis: Larsa so adores his brother, and he is yet young.

Senator 1: But he will not remain young forever. Already he busies himself unraveling Lord Vayne's tangled skein. Lord Larsa has found his role to play, and pursues it with some enthusiasm.

Gramis: Ah, yes... And who would set him at such tasks?

Senator 3: What matter? Lord Vayne himself once saw *his* elder brothers brought to like justice, did he not? At Your Excellency's behest, as I recall.

Senator 2: You may put yourself at ease, Lord Gramis. So long as the Senate watches over her... Archadia's well-being will ever be ensured.

Gramis: By your will. I shall bid Vayne return to Archades.

[The scene changes to a grim, gray landscape, where Ashe stands at the edge of a half-formed wooden bridge, looking out over swampy, foggy waters. Sparse, mossy ruins are around her. When she turns, she sees the apparition of Rasler again, now standing beneath an arch not far from her. She approaches him, and he sets the Dawn Shard into her hands. She watches as he disappears. From beyond, Vaan comes walking toward her, looking at her curiously.]

Rabanastre

The Garif May Know

[Ashe now sits in a sparsely furnished room, looking at the wedding ring on her finger. In the next shot we see Balthier is also present, as well as Basch, Fran, Penelo, and Vaan.]

Basch: So it was the Dawn Shard which brought down the Imperial fleet.

Balthier: You know your stuff.

[A tag appears in the bottom right corner: The Royal City of Rabanastre – Four Days After the Sinking of Leviathan]

Basch: Destructive power of such force – I’ve seen it once before. Lady Ashe, you know of what I speak.

Ashe: Nabudis.

Basch: The capital of Old Nabradia – Lord Rasler’s fatherland. During the invasion, a division of Imperials entered the city – there was a mighty explosion. Friend and foe died alike. Something was there – one of the Dynast-King’s relics. The Midlight Shard was in Nabradia.

Balthier: More nethicite. Well, no wonder they invaded.

[Ashe picks up the Dawn Shard from the table behind her. It’s lost its color and light.]

Ashe: That ridiculous war, the trap at the treaty-signing – all because Vayne wanted power. He must not be allowed to claim the nethicite. The Empire must never hold it.

Balthier: Oh? They already do. The Dusk Shard, most likely the Midlight Shard, too. Besides, can’t they manufacture nethicite now?

Ashe: Very well, then the path set before us is clear. We’ll use the Dawn Shard to fight them! Dalmasca does not forget kindness nor ill deed done. With sword in hand she aids her allies. Sword in hand, she lays to rest her foes. This nethicite I hold must be my sword. I will avenge those who have died. And the Empire will know remorse.

[A long pause.]

Vaan: You even know how to use it?

Ashe: I –

Fran: The garif may know. The garif people live by the old ways. Magicite lore is a part of their culture. They may hear it. The cry of the nethicite’s power. Whispers of the Stone’s menace.

Ashe: Dangerous though it be, what we need now is power. Should we declare Dalmasca free without the means to defend our claim... the Empire would crush us. You must take me to meet with the garif.

Fran: They live beyond Ozmone Plain.

Balthier: Not exactly close.

Ashe: Compensation – is that what you want?

Balthier: Straight to the point, aren't we. I like that. Compensation? *[He gestures to her wedding ring]* How about the ring.

Ashe: This? Isn't there something else?

Balthier: No one's forcing you.

[Reluctantly, she takes her ring off, pauses again, and then finally drops it into Balthier's outstretched hand.]

Balthier: I'll give it back to you. As soon as I find something more valuable.

[Disgusted, Ashe walks away.]

Vaan: What do you mean "something more valuable"?

Balthier: Hard to say. I'll know when I find it. What is it you want, Vaan? What are you looking for?

Vaan: Me? What am I looking for? Well, I guess – well, I – you know...

[Giving up, he follows them out the door.]

Muthru Bazaar

[The party find themselves out in the middle of the Bazaar. A map is overlaid on the screen as they discuss their route.]

Basch: The garif are said to dwell in Kerwon.

Balthier: So they do. We'll need to head south, past the Giza Plains.

Basch: It is the Rains now in Giza - the wadis will be swollen with the deluge. Passage may be difficult.

Balthier: But those same waters may also lay open new routes to us.

Ashe: Regardless, we must go south, yes?

Balthier: First things first. You're eager to be on your way, I know... but we should see that we're prepared before setting out.

Ashe: I made my resolve two years ago. I swore to overcome any hardship I may face.

Balthier: Man cannot live by resolve alone, princess.

Rabanastran (seeq with turquoise horn): The guards were running about like mad the other day. I heard a rumor that it had something to do with the sinking of the Imperial Fleet. I haven't heard a word since. What do you suppose happened?

Reks's Friend: I couldn't help but overhear – you're leaving to find the garif? Well, I happen to know the way. You first need to pass through Giza Plains. From Giza, continue south, and you should come to the garif village. Whatever your errand there, good luck.

Rabanastran (man in white, yellow, and brown): The other day I tripped and bumped into an Imperial. Normally I'd count myself lucky to get away with a harsh scolding. But he didn't even stop to look at me! Just ran off like nothing'd happened. I wonder what was going on to make him act like that?

Busy Messenger: The Rains have come to Giza. You'd be surprised how the land changes if you aren't expecting it. The boss has me mapping the place out. Hmm, anything useful? Well, the most important thing I found out is that the Rains opened a passage leading to Ozmone Plain.

Headhunter: Hey there. Hear about any juicy marks, boy? I'm looking for the parts what you need to make serpentwyne. Don't want to be beaten to the punch... least of all by the likes o' you!

Traveler: Vayne was scheduled to make an inspection of the Bazaar, but it was canceled for some reason. I wonder what could have happened?

Merchant (blindfolded tan bangaa): I thought about stocking wares from the village on Giza Plains, but then I heard it was the Rains – not a soul to be found there.

Rabanastran (woman in pink top and headscarf): The Bazaar is one of the few places in Rabanastre where people can go to let off steam. Can almost forget the constant watch we're under... Almost.

Merchant (blue seeq): Nanna cheese! Nanna cheese! Interest you in a wheel, m'boy?

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'm fairly sure I had the right directions – south through the Giza Plains, then southwest across Ozmone Plain – but I didn't get very far.

Merhcant (tan seeq at bottom of stairs): Out hunting monsters these days, are you? Better than your old "work" with the Imperials, I suppose, but still dangerous enough. Monsters fight just like me or you – they go after the one they hate the most, first. Like how we might go for a poisonous monster, you know? And there's nothing monsters hate more than healing. You remember that. It just might come in handy.

Patient Bangaa: My friend here's in the foulest of moods. "Moogles" this and "sluice gate key" that. He's

goin' at it somethin' fierce.

Troubled Woman: Vaan? I haven't seen you around the city much these days. What have you been doing? Nothing too dangerous, I hope? I'm sorry... it's really none of my business. But sometimes I think about Reks, and I get worried for you. Be careful, okay?

North End

Rabanastran (woman in red, pink, and blue): Thanks to the work I found in the palace, I can afford to feed my younger brothers, and I even have a few gil left over for myself!

Rabanastran (light blue seeq pacing west northwest): Went off to Giza Plains looking for work, but It turns out it was the Rains. Went all that way and didn't see a soul.

Rabanastran (guy in green and brown shorts): The other day I saw a bright flash in the sky off to the west, and a few hours later some wounded Imperials were brought into town. I wonder what happened out there...

Traveler: Apparently Vayne's been summoned back to Archades. I'm sure it will only be temporary, though. If not, what reason have I to remain in Rabanastre? Oh, I do hope he comes back soon.

Imperial: I'm on watch. If you have no business here, kindly leave me be. I've enough on my mind with Lord Vayne breathing down our necks...

Rabanastran (light blue seeq pacing north northeast): I keep well away from trouble – haven't the stomach for it. If that makes me a coward, so be it!

Dispirited Woman: Turns out those rumors about the kingslayer being in Rabanastre were no more than that. A friend visiting Bhujerba told me she saw a kid running around saying he was Basch. Needless to say, he wasn't.

Rabanastran (dark brown bangaa in black vest): The city's prospects have taken a real turn for the better since Vayne became consul. I really underestimated that man.

Riby: I had no idea Penelo had been kidnapped... And to think, you were off rescuing her! I knew we could always count on you, Vaan!

Rabanastran (man in turban and dark pants): I know that look. Reks used to have that same determined fire in his eyes. Whatever you may be thinking, don't do anything stupid, okay, Vaan? You owe it to your brother.

Rabanastran (woman in blue, yellow, and pink on bridge): Have you noticed the bangaa standing guard in front of the building just to the west of the bridge? I wonder what's inside...

Rabanastran (woman in green, pink, and brown on bridge): I used to think all the guards were bad, but some of them actually care about the people they're protecting.

Helpful Man: Such a grand city... Why, even the locals must need a map to find their way! *You* surely know your way around by now, though!

Yamoora's Gambits

Greenhorn: When it really counts, nothing can replace giving each and every command without using gambits. Of course, it's nice to not have to worry about giving orders for every little thing. I suppose it really just depends on the situation...

Adept Adventurer: Walking the Way of the Gambit is like climbing a mountain whose peak you cannot see. You climb and climb, but still the summit eludes you. Yet never have I thought to turn back. I seek the ultimate combination of gambits, one capable of accommodating any scenario. Such a thing might not exist, but I will not rest until I have found it.

Yamoora: Yamoora, at your service. Please, take all the time you like. *[shop menu]*

East End

Johm: Ain't got nothin' to do. Ever since the parade, there aren't hardly any people visiting the city. A pickpocket's no good without pockets to pick!

Rabanastran (man in turban and brown shorts): I haven't found a better way to make money than selling the loot and equipment I get from my hunts. If there *is* a better way, let me know!

Rabanastran (light blue seeq): Migelo's back to his old jolly self again. Though he seems a bit... wistful, I suppose is the word. Like a father whose children have flown the nest.

Rabanastran (boy in brown near bridge): Hey, mister. You wanna hear about the history of Rabanastre? It won't cost ya much... What? I gotta eat, too, ya know. Let's see... 1 gil oughta do it.

- Sure, let's hear it.

Have you ever heard of King Raithwall? He's an ancestor of the Dalmasca family from a long, long time ago. "He was a leader of unrivaled wisdom, and a warrior of peerless fortitude." At least, that's what my folks told me. They say he even had a powerful gigas that had to do whatever he said, and that the gigas still guards his tomb to this day. I don't know if that part about the gigas is true or not, but it was somethin' mighty strong, anyways.

- No, thanks.

Well, not everyone's interested in that sorta thing, I suppose. Don't worry none.

Lonely Boy: I heard there're some kids down in Lowtown what wanna be sky pirates. Waste of time, if you ask me, dreamin' about something that won't never happen.

Rabanastran (man in green and brown shorts on bridge): Hey, Vaan! I heard you're the one who saved

Penelo from that lousy bunch of bangaa. You've really come a long way from hunting rats down in the sewers. Nice work!

Rabanastran (woman in pink, blue, and green): Have you heard? They say Vayne's being called back to Archades – that he may already have left. Do you suppose he's in some kind of trouble?

Rabanastran (tan blindfolded bangaa): The Imperial fleet en route to Rabanastre simply... vanished into thin air. What could have happened?

Wistful Bangaa: While back, there was a rumor kickin' around that Basch was alive and in Bhujerba. Turned out to be lies, of course. Who'd start a rumor like that?

Rabanastran (man in green and brown shorts near Panamis's): The other day I saw some wounded Imperials being carried through here. They haven't said what it was all about, though there are rumors aplenty.

Town Gossip: It's the Rains in Giza again, but not to worry. The Dry will be back soon enough.

Bucco: Hey, Vaan. I haven't seen you around town much lately. And now that I think of it, I haven't seen Penelo around, either... So... just what have you two been up to, huh? Heh heh heh.

Rabanastran (black bangaa chatting with seeq): My friend here says there are 529,412 cobblestones in the Southern Plaza 'round the corner, not including the tiles in the fountain. But even with the stones by the city gates... 'Course, he could be countin' the *flagstones*, too. That would be another matter altogether.

Batahn's Technicks

Rabanastran (man speaking to other man at bookshelf): Technicks are skills that let you do things no magicks can. Stealing treasures from your foes, stanching wounds... Well, you should know!

Rabanastran (woman talking to red bangaa): My friend here was just telling me about the Salikawood, a great forest that lies beyond the desert, even the mountains. It was once part of the Kingdom of Nabradia, but no one has claimed it since Nabradia's fall.

The Sandsea

Rabanastran (man sitting at table with woman): The marks from the hunts on the notice board are trouble enough, but I hear there are even tougher hunts out there... The really difficult hunts don't go up on the boards at all. You can only find out about them through a clan. Huh, they must be some marks...

Tavernmaster: There was a bangaa from the Empire through here, said he was lookin' for help with something... Can't for the life of me remember what, though. I do remember he said he'd be out at Westgate. If you're curious about what he wanted, you can always go ask him yourself.

Rabanastran (black bangaa at bar): Some paths may only be navigated on a chocobo. Not many, to be sure, but they're there. You need a careful eye to spot 'em.

Barkeep (man near base of stairs): There was a tremendous explosion in the west, yes? And the Rains have come to Giza, yes? Of course, it had been the Dry for some time... I suppose the one has nothing to do with the other, yes?

Barkeep (woman on balcony): I'm so glad all of our patrons can use the balcony again. Before the war it was such a lively place, but no so since the Imperials had come. If he never does another thing for us, I'll *still* be grateful to our new consul.

Yugri's Magicks

Rabanastran (woman in pink, yellow, and blue browsing bottles): D'you see that Imperial just there? Word is he was caught ducking his duties in the Sandsea and ordered to stand watch here instead.

Earnest Seeq: Wanted to try out me magicks, so I heads down to the Ozmone Plain. Saw me a garif, and bein' as you don't see 'em every day, I a-followed him. Along the way we passes this cave, and curiosity gets the better of me. So I steps in, but the beasts in there... You best not even know! The garif kept right on past that cave, and he had the right of it.

Panamis's Protectives

Rabanastran (man in tan and yellow browsing curio): Did you ever notice the guard on the second floor of the Sandsea? I think he may have been caught loafing about on the job. Now he's been moved over to Yugri's Magicks, but I doubt *that* will make any difference.

Rabanastran (red bangaa speaking to woman): Rain may fall and sandstorms may whorl, but I've not seen anything to match the coming of the Rains in Giza! The villages empty, and I'd swear the lay of the land itself seems to change! Neither the time nor the place to find yourself lost!

Amal's Weaponry

Rabanastran (tan bangaa in green vest): Can't say as I know for certain it's Lord Vayne's doing, but the guards do seem to be getting on better with people than they used to. You can be sure the guards aren't too pleased by it. I'd hate to be whoever or whatever they're taking their frustrations out on.

Sherral: In addition to my inspections, I've been assigned patrols as well. The combat can be trying, I'm not ashamed to admit. I suppose I *had* let myself grow soft... Mayhap this is just the proper medicine.

Amal: Take the Amal challenge! You'll not find weapons of higher quality! [*shop menu*]

Migelo's Sundries

Rabanastran (woman in pink top and headscarf): They lost contact with the Imperial Fleet out west of Rabanastre. They wouldn't have flown into jagd, would they? That would be suicide.

Rabanastran (orange seeq): When I was growing up, I heard all manner of stories about the great hume-king Raithwall.

Rabanastran (man talking to tan bangaa): South of Giza Plains? That's the northern tip of Kerwon. You'll find races you've never even *seen* in Dalmasca down that way.

Rabanastran (woman in pink, green, and tan): Relations between Archadia and Rozarria haven't been good. The Rozarrians couldn't have been glad to see Rabanastre fall to Archadia.

Migelo: Making trouble with the Imperials, sneaking into the sewers... never know which way the wind blows with you, m'boy! Now you're traveling the world! I won't try to stop you, though. Just you be sure to look after Penelo while you're at it, eh?

Southern Plaza

Rabanastran (tan bangaa talking with woman): That strange man that came through here – you know, the one with the scar on his forehead and that ratty beard? Wonder what became of him.

Rabanastran (kid squatting in front of wall): People still seem to think pretty well of Vayne. If things really start getting better, d'you think we should cut him some slack?

Imperial: Saw a squad of guards headin' in through the south gate. Soaked to the skin, they were. Must be the Rains down in Giza.

Rabanastran (man in brown pants with his son in northern part): There was a great explosion in the west. Some are saying it was the Imperial fleet sinkin' from the sky!

Rabanastran (kid in blue with his father in north part): Did you hear? Did you hear? My friend down in Lowtown saw a GHOST!

Lovestruck Man: Urrr... I can't get her out of my head... Who? That viera, that's who. She's all I've ever dreamed of...

Cotze: The Empire dispatched a natural philosopher here to look into something or the other. He tried askin' me some questions, but I won't have any part in it. He's probably still over at Westgate trying to figure out what to do next.

Rabanastran (kid on blue and green on south side of fountain): What? Vayne's going back to Archadia? Shucks... and I never got to run into him even once.

Jinn: Hey, been a long time, huh? It's me, Jinn, from Giza Plains. Remember? It's the Rains now, so we've all left the village. Not a soul left there. I thought I saw some people coming up from Ozmone Plain when we was leavin'... I wonder if they know the village is empty?

Bright-eyed Boy: I heard there were some sick people at the village in the Estersand. They can't even leave their homes. Wish I could do somethin' to help...

Rabanastran (man in brown pants near eastgate): I wonder if there's any truth to that rumor that Vayne's going back to Archadia?

Rabanastran (boy in blue by southgate): All those roly-polies down in Giza Plains disappear when the Rains come. ...The people? Yeah, they leave, too.

Rabanastran (man in brown pants by southgate): It's the Rains down in Giza again. How can I tell? By the puddles the travelers leave.

Rabanastran (kid in blue by westgate): Hey, Vaan! Sure haven't seen you around much lately. Off havin' fun without the rest of us?

Rabanastran (man in brown pants by westgate): There's a great sandstorm in the northern part of the Westersand. The winds are so strong you can't even stand, much less walk. You can scarcely see for all the sand, but you can hear. There's a terrible cry riding on that wind. Best to keep well away, if you ask me.

Eastgate

Hapless Merchant: Have you been to the village in the Estersand? It's on the banks of the River Nebra, should you fancy a visit.

Rabanastran (woman by chocobo pen): On the far side of the Estersand you'll find Nalbina Fortress. That's where His Majesty was assassinated... Sometimes I wonder what things would be like now, if only he were still alive.

Rabanastran (woman in white talking to two kids): Before the war, this place bustled with travelers and merchants going about their business. But look at it now...

Southgate

Rabanastran (tan blindfolded bangaa): The continent of Kerwon lies to the south of Giza, much of it covered in wilderness, and even jagd. It's not as though it's never been explored, but who can say what strange things you might find there?

Adventurer: Just takes one look at the sky to tell if it's the Rains or the Dry down in Giza. Never hurts to take a look afore settin' out. The lay of the land, even the very beasts change from the Rains to the Dry, y'know.

Imperial (standing a short distance away from his partner with the chocobo): The Rains came sooner than expected. Trudging sodden through empty villages and bogs... a glorious posting this has turned out to be.

Imperial (standing beside chocobo): I've naught to say to you, churl. It's bad enough that I'm soaked to the skin... No one bothered telling us it'd be the Rains, and don't get me started about that village! This is why I hate these bloody provinces...

Rabanastran (man speaking to woman and seeq): Why do you suppose they raise cockatrices down in Giza? Can't ride 'em like a chocobo... Hmm, they're plump, round... you don't suppose...

Westgate

Reluctant Adventurer: There's a cavern out there what's filled with fiendishly strong creatures. And I hear someone's found a new way inside, deeper than any've been. I'll wager whoever said "nothin' ventured, nothin' gained" never ventured into a pit like that, eh?

Rabanastran (woman speaking to man and bangaa): Desert to the east, desert to the west... I've heard of people traveling many days before realizing they'd set out in the wrong direction. I use the aerodrome as a marker. If I see that, I know I'm at Westgate.

Rimzat: Hha! I've been waiting for some time. You see, I am in need of assistance. Please, hear my words. I have been sent from Archadia to study the sandstorms of the Dalmasca Westersand, but the storms' violence makes such study... impossible. There is a place in the desert, at the end of a long trail that winds through the north. Mayhap you know it. That is the site of my study. But before the wrath of such a storm, I can do nothing. This is why I seek help. Will you help me?

- Sure, I'll help.

Thank you, my friend! I have made no progress on my own. I would like you to start by gathering information within Rabanastre. My own inquiries yielded little. There is one man who knows more than he will say. He sits atop the fountain in the plaza. He does not care for the Empire, so he will tell me nothing. Perhaps you will have better luck. I will be waiting to hear what you find.

- No, sorry.

Rimzat (x2) (after accepting): Have you learned aught of the sandstorm in the Westersand? There is a man named **Cotze**, who sits atop the fountain in the plaza. He knows something of this, but when he learned I was from Archadia, he would say no more. Perhaps you will have better luck.

Aerodrome

Rabanastran (the couple embracing by the window): ...I know you'd never push me away... as long as I hold you, we'll always be together...

Merchant: It's the strangest thing... I was in Bhujerba not long back, and there was someone running around pretending to be Captain Basch. Whatever for?

Nono: Terrible news, kupo! When the Imperial fleet exploded over the Westersand, the *Strahl* was damaged! I'm gathering the parts I need to make repairs as quickly as I can, but it may take some time, kupo.

Rabanastran (man in blue, red, and green): You see that group of people by the window? They're from Archadia. They never left after the parade... Maybe they're thinking of staying.

Traveler: The return ship to Archades still hasn't come. But I've patience enough to go on waiting. It's not

as though they could have forgotten me.

Lowtown

Old Dalan's Place

Rabanastran (woman at left): Something's happened in the west... Dalan's been behaving oddly ever since.

Rabanastran (kid at right): You ever hear of the garif? I heard that after they're born, they put on a mask, and they don't never take it off till they die... Wonder what they do if they get an itch?

Dalan: The **garif**? Let me think... Yes, I have seen the garif here in Rabanastre, though it was long ago. Hm. I can't remember when the last time was. They live in the southwest of **Ozmone Plain**, to the south of Giza.

South Sprawl

Rabanastran (woman in green, pink, and blue walking around talking to various people): When I heard Vayne had returned to Archadia, it seemed there must have been some reason for it, but even Dalan doesn't know what's happening.

Resigned Boy: The Empire will protect us and keep us safe, I know it. But who will protect us from the Empire if they change their minds?

Frustrated Man: Door back here hasn't worked since... since I don't know when. But those blasted Imperials won't give the word to have it fixed.

Somber Woman: When the children born since the war are older, and my daughter sees other kids with parents, I wonder if she'll feel more comfortable with me.

Guileful Boy: You know why they sent Vayne back to Archadia? I bet it's because he wasn't treatin' us mean enough. He ain't done nothin' mean, really.

Guileless Girl: Sometimes I play down in the alley what leads up to Southgate. Yep. But I don't go up there. And I definitely don't go down to Giza. Nope.

Awestruck Girl: See that man squattin' down talkin' over there? They say he used to be a sky pirate! It's kinda exciting, havin' someone mysterious around.

Samal: People think being a sky pirate is all riches and adventure, but the reality is far different. Your life is always at risk, you never know peace. You are free, I suppose. But it comes at a steep price. Your fate, succeed or fail, is entirely up to you. So what does it mean to be free? That's the real question. Running to escape your troubles won't make you free. It never can.

Well-spoken Girl: I wonder if this is how I'm going to grow up, here in the dark passages of Lowtown.

Rather depressing, don't you think? Sometimes I just want to run far, far away from it all... but that's not easy when you're just a child.

Friendly Boy: I don't feel so good. There's somethin' funny been comin' up from under the courtyard. I've always been real sensitive to that kinda thing.

North Sprawl

Laughing Seeq: Word on the street is Vayne's gone back to Archadia. Word has a way of travelin' fast, but then, words ain't nothin' but wind.

Rabanastran (blue seeq sitting beside child): Them sluice gates down in the Garamsythe Waterway got some special device what controls 'em. Drain the water off, you can walk the waterway into deep places you couldn't reach otherwise. Couldn't figure out how to work it all, m'self.

Dalmascan Patriot: The village in the Estersand is one of the few places we can go to escape the burdens of the city. I find the peace and quiet refreshing.

Cynical Boy: Plenty of people out there are happy, so long as there isn't a war. Well, if this is peace, I don't see what's so great about it.

Kytes: Hey, Vaan. Haven't seen you around much lately. Workin' on somethin' big? Can't wait to hear more about it! You don't have to worry about me and the others. I'll watch after everybody.

Fussbudget: No fair... She said she had a dream she saw Princess Ashe. How come I never have dreams about the Princess?

Rabanastran (sitting next to black bangaa outside Storehouse 5): I hear there's a stair down to the sewers through Migelo's storehouse, but you shouldn't poke around down there. It's dangerous, boy.

Northon: Watchin' Filo and her friends play at pirates reminds me of when I was a kid. We'd run around pretendin' we were real sky pirates – had a secret hideout and everything. Things were so much simpler back then.

Watchful Seeq: I can't let my eyes off this poor fellow for one minute. Little while ago he got himself all worked up over his son, went runnin' off into a wall.

Impoverished Man: Everything I owned was confiscated after the war. Now I'm forced to live out my miserable days here. Suffering here because of the Empire, I feel I'm more of a Dalmascan than I ever was before. Ironical, don't you think?

Rabanastran (woman in white): Look, over there by the door. Do you not see Milha crouched there? What might have happened? That is the house where the man from Nabudis had lived, but it has lain empty for some time now. I have recently heard tales of a... a ghost sighted not far from here. Might it have something to do with that?

[For Milha and related dialogue, see “” in the Clan Primer section.]

Deadbeat: Lowtown... yeah, I like Lowtown. You got your South Sprawl in the... where's the South Sprawl? Just let me lie here and think...

Angry Woman: Don't you find it strange that the Empire lets us lead such normal lives? With the exception of living in this dungeon, of course. Are they waiting to use us in some sinister plot? Are we tools of the Empire? Are we their hostages? Just who do they think they are?

Well-spoken Boy: I've heard a rumor that the Imperial fleet was destroyed, but it's hard to be happy about it. Think of all the poor people who must've died.

Vexed Father: I've told her a thousand times not to play outside, that it's dangerous, but she goes anyway... To be honest, some of the places she's been, I'm a little surprised. She made it to the Salikawood the other day. Said there were moogles there. Heh.

Furious Bangaa: Grrah! That son of a cockatrice! Who!? Wayne, that's who! Know of anyone else gone runnin' back to Archades with his tail between his legs? You know why he's left, don't you? Too scared to stay and face us, that's why! Well, what can you expect from these Imperial pretty boys.

The Dalmasca Estersand

The Outpost

Wise Elder: Looking for the garif, are you? You may want to go back to Rabanastre and leave for Giza by the **south gate**. From Giza, head south to reach **Jahara**.

Desert Wayfarer: Fun? What fun is there in a trip through this sand and heat? I'm going home. And not to the capital... home for good!

South Bank Village

Dantro's Wife: There's trouble on the north bank, I'm sure of it. I wish Dantro were here, but I know he can't leave the outpost unwatched.

[See also the “Patient in the Desert” part of the Side Quests chapter.]

Nalbina Town

Jajim Bazaar

Itinerant Hand (black bangaa with tattoos): A lot of Imperials buy keepsakes here before heading home. The viera crafts are particularly popular. 'Course, the seeq in back makes 'em. Heh.

Itinerant Hand (light blue seeq sitting on ground): Come to help fortify the fortress? You shouldn't have it

too bad. They save the easy jobs for the humes. Me? I get sent off to do the heavy lifting. Those Imperials think the rest of us are to be used as tools, nothing more. Nice, eh?

Merchant: Nestled as it is on the border of Nabradia and Dalmasca, Nalbina was always bustling with trade between the two. These days it's more fortress than town. At least it's still here, though. Our home of Nabudis was wiped from the land, leaving naught but a necrohol of fiends behind.

Itinerant Hand (man in reddish brown pants talking with merchants): Them Archadians were all talking, and they didn't look happy. Heard something about the *Leviathan* and her 8th Fleet goin' down! Took some important Judge down with it, too, from the sounds of it. Heh. Serves 'em right.

West Ward

Imperial (interrogating man off to the side): You report any shops you see selling stolen goods, son. Can you believe I'm here doing this, every day? There I was part of the Western Armada, glorious! Victorious! This war better start soon. I want to be a shield for the homeland, and a sword, striking down those Rozarran barbarians!

Stonemason? (seeq) (if you catch him by himself): I heard a rumor that someone escaped from the dungeons here, but it weren't my friend. See, I'm not really a stonemason. I came with my buddy to get a friend out of the dungeons... Maybe if he comes out on forced labor we'll get to see 'im. That'd be nice.

Imperial?: Hey, don't be fooled by appearances... I ain't no Imperial. This armor belongs to this guy next to me. He puts it on me so he can loaf off! It's hot, it's heavy... Okay, so it's tough being an Imperial, I get it. Come to think of it, those Judges wear armor, too, but they don't complain... 'Less they're saying it real quiet-like behind those scary masks of theirs.

Merchant: Sold a box to an Imperial the other day. Heard he took it with 'im on some Leviathingy... then that up and disappeared! Wonder where it went to.

Stonemason? (hume) (if you catch him by himself): I came here with my seeq buddy to spring a friend out of the dungeons... but my stupid *buddy* got mistaken for a stonemason, so here we are... 'Course, we started getting good at the work, and now the foreman thinks we're some elite crew... What're we *doing*!?

Aerodrome

Imperial: Here to work on the fortress? A word to the wise: complain overmuch and you'll be thrown in the dungeons, from which there can be no escape! ...Huh? You heard of someone escaping? Bah! Nonsense!

Itinerant Hand (hume man with group): We're here working on the fortress walls, but it's torture in this heat... That's why we're negotiating for better pay! They say that any who complain'll be sent to the dungeons, but that's a bluff. They're in a hurry – they need all the hands they can get!

Shy Bangaa: ...I'm here, watchin' these goods. For hours. You know, I just noticed, a lot of these

Imperials are armed! Yeah, observant, right? That's my job.

Homebound Man: I hear conditions in Rabanastre have improved while I've been here in Nalbina. Must be on account of that new consul.

Itinerant Hand (black bangaa): I'm headed to that port in the east, where the sky pirates gather. Once I've earned me a 'ship, I'll be a sky pirate, free to go where I will!

The Dalmaskan Westersand

Western Divide

Lohen: Your errand taking you far abroad, friend? Maybe I have something that you'll be able to use along the way. *[shop menu]* Bright, sunny days are the deadliest out on the sandsea. That's when the **elementals** come out. You watch yourself 'round those.

Wayward Bangaa: *(sigh)* I give up... Tried crossin' the desert again, ended up right back here. I'm thinkin' maybe my sense of direction ain't so good. Maybe I'll talk to that fella over there, see about him takin' me on as an apprentice trader.

Bhujerba

Aerodrome

Bhujerban (man sitting on rail talking to Imperial): Bhujerban airspace has been taken over by the Imperial fleet for their maneuvers. Our airships are mostly grounded, *bhadra!* *Haa...* I suppose it does little good to complain to a rank and file guard...

Bhujerban (moogle with yellow pom-pom): I was only a little late, and they still wouldn't let me on, kupo! That chief steward had the face of a siren, and the heart of a cactoid!

Traveler (in blue): Have you heard the rumors that an Imperial fleet was spotted over the Jagd Yensa? Ha! I'd like to meet the chap who thought up that codswallop. I'd walk up to him, look him straight in the eye, and say "Good day, sir! Did you perchance know that AIRSHIPS CANNOT FLY IN JAGD!?"

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: Yes, *bhadra*. Bhujerba is an island of peace and freedom, but not for those who would break our laws. So are we here to keep watch on the city.

Bhujerban (man in green and brown shorts): The Archadian Senate has power, *bhadra*. Power enough to drive an emperor from his throne. Thus has House Solidor relied on the favor of the crowd to hold the Senate in check these many years, you see.

Street Kid (with his parents): *Amba* forgot a change of clothes, and we have missed the airship for Rabanastre! Why can we not buy such things there!? *Haa...*

Bhujerban (moogles with green pom-pom): Bhujerba values our mooglecrafft, and values us the same, kupo! I hope Bhujerba stays the way it is... No wars for this moogles, kupo!

Bhujerban (moogles with orange pom-pom): Oh oh oh! I heard a rumor that the Empire has an airship that can fly in jagd, kupo! What is this? New technology!? We're lagging, kupo!

Street Kid (looking out window): When I grow older, *bhadra*, I will be an airship pilot! A moogles, he is teaching me now, you see. He has just left on the airship for Balfonheim!

City *Parijanah*: *Haa...* Master Basch, is it not? I have heard that the Empire's lawkeepers are tracing the Marquis's steps out of Bhujerba. Please, try not to give them any information.

Traveler (in red): Have you heard the talk of the Marquis falling ill? Troubling news, that. The Marquis is a wise man who values Bhujerba's peace with the Empire. Here's hoping for his swift recovery!

Travica Way

Bhujerban (moogles with green pom-pom sitting on wall): The Marquis Ondore's estate is up those steps across the bridge... but the Marquis isn't there, kupo. They say he's ill and away resting!

Bhujerban (woman in white): I saw a *parijanah* here standing. He was counting the Archadian warships that passed beneath. He must be quite a military enthusiast. *Ayi...*

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: The Marquis is currently unavailable pending recovery from illness. Do not worry, he has posted a minister to govern in his absence.

Bhujerban (woman in white sitting on wall with her son): Do all boys love the sky so? I fear that, one day, he will say he wants to be a sky pirate! A pirate! What is his poor mother to do? *Hanta...*

Bhujerban (woman in green, pink, and brown sitting on ledge): *Haa...* I have heard that Lhusu's output has dropped most severely of late. Without the mines, our wealth will fade. I worry for Bhujerba.

City *Parijanah*: *Svagatam*, traveler! Welcome! I am a *parijanah*, a guide. May I be of assistance? *Haa...* it is you. The Marquis has quit Bhujerba, and now prepares his Resistance in the marches. You are aware this knowledge is most privileged. Please, be discreet.

Bhujerban (woman in white leaning against wall by Rithil's): The Marquis Ondore has taken his leave of the city. I hear he has been taken ill. Without the Marquis here who shall protect Bhujerba?

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: Have you heard of the instability in the Empire? It is little surprise. Long have the Imperial House and the Senate been at odds.

City *Parijanah*: *Haa*, the young Captain Ronsenburg! You are to join Marquis Ondore's Resistance? You will be pleased to know that there are many youths here in Bhujerba who sympathize most greatly with our cause.

Bhujerban (woman in white sitting on crate next to Targe's): The dead Captain Ronsen-boori-boori walks

again, and his Excellency the Marquis has fallen ill. Bhujerba has gone mad, along with all Ivalice.

City *Parijanah*: So... Rozarria has awoken her armies. She must have been preparing all along, while Archadia's eyes were pointed elsewhere.

Bhujerban (woman leaning against wall in front of magickery): That magickery, it was quite popular upon its opening. I wonder how it fares these days? Competition in Bhujerba is quite fierce, you see.

Bhujerban (tan bangaa walking around in front of magickery): Ye know that Imperial fleet that was anchored here in Bhujerba? Turns out that's just a fraction of the Imperial armada! Glad we're not at war...

Bhujerban (man in green and brown shorts leaning against wall): Bhujerba is free today thanks to the Marquis's keen sense of politics. Should something happen to him... I would fear for Bhujerba's future.

City *Parijanah*: *Haa*, it is you. At last, the Resistance has begun to move in earnest. All depends on our resolve and our secrecy now. Please be discreet.

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: The *parijanah* guides work for the Office of the Marquis... Have you noticed their numbers are thinning of late? This does not surprise me. It is a difficult and most thankless job.

City *Parijanah*: I am glad to see you are... behaving yourself. His Excellency the Marquis may not be in the city, but our eyes are ever shining and watchful.

Street Kid: *Tatah* works in the mines, but he has not gone to work in a very long time. He says they are not sending so many stones to the Empire any more.

City *Parijanah*: *Svagatam*, traveler. I must not speak too loudly of these things, but allow me to assure you that our organization is in perfect order.

Rithil's Protectives

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: Long have I guarded this shop, yet nothing of note has ever happened here. It is like every day is a holiday. Why, then, must I spend my holiday here?

City *Parijanah*: *Svagatam*, traveler! This is a shop of armors! *Kah?* No, no, I do not *dislike* this shop. Yet... I wish there were more important work for me, yes?

Rithil: *Svagatam*... welcome... Protectives... protectives... Why does Targe get all the business? Am I doing something wrong?

Bhujerban: Me? Rithil's got me standing in here to improve his image. Make things look busy, you see. A lost cause, if you ask me. Maybe I should switch shops.

Targe's Arms

City *Parijanah*: *Svagatam*, trav – Ah, it is you. *Kah*? Our leader? He is no longer in Bhujerba. He strategizes now elsewhere, you see.

Lhusu Miner (man in turban and blue shorts): I came all the way from Nalbina to make some gil working the mines, but with all the monsters running amok in there... (*sigh*)

Lhusu Miner (man standing in line at counter): ...To tell the truth, I am not a customer, *bhadra*. Targe gives me money so that I might stand here every day, encouraging people to buy, you see.

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: Every day, more *raksas* fill the mines. This store benefits from the constant patronage of the miners, yet when no mining may be had...

Bhujerban (woman on upper level): Have you heard that the Marquis has fallen ill? Should he leave us, so shall peace, *bhadra*. We must prepare for the worst.

Khus Skygrounds

City *Parijanah*: *Svagatam*, traveler... or should I say “Captain”? The Empire reels with the loss of the 8th Fleet! Some would name Vayne culpable...

Street Kid (with his mother, crying): *Amba*, she is always angry at me! I prefer the Imperial soldiers, yes? They are kind.

Bhujerban (blue seeq walking around): I haven't seen the Marquis on some time. He used to take walks in the Skygrounds... Hope he's not fallen ill, eh? (*snort*)

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: His Excellency, gone missing? This is foolishness! He is only on leave to recover from illness. Please, refrain from repeating every rumor you hear!

Bhujerban (woman in pink top and headscarf leaning on ledge): Please, *bhadra*, find someone else to talk to. I wait for my boyfriend... and what business is it of yours who I choose to spend my time with?

Street Kid (in blue, on ledge): Do you know the game of Judges? One is the Judge, and they must run to catch the others! If you are caught, you become a Judge and must chase too!

Mait's Magicks

City *Parijanah*: *Svagatam*, traveler. Welcome to this magickery. *Haa*... You are the Captain Ronsenburg of whom I have heard, no? I admire your bravery, *bhadra*... Though I find your sense of propriety and restraint... somewhat lacking.

Shop Clerk (woman in pink, red, and blue): Welcome, traveler, to Mait's. Our customers are serious about

their magicks. How could we be any less dedicated than they? We could not, no.

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: Of late, I have been studying magicks, you see. *Haa*, now I can speak of a mutual interest with the lovely staff here, *bhadra*. Not bad, eh?

Shop Clerk (woman on upper level): The supply of magicite in Bhujerba has run dry with the halting of mining in Lhusu. We even thought to import Stones from the mines in Kerwon, for a time. To think, Bhujerbans buying magicite from an Imperial colony! *Kastam...*

Bhujerban Guru: Relations between the Marquis Ondore and the Empire worsen daily. The question is, how will the Marquis move? Whichever way it is, I would think making the first move to be the wisest choice of all.

Cloudborne Row

Cloudborne Kid: My sister works at the Cloudborne, though she is no bar-wench, but the taverner. Very busy, very strict. Best not to trouble her, no. Especially now that her man, Havharo, is so busy. Yes, no time for my sister, none at all. We shall see how much time she has for him later, yes?

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: So many travelers, so many draughts of win. Those from Archades fall into their cups the swiftest, I find. *Haa...* the burdens of Empire...

Archadian Wayfarer: How many cups have I drunk? Sweet Bhujerban Madhu, I am yours! Once I thought the world revolved around Archades, but now I know... It spins around ME! (*hic*)

Cloudborne Patron (light blue seeq): I'm tryin' to get me friend here to join me for a drink. We're one step away from goin' in... it's just that this step seems to be takin' a while.

Bhujerban Guru: I have not seen Havharo for many days now. Does he no longer come to the Cloudborne? I worry for Melisa. She did seem quite fond of him.

Lhusu Miner: The Lhusu Mines have been quiet for a time. I hear much talk of *raksas* running wild, and broken machinery. No talk of the *truth*.

Cloudborne Resident (tan bangaa in green vest): Even were there a resistance welling in Bhujerba, who would be fool enough to speak of it? Anyone could be a spy for the Empire... even you!

Archadian Wayfarer: I came here to see the Lhusu Mines, yet the locals here speak of some monstrosities running amok... I had so wanted to see natural magicite! (*sigh*)

City *Parijanah*: The Marquis prepares the Resistance out in the marches. I ask that you do nothing to interfere with our plans. Are we understood, *bhadra*?

Cloudborne Resident (woman talking with bangaa and seeq): Marquis Ondore has left his post due to illness... I pray for his Excellency's swift recovery. He is the only one who might stand against the

Empire!

Cloudborne Resident (man sitting on crate talking to moogle): My merchant friend tells me arms and munitions sell quite well these days, yet it is not the Empire which buys them. Does another army form?

Cloudborne Resident (light blue seeq): You take care in the Cloudborne. The folks in there, they'd do anything to keep their little organization a secret. *Anything*.

The Cloudborne

City *Parijanah* (talking to woman at table): Though I should not say this too loudly, the day I leave to join the Resistance fleet is nigh. I would have an answer of my love before then!

Shop Clerk (moogle with green pom-pom): We get customers from all over Ivalice in here, kupo! Oh, the Bhujerban Madhu is a pow'rful draw! And... our customers get pow'rful drunk.

Cloudborne Patron (woman sitting at table with two others): The Marquis is gone from Bhujerba, have you heard? They say he is on the mend from some illness, but I believe there is more to it.

Cloudborne Patron (moogle with yellow pom-pom): Think it strange to see a moogle drinking? Well, I'll have you know that the spirits where I come from are ten times as strong as Bhujerban Madhu! Show me a moogle in his cups from drinking this hume-brew and I'll show you a lightweight! I mean... a lighter weight, kupo!

City *Parijanah* (talking to red bangaa): Here I sit, pretending to drink off duty, while, in reality, I pass notes to others in the Resistance, you see. The drunken bangaa is my comrade. He, too, merely *acts* as though he were in his cups. I think.

Melisa: *Haa*. Hello again. Havharo? He's not here. Why, I'd say he's off in the sky with the Marquis by now...

City *Parijanah* (with blue jacket): Even the poorest man may earn a title for himself in the Imperial army, if he is able. So are the soldiers enthusiastic, and the officers skilled.

Cloudborne Patron (leaning on bar, talking to woman): The *Leviathan* and her fleet destroyed? I cannot believe this, *bhadra*. Yet, even were it true, the Empire has many more fleets. I have heard their 1st Fleet, in particular, cannot be defeated!

Timorous Bangaa: Hrrm? Oh, it's you. Sounds like you've been puttin' it to the Empire, eh? Sorry if I came across a little gruff before.

Miners' End

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: The Lhusu Mines? Closed, as always, *bhadra*. The Marquis has fallen ill and left

Bhujerba, and without his government, we sit idle.

Miners' Ender (woman in pink leaning against arch by Bashketi's): I keep track of the magicite trade, you see. My sources, they tell me the Empire has turned to the Henne mines, now that Lhusu has run dry.

Miners' Ender (moogler in gold with orange pom-pom): T-too many hills, kupo! I once thought of moving to Archades, but there they have Judges! Wait... I've seen Judges here, too. And hills!

Lhusu *Parivir*: Mmmrrgh? Ehh, the Lhusu Mines are sep'rated into sites... Nah, you need keys to get into each. They keep 'em all at the Staras residence, see. The master there's the Lady Niray. Eh? Aye, she has a husband... eh, I'll explain later. The Staras residence's at the south end of Cloudborne Row.

Lhusu Miner (black bangaa yelling at moogler): My patience is spent, Moogler! Down! *Adhuna!* You are coming – “Kupo”!? I'll give *you* kupo!

City *Parijanah*: I hear word of a great Rozarrian fleet gathering, *bhadra*. Please, you should speak of this to no one. I am not even sure why I have told you.

Miners' Ender (woman in pink, blue and green walking around): Have you heard, *bhadra*? The Marquis has fallen ill! I do not know which *pundit* will take his place. I hope he is firm with the Empire.

Miners' Ender (guy sitting on ledge next to his girlfriend): Have you noticed less *pariyanah* guides upon the streets? No? Perhaps it is just me.

Miners' Ender (woman in pink, blue and yellow speaking with group): Bhujerba remains independent only because its neutrality affords the Empire certain... conveniences, yes? Should it become less convenient... *Kastam...*

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: The Lhusu Mines are closed on account of *raksas*, er, creatures. It is at times like these when I am glad to let the clans help.

Lhusu Square

Lhusu *Parivir*: The paling erected within the mines to keep *raksas* at bay has fallen, and so mining has stopped. Why do they not fix it, I wonder? *Haa...*

Street Vendor: *Raksas* are running wild in the mines, and all work has come to a stop. How am I to sell without any customers? Ah, are you looking for something? [*shop menu*]

Bashketi's Gambits

City *Parijanah*: Yes, traveler, this is Bashketi's Gambits. Our organization, too, uses gambits. We must fight as one if we are to defeat the mighty Empire!

Shop Clerk (seeq on upper level): This young lady's being followed by a most persistent man, she tells me. (*snort*) Were she to use a gambit, she'd be rid of him in no time!

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: The flow of magicite to the Empire has dropped, on account of *raksas* in the mines, they say. But I suspect there is more to it... No, *bhadra*, on second thought, there is nothing.

Kaff Terrace

Bhujerban (man in green and brown pacing center area): My love, she comes by airship, yet no word of her arrival has reached me... *Hanta*... What could be the matter?

Bhujerban (moogle with yellow pom-pom sitting on wall): Have you any worries, kupo? Then, join me! Gaze out at the sky, kupo! Take a deep breath, that's right... see? No more worries!

Bhujerban (woman in pink, red, and blue): I have dropped a ring near to here, you see. *Haa*... By now, it is surely washing up on the Phon Coast... *Kah*? Did you not know? It is said that objects dropped from Bhujerba are carried by the currents to wash up on the shores of Phon!

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: Every once in a while, people do fall from here... usually travelers, spreading their wings, causing a *disturbance*. Bhujerbans know better.

Bhujerban (woman in pink, green, and tan at edge): Perhaps you have heard that most of Bhujerba's food comes from other lands. If relations with the outside were to sour, we would all starve.

Bhujerban (light blue seeq): Ye've heard the rumor that one o' them Imperial ships went down in the Jagd Yensa? Bah! Skyswill! It couldn't fly there in the *first place*!

Bhujerban (man in turban and green and brown shorts): The great edifice you see ahead is the residence of his Excellency the Marquis... whom I have not seen lately. He is a busy man, yes.

Clio's Technicks

City *Parijanah*: *Svagatam*, traveler. Lucky for you, the organization deemed you useful. After you spread that rumor... things could have gotten ugly.

Bhujerban *Sainikah*: *Svagatam*, traveler. I have seen many airships from many lands in my day, but none compare to ours. It's the moogles' skill with machines, you see.

Archadian Wayfarer: My brother works in a laboratory in Archades. He was with the 8th Fleet, but we've lost contact. I hope nothing untoward has befallen him!

Shop Clerk (moogle with green pom-pom pacing in front of counter): Oh, if there's anything you need, anything at all, don't hesitate to ask, kupo! Having a pleasant trip? We'll help you make it pleasanter!

Giza Plains

[In various areas of the Plains during the Rains is a withered tree that can be struck down to form a bridge.]

Withered Tree: The tree is dry and brittle.

- Strike the tree.

[The tree will be cut down and fall into the water. One of the following system messages will appear depending on where you are.]

- Do nothing.

Throne Road: The tree drifts slowly to the south.

Nomad Village: The tree drifts slowly to the southeast.

Toam Hills: The tree drifts slowly to the southeast.

Starfall Field: The tree drifts slowly to the east.

Giza's North Bank: The tree drifts slowly to the south.

Crystal Glade: The tree drifts slowly to the east.

Tree Stump: The tree that stood here has drifted off to the [direction].

Nomad Village

Quiet Man/Sadeen: South of... Starfall Field... There. The plain...

Tiny Wayfarer: Well this is perfect. I forgot everyone leaves the village during the Rains. I'm a blundering fool, kupo! What's that? A sad-lookin' man, kupo? Haven't seen anyone matchin' that description 'round here, kupo.

Weary Seeq: Phew! Just came from Ozmone Plain. I'm dead tired. Not all *that* far, no... Just keep makin' your way south through Giza. Head out the village here and you're on your way. (*snort*) There's a garif village out on the west end of the plain. Mind yourself if you head out that way, though. The creatures there are murder.

Ozmone Plain

Sunlit Path

Game Hunter: Ah, travelers, are you? We were traveling, too, till the fell creatures of Ozmone Plain got the better of my partner here. We're exhausted. Where are you headed, by the way? Eh? Jahara? Then you're headed the wrong way. Jahara is back the way you came.

Jahara

Banks of the Sogoht

The War-chief

[When you speak to one of the warriors guarding the bridge...]

Garif Warrior: Who are you? This is garif land. No place for hume-children to play at games.

[Another garif appears from behind you.]

???: They are wayfarers. They bring no harm. I saw them cross the Ozmone Plain. They are warriors of great distinction. The fiends of the plains troubled them not at all.

Garif Warrior: You ventured upon the plains alone, War-chief? Again?

Garif War-chief: *[to Vaan]* ...What business have you with the garif? *[Vaan appears to say something.]* Let them pass. The responsibility will be mine.

Garif Warrior: If this is your wish, War-chief.

Garif Warrior: Then, you may pass. These days see many humes wandering through our lands.

[The garif who let you in is waiting for you across the bridge.]

War-chief Supinelu: Ah, I have not made introductions. I am Supinelu, War-chief of this village. We garif have been friends to all since long ago, however, lately the hume world is in much turmoil. We must protect our village, and our people. As War-chief, and protector of our village, I ask you: Why have you come to this land?

War-chief Supinelu: Hmm... I see. So you too have come to ask about the nethicite. You must speak with the elders. Though our masks may make it difficult for you to tell us apart, walk through the village and look with your eyes, listen with your ears.

Lull of the Land

Garif Warrior (on riverbank by two sparring partners): What is this? Another hume visitor to our land? This is most unusual. Have you, too, come to speak with our elder chieftains?

Garif Warrior/Warrior Guromu: Ah, you are the hume the War-chief has spoken of. You have crossed the plains to learn of the Stones, yes? I believe the elders can tell you much.

Garif Warrior (chatting with another garif behind Guromu): You seem a great warrior, but it is best you avoid Zertinan Caverns. There are many fell creatures there, and of late, worse... A fiend with strange powers has been seen. Perhaps this is why the other creatures there have grown yet more violent?

Garif Elder/Old War-chief Kadalū: Ah, you are the humes our War-chief saw on the plains. Welcome to our village, protected by the clear flow of the Sogoht. I am Supinelu's brother, Kadalū. I worry... for Supinelu often goes to the plains alone. Why, when the others surely wish to train with him? He is stubborn this way. Your pardon. I spoke of a personal matter. Please forget it. You have business with the elders, yes? On you go.

Garif Elder (talking to Kadalū): What is it, hume-child? Have you something to ask of this wizened man? Ah, you wish to know of the nethicite? It is a word I hear quite often of late, though I know not why. Nor do I know anything of this Stone. So too did I tell the hume-child who asked me before. I'm sorry. Ask another of the elders. Perhaps they will know.

Garif Herder (by the nanna pen): The green creatures you see in my enclosure are nannas, the best livestock in all Ivalice. No part of the nanna goes to waste. Meat, hide, and bones, all have their uses. They are strong against drought, and cold, and - oh yes - easily herded.

Garif Elder (by the nanna pen): You have the look of one who wishes to know something. If it is something that I know, good. Ah, the nethicite... You are not the only one who has asked me about this. It saddens me to admit that I know nothing of this Stone. Magicite contains within it a great power, thus have we worshipped the Stones from the beginning of time. Yet I had never heard of this nethicite... Perhaps the High-chief knows something of this? If you have not spoken with him yet, go. He will be with Geomancer Yugelu.

Garif Elder (x2): You may ask me three more times, or a hundred, and each time I will tell you, "I do not know." ...Perhaps the High-chief knows something of this? If you have not spoken with him yet, go. He will be with Geomancer Yugelu.

Garif Herder (standing in front of shack): Greetings. You are a traveler, yes? Our village is not like a hume village, but you are welcome to find what comfort here as you may.

Garif Trader: Do you need anything? Please, take your time, for the world has much of it for the taking. *[shop menu]* Have you heard of the monographs? Merely bearing one of these on your person aids in the retrieval of objects from the foes you defeat. There are different monographs for different persuasions of

adventurer. As a merchant, I would love one, if only I knew where it might be found.

Garif Warrior/Warrior Hsemu: Beyond here lies the hill where sits the Great-chief. Those from the outside are not welcome here.

War-chief Supinelu: Have you learned of the Stones? Perhaps if you asked the elders, they might have wisdom for you.

Garif Herder (talking to another garif near the bridge to Elderknoll): There is a wood to the southeast of here, where the Mist is uncommonly thick. Even its flowers are perilous to Man. If you would pass through that wood, be wary of places where the Mist runs thickest.

Garif Herder (talking to another garif near the bridge to Elderknoll): Many people come to our village of late... Perhaps the road to Giza is open? Once again we can bring medicinal herbs and the fine cheese of the nanna to the people of Giza. When the Rains have lifted, I will do this.

Geomancer Yugelu: Many hume-children come to our village of late. You, too, have come to learn of this nethicite? We Garif protect the old ways, the old knowledge. Perhaps one of us knows of this Stone. My knowledge, however, is little. I know that nethicite makes the power of magick as nothing, but this is all. But you already knew this, did you not?

High-chief Zayalu: Oh? What is this? More humes come to visit us? A little bigger this time, but no matter. You need not tell me anything. I know you have come to our village to learn of the Stones, the nethicite. We garif have knowledge of this, passed down from father to son, mother to daughter. Some of it remains, some has been lost in history's sands... I... know nothing of the Stones. You must speak to the Great-chief. He alone holds the deep knowledge of these things. He alone remembers all the tellings. Cross the bridge to the north, and there you will find him. There are watchers at the bridge, so I think it best to speak with War-chief Supinelu.

[Zayalu looks to the garif next to him. They nod to each other. He turns back to Vaan.]

...May I ask of you a favor? Give this to War-chief Supinelu, from me.

*[You obtain a **jaya stick!**]*

There is no rush. When you next happen to meet him, you may give it to him then. May you find all the answers you seek.

High-chief Zayalu (x2): Our Great-chief, he will know of the nethicite. If he tells you he does not know, then you must abandon your search, for no one knows. Ah, also, I must ask you to give the jaya stick to our War-chief. Now, I hope you will find the knowledge you seek.

Geomancer Yugelu: Sitting here on the earth, one comes to see many things: the great flow of the world, even the flow of Man's thought...

Garif Elder (speaking to Kadal, if you haven't already spoken to him): You ask about nethicite, yet I know nothing of this Stone, so can I teach you nothing. You would do well to speak to the Great-chief. Go north from here, and you will reach a bridge. The Great-chief may be found beyond.

Garif Elder (x2): You must ask the Great-chief about this nethicite. He sits beyond the bridge to the north. He will have something to teach you, I am sure.

Garif Elder (by the nanna pen) (if you did not speak to him before Zayalu): Hmmm, nethicite... Perhaps the Great-chief knows something. He is across the bridge to the north. You would do best to speak to the War-chief before attempting to cross. The warriors guarding the bridge are his.

Garif Elder (x2): You may ask me three more times, or a hundred, and each time I will tell you, "I do not know." ...Perhaps the Great-chief knows something of this? He is wise in the knowledge of our people. You would do well to speak with him.

War-chief Supinelu: That which you carry, is it a **jaya stick**?

>Give him the **jaya stick**.

The High-chief has given this... to me? I shall receive it. I thank you for bringing it to me. Now, did you learn what you wished? No, do not tell me. It is written clear upon your face. So, even the High-chief could not help. Then, you must meet with the Great-chief.

- I would meet this Great-chief.

Yes, it is true. The Great-chief may know something that would aid you. Yet, arranging an audience may be quite difficult... [*Next scene in blue, Without Proof, begins*]

- I'll come back another time.

[*end conversation*]

- Do nothing.

[*end conversation*]

War-chief Supinelu (x2) (after saying you'll meet the Great-chief another time): So you have learned nothing of the Stones? To think that even the High-chief did not know... Then, you must meet with the Great-chief.

- I would meet this Great-chief.

Yes, it is true. The Great-chief may know something that would aid you. Yet, arranging an audience may be quite difficult... *[Next scene in blue , Without Proof, begins]*

- I'll come back another time.

[end conversation]

Without Proof

Ashe: I must learn more about the nethicite. I cannot turn back now. Please, tell your Great-chief that I am of the royal line of Dalmasca, a direct descendant of Dynast-King Raithwall. If the garif have passed down knowledge of the Stones, they must know of the nethicite that the Dynast-King once held.

War-chief Supinelu: Do you have *proof* of your heritage?

Ashe: I... I do not.

War-chief Supinelu: Hrm... I have looked into your eyes and seen that you speak the truth, hume-child. I give you my trust. The Great-chief is ahead, across this bridge.

War-chief Supinelu: The Great-chief is across this bridge, at the meeting place. Walk softly, friend. Ah? You wonder about the stick? If you wish to know more, ask the High-chief. Do not ask me about this matter.

Warrior Hsemu: If the War-chief has given you his trust, so shall I. Go, meet with the Great-chief.

High-chief Zayalu: The stick you gave to our War-chief, it is a ward against demons, known to our people. I fear he will have need of it soon...

Geomancer Yugelu: All of us, all people have a role. What a sad thing it is that this role is not always what we desire in our life. In this village, too, there is one who rages against the role given him by the heavens... in vain. None may change their fate.

Garif Elder (by the Nanna pen) (if you haven't already spoken to him): Perhaps the Great-chief would know of this nethicite? He is wise in the knowledge of our people.

Garif Elder (talking to Kadalul) (if you haven't already spoken to him): Have you met with the Great-chief? He can be found across the bridge to the north.

The Elderknoll

Garif Elder (sitting on ground talking to Sugumu and another garif): There is a rich magicite vein near this village, did you know? It is an important and very holy place to us. Yet, in recent years, humes have spoiled the land. They use machines to mine more and more of the Stones. They steal power from the earth at their own peril, for the earth will surely take it back.

Garif Elder/Low-chief Sugumu: Ah... a hume-child. It is unusual for your kind to visit us here on our knoll. Have you come to speak with the Great-chief? He is in the meeting place before the bridge. You will know it by the guards standing at the entrance.

Garif Elder (talking to another garif): Oh? A hume-child? This is most unusual. You seem quite burly for one so young. We are old here, and you may find our village lacks the excitement you crave, but sometimes it is better to move slowly.

Garif Youth: Ah, a hume-child. I am surprised to see you here. This hill is called the elderknoll. Here does the Great-chief hold counsel with the other elders. We garif welcome outsiders to our village, but few are they who are allowed here. You must be on important business indeed.

Garif Warrior: The Great-chief is ahead. Will you meet with him?

- Meet with the Great-chief.

[move on to next scene in green]

- Turn back.

[end conversation]

The Great-chief

[The Great-chief sits at the head of a bonfire, wearing an elaborate horned mask, with a long, braided white beard. By his fire, Ashe and the others wait patiently as he examines the stone.]

Great-chief: This nethicite - you have used it.

Ashe: It was not I who used it. Indeed I had hoped you could show me how. Thus I've come.

Great-chief: You do not know the workings of the Stone. Then we are no different.

Ashe: What?

[The Great-chief tells her a tale; as he talks, we see images of garif around the fire, and finally King Raithwall with nethicite in hand, before the camera pans back to Ashe.]

Great-chief: In ages past, the gods made a gift of nethicite to my people. But the manner of its use eluded us. Displeased by our failure, the gods took back their Stones. They chose instead to give them to a hume king. Called the Dynast-King, he used the nethicite's power to bring peace to a troubled time. It is a curious thing. Though the blood of King Raithwall flow through your veins, you cannot wield nethicite.

Ashe: Cannot wield it? So then, am I to understand you can't tell me how to use the Stone?

Great-chief: Though it shame me so to admit. Here before me stands a descendant of the Dynast-King himself... and I can accord her no help at all. Still, even if you knew how to use the nethicite, you would find it of small avail. The Mist collected in the Stone over ages past is lost, and with it the Stone's power. It will be your posterity who wield the Stone in ages yet to come.

[Ashe sighs frustratedly.]

Great-chief: This Stone is devoid of power. Empty, yet full of thirst. A terrible longing to drink the world dry. The power of men, and of magick. Of good, and of evil. It is often those who desire nethicite whom the nethicite itself desires.

[Just then, a familiar face appears at the meeting place.]

Penelo: Larsa?

Larsa's Proposal

[Now nighttime, the scene changes to Ashe standing by the fire. She thinks back to the conversation she had with Larsa, shortly after meeting up in the garif camp.]

Ashe: To Bur-Omisace?

Larsa: I say we ought leave tomorrow. I was going to wait for my escort, but meeting you presents a great opportunity. This terrible war can be stopped, but I will need your help to do so.

Ashe: A war?

Larsa: You know the Marquis Ondore leads a group of insurgents - your pardon, he leads a large resistance force against the Empire. Lady Ashe, neither of our countries can afford this now. The Rozarrian Empire would stir. They would aid the Resistance and use this aid as a pretext to declare war on Archadia... and Archadia would have no choice but to answer. Lady Ashe, let us go to Bur-Omisace. With the blessing of his His Grace the Gran Kiltias Anastasis... you may rightly wear your crown, and declare the restoration of the Kingdom of Dalmasca. As queen, you can call for peace between the Empire and Dalmasca... and stop Marquis Ondore.

Ashe: For peace? How dare you say that! The Empire attacked us, stole all we hold dear... and you would have me save them from war?

Larsa: Dalmasca would be the battlefield! What if nethicite were used on Rabanastre? You know my brother would do this!

[As Larsa continues to speak, we see Ashe, later that night again, walking away from the Great-chief's fire with the useless Dawn Shard in her hand.]

Larsa: Forgive me. I presumed overmuch. I could think of no other way to avoid bloodshed. If you cannot trust me, then please, take me as your hostage.

[Ashe sees the ghost of Rasler again, this time standing on the bridge before her, looking out over the Sogoht.]

Ashe: Rasler.

[She starts to run for him. Suddenly, it's not Rasler on the bridge, but Vaan. He turns to her as she approaches.]

Vaan: You saw him, didn't you. Like at the King's tomb.

Ashe: So you *did* see him, too. But why?

Vaan: It's strange. Before, I didn't even know what you looked like. And the Prince - I barely knew there was a prince. Who knows? Maybe the person I saw was my brother.

Ashe: Basch told me about him.

Vaan: He enlisted, right at the end. But for what? He knew we couldn't win.

Ashe: To protect something.

Vaan: How can he protect anything when he's dead? Was it different for Prince Rasler? Did that make sense?

[There's a long pause. Ashe looks down.]

Vaan: Hating the Empire, getting revenge. It's all I ever thought about. But I never did anything about it. I mean, I realized there was nothing I could do. It made me feel hollow, alone. And then I'd miss my brother. I'd say stuff like, "I'm gonna be a sky pirate"... or some other stupid thing. Just anything to keep my mind off it. I was just - I was running away. I needed to get away from his death. That's why I followed you. Know what? I'm through with it. I'm through running. I'm ready to find my purpose. To find some real answers - some reasons. If I stick with you, I think I will.

Ashe: I wish I knew.

Vaan: I'll find 'em.

To Bur-Omisace

[The scene fades out, and then in on Ashe, Larsa, Penelo, and Vaan standing on the bridge near the exit to Ozmone Plain the next day.]

Ashe: I will accompany you to Mt. Bur-Omisace.

Larsa: I had hoped you'd say yes. I am glad.

Ashe: My heart is not set. I still have questions. I hope to find answers along the way.

Larsa: I had other reason to invite you. There is someone I'd like you to meet waiting on Bur-Omisace.

Ashe: Who is that?

Larsa: An enemy, and an ally also. You will just have to wait and see for yourself.

[Larsa turns and walks away.]

Vaan: That Larsa likes his secrets.

Ashe: He does not mean ill by it.

Vaan: He's not bad. At least for an Imperial.

[In the background, Balthier, Fran, and Basch have a chat.]

Basch: Holy Mt. Bur-Omisace stands at the northern edge of the Jagd Ramooda. Once we're in jagd, we need not fear pursuit by their airships.

Balthier: Don't get your hopes up. You remember the *Leviathan* sailed straight over the Jagd Yensa, right up to Raithwall's tomb. Skystone that works even in jagd. You know nethicite's behind it. Little wonder they're so keen on the stuff.

Basch: And what is it you're after, Balthier? You're a welcome hand, and a great aid, but why?

Balthier: Worried I'm out to steal the nethicite, eh? Can't say I'm unaccustomed to people doubting my intentions. Nothing could be further from my mind. Shall I swear by your sword or some such?

Basch: Apologies. But I needed to know where you stand. Her Majesty depends on you. And you seem to have an interest in the Stone.

Balthier: I'm only here to see how the story unfolds. Any self-respecting leading man would do the same.

[Larsa joins the party as a guest!]

Parting Gift

War-chief Supinelu: So, you will leave.

[Vaan nods.]

War-chief Supinelu: Take this as a token of our parting.

[You obtain a Bowgun!]

You obtain a quiver of Onion Bolts!]

War-chief Supinelu: If you would ride a chocobo, you may. I have spoken with the moogles. She will not charge you for your first use of the chocobos. Take care on the road ahead. Should it lead back to our land, you are welcome guests. Spirits of the land watch over you.

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