Chapter 4: The Skycity of Bhujerba

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Lowtown

- North Sprawl
- Old Dalan's Place

Rabanastre

- Westgate
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Rabanastre

Eastgate

Fugitives

Basch: I thank you.

Balthier: I'd avoid crowds, if I were you. In this town you're still a traitor you know.

Basch: The Resistance will surely find me soon. Fates will we meet again. I would pay my respects to your brother.

[Basch leaves them. Balthier turns to Vaan.]

Balthier: You're a fugitive now, too. Stay low for a while.

Vaan: What about the stone?

Balthier: Do as you like. That stone's ill-favored.

Fran: We feel regret. We sought that stone and found ourselves only worry.

Balthier: You offering it?

Vaan: It's mine!

Balthier: Then why do you ask? Our regards to your girl.

Fran: We stay in Rabanastre a while.

[Fran and Balthier leave, and Vaan begins musing to himself (and to Reks?)]

Vaan: What do you think? Can I trust Basch? *[long pause…]* **I gotta get rid of this thing.** *[pause again]* **But maybe I should show it to Penelo first. So she knows I got something. She'd be at Migelo's place this time of day.**

*[**Balthier** and **Fran** leave the party.]*

Rabanastran (woman next to chocobo pen): Quite the spectacle at the palace last night. I thought the Rozarrians had decided to invade! Imagine, all that to catch some thieves.

Rabanastran (woman in white speaking to children): The Moogling is finally running again, and let me tell you: there's no better way to move about the city! I use it all the time.

Hapless Merchant: A good chum got sent to Nalbina just after Dalmasca lost the war – false charges, I guarantee. No matter. Doubt I'll see him again. I've never been in Nalbina myself, but they say that death

is the only escape. My gut tells me that's more than just idle talk, too.

Moogling Attendant (during this period in the game, there is a Moogling Attendant to explain the Moogling to you at every Moogling post): The **Moogling** is once again open for business, kupo! We'll happily teleport you to any of several select locations throughout Rabanastre. And I've saved the best part for last: it's free, kupo!

Just look for one of our signposts and speak with the friendly moogling moogle who's sure to be close at hand, kupo!

Hurdy: Welcome to the Moogling, kupo. This is your first time using the Moogling? Nothing to it! The Moogling lets you teleport to several select locations across Rabanastre. We had to close for the parade earlier, but we're up and running again, kupo! The service is free of charge. Why not give it a try? There's no time like the present, kupo!

Southgate

Horne (and all other Moogling attendants, after you've used the Moogling the first time, will say this same thing, unless one of them is involved in an active quest): Welcome to the Moogling, kupo.
[Moogling menu]

Adventurer: Sure, the Moogling is handy, but without some old-fashioned walkin', I'll never lose weight. Hard to say no to a free ride, though…

Westgate

Reluctant Adventurer: It's desert far as the eye can see out west of Rabanastre. Never been farther than the Westersand, myself. A vicious tribe are rumored to live in the wastes beyond.

Rabanastran (woman speaking with group): I'm so glad all those people from Archadia have finally gone. The aerodrome has reopened, and things are settling back to normal. Only a handful of routes open, though. A sign of the times. Few are willing to risk travel with the world as it is.

Aerodrome

Bhujerban (man standing at counters at front): You have come to book passage on an airship, friend? You can pay your fare at any of the counters you see here. Each counter serves a different destination, so it is as simple as finding the counter of the city you would like to visit, you see. If a given counter is empty, that route is not currently in service, be it due to maintenance or what have you, and you will need to wait.

Flights to Nalbina: Good day, sir. This counter serves travelers wishing to book passage to **Nalbina**. We have ships fitted with shops and amenities, or if you prefer to sleep during your journey, ships with only private cabins. Whichever you choose, the price is the same. We will show you aboard as soon as you've purchased your ticket. Passage is 200 Gil. How would you like to travel?

- By leisure craft.

- By private cabin.
- I've changed my mind.

  Do come again.

Rabanastran (woman in white pacing): You can book two kinds of passage on the airships. The first lets you take your time shopping and conversing during your journey. The second lets you sleep the whole way, which can be nice when you don't want to deal with any distractions.

Traveler (kid talking to his parents)/Son: We have our own airship… I don't see why we have to travel on a public ship. It's so slow and crowded…

> Mother: What's this? We've booked the finest quarters on the ship! Besides, I enjoy the thrill of traveling with the smallfolk. Someday you'll understand.
>
> Father: That's right, Mother. Father wouldn't change that about you for the world.

Rabanastran (one of a couple embracing by the window): I know you need to go… just hold me a little longer… I've never felt more sad, more lonely… but Nalbina's so far away… I know you're going there to work, and I don't care… we could be happy here, just being together…

Bhujerban (man near Docent's desk): You wish to ride the airships in safety and comfort, do you not? The docent here can be most helpful in that regard.

Docent: Welcome to the aerodrome, sir. The East Ivalice Company proudly offers passage aboard leisure craft on which you might shop and enjoy your flight. For those eager to reach their destination, we also have ships with private cabins in which you can sleep or rest until your arrival. You may book passage from the counters you'll find throughout the aerodrome. Each counter serves a different destination.

Merchant: I'm headed to Bhujerba to lay in some new goods, but I plan to see the sights while I'm there. They have guides at every corner and byroad.

Rabanastran (man in blue, green, and red pacing): You see that group of people by the window? They're from Archadia. I wonder what they think of Rabanastre.

Traveler (woman with the Archadian group at window): This is the last time I travel on a whim. I've never been anywhere more boring in my life. I can't wait to go home and relax *properly*.

Southern Plaza

Rabanastran (kid in blue near westgate): Hey, Vaan. Have you seen Penelo lately? Sure seems like somethin's botherin' her. Whaddaya think it might be?

Rabanastran (man in brown shorts near southgate): From Southgate, it's a straight run down to the nomad village on Giza Plains.

Rabanastran (kid in blue by southgate): I saw a real weird guy over in the East End. His beard and hair were all long and scruffy… Wonder what his story is?

Bright-eyed Boy: Someday I'm gonna be tough enough to go into the Estersand all by myself. Just you watch!

Rabanastran (man in brown shorts by eastgate): Capturing those insurgents so soon after his arrival… that new consul is a sharp man. If he can keep peace in the city, I'll be happy.

Rabanastran (kid in blue and green on south side of fountain): If people are lookin' to this new consul to make our city a better place, forget it! I have… other… expectations for our rich friend.

Rabanastran (black bangaa in red vest): May not be cheap, but takin' an airship out of the aerodrome's the easiest way to get from city to city. When they aren't in dry dock for repairs…

Cotze: The guards may be watchin' us, but *I'm* watchin' them. I don't trust 'em any further than I can throw 'em.

Lovestruck Man: Did you see? Have you heard? Have you… touched? You really *shouldn't* touch, you know. …Why, the viera, of course! Such style and grace… everything I've ever wanted in a woman! I wonder if she's attached…

Rabanastran (man with his son on north side of fountain): No one hates the Empire more than the people in Lowtown. I can't say that I blame them, but at the same time, the Empire's not all bad, either.

Rabanastran (kid with his father on north side of fountain): Well of course they captured the thieves that tried for the palace. They're thieves! They got what they deserved!

Imperial: That commotion with the thieves in the palace on the night of the Lord Consul's fete shook people up a fair bit. All's well now, though. The watch did for them, sure enough.

Rabanastran (kid squatting near wall in northeast corner): People seem to think pretty well of Vayne…. What I'd like to know is: why?

Rabanastran (tan bangaa speaking with woman): Hey, did you see that fellow who just passed this way? Had a beard, looked and *smelled* like he hadn't had a bath in years? There was an unsavory bunch followin' him… You think he's all right? Not that I'm about to stick my nose where it don't belong.

East End

Rabanastran (black bangaa talking with blue seeq outside Migelo's): My friend here says there are 6,387 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 *flag*stones, too. That would be another matter altogether.

Imperial: Order's come down to buy new armor, but there's no mention of just what to be buyin'. Mystic armor raises magick potency, heavy armor'll make you stronger, and of course light armor gets you

healthy as an aurochs… Which to choose?

Bucco: Hey, Vaan. Where've you been? Feel like it's been forever since I saw you last. Hmm, haven't seen Penelo today, now that you mention it. She wasn't in Migelo's, either.

Town Gossip: Just a while ago, a *viera* came through here. But that's not all… she was with a man. The sort of man a lady takes note of, if you follow. Hmm, a viera and a dashing young man. Could that have been this Balthier I've heard so much about? Have you *seen* the bounty on his head? I think he's over by the Sandsea… maybe I'll go take a look.

Rabanastran (man in green shorts near Panamis's): I was walking past the Sandsea when I noticed the Moogling was up and running again. I feel a fool for walking, heh.

Wistful Bangaa: The Consul's set out to "re –" educate the guards… Hah! He's as like to teach seeq to fly!

Rabanastran (tan bangaa in blindfold): The Imperials may rule Rabanastre, but that's no reason for the city itself to change. You've heard of Bhujerba, yes? She's ruled by a wise man who's managed to keep her independent to this very day. If only we'd been so lucky…

Rabanastran (woman in pink and green): I saw a beautiful viera and a dashing man walk past not long ago. And here I am alone… there's no justice in this world. Oh, they were headed toward the Sandsea.

Rabanastran (blue seeq): Migelo hasn't seemed hisself lately. Something's been worrying at him… but what?

Rabanastran (boy in brown near bridge): Hey, mister. You wanna hear about the sneak attack on the palace? 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.

  The night the new consul came, some insurgents waited until the Imperials were off guard 'cause of the fete, and snuck into the palace. So the Imperial army had to come and capture them! You could hear the commotion from here! 'Course, nobody knew what was goin' on then. When all was said and done, the palace was okay, and the Imperials seemed pretty happy that they'd caught the insurgents when they did. Well, at least it ended there. Just think if it had turned out to be the start of another war…

- No, thanks.

  Aww, and this was a real nail-biter of a story, too. There's just no pleasin' some people.

Lonely Boy: I heard they caught them insurgents what snuck into the palace down in Lowtown. Why'd they do something like that in the first place?

Rabanastran (man in green shorts on bridge): I saw a really shady bunch of bangaa during the parade. I

wonder if they weren't the insurgents that stole into the palace?

Rabanastran (blue seeq near bazaar entrance): I'm all for the Moogling, don't misunderstand me. But sometimes I wonder… what's in it for them?

Rabanastran (man in turban and brown shorts outside Yugri's): I've tried my hand at hunting to make a few spare gil. Between the loot and equipment you find, you can turn quite a profit!

Johm: I was, uh, practicing what you showed me, but I kinda slipped up and bumped into this viera… in a bad sorta way. She didn't get mad or anything, just kept walking like nothin' happened. The man she was with didn't seem too happy about it, though.

Migelo's Sundries

Keep It Down

Kytes: Vaan, is it really you? I heard you got took off to Nalbina!

Vaan: The Imperials'll need more than a dungeon to stop me.

Kytes: You broke out of a dungeon? Whoa!

Vaan: Hey, try and keep it down, wouldya? Penelo isn't around, is she? Out on a delivery, maybe?

Kytes: Nope, haven't seen her all day. Not like her to up and skip out on work like that. Migelo's not here either. He went running off somewhere a little while ago.

Vaan: So much for my big welcome. Guess everybody's busy.

Kytes: I got my hands full watching the shop… and Old Dalan had something for me to do, but I can't get away.

Vaan: Old Dalan, huh? Tell you what. I'll go see him for you.

Kytes: Really?

Vaan: Well, nothing better to do.

Rabanastran (orange seeq): Hrmph. Will we never be rid of these Imperials? They've been on their best behavior, but an Imperial is still an Imperial. The thought of living out my days under Imperial rule is… an unpleasant one.

Rabanastran (man speaking with bangaa): I haven't seen Migelo all day. I can usually count on finding him up to his elbows in something or other at the back of the store, but not this time.

Kytes: Thanks for going to see Old Dalan for me. I'm so busy here, I'd never have had time to make it down to Lowtown. I sure hope Migelo shows up soon…

Shop Clerk: That's quite a stone you've got there. If Migelo were here, I'm sure he'd want to take a look, but he hasn't been in today. Ah, but I don't suppose you came here for small talk, did you. *[shop menu]*

Rabanastran (woman in pink top and headscarf): Wouldn't you know it, the one day I have questions about something I'm looking to buy, Migelo isn't here. I'll just have to make do.

Rabanastran (woman in pink and tan pacing at side of shop): The war has really driven up prices. I think it's made me a bit of a pinchpenny, but let's call it "responsibly price-conscious," shall we?

Amal's Weaponry

Rabanastran (tan bangaa): There hasn't been any official proclamation yet, but apparently some insurgents staged an assault on the palace the night of the fete. You could hear the commotion all over the city. It quieted down soon enough, though. Maybe it was just part of the night's entertainment?

Sherral: These weapons inspections may not seem like much, but they're vital to restricting the supply of arms to insurgents and other undesirables. What would happen if powerful weapons should find their way to the insurgents? War, that's what. So must we be ever vigilant.

Amal: Say, aren't you the lad that minds Migelo's shop when he's busy? Poor thing… Oh, sorry. Must've confused you with someone else. No harm meant by it, boy. Now, how may I help you? *[shop menu]*

Panamis's Protectives

Rabanastran (man browsing curio): The news of thieves in the palace had put a little spring in my step, but that was the last interesting thing to happen 'round here. Peace and quiet is all well and good, but it can be rather dull.

Lively Bangaa: The Consul may have changed, but you wouldn't know it to look out on the streets. Though I do suppose these things take time.

Panamis: We've a fine assortment of armors for the choosing. There's sure to be something to tickle your fancy! Why, that's a most unusual stone you've got there! Don't suppose you'd be interested in sellin'? N-No, what am I saying! If I go off buying odd knickknacks again, me mum will have a fit! Now, where was I? Ah, yes! Armors! Armors for the choosing! *[shop menu]*

Yugri's Magicks

Rabanastran (woman in blue, yellow, and pink browsing shelves): I'm sure you've heard about the insurgents who stormed the palace. It made me realize just how important it is to be able to defend yourself. All's quiet now, but who can say what the future may bring?

Earnest Seeq: Magicks is a fickle mistress… I can't make no sense of her. But sense or senseless, I done made up me mind to have at her, and let the chips fall where they may.

Yugri: Are you sure you shouldn't be helping Migelo today? With him and Penelo out, poor Kytes is

minding the shop by himself. Sorry, you came to shop, not to talk. *[shop menu]*

The Sandsea

Rabanastran (man sitting at table with woman): Those Imperials have finally left the balcony… I can't remember the last time I sat down to a meal without knowing they were watching. If it feels this food to have them out of the Sandsea, imagine how good it would feel to be rid of them altogether.

Tavernmaster: A pair of what looked to be sky pirates came in just now. A viera and a hume… can you imagine?

Rabanastran (black bangaa chatting with Tomaj): You remember that hullabaloo the night of the Consul's fete? The explosions, the airships… Well, they say it was over some thieves that broke into the palace, but I don't fool that easy. They're hidin' somethin', I know it.

Barkeep (man standing a foot of stairs): You've heard of Bhujerba, the skycity, yes? When I was young, I used to think if I could get to Bhujerba, I could become a sky pirate… Ignorance can be such bliss. Speaking of sky pirates, you should get a look at the fellow up on the balcony.

Balthier: I believe our business is finished, yes? Hadn't you better say hello to all your little friends?

> **Fran: She must worry for you. Balthier's handkerchief may dry her tears, but it cannot console her.**
>
> **Balthier: That's right. I'd prefer to get that back with as few tear stains as possible. Better hurry.**

Batahn's Technicks

Rabanastran (woman speaking with moogle): I thought – Tomaj said – Weren't you captured and sent to Nalbina? …You escaped!? You? I shouldn't have written you off so easily. Have you said hello to Migelo or Penelo yet? Poor Penelo's been inconsolable since you left.

Rabanastran (woman chatting with red bangaa): The Consul's begun making changes throughout the city. Who knows, there may even be new jobs to be had. I may start looking for one myself.

Batahn: Ah, Vaan. You haven't seen Penelo lately, have you? No, no, I don't need her for anything in particular. Usually she's stopped in to see if there are any chores need doing by now, and I was curious why she hadn't is all… Now, what can I get for you? *[shop menu]*

Yamoora's Gambits

Greenhorn: I've managed to pick up quite a lot – I'm even making my own gambit combinations now. Oh, I see I'm not alone. Guess I better keep at it… Don't want to be one-upped!

Adept Adventurer: The Way of the Gambit is long and steep. Any novice may combine gambits, but using them to give form to your every thought is truly an art. Yet the tightest grasp can hold only dust. The most

intricate combinations stand upon simple foundations… gambits are like that.

Yamoora (mistakenly says Panamis due to glitch): You're one of Migelo's little friends, aren't you? Well, I'm glad he's all right. Some nasty business the night of the fete. There was no serious damage, at least. Good thing the Consul was ready for it. But I'm forgetting… you're here to shop, aren't you. *[shop menu]*

North End

Rabanastran (woman in green, pink, and brown on bridge): They've sent the worst of the guards back to Archadia. Removed for running afoul of the Consul… I shudder to think what happens to them.

Rabanastran (woman in blue, yellow, and white): Seems Vayne's ordered the guards to speak to us more proper, like. Trouble is, some of the guards aren't too bright, and it just comes out funny.

Rabanastran (man in white turban and brown pants): I heard the Imperials had caught you for something or other. Glad you gave 'em the slip. I gotta tell ya, I'm surprised you made it out.

Riby: Vaan, is that you? I'm surprised to see *you* here. All I've heard out of Penelo lately is "Vaan's GONE!" She's been miserable. You should really go see her.

Rabanastran (tan bangaa): The consul may change, but how long will it be before we see change on the streets? Though I'll admit, the guards seem more mannerly now.

Dispirited Woman: I've heard the kingslayer is back in Rabanastre. If it's true, I have choice word or two for him… Though I wonder if I'd even recognize him.

Rabanastran (light blue seeq): Things have finally settled down 'round here. They've even reopened the aerodrome! Not that I'll be flyin' anywhere…

Imperial: Lord Vayne is very particular about the rules he sets out. He's ordered us to treat you commoners proper, like. Of course *I* would, orders or no!

Traveler: Life is easier in Archades, no question. But Lord Vayne is here in Rabanastre… Should I stay? Should I go? What to do!?

Rabanastran (man in brown and green shorts): The Consul's been quite busy with his civic projects, you know. Perhaps Lowtown's fortunes are on the up?

Rabanastran (light blue seeq): Did you know there's a mine right in the middle of Bhujerba? Hard work, mining, but the pay's tempting, so it is. Bhujerba's run by one Marquis Ondore. Supposed to be a right generous fellow, so maybe the money's as good as they say.

Rabanastran (woman in red, pink, and blue): So, the night of the fete, I tried to sneak into the palace to steal a word or two with Lord Vayne. But the guards mistook me for a thief! It was all straightened out quickly enough, but I was furious. Couldn't have happened at a worse time.

Muthru Bazaar

[For dialogue involving Viera/Ktjn, see "Side Quests – Ktjn's Road to Improvement".]

Troubled Woman: Oh, Vaan! I'm surprised to see *you* here. I'd heard you'd been taken by the Imperials… My mistake! What a relief.

Swarthy Bangaa: I used to be a sky pirate m'self. I remember this one time I was deep inside a huge cavern lookin' for some treasure… Just when I thought I'd found me some loot, out jumps the horriblest monster you ever did see! Get the shivers just thinkin' on it…

Patient Bangaa: We was just talkin' about Bhujerba, the skycity. Put my friend here in a foul mood. He can't abide the fact they're free of the Empire, gettin' rich off those magicite mines of theirs.

Merchant (seeq at east side of stairs): Up to your usual "work," boy? May want to lay off for a time. Vayne's really tightening the screws on the watch. To be sure, you can bet the Consul's just trying to keep his men looking all in charge and Imperial, but any pressure on them is pressure on us. Best watch yourself, boy.

Trader: Quite an unusual stone you've got there. Don't think it would be worth much, though. Nah, you best hold onto it.

Rabanastran (woman in pink headscarf): The Bazaar is one of the few places in Rabanastre where people can go to let off steam. Not literally, of course.

Merchant (tan bangaa in blindfold): Sometimes I think I'd enjoy the kind of success Migelo's achieved, but other times I'm not so sure… Getting jealous looks from the other merchants, worrying about how to keep it all going… I think I'm happy just the way things are.

Traveler: Rabanastre seems so much more *cultured* since Lord Vayne was appointed consul. This city grows more charming by the day!

Headhunter: Don't be thinking you can just wait around for new bills to be posted. You want to hunt marks, you have to work for it, boy. Earn a name for yourself in your clan. Then you'll start to see bills for the really notorious marks. Remember that, boy.

Busy Messenger: Hey, I heard you met the boss. I wish that meant the end of *my* errand-running days, but I know better.

Rabanastran (man in white, yellow and brown): That Moogling is really something! Now that the service is running again, I finally got to give it a try – it's *the* way to move about the city! If you haven't used it yet, there's an attendant at the entrance to the Bazaar. I'd sure like to thank the moogle who thought of it!

Reks's Friend: If you feel like you've nowhere to turn, talk to your friends. Reks may be gone, but you're not alone, you hear?

Rabanastran (seeq at top of stairs): Heard tell there's a huge, powerful wyrm lurking somewhere in the

Westersand – a wyrm unlike the others you're liable to find there. Think I heard me the cry of the beast once. Or maybe it was only the raging winds of a sandstorm. Regardless, I can't remember where.

Giza Plains

Nomad Village

Tott: Our fathers have gone stone-digging. That's why the only adults here are all women. Bet you were wondering where all the men went!

The Dalmasca Estersand

Outpost

Dantro: Even a small outpost like ours can mean the difference between life or death in the desert. We see quite an assortment of travelers through here. Keeps things interesting, at least. Not interesting enough for me to want to be here all day, though. Why hasn't the village sent out my replacement?

Nalbina Town

Jajim Bazaar

Gambitry Banner: Find gambits difficult to grasp? So did I, until I opened this shop. Now I've got a perfect gambit for everyone, even you!

Morning Star Gambits: Never shoulda opened my shop in this heat. Buy something, will ya? *[shop menu]*

West Ward

Imperial (standing at the door of the aerodrome): You looking for the aerodrome? I'll take you. Citizens are only allowed in sections of the fortress.

- Go along.

  Right, then. This way.

- Decline.

  If you want to go to the aerodrome, speak with me. You'll need an escort.

Aerodrome

Imperial (at entrance): Headed into town? I'll escort you. Much of the fortress is off-limits.

- Go along.
- Decline.

  Come back should you decide to go into town. You'll need an escort.

Imperial (speaking to two men and bangaa): They came here to work and earn a good wage rebuilding the fortress, and now they complain! I've had enough of these people.

Itinerant Hand (man in group of two men, bangaa, and Imperial): I came here to work on restoring the fortress, but it's soooo hot! I can't work in these conditions! If we're to work out here, we need *good* coin. That's what my bangaa friend here's negotiating for.

Shy Bangaa: Wh-What…? I'm just watchin' these goods, like always… Hey, no stealin', you hear?

Homebound Man: I came out here from Rabanastre to earn some gil to make my wife and child happy… but I can't take this hard labor no more… Hi, honey. It's me… the failure. *(sigh)*

Itinerant Hand (black bangaa at window): Far to the east lies a port town where sky pirates gather. I'll be one, someday, and that's where I'll ago. Just need to make some gil first.

Nalbina to Rabanastre Flight

Chief Steward: Ladies and gentleman, allow me to welcome you aboard on behalf of the East Ivalice Company. Your captain for our voyage is Mr. Ranton, with Mr. Nicol his first officer. I am Chief Steward Chezelle. We have cabins available, should you wish to retire for the remainder of our journey. And please, let me know if I may be of any service.

Observation Parlour

Passenger: Kupo! Oh, miss! Miss! I've shopped, taken in the sky, and now I'd like to rest in a cabin, kupo. I'm not having any luck finding one, though. Where are they?

> Steward: You mean to rest until we arrive? The cabins are right this way through the sky saloon. Give your name to the chief steward, and she'll have a room prepared for you.
>
> Passenger: Ah, we never looked in there, kupo! We thought they might be up on the deck. Thanks for the help!

Steward: Please feel free to use one of our cabins should you wish to retire until our arrival. Give your name to the chief steward, and she'll have a room prepared for you. You'll find her this way, in the sky saloon.

Energetic Boy: My brother's off keeping the peace in Dalmasca. Mum, Dad, and me are going to visit him!

Assistant Storekeeper (to the right): Care to purchase something to remember your voyage by? *[shop*

menu]

Traveler (woman in pink, blue, and yellow walking between counters): I bought my parents a trip to Rabanastre. I'm hoping to do some shopping, find some things you just can't get back home in Archades.

Assistant Storekeeper (to the left): We've a wide selection of goods for the traveling adventurer. Take a look around. *[shop menu]*

Traveler (man in turban and blue shorts looking out the window): Standing here I feel no less than the captain himself! Someday, someday… My shop in Archades does well, but not well enough to afford a ship. Still, even being able to travel by airship is a luxury I could only dream of when I lived in Rabanastre.

Perceptive Boy: I was enjoying a spot of juice over in the saloon, and the barman was tellin' me all sorts of things. Did you know he used to be a sky pirate? Can you imagine?

Air Deck

Traveler (man in green hat and vest with his family): We heard it would be hot in Dalmasca, so we dressed the part. A little chilly out on deck, though.

Imperial: That little girl just over there's been staring up at the sky for some time. Not doing anything dangerous, mind you, but something's not right.

Paranoid Man: I am not here to enjoy the wind against my face or any such mean pleasure in which these others bask. No, I am here to search the skies! They're out there, yes. Out there, at the edge of vision! Waiting, watching… Had I the funds, I would buy an airship for their study. *(sigh)*

Caution! (signs all around railing on upper and lower decks): For your own and others' safety, please remain behind railing at all times.

Caution! (two signs on upper deck): Authorized personnel only!

Troubled Passenger: You have troubles, friend? I went to Archades chasin' dreams, but all I found was trouble. Finally weren't nothin' left but to run away. Out here though, fresh air in my lungs, sky above my head, my troubles don't seem so bad.

Innocent Girl: Look how high we are! I can see forever! But what if I fell… Hey, no pushing!

Sky Saloon

Charming Woman: I'll finish my drink alone, thank you.

Migrant Laborer: You from Rabanastre? Same here. Work keeps me away more than I'd like. I was away during the war, too. Heard a friend o' mine got driven out of the city. Plan on payin' him a visit soon.

Saloon Steward: Interest you in a frothy mug o' scuttlebutt?

- A Rabanastre, my good man!

  One Rabanastre, comin' right up! Last time I was in Rabanastre, let's see… Right after Princess Ashe was born, musta been. Ninth in the Dalmascan line, and the first girl. The people were overjoyed, that they were. The city bustled with life. Rabanastre's fallen on hard times, but she'll get back that ol' magick of hers, just you watch.

- I don't drink.

  Not too quick, are you, boy? You wouldn't know a joke if it bit you on the tail.

[For dialogue with the Chief Steward and Rande, see "Side Quests – the Seven Sisters."]

Steward: This door leads to our guest cabins. If you'd like to retire until we reach port, you should find the cabins quite comfortable. Should you wish to use a cabin, speak with the chief steward at the counter to my left. She'll only be too happy to assist you.

Rabanastre to Nalbina Flight

Chief Steward: Ladies and gentleman, allow me to welcome you aboard on behalf of the East Ivalice Company. Your captain for our voyage is Mr. Ranton, with Mr. Nicol his first officer. I am Chief Steward Binastre. We have cabins available, should you wish to retire for the remainder of our journey. And please, let me know if I may be of any service.

Observation Parlour

Roamantics (tan blindfolded bangaa): Easy to let your guard down aboard these airships. But danger is always lurkin', even here. First rule of adventurin' is to keep your eyes open…

Roamantics (moogle with orange pom-pom): We travel the world, seeking adventure. That's our leader standing over by the window. Grim, strong… just like an adventurer should be, kupo. He's always helping me out, kupo. I hope I can help, too, when we reach the desert. High adventure on the sands… Gotta pull my own weight!

Roamantics (green bangaa at shop counter): I hear there's a huge dungeon in Nalbina that hardly anyone makes it out of… in one piece, anyway. Makes the blood run cold, it does.

Roamantics (black bangaa looking out window): Your greatest enemy is your own carelessness. The world teems with trouble. Never know when it might come knockin'.

Air Deck

Wayward Seeq: Can't find me friend anywhere. You don't suppose I got on the wrong airship? That'd be a fine how-do-you-do, wouldn't it?

Migrant Laborer (orange seeq on lower deck): … Leave me be! I'm in no mood for talk… Urph! I've a

touch of airsickness… Please boy, just leave… me be… Ooorph!

Merchant: Do you think it's because of the reconstruction in Nalbina? All these seeq and bangaa onboard, I mean. It's not helping me relax, I'll say that.

Boonswaggled Bookkeeper: I thought I'd contracted to be a keeper of books, but somehow they changed the agreement… they expected me to do heavy labor at the fortress! I don't know how, but they cheated me. I can't work out under the sun like that… I won't! What was I to do but run and hide?

Bohemian: You've heard of *Theodora the Highborn*, I presume. The epic tale of romance and intrigue set against the backdrop of Nalbina Fortress. To think, I'll soon walk the halls and byways of the novel! I cannot wait!

Migrant Laborer (blue seeq on upper deck): Had the most vivid dream that I was thrown into the dungeons at Nalbina, my body wastin' away to nothin'. Ever since, I've walked the true path, on my mother's soul! Just thinkin' on that dream is enough to keep me honest.

Troubled Passenger: No one ever said it would be easy earnin' a livin', but there are limits to what a man can take… How many times have I left the crews in Nalbina. …How many times have I gone draggin' myself back. Man can't live without gil in his pocket.

Sky Saloon

Migrant Laborer (green bangaa at back bar): Nalbina may be hot, but heat I can stand. If there's gil to be had. It's this dungeon talk what has me worried. I mean really …dungeons? Who ever heard of a city with dungeons? Straight out of a mummer's farce, that. Hope I don't regret this….

Traveling Merchant: Friend o' mine was sent off to Nalbina. A petty offense – ought to have been able to pay a fine and be done with it. Turn of ill luck. Luckily he managed to get out, somehow. Saw him toiling away last time I was passin' through Nalbina. Better an' rottin' in a dungeon.

Saloon Steward: Interest you in a frothy mug o' scuttlebutt?

- A Nalbina, my good man!

  One Nalbina, comin' right up! Truth be told, I don't have fond memories of that place. I'd just crossed the deserts, not a gil to my name… barely made it there alive. A pretty girl found me, brought a skin of the finest water I'd ever drunk. Like an oasis on my lips, it was.

- I don't drink.

  Not too quick, are you, boy? You wouldn't know a joke if it bit you on the tail.

Chief Steward: How may I help you, sir? We have cabins available, if you would like to rest until we make port. Would you like me to show you to a cabin?

- Yes, please.

  Let's see… Vaan, was it? You'll be staying in cabin A-31. I hope you've enjoyed your journey.

- No, thanks.

  Don't hesitate to ask again, should you change your mind.

Lowtown

North Sprawl

Vexed Father: My daughter won't listen to a word I say. Before I'd say "behave like the knights of the Order," but after what Basch did, that's out of the question. In fact, I was just tellin' another fellow this as he passed – had a tangle of a beard, filthy clothes – he just let out a sigh and kept walkin'.

Rabanastran (tan seeq walking around open area in east): Licenses aren't just for equippin' new weapons and castin' new magicks, y'know. They can also make you a better warrior. Take the Remedy Lore licenses, for instance. Each one of those you get lets you use a remedy to cure more and more ailments. Not bad, eh? Probably best to strike a balance between licenses for equipment and magicks, and those with more direct, if not subtle, effects.

Well-spoken Boy: We live at the whim of the Empire. If the mood takes them, they can force us to do whatever they like. The masters of our destiny.

Angry Woman: What's that? I'm a little on edge, at the moment. How can anyone relax, forced to live in a place like this? You heard about the ambush Vayne set for those thieves, I'm sure. If we get on the wrong side of some Imperial, the same will happen to us.

Deadbeat: Lowtown… Yeah, I like Lowtown. You got your South Sprawl in the south, and… where are we again? Oh, right, the North Sprawl. Saw a man scoldin' his daughter over near the stair to the East End the other day. Don't know why I remember that…

Milha: The poor little guy. What am I going to do?

Furious Bangaa: Pah and fie! Blast those Imperials! They may say we're all citizens good and proper, but not all citizens are created equal, apparently. Whenever there's been mischief, "round up the lizards by the tail," they say. Us? Lizards!? Bah!

Wandering Woman: Before I realized that the North and South Sprawl met in two places, I ran around in circles for hours. But not today! I have my map. Due south from here and I can take the passage up to Southgate. I think I find my way better with a sky above me…

Rabanastran/Northon: I saw a real familiar lookin' man walk past just a while ago, and it's killin' me I

can’t remember who he is. Had an unkempt beard… you know him?

Impoverished Man: Back before the war, I led a fine life up in the city. *(snort)* I hate to think of them using my wealth to strengthen the Imperial army.

Rabanastran (man in blue sitting against wall near Storehouse 5): The Imperials smashed the lock on Migelo’s storehouse back when those thieves snuck into the palace. It’s been open ever since.

Fussbudget: No fair… She saw Vayne arrest those thieves, and I didn’t get to see a thing! She didn’t see who they caught, though. All those Imperials kept gettin’ in the way.

Dalmascan Patriot: People have high hopes for Vayne, but I’d say they’re being rather naïve. It takes more than well-meant words to rule a city.

Cynical Boy: The people that live up in the city don’t care what happened before, so long as they’re good and comfortable now. Vayne tells ‘em what they wanna hear, and they eat it up. He probably has ‘em goin’ on about how great he is already.

Rabanastran (seeq sitting next to boy): Vayne, Vayne… Oh, that new consul what just come? The whole lot are the same to me. *(snort)*

Laughing Seeq: What’s so funny? Just saw a man with a beard you wouldn’t believe! Didn’t look half bad on him, neither. *(snort)* Hah! A refugee, maybe… who can say? Had a few other people circlin’ him in. They disappeared down the halls up north.

Balzac: Look, uh, now isn’t the best time, okay? Things are a little… tense. If you need something, come back in a little while, once things have settled down.

South Sprawl

Well-spoken Girl: Vayne’s manner disgusts me. Laying a trap for the anti-Imperials as he did. Who knows who’ll be the next person to fall into one of his traps. I know there are many in Lowtown who would like nothing more than to see Rabanastre rid of the Empire. Hope they have an eye for traps…

Resolute Boy: I remember when you could get up to Westgate through that door, but it’s broken now… Bet the Imperials did that, too.

Samal: I can’t believe he’s still alive… Sorry, just talking to myself. Promise me something, would you? No matter how hard things might get, never give up. So long as you don’t give up, there’s still hope.

Awestruck Girl: See that man squattin’ down talkin’ over there? They say he used to be a sky pirate! He always seems so calm and in control. But there was this one time he seen someone, and his face went white as a sheet. You’d think he seen a ghost.

Traveling Merchant: One of my regulars had an unexpected guest drop in. Weird fellow, couldn’t quite place him… Anyway, you here to buy somethin’, kid? *[shop menu]*

Guileless Girl: Sometimes I play down in the alley what leads up to Southgate. Yep.

Layabout: So there was this weird man, and this group a tough-lookin' guys came up and took him off somewhere. Smells pretty funny to me.

Fidget: Vaan, is that you? It's been so long I hardly reco'nized ya! Did something happen?

Filo: Arr, Vaan! Haven't spied you 'round the city in a long time. Kytes and me were startin' to wonder what happened to ya! You seem the same as ever. You here to see Old Dalan? We're tryin' to solve a mystery. There was this suspicious guy – er, bloke – before. We wanna work out who it is.

Guileful Boy: I saw some people pushin' this scruffy-looking man around a little while ago. Looked like they didn't want to be seen. What's that all about? I just hope everything's all right… Maybe Old Dalan knows somethin'.

Resigned Boy: If the Empire's protecting us, it must mean they think we're important enough to protect, right? Otherwise why would they bother?

Frustrated Man: I barely make enough to get by, but I should count myself lucky. Some of my friends, they can't even find work.

Rabanastran (man in green shorts): After seeing the Imperials capture those thieves, it hit home how easily any of us in Lowtown could be rounded up and taken off, if they wanted to.

Rabanastran (woman in pink, blue and green traversing corridor): If you ever need to hear a kindly word, Old Dalan, is always willing to give advice to those who ask.

Old Dalan's Place

Rabanastran (woman at left of room): Hi, Vaan. How've you been?

Rabanastran (kid sitting at right): Haven't seen you around in a while… Somethin' happen to ya? Old Dalan sure did seem worried.

Sword of the Old Order

Dalan: Well, well. Look who we have here! Heard you were sent off to Nalbina?

Vaan: And I got out of there as fast as I could. But it was all worth it, Dalan. Here, look at this!

Dalan: My, my, my. Quite a treasure you've got there.

Vaan: Well, you know, I couldn't have done it without your help.

Dalan: So, there is more to this gutter-churl than first meets the eye. Vaan, I've an errand: a simple favor to beg of you. I was going to ask that Kytes to go, but I should think that you ought to do. No – no I think you're just the one. There's a fellow by the name of Azelas, and I need you to bring this sword to him.

Vaan: That's – that's a sword of the old Order.

Dalan: Speak my name when you arrive. That should be enough to get you in to see him. I've made a note on your map showing you where he can be found. Mind you, you are to deliver the sword to him personally.

Vaan: I will. Hey, Dalan? Could I get you to do something for me? I need to find out where Penelo is. I wanted to show her what I got from the palace, but I haven't been able to find her anywhere. Can you let me know if you hear anything?

Dalan: You can just leave that to me.

Vaan: Thanks, Dalan.

[Vaan walks away.]

Dalan: *[aside]* And so it is done. But will it be enough to remind him of what the Order once meant?

*[You obtain **a Sword of the Order**!]*

Rabanastran (boy at right): Old Dalan write something on your map? I wanna see!

Rabanastran (woman at left): Dalan may be old, but he's no fool. When he asks you to do something, you can be sure he has his reasons.

Dalan: Well, m'boy? The mark on your map not big enough for you? I should think you know the North Sprawl well enough, no?

North Sprawl

The Resistance Hideout

Vaan: I'm supposed to deliver something to a man, name of Azelas. This is the place, right?

Balzac: And who was it told you that?

Vaan: Old Dalan. He said I have to give this to him personally.

Balzac: Does nothing get past that Dalan? He has ears in every wall. All right, get inside. But not a word of what you see or hear in there, you got that?

[In the room beyond, a group of men in fairly piecemeal armor are having a heated discussion.]

Man 1: Then what of Ondore's proclamation? Did they fool even the Marquis?

Man 2: What if a Judge killed the King, not the Captain? That would explain everything wouldn't it?

Man 3: Then the Captain would be brother to a Judge! How are we to trust such a man?

[They are interrupted as Basch emerges from another room, now clean, groomed, and dressed properly.]

Vossler: Now there is the Basch that I remember.

Basch: Then will you fight again at my side?

Man 3: His word alone convinces me of nothing!

Man 2: I'd take his word over that of a mouthpiece marquis!

Man 4: Then you name Reks liar with him.

[Vaan shoves his way into the circle indignantly, silencing the men.]

Vaan: My brother was no liar!

Basch: Just the opposite. Reks was the witness they needed. They had to make it appear as if I'd killed the King – Reks bears no blame. The Fates have willed it.

Vossler: So this is Reks's brother. *[Vossler takes the sword from Vaan's hands]* Your words may convince this child, but they weigh too lightly on the scales for my taste. Our paths will remain separate.

Basch: Do you not think Amalia worth saving?

[This seems to give Vossler pause.]

Vossler: I hold men's lives in my hands. I must see foes in every shadow. The night we moved against Vayne, he knew. I will not chance such disadvantage again. I must treat you as I would Ondore – as I would treat any abettor of the Empire.

Basch: Then what will you do? Hold me here in chains?

[Vossler and Basch lock eyes menacingly for a moment. Then Vossler tosses the sword to Basch.]

Basch: Some things never change. Do they.

Vossler: Listen to me, Basch. Your cage may have no bars, but it is a cage. The eyes of the Resistance watch unblinking.

Basch: Let them watch. I know something of cages.

[The scene fades out, and then fades back in on Vaan and Basch outside the building, in the alley in Lowtown.]

Vaan: That's right… Amalia's in the Resistance.

Basch: Then you know her.

Vaan: Sort of. We met just before we got sent to Nalbina. I've known nicer people.

Basch: Our paths keep crossing, yours and mine. It's more than coincidence.

Vaan: It's annoying.

Basch: I'm sorry. Allow me one last annoyance: a favor to ask. I want you to take me to Balthier. Even caged birds need wings.

Vaan: This makes us even.

Basch: Even?

Vaan: For Nalbina. We couldn't have done it without you.

*[**Basch** joins the party!]*

Balzac: I overheard you and Bas - your friend - talking. Trying to find some transportation, eh? Well, with money or the right connections that would be easy enough. You might try looking up in the city for someone headed the same way as you.

Careful Listener: A fancy-lookin' guy and a viera? No, I haven't seen anybody meets that description. You try Old Dalan yet? Seems like if anybody like that walked by, people would remember. Hm… How about askin' around in the Southern Plaza? Anybody what comes through the city has to go through there… maybe somebody saw somethin'.

Laughing Seeq: A sky pirate, eh? Why would someone who lives up in the clouds want to spend time down in this cellar? (snort) Hah! Maybe you shouldn't be so quick to agree to help find people when you don't know where they are. Might try askin' around the city. (snort)

Rabanastre

Southern Plaza

Imperial (by east end entrance): What's that? A viera and a man walking together? ...Ah, yes. Yes, I think I may have seen who you're after. They went into the **merchants' district.**

East End

Vaan's Concession

[When you approach the Sandsea, a cutscene will trigger.]

Vaan: A lot of kids lost their parents in the war. Mine – mine had already died before that. The

plague took them both.

Basch: I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Vaan: It's okay. It's been five years now. After that, I lived with my friend Penelo and her family. Then… Then the war came.

Basch: I am sorry.

Vaan: You don't have to keep apologizing. Really, it's all right. I know it wasn't your fault. I see that now. You didn't kill my brother. It was the Empire. My brother trusted you. And he was right.

The Sandsea

Penelo Kidnapped

[When you go up to the balcony, another cutscene triggers.]

Balthier: As I said, a misunderstanding.

Migelo: Misunderstanding? What I am understanding is they took Penelo because of you!

Vaan: What? What about Penelo?

Migelo: Oh, Vaan! They've taken Penelo! And there was a note – a note for this Balthier! Come to the Bhujerba mines, it said.

Fran: It's Ba'Gamnan. He was in Nalbina.

Migelo: If anything were to happen to that sweet child – why, I've her parents' memory to consider! You're going to go to her aid, and that's that! It's what you sky pirates do, isn't it?

Balthier: I don't respond well to orders. You do know that the Imperial fleet is massing at Bhujerba?

Vaan: Fine, then I'll go! You at least have an airship, don't you? Just get me there, and I'll find Penelo myself.

Basch: I'll join you. I have some business there as well.

Balthier: An audience with the Marquis, by chance?

Vaan: Balthier, just take us and this is yours.

[Vaan brandishes the glowing stone from the palace.]

Fran: The gods are toying with us.

Balthier: Make yourselves ready. We leave soon.

Vaan: Right!

*[**Balthier** and **Fran** join the party!]*

Balthier: Ba'Gamnan's note can only be referring to the Lhusu Mines in Bhujerba. We'll leave at once. When you're ready, meet me in the aerodrome. I should imagine it's still by the west gate… We weren't in Nalbina all *that* long. Do be quick. I'd like to save your girl and be rid of this headache as soon as possible.

East End

Bucco: Hey, Vaan? I heard… I heard Penelo was kidnapped. It's not true… is it?

Migelo's Sundries

Kytes: Migelo's finally back, but Penelo still hasn't shown up. I hope everything's okay.

Rabanastran (man chatting with bangaa): Migelo's here all right, but is it me, or does he seem a little tired today?

Rabanastran (woman in pink headscarf): Migelo showed up, but he paid hardly any attention to my questions. I wonder what's on his mind.

Migelo: What a terrible thing to have happened! You've got to see that Penelo gets back home safely, Vaan!

Southern Plaza

Rabanastran (boy in blue and green on south side of fountain): Oh, Vaan! I heard all about Penelo bein' kidnapped. You're gonna go rescue her, right? I know there's nothin' I can do to help her, but I'm sure you can do it, Vaan. I just know it!

Rabanastran (boy in blue near westgate): Hey, I just heard that Penelo was kidnapped… I sure hope it's some kinda joke. But what if it's not? The other day she seemed really down, and now this… I'm worried.

Lowtown

North Sprawl

Balzac: Sorry, but I can't let you back inside. Outsiders such as yourselves would only be in the way. You and Captain Ronsenburg would do well to keep from drawing any unwanted attention. Avoid using your real names and you should be safe enough. Few people are like to recognize you by your face alone.

Old Dalan's Place

Rabanastran (boy at right): Friend of mine ran into a viera out in front of the Sandsea. I dunno what exactly happened, but he sure thinks it's a big deal.

Rabanastran (woman at left): A sword of the Order of the Knights of Dalmasca… Why give this to you now, of all times?

Dalan: I was just about to look into this Penelo business, and – what? Kidnapped!? So you're off to the Lhusu Mines with this sky pirate then, are you? Why, that's in Bhujerba… Can he even be trusted? No time to worry over that now… Listen to me, Vaan. You must hurry to Penelo. And be careful. Careful for both your sakes.

Rabanastre

Westgate

Fran: Balthier is waiting inside. If you've made ready, we can leave at once. He feels responsible for what has happened to your friend. Do not think he is in the habit of doing favors.

Aerodrome

Balthier: Bhujerba's on the sky continent of Dorstonis, and the magicite mine we're looking for is in Bhujerba. If we're going to save the girl, we start there. You ready to leave?

- I'm ready.

  You do realize that once we've left, you may not see Rabanastre for a while. Once we leave, there'll be no looking back.

  - I'm really ready.

    Balthier: We make for the Lhusu Mines in Bhujerba. Seems I took on more baggage in Rabanastre than I'd planned… Well, let's save your girl and be done with it. Come on.

    [Next scene in orange begins.]

  - Let me check one more thing…

    Don't take too long. We leave soon.

- Not yet.

  Don't take too long. We leave soon.

- Tell me about Bhujerba.

  Don't get out of Dalmasca much, do you… Bhujerba is a small city-state that thrives on the export of particularly fine magicite. It's ruled by Marquis Ondore, who, by staying in the Empire's good graces, has managed to stave off Imperial invasion.

The *Strahl*, and Ba'Gamnan's Captive

[Balthier, Fran, Basch, and Vaan all walk into an aerodrome hangar. Vaan exclaims, "whoa."

Balthier: This is the *Strahl*.

[We get an overview of the airship.]

Balthier: She airship enough for you?

[Vaan, still gawking, shoves past Balthier and runs up to get a closer look.]

Vaan: The *Strahl*… you really are a sky pirate!

Balthier: Well, the headhunters seem to think so. *[to moogle emerging from airship]* **What's the good word? Is she ready?**

[The moogle salutes with tool still in hand. He and his crew pass by the gang as they leave.]

Vaan: So is she armed? How fast is she? Could she take the *Ifrit*?

Balthier: I suppose I could tell you, but wouldn't you rather see for yourself?

[He beckons to Vaan from the doorway before disappearing into the cockpit with Fran and Basch. With alook like he can't believe his luck, Vaan follows them. Balthier and Fran take the pilot and co-pilot's seats and start up the ship with practiced movements.]

Balthier: Fran, our course.

Fran: The shortest way is over Dorstonis.

Basch: How flies Bhujerba?

Balthier: Oh, she's free as can be – for now. The Empire took notice when they announced the Princess's unfortunate suicide and your untimely execution.

Basch: If it becomes known that I am alive, the Marquis will lose their favor.

Balthier: I try to steer clear of such things. *[to all, as the engine crescendos]* **Right, it's time to fly. And no wagging tongues, or you're like to bite them off.**

[Vaan and Basch take their seats.]

Vaan: *[thinking]* ***I'm coming, Penelo.***

[A hatch opens above them, and the ship lifts into the air. Once clear of the hangar, the back wings spread, and it shoots off into the sky.]

[In a room somewhere, Penelo sits on the floor, bound. Voices are heard and a couple of bangaa emerge from a trapdoor.]

Ba'Gamnan: You've seen to her feeding, yes?

Henchwoman: I have, my brother. She eats well.

Ba'Gamnan: See that she does. We need her alive. Balthier's bait must be fresh.

Penelo: I keep trying to tell you, I barely even know who Balthier is!

[No sooner does she say this than a third bangaa pops up through the trapdoor.]

Henchman: My brother! A message come from Rabanastre! The *Strahl,* she's set sail! She leaves straight for the Skycity of Bhujerba!

Ba'Gamnan: Barely know, was it? Yet at a trice, he goes boundin' off for you! Tell me, how could that be?

Penelo: That's what I'd like to know! I just met him that one time and that's it!

Ba'Gamnan: Does that tongue never stop? What if we… plucked it from your head? As for you, we need Balthier alive! His corpse fetches but half the bounty!

Henchman: A tender beatin'… My specialty!

Henchwoman: There's no fun in it if we can't tease out a scream or two!

Penelo: Where are you?

[The scene fades on Penelo looking up at the sky through a small window near the ceiling.]

The Skycity of Bhujerba

Arrival

[A short cinematic follows showing the Strahl *flying through the clouds, and the clouds breaking to reveal a massive floating land, with buildings and spires jutting from the green trees. One building in particular is spectacular with what look like giant feathers billowing from its sides.]*

Aerodrome

Laying Low

[The scene changes again to show Vaan, Balthier, Fran, and Basch entering the aerodrome, where Imperial soldiers seem to be in a tizzy.]

Balthier: Easy.

Imperial: No good, he's not here.

Imperial 2: Keep searching!

Imperial 3: This way!

[The Imperials run off. Balthier and co. proceed out of the aerodrome.]

Balthier: You're a dead man. Don't forget it. And no names.

Basch: Of course.

Street Kid (pacing near window): *Haa*, that was a shock! I was watching airships fly back and forth, when an Imperial grabbed me from behind! He was looking for someone. Not me!

Street Kid (sitting on crate near docent's counter): Amba and Tatah, they are too worried, I think. Why do we need so much luggage, just to go on a trip to Rabanastre?

Bhujerban (pacing moogle with orange pom-pom): Bhujerba's airships use a lot of mooglecraft to fly so well. They're a good deal better than those heaps the Empire lurch about in, kupo! Just goes to show, it takes more than gil to make the best ships in the sky, powered by the best magicite to be had anywhere!

Bhujerban (moogle with green pom-pom sitting on suitcase): There're lots of moogles living here in Bhujerba, kupo. After all, it's mooglecraft that's made this place what it is!

Imperial (pacing nearest docent's counter): Apologies, but we're having some difficulties. All scheduled airship services are suspended. There is nothing to see here. Move along.

Bhujerban Sainikah: Svagatam, traveler. Welcome to Bhujerba. All of us are here to ensure your safety on the streets. Speak to us should you have any troubles.

Bhujerban (man sitting on rail speaking to other man and Imperial): Why can our civilian craft not fly just because the Empire says so, bhadra? I've filed official complaint, but I fear nothing will come of it.

Traveler (man wearing Archadian clothes, pacing): When exactly is my airship going to take off? It's hours past the scheduled departure time… Can't these provincials tell the time?

Bhujerban (moogle with yellow pom-pom sitting near window): Oh noes! I was shopping and I missed

the flight for Rabanastre, kupo! Suppose I'll have to wait.

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler. Welcome to Bhujerba. We parijanah guides are appointed by the Marquis himself to aid visitors to our fair city. Once you leave the aerodrome, you will find yourself upon Travica Way, the main thoroughfare of Bhujerba. Good journey, bhadra.

Imperial (running around entrance/exit area): By order of the Imperial army, all airships are grounded. Passengers are asked to wait until further notice. Understood?

Traveler (man in Archadian clothes leaning on counter): A generous helping of my countrymen out on the street today. Not such an odd sight in Archadia or our colonies… but wasn't Bhujerba neutral?

Travica Way

Lamont

Balthier: The Lhusu Mines are just up ahead. Though, I do hear there's not much left there these days.

????: You're on your way to the mines?

[The party looks in the direction of the speaker to see a boy perhaps a bit younger than Vaan and Penelo leaning on the wall. He hops down and approaches them.]

????: Then please, allow me to accompany you. I've an errand to attend to there.

Basch: What manner of errand?

????: What errand? I might ask the same of you.

Balthier: Right, come on then.

Vaan: What?

????: Excellent.

Balthier: Do me a favor and stay where I can keep my eye on you. Should be less trouble that way.

????: For us both.

Vaan: So what's your name?

????: Oh, I – I'm Lamont.

Vaan: Don't worry. I don't know what's in that mine, Lamont, but you're in good hands. Right, Basch?

[Basch and Balthier look at each other in dismay as Vaan nonchalantly reveals Basch's identity. Then

Balthier smirks and shrugs. Lamont seems unsuspecting.]

[Lamont joins the party as a guest!]

Bhujerban (man in turban and brown & green shorts): Did you know that Bhujerba is the freest city in all Ivalice? His Excellency the Marquis Ondore treats with the Empire to ensure our sovereignty.

Bhujerban (woman in white pacing up and down bridge): It is most curious. I have lived here all my life, yet I often forget that Bhujerba is, indeed, a city in the sky. If one were to fall from here… kastam!

Bhujerban (moogle with green pom-pom sitting on wall): Did you know that House Ondore has maintained Bhujerba's neutrality for ages, kupo? You did? Well did you know that Marquis Ondore's estate is up the steps across the bridge, kupo? You did?

Bhujerban Sainikah: You may see Imperials on our streets, bhadra, but do not be alarmed. Bhujerba is neutral. Our ports are open to all.

Bhujerban (woman in white sitting on wall next to kid): Is it true where you come from, too, that young boys love the sky? My son, he wishes to become a pilot when he is older. Haa… a pilot!

Bhujerban (man in green, red, and blue leaning against wall, talking to woman): I moved here from Rabanastre, you know. How startled I was to see the Imperials here on such good behavior… not like those cretins back home.

Bhujerban (woman in green, pink, and brown sitting on ledge): Bhujerba is not great in size, but as our mines are rich in quality magicite, so are our lives rich. It is a good place to live. Did you know that the best magicite may be used in many applications? It is a most wonderful energy source. There is none greater!

Bhujerban (tan bangaa walking up and down stairs): Seen the Imperials scurrying about? Insects, they are. If I were the Marquis, I'd have given them the boot a long time ago.

Bhujerban Sainikah: Tell me, bhadra, why is it that you have come to Bhujerba? No, do not tell me. For I already know. It is to see her architecture, yes? Many are the travelers who visit us to see her arches and promenades, each built to take advantage of our most lofty position in the sky.

Archadian Wayfarer: That Ondore! He has the temerity to turn me, a citizen of the Empire, away at his gate? He needs to be taught a lesson in humility, he does. Eh? Ondore's residence? Just up these steps and to the left. You're not getting in, though. Trust me.

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! Welcome! I am a parijanah, a sort of guide. May I be of assistance? The way to the Lhusu Mines? Haa, this is difficult. There are many Imperial blockades… It is a long way, but go southward along this road. You will find it most helpful to purchase a map at the Cartographers'. Of course, you may always ask a parijanah the way, should you become lost. Good journey to you, bhadra.

Cartographers' Guild: How are you enjoying our beautiful city, kupo? Would you like to buy a map, kupo?

[Select a map to purchase.

Bhujerba 70

Lhusu Mines 650

Cancel]

So long, kupo!

Bhujerban (woman in white leaning against wall next to armory): The estate of Marquis Ondore is ahead from here. The Marquis's house is as old as the royal family of Dalmasca, did you know? Perhaps it is now the oldest surviving House in Ivalice.

[If you try to enter Ondore's estate…]

Bhujerban Sainikah: Beyond this point is the property of his Excellency the Marquis. I am so sorry, but I must ask you to leave, bhadra.

Rithil's Protectives (sign): Under Charter of His Excellency, we proudly offer such Armors as might prove indispensable to those having Business within the Mines.

[If you try to approach any Imperial blockade…]

Imperial: Sorry, but this way is closed, on the authority of the Marquis. Why? Wouldn't you like to know.

Bhujerban (man in turban and green & brown shorts): Along this road you may find arms, armor, and a seller of magicks, newly open. Many are the miners who come to buy here, for defense is needed against the raksas, or fiends, as you call them, in the mines.

Bhujerban Sainikah: Does the presence of Imperials give you concern? Worry not, Bhujerba is neutral. Should they violate our laws, they will be dealt with, bhadra.

Street Kid: Amba, she says the raksas Diabolos will come and take me away to the mines. Who is scared by such fables!? Not me.

City *Parijanah*: Svagatam, traveler! Welcome! I am a parijanah, a guide. May I be of assistance? You go to the Lhusu Mines? I am afraid that the hill road to Cloudborne Row is blockaded. I advise going southward down this boulevard. Should you become lost, ask a parijanah. Good journey to you, bhadra.

Bhujerban (woman in white sitting on crate outside weaponry): So many Imperials on the street today! I thought only those on holiday came to our high streets. What could have happened?

Targe's Arms (sign): Under Charter of His Excellency, we proudly offer such Weapons as might prove

indispensable to those having Business within the Mines.

Bhujerban (man sitting on crates right next to entrance of Targe's Arms): My wife, she goes quite often into this shop of weapons. For many hours, she does not come out. She loves weapons. She must.

Bhujerban Sainikah: I was removed from my post by Imperial soldiers! They will stand guard in my place, however. I should be thankful for the rest.

City *Parijanah*: The Lhusu Mines? I warn you, that is not a place for the casual visitor. Go south down this road, and through Miners' End. There are many parijanah guides to assist you. Good journey to you, bhadra.

Bhujerban (tan bangaa pacing boulevard): I've heard there's an Imperial fleet gathering not far from Bhujerba. Now, maybe they're just passin' through… or maybe this's a prelude to invasion?

Bhujerban (woman in green, pink, and brown leaning against wall): I do not approve of that magickery. The ladies there are all very young, and all very helpful. So do the men flock to their door! Hanta…

Bhujerban (moogle with green pom-pom sitting on crate next to magickery door): I came here from Rabanastre to visit a friend, kupo! Them Imperials can't throw their weight around here, can they? That said… There sure are a lot of them running around today. And what's with all these blockades, kupo!?

Shop Clerk: Svagatam! We are newly open. Come inside Mait's Magicks! We have only the best at Mait's!

Mait's Magicks (sign): Under Charter of His Excellency, we purvey Magicks restorative and defensive with which to gird oneself before embarking into the Mines.

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! I am a parijanah, a sort of guide to our wonderful city. You go to the Lhusu Mines? Then go south down this road, there to pass through Miners' End. Of course, normally one could go straight down this road, but as you can see, it is blockaded. Good journey to you, bhadra.

Bhujerban (man in turban and green & brown shorts leaning against wall): You bear little love for the Empire? Then we have something in common. Thanks to the Empire, my home, Nabradia, is no more. Yes, that's right, I'm Nabradian. For two years I've lived here, waiting… but for what?

Archadian Wayfarer: …I hate to admit this, but I fear I'm lost. Ridiculous! First I get lost in Rabanastre, now in Bhujerba! It's poor urban planning, I tell you!

City Parijanah: Traveler! May I be of assistance? If you are to go to the Lhusu Mines, I suggest you head east from here, passing through Miners' End on your way. There are many shops along the way, should you need anything. Good journey to you, bhadra.

Bhujerban (woman in white leaning against wall): Have you been to the Khus Skygrounds? They are to the west of here. The Lhusu Mines? They are to the east. Go through Miners' End.

Bhujerban Sainikah: The parijanah guides you see around town are working for the state to make sure all

visitors to Bhujerba enjoy their time among us.

Street Kid: Did you see the soldiers? There were so many!

City Parijanah: I am a parijanah. I am here to assist. If you make for the Lhusu Mines, go down this hill and through Miners' End. There are many parijanah guides to help you find your way. Good journey to you, bhadra.

Rithil's Protectives

Bhujerban Sainikah: Haa… The Imperials were here looking for someone a short while ago, but there are so few customers, they left quite quickly, bhadra.

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! This is a shop of armors! It is not a bad shop, but the master is a poor salesman. Ayi! Please forget what I have said, yes?

Bhujerban (tan seeq browsing on upper level): Mmrph? Look, don't tell anyone I said this, but Rithil's just got me in here to improve his image, see? This place's dead. There's not life in it.

Shop Clerk: Svagatam… (yawn)

Rithil: Svagatam… welcome… Armor, not arms, is what we sell. Battle takes more than just a blade… [shop menu]

Targe's Arms

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler. Welcome to the best armory in Bhujerba. Should you be venturing beyond the city walls, or into the mines, stop here first!

Lhusu Miner (man in turban and blue shorts browsing): The mines were open from today, but now a party from the Empire's here for an inspection, work has stopped again. Unbelievable! I come here all the way from Nalbina to make some gil, and this happens! I gotta find something else to do…

Lhusu Parivir (blue seeq): Not every ailment is made alike, my friend. In fact, some there are made exactly opposite! Take the magick "slow," for instance. Know someone slow? Slap "haste" on them and away it goes! Why, even the most pernicious afflictions sometimes have the simplest solutions!

Lhusu Miner (man in turban and brown shorts checking out sword): Perhaps it is that magicite itself draws raksas to it. Many foul creatures there are in the mines of late. We must protect ourselves, bhadra.

Bhujerban (woman standing next to man in chair): Today the mines are closed, so I need not make lunch for my man, you see. It is not a bad thing, to have days like this every now and then.

Lhusu Parivir (black bangaa in line at counter): The quickest way to victory? Know your enemy's weakness! And how do you find a weakness? Use Libra! And remember, you heard it here first.

Lhusu Miner (man standing in line at counter): Quite a crowd here, yes, bhadra? This is the best

weaponry Bhujerba has to offer! Always there is a queue.

Shop Clerk: Welcome! Welcome! Targe's Arms is here to serve your every need… as long as your every need is weapons!

Targe: Svagatam! Welcome to Targe's Arms! [shop menu]

Lhusu Miner (man in turban and blue shorts browsing on upper level): Guns… yes, guns have good range, and bullets pierce armor as though 'twere paper, but against some raksas, they are useless. Flans, for instance.

Bhujerban Sainikah: Raksas roam the Lhusu Mines, hunting the unwary. To protect themselves against these creatures of all description, the miners must be armed, you see. The mining of magicite is of great importance to Bhujerba. It behooves us all to see that the miners are working safely.

Bhujerban (woman in white, yellow, and green browsing on upper level): Haa… I wonder if there is a weapon that I, too, might use? Kah? Why do I need a weapon? Have you seen my husband?

Mait's Magicks

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler. Welcome to this fine shop of quality magicks, newly opened. Here shall you find all you need to prepare for your journeys.

Bhujerban Sainikah: I am a rakis guard of the watch, stationed here. Of late, I, too, desire to study magicks. I promise, it is not out of desire for the staff here, no!

Shop Clerk (woman in blue, pink and red): Welcome to Mait's. We are new to this, but every day we learn more and more of our trade. I beg your continued patronage, bhadra. (wink)

Bhujerban (man bent over inspecting shelves): Hanta… So many difficult books here. Can one such as me truly learn magick? I think no.

Shop Clerk (woman in pink and blue with headscarf): Good day. Feel free to browse our selection of magicks. We've many magicks sure to be helpful to a traveler such as yourself, bhadra!

Mait: Welcome to Mait's Magicks, newly opened! Remember: we are here to serve you! [shop menu]

Shop Clerk (woman in blue, pink, and green on upper level): The magicite taken from Lhusu Mines is known for its quality. Indeed, many of our magicks here are worked with local stones… Yet of late, it seems that the quality is not what it used to be.

Bhujerban (man in turban and blue shorts browsing on upper level): Until a short while ago, this shop was, in fact, a tavern, you see. Hungry, I came here to find that now it sells magicks, not food. Haa… but they used to serve the most delicious stews, bhadra…

Bhujerban Guru: Marquis Ondore keeps a wary distance from the Empire, bhadra. Our relations with

Archades are cordial, for now, though I fear for the future…

Miners' End

Bhujerban Sainikah: Kah? The dayworkers? No, today there is no mining in Lhusu. Have you not heard? An inspection party from the Empire has come.

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! Welcome to Bhujerba. I am a parijanah, a guide to our fair city. If you would go to the Lhusu Mines, head down this slope, and north along Miners' End. Know the mines are closed now. There is no entry.

Miners' Ender (man in turban and green & brown shorts leaning against wall): Have I seen you in Miners' End before? I thought not. Welcome, bhadra. Perhaps you are here to enjoy the flavor of old Bhujerba?

Bhujerban Guru: Ah… I seen some sour-lookin' bangaa about. Eh? Bangaa… and a hume girl? Sorry, bhadra. Seen nothin' of the sort.

Shop Clerk: Welcome to Clio's Technicks, kupo! Open for business, and ready to serve!

Clio's Technicks (sign): His Excellency having deemed Technicks nonessential to Mining Operations, we operate without Charter. Rest assured that all Technicks bear our personal guarantee!

Miners' Ender (moogle with orange pom-pom sitting on ledge below technickery entrance): Oh, on a typical day, I find myself down in the mines, fixing the carts, the tracks, the diggers… But today is a holiday, kupo!

Miners' Ender (man with white turban and dark pants): Have you wondered at the lack of fallows and fields in Bhujerba, bhadra? Yes, we have little space for such things. That is why we must sell our Stones and import what foodstuffs we need.

Miners' Ender (woman in pink and tan sitting on ledge at bottom of hill): I've just finished work in Rabanastre… What a terrible place it is. The Empire is everywhere. I felt quite suffocated, yes.

Miner's Ender (man sitting on ledge speaking to woman): The soldiers, it seems they are looking for someone. I hope they find whoever it is, and leave us soon. Can they not see we are in love?

Miners' Ender (woman in pink, blue, and green walking and talking to various people): You may see many Imperials about, bhadra, but it is not always so. Bhujerbans are a proud, independent people. Not cows like the Dalmascans.

Lhusu Miner (orange seeq sitting against wall): Hanta! One of the Imperials, in his haste he has stepped upon my foot! Ayi… Next I see him, he shall pay. Bhorta swears it!

Miners' Ender (moogle with green pom-pom sitting on crate): The Imperials seem quite agitated today, kupo! How am I to take my nap with all this toing and froing?

Miners' Ender Kid: How I wanted to play on the Kaff Terrace, but the Imperials, they block our way! It is not fair! Back to Archades with you, murkha Imperials!

City Parijanah: Lost your way? Allow a parijanah to assist you! Ah, you go to the Lhusu Mines, perhaps? This road, it leads to Kaff Terrace. If you go straight up this slope, you will reach a junction. There, go to the east and you will find the road to the mines.

Lhusu Miner (black bangaa looking up at moogle on ledge): Moogle! Your days are numbered, do you hear me!? Come down here at once! Adhuna! Now!

Miners' Ender (woman in blue, yellow, and pink speaking with group): No, of course I do not like the Imperials on our streets, but it is better than resisting them and ending up like Dalmasca, no? Independence is not won for free, you see.

Lhusu Parivir: Nnh? This here's Miners' End, bhadra. Lhusu, that's north… But it's closed, say the criers. How's a seeq to earn an honest day's wage?

Miners' Ender (moogle in yellow with orange pom-pom): Oh, so many hills in this town, kupo! I suppose that's what the travelers come here to see. But me, I cannot see for the sweat in my eyes, kupo!

Lhusu Miner (man in dark shorts sitting on rail outside gambit shop): Good day, bhadra. Have you been to the mines? I am a miner, you see. We who dig the Stones must be ready for raksas attacks, to fight them as one. That is why we frequent Bashketi's Gambits!

Bashketi's Gambits (sign): Gambits having been deemed nonessential to Mining Operations, we operate without Charter, though we believe Efficiency is quintessential!

Miners' Ender (woman in pink and tan with headscarf, leaning against archway): Ah, you seem new to this place, yes? You do know where you are? We are on Dorstonis, one of the purvama, the floating lands. Many are the visitors from all parts of Ivalice who come to see the wonder that is Bhujerba. That is why the city employs guides, the parijanah.

Bhujerban Sainikah: Haa? The Lhusu Mines? They are closed, bhadra. You are a traveler, yes? I do not think they will let you in, with the Imperial inspections.

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler. How may I assist you? Should you go east from this junction, you will reach the mines. West, Cloudborne Row.

Lhusu Miner (man in green & brown shorts sitting on ledge, left side of junction): Today the mines are closed and so I think to go to the Cloudborne for a drink, yes? What is the harm in a drink?

Clio's Technicks

Shop Clerk (moogle in blue with yellow pom-pom): Ours is a moogle-run shop, but we serve everyone! Buy, and know happiness, kupo!

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler. Welcome to Clio's Technicks. This shop is run by the Bhujerban

Alliance of Moogles, B.A.M.! Quality is guaranteed!

Shop Clerk (moogle with yellow pom-pom at top of steps): Very sorry, kupo! Staff only beyond here…

Bhujerban Sainikah: A most industrious race, moogles. Bhujerba owes much to their mooglecraft. Cute, too, do you not think?

Archadian Wayfarer: My brother works in a laboratory in Archades. He says he will come soon to Bhujerba on military duty, and, if time allows, learn mooglecraft.

Shop Clerk (moogle in red with green pom-pom at top of far steps): Staff only, up here, kupo! …Where is that Pilika!? She was supposed to be here hours ago, and today is my holiday, kupo!

Shop Clerk (moogle in red with green pom-pom near counter): Oh, if there's anything you need, anything at all, don't hesitate to ask, kupo! There's no need to be shy! We're all born ignorant, as they say, kupo!

Clio: Clio's Technicks… How may I help you, kupo? [shop menu]

Bashketi's Gambits

City Parijanah: Svagatam! Welcome to Bashketi's Gambits. I hardly need remind you of gambits' usefulness. The key to life, bhadra, is teamwork!

Shop Clerk (light blue seeq): Svagatam! Welcome! Buy our gambits and weather the stormiest journey with ease.

Bhujerban (woman in pink and blue top with headscarf browsing): Haa… There are so many gambits! I wonder if there is one to help me run my household?

Bhujerban (man in turban and green & brown shorts browsing): I have heard there is a resistance in our city, preparing to rise against the Empire… but how can they operate with Imperials on every corner?

Bhujerban (man at counter): There is a limit to gambits' effectiveness, bhadra. Gambits meant to aid one's companions will do them no good should they wander too far afield. This is when you should tell them what to do directly, you see. It is vital for you to use both gambits, and old-fashioned orders, well!

Bashketi: Look upon my wares and know perfection, bhadra! Yes, it is I, Bashketi. And these are my gambits! [shop menu]

Shop Clerk (orange seeq on upper level): Questions about gambits? (snort) Ask away! There's much I'd like to ask of you, too! (snort)

Bhujerban Sainikah: Did you know the miners in Lhusu use gambits? There are many raksas in the mines, you see. The miners must defend themselves, bhadra!

Lhusu Square

Miners' Ender (woman leaning against wall, talking to man): I hear that the quality of the magicite taken

from the mines has dropped, but this is most odd. All the Stones I have seen are of highest grade!

Lhusu Parivir: We are parivir, sworn to defend those who work the mines. Many raksas dwell in Lhusu! Very, very dangerous place. Thus are we needed. You have the look of someone new. You would do well to hire us, should you wish to enter Lhusu. Of course, not today, for the mines are closed.

Lhusu Miner (man with back against wall): You carry potions and elixirs, do you not? Haa… Their value cannot be overestimated! Better than magicks, many times. Especially for healing!

Lhusu Miner (man sitting cross-legged on crate): A friend of mine, he found a great treasure deep in the mines, but when he went to reach for it, ayi! It was a raksas! A most horrible fiend! Not all treasure is treasure, bhadra.

Street Vendor: Normally I sell my wares to the miners, bhadra, but with the mines closed, business is, how shall I say it? Dead. Take a look, won't you? [shop menu]

Cartographers' Guild: On a trip into the mines? Would you like to buy a map, kupo?

[Select a map to purchase.

Bhujerba *70*

Lhusu Mines *650*

Cancel]

So long, kupo!

Lhusu Parivir/Aekom: Today all work in the mines had stopped, bhadra. An inspection party has come from Archadia, yes. They have brought many guards. There is no need for our guild of bodyguards, the parivir.

Into the Mines

[Vaan stands before the mines. Balthier, Basch, Fran and Lamont follow not far behind him.]

Balthier: The Lhusu Mines: one of the richest veins in Ivalice.

Basch: Under Imperial guard, no doubt.

Lamont: Actually, no. With but few exceptions, the Imperial army is not permitted in Bhujerba. Well, shall we proceed?

[Balthier and Basch exchange a look. Lamont heads for the mine entrance.]

Lhusu Mines

Shaft Entry

The Imperial Inspection Party

[Another party is heading in from the entrance. Vaan, Basch, Balthier, Fran, and Lamont all retreat into the shadows. One is identified as an Imperial Judge by his extravagant armor. The other you recognize once you hear the voice.]

Judge: You will forgive me for asking, but you are diverting the purest of the magicite –

Ondore: I can assure you it reaches Lord Vayne most discreetly.

Judge: You wear your saddle well.

Ondore: Be that as it may, I have no intention of being bridled, Your Honor.

Judge: Then you prefer the whip? Stubbornness will see not only you broken, Excellency, but Bhujerba as well.

Lamont: Halim Ondore IV, the Marquis of Bhujerba. The Marquis served as the mediator at the negotiations of Dalmasca's surrender. It would appear that he is somewhat less neutral now.

Balthier: They say he's been helping the Resistance.

Lamont: They say many things.

Balthier: You're certainly well informed. Who did you say you were again?

Vaan: What difference does it make? We have to find Penelo.

Lamont: And Penelo is your –

Vaan: She's a friend. She was kidnapped and taken here.

Site 2

A Fairy Tale About Nethicite

[The party walks into a massive cavern with glowing blue walls.]

Lamont: This is what I came here to see.

[Lamont draws an oblong, glowing stone from his pockets.]

Vaan: What's that?

Lamont: It's nethicite. Manufacted nethicite.

Vaan: Nethicite?

Lamont: Unlike regular magicite, nethicite absorbs magickal energy. This is the fruit of research into the manufacture of nethicite. All at the hands of the Draklor Laboratory.

[Balthier side eyes Lamont at the mention of Draklor. Lamont wanders off to another cavern wall.]

Lamont: So this is where they're getting the magicite.

Balthier: Errand all attended to, then?

Lamont: Thank you. I'll repay you shortly.

[Balthier saunters toward him, slowly cornering him, pressing him up to the wall.]

Balthier: No, you'll repay us now. We have too much on our hands to go on holding yours. So where did you hear this fairy tale about "nethicite"? And where did you get that sample you carry? What do you know about the Draklor Laboratories? Tell me: who are you?

Vaan: Balthier –

Ba'Gamnan: You kept us waiting, Balthier!

[They turn to see Ba'Gamnan, with a lethal looking weapon with a sort of rotating sawblade at the end of a long pole, henchman at his side.]

Ba'Gamnan: You slipped away in Nalbina. We missed you! First the Judge, and now this boy. The whole affair has the smell of money. I may have to wet my beak a little.

Balthier: Keep your snout in the trough where it belongs. This thinking ill befits you, Ba'Gamnan.

Ba'Gamnan: Balthier! Too long have I gone unpaid! I'll carve my bounty out of that boy!

Vaan: Where's Penelo? We're taking her back!

Ba'Gamnan: The girl? Why keep the bait when you've landed the fish? We cut her loose on the way here and then off she ran, crying like a babe!

[Lamont throws the magicite; it bonks Ba'Gamnan on the head and he grunts in pain. The gang takes the opportunity to run for it, Balthier shoving him to the ground as he passes and Fran jumping over his prostrate body.]

Ba'Gamnan: [getting up and grabbing his weapon again] After them!

[The party sprints back down the tunnels, first Lamont, then Vaan, then Balthier, Basch, and Fran.]

Vaan: *[yelling to Lamont]* Hey, wait up!

Balthier: We'll not be able to take them all! Fight who we must, leave the rest.

Shaft Entry

Lost Them

Fran: It would not seem they follow. We've lost them.

Balthier: Much more running about with bangaa at my heels… and I'm apt to give up sky pirating altogether.

Bhujerba

Lhusu Square

Lord Larsa

[As the party emerges from the mines, they see the judge and the marquis waiting outside with a soldier. They all go to hide, except Lamont, who approaches them.]

Judge: I see you've been out walking without the company of your cortege… Lord Larsa.

[The Imperial steps aside to reveal Penelo is with the Imperial party.]

Judge: We caught her wandering out of the mines. You must take care with such undesirables about.

Penelo: I was kidnapped –

Judge: Silence!

Larsa: If it is a crime to wander on one's own… then I, too, am guilty. Marquis. I trust that your estate can accommodate another guest?

Ondore: Why not?

Larsa: Judge Ghis, I shall heed your counsel. I will not travel unaccompanied any longer.

[He [pointedly takes Penelo by the hand and walks away.]

Judge: That was unexpected.

Larsa: Thank you, Penelo.

Penelo: O-Of course.

[As they walk away, the rest of the gang comes out from behind the pillars.]

Vaan: What's Penelo doing? And what's the deal with that Lamont?

Balthier: That's no "Lamont." Larsa Ferrinas Solidor. Fourth son to Emperor Gramis… and brother to Vayne.

Vaan: What? That kid!?

Fran: Do not worry. I believe he will treat her well.

Balthier: Nobody knows men like Fran does.

Basch: Our purposes lead the same way: to Ondore. We must find means to approach him.

Balthier: The Marquis is channeling money to organizations opposing the Empire. We'll start there.

Aekom: The one with the shiny armor, he was a Judge of Archadia, yes? Haa… More impressive than ever I imagined, he was! The Marquis must do as they say.

Clamor

[Upon approaching the area at the top of the stairs…]

Basch: Marquis Ondore announced my execution 2 years ago. If news of my survival were to spread, the Marquis may find his position compromised.

Balthier: The men he's been funding bear little love for the Empire. They won't be thrilled to discover that rumors of your death were, in fact, greatly exaggerated. If we were to raise a clamor to that effect, we might just get their attention.

Vaan: Nothin' to it! I'll just go around town spreading the word. How 'bout this?

[You are prompted to press the square button…]

Vaan: [yelling] I'm Captain Basch fon Ronsenburg of Dalmasca!

[The denizens of Lhusu Square turn heads at Vaan.]

Vaan: Well? What do you think?

Balthier: That certainly qualifies as a clamor. All right, Vaan, get to it. For the girl's sake, eh? Oh, and the more people around to witness your little performance, the better. If we're going to reach the Marquis, it's up to you. We'll be waiting here, if you need us.

Bhujerba

Lhusu Square

Balthier (standing with Basch and Fran near Aekom): His Excellency Marquis Ondore announced after the war that Captain Basch fon Ronsenburg had been executed… for slaying his own king. Now, as we all know, Basch lives. Should this become known, why, the Marquis's lie would be revealed, and his Resistance jeopardized.

> **Basch: Spread the rumor that I still live, and the Resistance here in Bhujerba will come out of their hiding places to ascertain the truth. If we can contact their organization, we can use them to get to the Marquis. We'll rescue Penelo from his estate, and see where he stands.**
>
> **Fran: Walk the streets of Bhujerba and speak of Basch where people have gathered. We will await you here.**

Street Vendor: The Imperials are gone, and business is booming! Do take a look, bhadra! [shop menu]

Miners' End

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler. How may I assist you? Ah, yes, the great edifice of our city, visible from all wards and piers. Marquis Ondore's estate! To go to the estate, go to the west from here to Cloudborne Row, and north from there.

Bhujerban Sainikah: Haa? The mines? They are closed, bhadra. They will resume mining tomorrow, however. Not that mining is very enjoyable to view.

Lhusu Miner (man in green shorts sitting on ledge near parijanah): The Imperials are gone, yes? And so, with thirst in my throat, I go to the Cloudborne, only to find my purse is quite empty! Kastam…

Miners' Ender (moogle in gold with orange pom-pom walking around): So, so many hills in this town of ours! (pant) I must keep healthy, kupo, or I can't get about. What to do when I am an old moogle?

Lhusu Miner (black bangaa yelling at moogle on ledge): Moogle! You think you are so clever! You think you are so innocent with your… your pom-pom! I know the truth! I know what you have done!

Miners' Ender Kid: Kah? Oh, ahead is Kaff Terrace, yes. You are not from Bhujerba, are you? Then be prepared! It is quite thrilling there, you see.

City Parijanah: Lost your way? Allow a parijanah to assist you! Kah? You go to the estate of his Excellency the Marquis? Then first, go to Cloudborne Row. Walk up this slop to the junction at top. There, go east and you will reach the Row. From there, go north, bhadra. When you see the shining wings dancing into blue sky, you will know the way you must go.

Miners' Ender (moogle with green pom-pom sitting on crate): Do you know why there are so many hills

in Bhujerba? Because the purvama it was built upon, Dorstonis, is hilly! Kupo!

Lhusu Miner: I have seen the Marquis running along like a dog to these Judges. Bhorta cares for this not. How can we leave Bhujerba in the hands of such a man?

Miners' Ender (woman in blue, pink, and green): Hanta! Never before have the Imperials had the temerity to blockade our roads! The Marquis falters, I fear. This is a shame on us!

Miners' Ender (man sitting talking to his girlfriend beneath balcony): I heard a soldier, an Imperial, above us. He said that the great fleet of the Empire approaches Bhujerba! Can this be true?

Miners' Ender (woman in pink top and headscarf sitting on ledge): You are from Rabanastre? I have heard from a friend there. "We lost all," she said, "because Captain Ronsenburg took away our king."

Miners' Ender (woman in yellow, blue, and white talking to group): Who knows what the Marquis thinks? He was close to the royal family of Dalmasca, yet in the war two years past, he aided Archades! Curious…

Lhusu Parivir: Aye, magicite mining's starting up again on the morrow, down at Site 3… Got to go down to the Staras place 'n' get my key… Mmmmrph.

Miners' Ender (moogle with orange pom-pom sitting on ledge): Me? Normally, I am working in the mines, fixing the machines. Today, I rest, kupo, but tomorrow, tomorrow work begins again!

Bhujerban Guru: Ah… I seen some sour-lookin' bangaa about. Wastrels like them shouldn't be let to roam the streets. 'Tis bad for our image, eh?

Miners' Ender (man in green shorts with back to wall and arms crossed): Here in Miners' End is where the workers of our city live. It is an odd name, I agree. Today the Mines are closed, and so the streets are busy.

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! Welcome to Bhujerba. I am a parijanah, a guide to our fair city. You would go to the Marquis's estate? Very well. Go up this slope to Travica Way, and from there, go north until you reach it, bhadra.

Bhujerban Sainikah: Kah? A Resistance against the Empire? Cloudspit! Bhujerba's relations with Archades are nothing if not cordial. No Resistance exists. It cannot.

Bashketi's Gambits

City Parijanah: Yes, traveler, this is Bashketi's Gambits. The R-Resistance hall? I have not heard of such a thing. I am sorry, bhadra.

Bhujerban (woman in pink top and headscarf): Haa… There are so many gambits! I wonder if there is one to make my husband was the dishes?

Bhujerban Sainikah: The staff here are all run by gambits, bhadra. Are you not impressed by their

efficiency? It is a testament to the quality of their product!

Kaff Terrace

Bhujerban Sainikah: Up ahead is Kaff Terrace, famed spot of Bhujerba. The Khus Skygrounds near Travica Way, too, are magnificent, but the Terrace is thrilling, bhadra!

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! Here on Kaff Terrace, witness the most beautiful scenery Bhujerba has to offer! Its beauty needs no description… so do I rest.

Bhujerban (black bangaa): The Imperials have closed off the road! This is an outrage! All this concern over a child? Even if he is the son of the Emperor! Kastam!

Bhujerban (moogle with green pom-pom at bottom of stairs pacing): Did you know, kupo, that Bhujerba floats by the power of magicite? That's what the natural philosophers think, at least… Wait, does that mean if the mines run out of magicite we'll fall out of the sky and become a normal island… in the sea?

Bhujerban Sainikah: It appears the Imperial blockades have been lifted. I still do not understand why the Marquis has given them the run of our streets!

Bhujerban (man in green, red, and blue talking to woman at bottom of stairs): Ivalice is truly a place of much wonder. But Bhujerba is the only city-state built atop a purvama! Kah? A purvama is a sky island, you see.

Bhujerban (man in green top pacing at bottom of stairs): The airships of other lands, they pass this way as they make for the aerodrome. My love, she too will be borne home on the skies.

Bhujerban (moogle with green pom-pom standing on wall): I'm fine, fine, kupo! Why, if anything should happen, I've always got my wings!

Bhujerban (woman in pink top looking off ledge, to left of stairs): Sometimes, the cargo ships come to this terrace. I am always so impressed the men can do their work here, where there is no railing…

Bhujerban (man in green shorts facing green landscape, to left of stairs): The great edifice you see ahead is none other than the residence of Marquis Ondore… though you can hardly see it for the trees, haa?

Bhujerban (light blue seeq pacing, at left of stairs): Mmrrph. Imperials were running about, looking for someone, they was. But when they come out here, how their knees did knock! Bwa ha ha!

Bhujerban (moogle with yellow pom-pom sitting on wall, to right of stairs): When I'm feeling sad, I come here and gaze out at the sky. Here, my problems feel very small, kupo. Like me!

Bhujerban (woman in red, pink, and blue, to right of stairs): I've dropped a ring, near to here, bhadra. Ayi, it was a ring of great importance! Kastam!

Yrlon: I have quarreled with Amba, so I shall not go home a while, I am thinking. I do not care if she is

worried! If you should meet her, please, bhadra, do not tell her I am here. Please.

Clio's Technicks

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler. Welcome to Clio's Technicks. This shop is run by the Bhujerban Alliance of Moogles, B.A.M.! Quality is guaranteed, kupo! …Ahem. Forgive me, I seem to have picked up the moogle's dialect, kupo. Ahem.

Shop Clerk (moogle with yellow pom-pom standing front and center): Ours is a moogle-run shop, but we serve everyone! Buy, and know happiness, kupo! …A Resistance against the Empire? No, the Empire's always treated us fairly, kupo. I'm sure that's just a silly rumor!

Bhujerban Sainikah: There are many moogles in Bhujerba, for they are privileged here. Only natural for a people that has contributed so much to Bhujerba's growth.

Archadian Wayfarer: My brother works in a laboratory in Archades. He will soon arrive in Bhujerba with the 8th Fleet. I am to wait for him here, you see.

Shop Clerk (moogle with green pom-pom at top of steps): Staff only, up here, kupo! …Where is that Pilika!? We moogles may look cute and cuddly, but when it's time to work, we work! Except for… when we don't.

Travica Way

City Parijanah: I am a parijanah. I am here to assist. If you are to call on the Marquis at his estate, head north along the boulevard. There are many parijanah guides to help you find your way. Good journey to you, bhadra.

Street Kid: Tatah works in the mines, but today he has off. He will play with me today!

Bhujerban (woman in white leaning against wall): Down to the west lie the Khus Skygrounds. Very scenic, very recommended, bhadra. Through Miners' End to the east are the mines.

Bhujerban Sainikah: The parijanah guides you see around town are working for the state to make sure all visitors to Bhujerba enjoy their time among us.

City Parijanah: Traveler! May I be of assistance? If you seek the Marquis Ondore's estate, I recommend you go north, straight along this boulevard. Down this slope lie the Khus Skygrounds, a most scenic location, its beauty befitting a skycity. Good journey to you, bhadra.

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! Have you seen the Marquis's Estate? It is at the northern end of the boulevard. Good journey to you, bhadra.

Bhujerban (moogle with green pom-pom sitting on crate next to magickery door): I came here from Rabanastre to visit a friend, kupo! I've taken to the place more than I thought… In fact, I might just stay here, kupo.

Bhujerban (man in green shorts leaning against wall): Hmm? I was a soldier of Nabradia. A defender. But what could I defend? Nothing. Two years ago I came here to Bhujerba. Two long years…

Bhujerban Sainikah: Where have all the Imperials gone? Never mind, it is a good thing. I have pity for Rabanastre, always the unwilling host to their ilk.

Bhujerban (man sitting on crates next to Targe's door): Marquis Ondore and an Imperial Judge just passed this way with many soldiers in their retinue! I thought to tell my wife of this, but she does not come out. I fear she must truly, truly love weapons. It is the only explanation.

Bhujerban (woman in white sitting on crates): I have heard for what the Imperials search high and low. It is the youngest son of the Emperor! Perhaps he merely spreads his wings? Haa, youth…

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! Welcome! I am a parijanah, a guide. May I be of assistance? You go to Marquis Ondore's estate? Then go north, all the way up this road. By the way, down from here is Cloudborne Row. May I recommend a fine Bhujerban Madhu at the Cloudborne? Good journey to you, bhadra.

Bhujerban Sainikah: It appears that the Imperial fleet has left us. Worry not. Bhujerba is not Rabanastre. Here, the Imperials have little power, you see.

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! Welcome! I am a parijanah, a guide. May I be of assistance? You wish to go to Marquis Ondore's estate? Then go north, all the way up. I am afraid the estate is off limits to visitors, yet even from outside it is quite beautiful, you see. Good journey to you, bhadra.

Bhujerban (woman in white leaning against wall by Rithil's): The estate of Marquis Ondore is ahead from here. He is a very powerful man – even the Empire respects this. An audience may be difficult to arrange.

Bhujerban (tan bangaa walking up and down steps): It's about time those Imperials made themselves scarce. I'm sure the Marquis has plans of his own… But were I him, I'd cut ties with the Empire. Now.

Bhujerban (woman in green, pink, and tan sitting on ledge): Our Bhujerba is a small land, but House Ondore has long protected the mines. They, and the airship traders are a source of much wealth, you see.

Bhujerban Sainikah: Kah? The Marquis supports a resistance? Against the Empire!? This is ludicrous. Slander the Marquis no further, or I shall have you arrested.

Khus Skygrounds

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler. Up the steps here you will find Travica Way, our main boulevard. At its north end stands the magnificent Ondore estate.

Bhujerban (black bangaa walking about): Kah? A Resistance against the Empire? This is Bhujerba! Unlike some kingdoms, we know how to deal with Archades here. Cloudspit! Pah!

Pilika: Oh dear, kupo… I have… (sigh) I cannot tell you. You are a stranger.

Street Kid: We're going to play at sky pirates! No, you may not join us. Do not bother asking!

Bhujerban (woman in pink, red, and blue gazing at vendor's wares): Once there were many vendors here, but their numbers have fallen since the Empire came. Only this one stallholder remains, you see.

Kweli's Last Stand (sign): Without Charter of His Excellency, Member Khus Skygrounds Merchants' Guild. We'll match any price, anywhere!

Street Vendor: Traveler! Pause a moment! Take a look! [shop menu]

Bhujerban Sainikah: The Marquis, supporting a Resistance against the Empire? This is a lie spread by those who tire of the peace the Marquis has brought us, bhadra.

Bhujerban (woman in pink top and headscarf leaning on terrace): This man next to me, he stares and he stares. I wish he would stop. I wait here for my boyfriend! If he were to see this…

Bhujerban (man in turban and blue shorts leaning on terrace): When I was a child, long I stood here watching the airships fly to and fro. All day could I watch. I wanted… I wanted to be a sky pirate! Ha ha!

Bhujerban (blue seeq): Mrrnh? Aye, I dislike the Empire. Who wouldn't? But you hold it inside, and you treat with them. This is what it means to be an adult, yes?

Street Kid: An Imperial soldier gave me a sweet, so I took it. Why is amba cross with me?

Bhujerban (moogle with green pom-pom): Clio's Technicks in Miners' End! We're your first and last stop for technicks, kupo! Master Clio is a personal friend! We moogles stick together!

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler. Welcome to the Khus Skygrounds, favored leisure spot of all Bhujerbans. Quite beautiful, do you not agree?

Mait's Magicks

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler. Welcome to this fine shop of quality magicks, newly opened. A resistance? Sorry, this was not written of in my guidebook!

Shop Clerk (woman in blue, red, and pink standing toward front): Welcome, traveler, to Mait's. Kah? A resistance? Against Archadia? I am sorry, bhadra, but we have no dealings with such people.

Bhujerban Sainikah: I am a rakis guard of the watch, stationed here. Of late, I, too, desire to study magicks, for defense in these times of much disorder. Kah…? A resistance? No, such a thing does not exist. I am afraid you have been tricked, bhadra.

Shop Clerk (woman in blue, pink and green on upper level): The magicite taken from Lhusu is known for its quality. Indeed, many of our magicks here are worked with local stones… Yet of late, we cannot seem to get enough!

Bhujerban Guru: Marquis Ondore keeps a wary distance from the Empire, bhadra. Our relations with

Archades are cordial, for now, though I fear for the future… Never before have Judge Magisters walked so boldly on Bhujerban soil, you see.

Targe's Arms

Lhusu Miner (man in turban and blue shorts browsing weapons): I've just come here from Nalbina to make some gil. The mines were closed today, but from tomorrow, I'll be down there diggin' to my heart's content!

Rithil's Protectives

Bhujerban Sainikah: I have been a rakis – a guard – here for quite some time now, and I can say with some confidence that nothing ever happens here, bhadra. Why, you ask? I would think it obvious.

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! This is a shop of armors! Kah…? A resistance against the Empire? Do not say such things, bhadra! Shocking!

Shop Clerk: Svagatam… (yawn) Kah…? A resistance against the Empire? Never heard of it…

Rithil: Svagatam… welcome… Protectives… protectives… Why does Targe get all the business? What does he have that I do not? [shop menu]

Bhujerban: Mrmmph? A resistance? No one half as interesting as that'd come to this shop, believe you me. Can't you tell?

Cloudborne Row

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! Welcome to Cloudborne Row. Turn the corner, and you will find the Cloudborne, purveyor of fine Bhujerban Madhu!

Cloudborne Resident (man in turban and green & brown shorts): This street is not a place for travelers, bhadra. It does not do to wander the back alleys. You might become lost. You might find trouble.

Cloudborne Resident (tan bangaa in green vest): How is it that Judges walk our streets as though they belonged here, their soldiers with them? The Marquis is a fair-weather friend to his people!

Cloudborne Resident (tan seeq with turquoise horn): I saw the Marquis Ondore and a Judge pass by not moments ago. The Marquis… any lesser man would quail before a Judge, but he stood proud.

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.

Bhujerban Sainikah: Back here, bhadra, it is not lost travelers, but lost drinkers whom we must care for. Take the spirits, but care the spirits do not take you.

Cloudborne Resident (woman in white leaning against wall): I have just heard that Captain Ronsenburg of Dalmasca was spotted in Lhusu Square! Drivel from the mouths of drunkards!

Archadian Wayfarer: P-Pardon… Please, stop shouting like that… Urgh, my head, it pounds! Bhujerban Madhu is as sweet as her maids, and as strong as her Stones!

Cloudborne Resident (moogle in gold with orange pom-pom pacing in front of tavern): My first ever visit to the Cloudborne. It's been a long time coming. I'm going in, kupo! With a friend. Once we can find the door.

Cloudborne Patron (light blue seeq talking to woman sitting on crate): Yer not from around here, are you? Well, this here's the Cloudborne, favored watering-hole of miner and traveler alike. Those guides you see around, the parijanah, they hold meetings here, too.

Cloudborne Patron (man standing beside collapsed bangaa outside tavern): Every time we drink, this! I tell him, count the cups, count the cups, and does he count them? Yes! If only he would stop counting…

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! If it is shopping you desire, do see Travica Way. Why, Targe's Arms is just up the stairs here, you see. Here… this is more of an alley, to tell the truth. Most come here only for drinking… that would be at the tavern down the slope. Good journey!

Bhujerban Guru: Haa… I have recently met the leader of the parijanah guides, Havharo. Very mysterious, very handsome! He frequents the Cloudborne, you know.

Cloudborne Resident (tang bangaa talking to blue seeq): The other day, a man in his cups was shouting of the Marquis's "involvement" with some anti-Imperial resistance. Now… he is gone. The lesson: show the fool's coin, pay the fool's price.

Lhusu Miner: They say the Lhusu Mines are silent today. People talk of important men from the Empire come to see the mines. The ones in armor, perhaps?

Bhujerban Sainikah: I have heard that the quality of our Stones is dropping, but this is because the Empire buys all the best. I trust the Empire not, with their laboratories and their experiments. What are they up to?

Archadian Wayfarer: I came to see the source of the power that keeps this land of Dorstonis afloat, yet with the Lhusu Mines closed…

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! Welcome to Bhujerba! Wish you to see the estate of his Excellency the Marquis? Then go you down Travica Way. You can see the estate at the north end of the Way from most parts of Bhujerba. It is quite impressive, and a useful landmark, if you are lost.

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler! You have been to Travica Way? It is right up these steps. And Mait's Magicks is at its end. I recommend stopping there, oh yes.

Cloudborne Resident (woman talking to red bangaa and blue seeq): Have the inspectors from the Empire left? I mistrust the Empire. After what I saw in Nalbina, who wouldn't?

Cloudborne Resident (moogle in gold with orange pom-pom sitting on crates): This building here? Why,

this is the Staras residence, kupo. House Staras has long controlled the Lhusu Mines. They're nobility!

Cloudborne Resident (man in dark pants sitting on crate next to moogle): I hear an Imperial fleet is to put in to port quite soon. Each fleet arrival is a great opportunity for our merchants to sell, you see.

Cloudborne Resident (light blue seeq): Careful on these streets. Gets dangerous 'round here at night. Bunch o' drunks gave me a right beatin' just the other night. Think they were part of this resistance group I been hearing about.

The Cloudborne

City Parijanah (talking to patrons at table): Pardon. As you can see, I am occupied. If you have a question, you may ask another parijanah, please. This said, all the parijanah here are off duty, I should hope.

Shop Clerk (woman in green and pink top walking around): Hanta… I am so busy! It is because of that lazy Magu! He is that seeq in his cups and out of his wits by the barrel there. He is paid for this!?

Shop Clerk (moogle with green pom-pom): Care for some Bhujerban Madhu? It's a local favorite, kupo! Oh, wait, you're far too young, kupo. Come back later! Much later!

Cloudborne Patron (man leaning against wall talking to woman sitting on barrel): If you seek posted bills for hunting marks, you can find them on the board at the far end of the tavern, bhadra. Would you make a name for yourself? Then you'd do well to check there early, so another does not hunt all the marks before you!

Cloudborne Patron (woman sitting at table with two others): The Marquis supporting a resistance against the Empire? It is best not to speak of such nonsense in a place like this, bhadra. You never know who might be listening.

Cloudborne Patron (man in orange-brown shorts sitting at table with woman): When the Imperials were here, it was hard to relax and enjoy a cup. Now, I can drink to my heart's content. As it so happens, my heart's quite thirsty.

Cloudborne Patron (light blue seeq at bar): Have you tasted the spirit known as Bhujerban Madhu? It is a local favorite! Only reluctantly do we allow outsiders to drink it. Especially not boys! Come back when you are a man grown, and we shall see then.

Magu: Harrum? Melisa call for me? Kah!? A resist-er-rance? Mmrrrph. (snort) What's that? Is it good eatin'?

Cloudborne Patron (moogle with yellow pom-pom): Oh, I'm here to meet a friend, kupo! But… he's nowhere to be seen. I'm thirsty!

Melisa: Welcome to the Cloudborne, traveler, where all Bhujerba comes to forget the worries of the day. I'm the taverner, Melisa, at your service. Sit down, rest your feet, boy… Kah? A resistance? Crazy! All right, who gave this boy here a sip of the madhu?

City Parijanah (in blue jacket, talking to Melisa): A resistance against the Empire, bhadra? Surely, there are many in our city who dislike the Empire, yet the Marquis has ever remained neutral. Were such a group to form, why, they would all be arrested with due haste, I think.

Cloudborne Patron (man standing at bar talking to woman): There are many who believe that Bhujerba might defy the Empire with economic superiority, bhadra, but I disagree. Were the Imperials to block off our trade routes, the city would starve. It is an undeniable fact.

City Parijanah (talking to red bangaa): Begging your pardon, bhadra, but I am off duty, you see. Kah? An organization? His Excellency the Marquis Ondore against the Empire? Many big words, bhadra. Can you say this again, ten times, fast?

City Parijanah (leaning against bar with arms crossed): If it is directions which you seek, bhadra, ask another parijanah. I am off duty. Kah? A resistance against the Empire? Please, I am in no mood for such japery today.

Timorous Bangaa: Hold it, friend. Hrrm? A "Resistance"…? Bah! Nothing of the sort here, traveler. (Why do I always get the odd ones…)

The Staras Residence

Niray: Good day, bhadra. No… no, it is not a good day, for my son has run away from home! Should you see him, please, tell him to come back. My son's name is Yrlon, you see. I'm afraid I was too harsh on him for breaking my prized bottle of Bhujerban Madhu…

Kait: I know where my brother has gone, bhadra… But I cannot tell you. He would be very cross.

Aerodrome

City Parijanah: Svagatam, traveler. We parijanah are official guides to the city. Outside the aerodrome you will find Travica Way, Bhujerba's main street.

Traveler: Contrary to popular belief in these parts, not everyone in Archades has his own airship! No, only the rich and privileged have those.

Bhujerban Sainikah: Svagatam, traveler. Welcome to Bhujerba, island of peace in the raging storm that is Ivalice, thanks to his Excellency, the Marquis.

Bhujerban (man sitting on rail, talking to another man and an Imperial): From Rabanastre, are you, bhadra? I hear the Imperials are quite bold there. Not so here in Bhujerba, where they know their place.

Bhujerban (moogle with yellow pom-pom sitting by window): I was shopping and missed my flight for Rabanastre! It's times like these when I think it'd be awfully nifty to be rich and have my own airship, kupo…

Traveler: Finally, the skyferry's starting up again… Of course my airship's still delayed! Tsk. No respect

for class, these peasants!

Street Kid (sitting on suitcases next to his parents): We go on a family trip to Rabanastre, bhadra! Is it true that, under the Imperial occupation, you cannot buy food or clothing there?

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

Vaan's Clamor

Various lines from Vaan, when "testifying"...

I'm Captain Basch fon Ronsenburg of Dalmasca!

Don't listen to Ondore's lies!

Basch lives!

I'm THE Basch fon Ronsenburg!

I'm Captain Basch!

Whenever you testify to an ordinary citizen, they will then be labeled as "Informed Citydweller", or "Informed Wayfarer", "Informed Shopkeep", etc. when you talk to them. Various lines from the informed citydwellers, in response...

(exclusive to moogles) You are being very, very silly, kupo. Captain Ronsenburg died two years ago! Oh, oh, maybe he's been hiding out on a desert isle? Kupo?

(exclusive to moogles) Captain Ronsenburg of Dalmasca, alive, kupo? First I've heard of this…

(exclusive to kids): You are the Captain Ronsenboobi? Oh, what fun! I will play at being captain, too!

Kah? You are Captain Ronsenburg? I had heard that he was quite dead. The Marquis has told us this some time past.

Captain Basch fon Ronsenburg? Haa, the fool who killed the King of Dalmasca and so prolonged that war. How many died because of him?

Basch? You mean the Dalmascan captain? The one executed for slaying his king?

And you are this Captain Ronsenburg? Are you not awfully young for a captain? You would do best to keep quiet, I think.

Haa, I wondered what it was you were shouting. This man you speak of, he is the one who killed the King of Dalmasca… and was executed, no?

Ah, the one who killed the Dalmascan king, no? If he's alive, that'd cause quite the stir… 'Course, that's a

big “IF”!

(exclusive to store clerks and shopkeepers): The Captain? Alive? Please, keep such pointless rumors out of my establishment, bhadra.

(exclusive to store clerks and shopkeepers): Captain… Ronsenburg? Haa! I understand! The customer is a mummer, practicing his act! Yes, yes. Very entertaining, if stupid.

Murkha! If you are to lie, bhadra, might I humbly request that you lie better?

A captain of Dalmasca? What of it?

Haa, yes, I remember. The Dalmascan captain, no? His slaying of the king prolonged the war. I had heard he was executed… was he not?

(exclusive to Targe): And you are this Captain Ronsenburg? I had thought him dead… And now the dead rise to purchase weapons! Frightening!

(exclusive to store clerks and shopkeepers): So you’re the Captain, eh? Ah, I see, I see, you want to be a captain when you grow up! Admirable, bhadra! I wish you good luck.

The Dalmascan captain who slew his king? He is long dead, friend. I heard the Marquis’s announcement with my own ears.

Ayi? Have you not heard? When Dalmasca fell, the Marquis announced that the Lady Ashe had perished, and the Captain was executed.

(exclusive to moogles): It does not do to lie, kupo. Very bad. Why, Marquis Ondore announced that the captain who killed the king was executed!

(exclusive to moogles): But if Captain Ronsenburg were alive… I wonder what Marquis Ondore would have to say for himself, kupo…

(exclusive to moogles): Then what the Marquis said two years ago, that was a lie, kupo? But why would the Marquis lie to us? It doesn’t make any sense at all, kupo.

(exclusive to Clio): The Captain, alive, kupo? Oh, I’ve heard some good ones in my day! That’s not one of them, though. If it were true… kupo…

(exclusive to kids): Captain Ron…sen…boobi? Uh… I’ve not heard of such a man, but I shall ask Amba. Perhaps she knows.

So, you’re Captain Ronsenburg? Well, then I’m the Emperor of Archadia! Ha! Eh? Think I’m crazy? Look who’s talking…

So, you are saying that Marquis Ondore is a liar, bhadra? You are reckless indeed, then. I would not venture out at night, were I you.

(exclusive to store clerks and shopkeepers): Kah? Captain Ronsenburg? Oh, that is choice! Look, I'll believe whatever you like, just buy something, all right?

(exclusive to Niray): Ronsen…burg? Where have I heard this name before? Ah, yes! I remember… No, no. I do not.

Basch? Who is that? Is he a nobleman? Is he a great man? …Is he a bad man?

(exclusive to store clerks and shopkeepers): That's… that Dalmascan captain, no? I had no idea he was so young! How terrible it must be in Dalmasca, that boys must go to war!

Various lines from parijanah, in response…

Captain Basch fon Ronsenburg? He is gone from this world, surely, bhadra. The Marquis announced it himself!

Kah? The Captain, alive!? Yet he was executed two years past for the slaying of Dalmasca's king! I heard the Marquis's words myself!

Kah!? Captain Ronsenburg, alive? Murkha! Ahem. That is to say, preposterous!

Haa… And you are this Captain Ronsenburg? Forgive me, bhadra, but you seem a touch young.

Various lines from sainikah, in response…

Lies, exaggerations, and obfuscations! These are all prohibited in Bhujerba! And slandering His Excellency above all else!

What do you think you are doing, bhadra? Spread any more vicious rumors and I shall have you arrested!

I must ask you to refrain from spreading such lies in public places, bhadra. All here know that Captain Ronsenburg was executed. You would have us doubt the Marquis?

Such talk is not permitted in public places! You will be quiet!

Basch Does Yet Live

[When the Notoriety meter reaches 100%...]

[Vaan will be cornered on a backstreet by a few shady characters.]

???: You. Boy. You will come with us.

[The scene switches to the back of the Cloudborne, where the Timorous Bangaa brings Vaan before n important-looking man sitting at the table.]

Henchman: This is the one, Havharo. Says he's Captain Basch, he does.

Havharo: He would sooner pass for the King.

Henchman: I knew he weren't no Captain! That was a mean trick to be playing.

Havharo: If at trickery it ended, it would end well enough. But why this boy, and why Captain Ronsenburg? An explanation is due, and I will hear it. The Empire's hounds grow passing bold indeed.

[Balthier and Fran enter.]

Balthier: A shame if they learnt the Marquis trafficked with the likes of you. Agents masquerading as guides. A hideout at the back of a tavern. Not exactly earning high marks for originality, are we?

Henchman: Now you've done it.

Havharo: Wait!

[Basch makes his entrance.]

Havharo: So Basch fon Ronsenburg does yet live.

[The scene fades to black, and fades in again on a different setting.]

[The Estate of the Marquis Ondore – Drawing Room]

[Larsa sits at a desk writing, while Penelo sits on a sofa in front of him.]

Penelo: So Vaan really is all right. I didn't think I'd ever get to see him again.

Larsa: You will join him soon. And until then I shall see that you're kept from harm.

Penelo: Thank you.

[A pause, then Larsa looks up and sets down his pen.]

Larsa: I am troubled. The Rabanastre Imperial Guard appear to have overstepped their bounds. I intend to speak on this with the Consul.

Penelo: [surprised] What?

Larsa: Vayne Solidor, the Consul, is my brother.

[Penelo gasps. Larsa stands and makes his way to the window to look out.]

Larsa: The first duty of the Consul is to maintain order in Dalmasca. My brother – my brother is not one given to failure. Perhaps things arent going as well as they might be... but give him a little time and he will put things to rights. Be not troubled. My brother is a remarkable man.

Penelo: He frightens me.

Larsa: Why?

Penelo: I'm sorry. He is your brother. It's just -- you don't understand how much we lost to the war. My friends, my parents.

Larsa: So, you fear the Empire?

[Penelo nods. He goes to kneel before her.]

Larsa: Listen to me. The men of my family, we are taught to place the needs of others before our own. I will see that you are kept from harm. It is my duty to House Solidor.

Penelo: But how? How can I trust you?

Larsa: Because I give you my word. My brother would do no less.

[Fade out, and then back in on the Bhujerban resistance hideout.]

Havharo: I knew there must be more to it, but to find you at the end of this tale… Ah, to see the Marquis's face when he learns of it.

Basch: I should like nothing more. I would meet him, and see for myself.

Havharo: How say you, my lord?

Ondore's Attendant: There is little to be said. I shall arrange a meeting with the Marquis. We shall expect you at the estate.

[The attendant leaves. The others follow close behind.]

Ondore's Attendant: His Excellency the Marquis will meet with you shortly, bhadra. Please, make what preparations you must and go to the estate. You will find it at the northern end of Travica Way.

Timorous Bangaa: That Havharo… I don't get 'im. If it's been me, I'd've gutted you and hung you out to dry, not let you out swimmin' all over town. You keep quiet 'bout what you seen in here, friend.

City Parijanah (talking to Ondore's attendant): If it is directions you seek, bhadra, ask another parijanah. I am off duty. …Have you met with His Excellency? One can only hope he convinced you of the need for showing restraint on Bhujerba's streets.

Melisa: Haa. Hello there, boy. Quite the performance back there. Do not think for a moment that all of us accept you. And watch what you say outside.

City Parijanah (talking to Melisa): A resistance, bhadra? Ah ha ha! How could such a thing exist in Bhujerba? We have always been neutral with regard to Archadia's wars. If anyone asks you, I should hope you would say the same.

City Parijanah (talking to red bangaa): I am sorry, but I am off duty, you see. Hah! I have fooled you,

bhadra! No, I am merely pretending to be a drunkard. I wait here to pass messages to those in the organization from other regions, you see.

Cloudborne Patron (moogle with yellow pom-pom): What's wrong with a moogle wetting his throat, kupo? I may look small, but I'm more grown-up 'n you! I know thots o' lings! Er… lots o' things!

Magu: Harrum? Melisa call for me? Haa… she didn't? Then don't give me a scare like that. (snort)

Cloudborne Patron (man sitting at table with woman): It was hard to relax and enjoy a cup back in Rabanastre with all them Imperials about. Here, I can drink all I like… to Bhujerba, and freedom!

Travica Way

Bhujerban Sainikah (on guard at Marquis's estate): Haa, we've been expecting you. His Excellency the Marquis awaits.

- Take me to him.

  You are ready for your audience, bhadra?

  - I'm ready.

    His Excellency the Marquis is otherwise occupied until sunset. Please, I will show you to a place where you may wait in comfort.

  - I'm not ready.

- Decline.

The Sword He's Strung

[The Marquis's estate, at night. The party meets with him in what seems to be his office or study.]

Ondore: Sir Basch fon Ronsenburg. It was not so very long ago that I announced you had been executed.

Basch: And that is the only reason I draw breath.

Ondore: So you are the sword he's strung above my head. Vayne has left not a thing to chance. And?

Basch: A leader of the Resistance has fallen into Imperial hands. A woman by the name of Amalia. I would rescue her, but I need your help.

Ondore: This resistance leader – this Amalia. She must be very important.

[Basch bows slightly in response.]

Ondore: You understand I've my position to consider.

Vaan: Would you let us see Larsa? He's got my friend with him.

Ondore: I'm afraid you're too late. Lord Larsa's cortege has already rejoined the Imperial detachment. I am told they will depart for Rabanastre upon the arrival of the fleet this eventide.

[A very brief cinematic shows the fleet silently hanging over Ondore's estate in the night sky, and a detachment of smaller craft flying out from the flagship toward the estate.]

[Fade back in on Ondore's office, where Vaan is now being restrained by Balthier and Fran.]

Vaan: What are we waiting for?

Balthier: For you to calm down.

Ondore: Captain Ronsenburg. Surely the exigencies of position are not lost on you. Why, indeed, you should find the enemy's chains… an easy burden to bear.

[A look of shocked comprehension crosses Basch's face. Balthier catches on as well.]

Balthier: Wait!

Basch: Sorry. Can't be helped.

[Basch draws his sword.]

Ondore: Summon the guard!

[His attendant opens the door to let in a string of sainikah*, who proceed to restrain Vaan & co.]*

Ondore: They're to be taken to Judge Ghis.

[The scene fades to black once more, and fades into a different setting.]

[The Royal Palace of Rabanastre – Consul's Chambers]

[Vayne looks out the window, while a Judge stands at his desk reporting in -- that same Judge we saw at Nalbina, the one purported to be Basch's twin.]

Vayne: Those decrepit, basking fools in Archades tie my hands, and look what happens! I tell you, this country's obstinacy knows no bounds.

Judge: The insurgents in Rabanastre operate alone at present. However, should they garner external support, the situation could worsen. We have found the counter-Imperial elements in Bhujerba to be conspicuously well-funded. No doubt Marquis Ondore is behind this. Ondore must be reined in.

Vayne: By that way, the Marquis has written us a letter. He claims that he's recaptured our runaway. He's given him to Ghis.

Judge: He will die by my hand.

Vayne: Your fraternity is moving. Ah, Ghis returns with Larsa. Tomorrow morning they will leave Bhujerba. See him home safely, Gabranth. Now, I'm expecting Doctor Cid. You may leave.

[Gabranth bows, turns his back, and exits the room. As he leaves, he passes by Vayne's next visitor, Doctor Cid, who appears to be enthusiastically talking to himself. He pauses for a moment and looks sidelong at Cid.]

Cid: We must see the real thing to be sure. Nabudis has taught us much! Yes, it's well hidden. They'll be off chasing after shadows, the fools. Ah, yes. The reins of History, back in the hands of Man. [turning to Vayne] Hah, Vayne! You seem to be enjoying your job as consul.

Vayne: I was kept waiting fully 2 years. What news of Archades? Our honored members of the Senate?

Cid: Hard at work as always, trying to find a dagger for your back.

Vayne: They are welcome to try.

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