

Side Quests

Here I'll list all the dialogue in all scenarios from non-hunt side quests.

[Hunts and Clan Centurio have their own section.](#)

Hint: Press Ctrl + F to look for specific words or phrases.

[Patient in the Desert](#)

[South Bank Village](#)

[The Outpost](#)

[Murmuring Defile](#)

[Jovy the Hero](#)

[Ktjn's Road to Improvement](#)

[The Seven Sisters](#)

[Pilika's Errand](#)

[Cactuar Family](#)

[South Bank Village](#)

[North Bank Village](#)

[South Bank Village](#)

[North Bank Village](#)

[South Bank Village](#)

[Bhujerban Madhu](#)

[Dialogue](#)

[Aerodrome](#)

[Rithil's Protectives](#)

[Targe's Arms](#)

[Mait's Magicks](#)

[Travica Way](#)

[Khus Skygrounds](#)

[Clio's Technicks](#)

[Miners' End](#)

[Kaff Terrace](#)

[Bashketi's Gambits](#)

[Lhusu Square](#)

[Cloudborne Row](#)

[The Cloudborne](#)

[Earth Tyrant Extermination](#)

[Westgate](#)

[Southern Plaza](#)

[Lowtown -- North Sprawl](#)

[Rabanastre -- Southern Plaza](#)

[Westgate](#)

[Dalmasca Westersand -- Shimmering Horizons](#)

[July the Streetear](#)

[Viera Rendezvous](#)

[Nabreus's Medal](#)

[Nabreus Deadlands -- The Muted Scarp](#)

[Hunt Club](#)

[Phon Coast -- Hunters' Camp](#)

[The Vaddu Strand](#)

[Hunter's Camp](#)

[The Great Cockatrice Escape](#)

[Moomer: Balfenheim Port, Sea Breeze Lane](#)

[Sassan: Dalamasca Estersand -- South Bank Village](#)

[North Bank Village](#)

[South Bank Village](#)

[North Bank Village](#)

[Chit: Eruyt Village -- Fane of the Path](#)

[The Spiritwood](#)

[Fane of the Path](#)

[Renn: Rabanastre -- North End](#)

[Agytha: Archades -- Grand Arcade](#)

[Shurry: Jahara -- Lull of the Land](#)

[The Elderknoll](#)

[Lull of the Land](#)

[Giza Plains \(Dry\) -- Nomad Village](#)

[Random Scene Switch-ups and Curiosities](#)

[The Weather-Eye](#)

[Gurdy](#)

[Cobblestones Guy](#)

[Before the Consul's Parade](#)

[Outpost Visitors](#)

[The Traveling Family](#)

Patient in the Desert

South Bank Village

Dantro's Wife: Shh! Quiet. We've a sick traveler sleeping just inside - collapsed not far from the village. I worry it may already be too late... Dantro bade you bring this cactus flower? This should help, yes. Thank you. Take this for your trouble.

*[You obtain a **Bundle of Needles**!]*

[Dantro's Wife will return to her normal chapter dialogue after this. You must exit and reenter the villager for the next part. This may mean completing the "[Cactuar Family](#)" sidequest If you haven't already.]

Dantro's Wife: Keep your voice low, please. Our guest is still sleeping inside. The cactus flower you brought should help with the fever, but not the pain. If I had some **semclam shells** I could make something to ease the pain... Do you think I could ask you to bring me some? Semclams live in the shallows along the banks of the river. The more you can bring me, the better.

Dantro's Wife (x2): If I had some **semclam shells** I could make something to ease the traveler's pain. The more you can bring me, the better.

Dantro's Wife: You've brought the semclam shells! Yes, yes, this should do nicely. Unfortunately our guest's wounds continue to bleed. **Nebralim** can stanch the wound, but we seem to be out. I think **Dantro** took some with him when he left for the outpost. Would you mind bringing some back to the village?

Dantro's Wife (x2): We'll need some **nebralim** if we're to stop the bleeding. I think **Dantro** took some with him when he left for the outpost. Fetch it, would you?

The Outpost

Dantro: Running errands for my wife, eh? **Nebralim**? There should be some over by those crates. Help yourself.

Dantro's Wife: You have the nebralim! Wonderful! A little of this spread over the wound should stanch the bleeding. Now to do something about the poison... Some **valeblossom dew** would quickly neutralize it... I hate to ask for your help yet again, but do you think you could gather some for me? You should find some blooming along the cliffs in the **Broken Sands**.

Dantro's Wife (x2): **Valeblossom dew** contains a potent anti-toxin. You should find some blooming along the cliffs in the **Broken Sands**.

[At this point, you must have complete the "[Cactuar Family](#)" sidequest to continue this quest.]

Dantro's Wife: You found the Valeblossom dew? Wonderful! This should flush the poison from the body. Now we have only to wait, and hope.

[If you have already completed the Nidhogg hunt and obtained the great serpentskin...]

Is that... is that a **great serpentskin** by any chance? Boiled and distilled it makes a potent restorative drought. It may speed our guest's recovery. This **great serpentskin**... would you give it to me?

- Here you are.

Thank you. I shall prepare the drought at once. I'm sure it will be of help.

- Sorry, but no.

I see. A pity. But it is yours to do with as you will. I'm sure it will fetch a good price at market.

Dantro's Wife (x2): You've helped me more than I could have hoped. The traveler rests now, and I expect a full recovery before long.

Dantro's Wife: Our guest is fully recovered now — should be just around back. Wanted to give you a word of thanks, if I'm not mistaken.

Recovering Traveler: you're the one who brought medicine while I was unconscious? Thank you, kupo. I am a treasure hunter by trade. I learned of a great treasure deep in the Barheim Passage, kupo. I posted two sentries to watch while I went in. But I was tricked... I found a creature waiting for me, kupo. No treasure! I got out of there as quickly as my feet would carry me! The next thing I remember is waking up here, being nursed back to health. The key I used is yours, if you want it, kupo. I've had enough.

*[You obtain **the Barheim Key**!]*

There's more than one way into the Barheim Passage, you know. I hear there's another entrance somewhere in the Estersand, kupo! Well, I'd best be off. Those fool brothers will be wondering where I've gone. Thank you for your help! Farewell, kupo!

*[You obtain a **Golden Amulet**!]*

Dantro's Wife: I'm glad our traveler's recovered. Said some terrible things in the throes of that fever. Things I'd sooner forget.

Murmuring Defile

Bandit Chief: Here's the entrance to Barheim, kupo. Look down past Terminus No. 7 if you want to find that treasure. Watch yourself down there, kupo.

Weather-beaten Door: The door is locked.

- Use the **Barheim key**.
- Do nothing.

Jovy the Hero

Ktjn's Road to Improvement

After escaping Nalbina & the Barheim Passage, you will unlock this side story. Talk to the viera sitting in an alcove on a stairway in the Muthru Bazaar to begin this side quest.

Ktjn will form a question or comment to which you can give one of two answers. According to the strategy guide, "her questions are given once per scenario block", until you've received the Treaty-Blade, in which case, if you haven't already answered all her questions, she will ask a new one every fifteen minutes. If you've already answered a question and it's not time for her to ask a new one yet, then she will simply repeat the last thing said every time you talk to her, until the time comes for the new question.

Ktjn will appear in the Muthru Bazaar the *first time only*; after this, she will randomly appear in any one of four locations; leaving Rabanastre or loading or reloading your game will reset her location.

You will be prompted to respond to her on a total of four occasions: how you answer her questions will

influence how this side story ends. There are five possible end scenarios.

Dialogue

First Visit

Viera/Ktjn: H-Hello. I am called Ktjn. I left my home and came to Rabanastre only quite recently. I have yet to learn my way around. I had been hoping to find someone I might speak with. Should you like to talk again, it would please me greatly.

Ktjn (x2): Is the city not wonderful? I still lose my way on occasion, but I have come to know some of her walks and alleyways. But the land, I cannot hear it... Should this not trouble me as a viera?

>Yes, you should be ashamed.

I see. Then perhaps it was a mistake to leave the Wood... Pay no mind to my mutterings.
Pray, speak with me again soon.

>No, don't be silly.

Ktjn (x3): I sometimes lose my way, but for the most part, I can find what I must. Not that I've any place to be, particularly...

Second Visit

Ktjn: It is good to see you again. I have had so little opportunity to speak with humes. My people keep to themselves. The number of visitors to our village could be counted out on a single hand. So did I long to come to a great city such as Rabanastre. That wish is now come true, but this is not how I had hoped it would be. I knew my choice would bring hardship, yet...

>You should've thought it through.

Perhaps I should have. Strength of will alone could not make up for my ignorance of the wider world. I do not wish to admit it, but I know it now to be true... Feel not sorrowful. It is no easy thing to speak unwelcome truths to another. Yet these are the most valuable truths to hear.

>Things will get better.

Ktjn (x2): I left the Wood to learn the ways of the world beyond. But nothing here is as it seems... Perhaps I will begin to understand in time.

Third Visit

Ktjn: Hello. Have you come for another visit? Little has changed for me. I have seen much of the city, though I still have made few friends, and am no closer to realizing my goal. I have not spoken of this to you before, but I came to Rabanastre to become... more like my sister. She had grown tired of our life of isolation... Long ago she left. Only later did I hear rumors she had come here. All this time my sister has

been making her way through the world, while I lived in the sheltered peace of the Wood. I would be as she is. Do you think it possible?

>Sure, if you put your mind to it.

>I don't know your sister.

>It'll never happen.

...I see. So you think me too naïve to follow in my sister's footsteps. Though you may speak the truth, I am not yet beaten.

Ktjn (x2): I followed my sister's example and left the Wood, but it has not been an easy path for me to walk. I have much to think on...

The Seven Sisters

After escaping Nalbina & the Barheim Passage, you will unlock this side story. Board any flight (Rabanastre to Nalbina or Nalbina to Rabanastre) and speak to the chief steward to begin this side quest.

The story will play out over seven different flights. The order is determined by which flight you visit a sister/chief steward on next; the sisters/chief stewards are *not* specific to certain flights. So, it will be these flights in any order according to how you play it:

1. Bhujerba to Balfonheim
2. Bhujerba to Rabanastre
3. Balfonheim to Archades
4. Balfonheim to Nalbina
5. Archades to Nalbina
6. Archades to Rabanastre
7. Nalbina to Rabanastre

No matter which flight you are on, the related scenarios will always take place in the airship's Sky Saloon.

Dialogue

First Flight

[Talk to Chief Steward...]

Rande: What is it *you* want? We're in the middle of a personal, and rather important, conversation. Get

lost, why don't you.

Chief Steward: Rande! He's a passenger! Mind your tongue! I apologize for my... companion's behavior. We have cabins available, if you would like to rest until we make port. Would you like me to show you to a cabin?

>Who' this... Rande?

No one. Truly. Just a gentleman – and I use the term loosely – who does not know when enough is enough.

Rande: Enough is enough? Hah! Will you listen to her? Ann, I tell you, you defy all reason. What sane woman would decline a proposal of marriage from a man of my birth, stature, incomes, and obvious charms? Can your mother really mean all that to you? I've told you a thousand times, you must forget these people back in Old Archades!

Chief Steward: Forget my own mother? The mother who raised my sisters single-handedly after my father died in the war? I would never marry a person like you. How many times must I tell you?

Rande: You seem to share your sisters' dislike of the noble House Lirschell. But what grudge could you possibly harbor against us?

Chief Steward: You and your brothers are among the most vulgar men I've ever met. And I've known many vulgars! Using your father to find out where we work! Speaking of work, I'd better get back to it. If you would kindly take your leave, I've a *proper* passenger to attend to.

Rande: Yes, yes... your passengers... An idea comes to mind. Might I interest you in a game of sorts?

Chief Steward: What manner of game?

Rande: Last year for your mother's name day you and your sisters each sent her a gift you'd found along the routes you work, yes?

Chief Steward: What of it?

Rande: This year, I propose that you each gather a flower for your mother, and that this boy here informs each of your sisters of the arrangement. If he can deliver the message to every one of them, my brothers and I will abandon all hope of marriage to you and your sisters.

Chief Steward: Absurd! You expect a perfect stranger to willingly go from airship to airship delivering this message of yours!?

Rande: She has a point. Six ships, six sisters... quite a lot of work for someone we don't know. Better to forget the whole business. And me? I'll begin making the necessary preparations for our wedding.

Chief Steward: I'm sorry you've gotten involved in this, sir... If you *do* see my sisters on the other airships, perhaps you could show them a letter for me? They're chief stewards, like myself.

*[You obtain **Ann's Letter!**]*

Rande: I can't remember the last time I had more fun. Already visions of you and your sisters joining the noble House Lirschell fill my mind.

>Yes, please.

>No, thanks.

Chief Steward (x2): Don't worry about me, sir. My sisters and I are up to the challenge presented by the notorious brothers of House Lirschell. Well, he's distracted me from my duties long enough, I should say. Where were we...? Ah, yes! Would you like me to show you to a cabin?

>Yes, please.

Let's see... Vaan, was it? You'll be staying in cabin *[randomly generated number]*. I hope you've enjoyed your journey.

>No, thanks.

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

Second Flight

Lirschell: Ah, you must be the lad Rande mentioned the other day. This is... what, your second airship? I doubt you've the funds to see this through. We're sure to win!

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?

>I have a letter from Ann...

From Ann? My sister Ann!? Well, uh, I'm Liddy. Pleased to make your acquaintance. Now... you said you had a letter for me? Hmm. Flowers this year, eh? I suppose that would make Mother happy. But what manner of glamour has you out delivering letters for my sister? Well, no matter. Here, the letter back. You've still some sisters to go. Good luck.

Pilika's Errand

Cactuar Family

This event occurs after giving Dantro's Wife the cactus flower.

South Bank Village

Ada: I was walking along the riverbank when I saw it - a boat set adrift from the north bank. Of course I told everyone as soon as I could. No good can come of this...

Village Elder: Yes, it's Ruksel's boat. There's no mistakin' it. What in the name of the gods is happening over there?

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

Tchigri: This is definitely my dad's boat. But where's my dad? Something bad must have happened... I'm crossin' to the north bank to see what's going on. I know how to pilot the boat, and there's no point in waitin' around here worryin'.

Village Elder: Nonsense! Watching your father pilot the boat and doing it yourself are two different things. The river's dangerous, boy.

Tchigri: But what if my dad's in trouble? After him, there's no one that even knows how to pilot the boat 'cept me.

Village Elder: Yes... But even if you make it across the river, who knows what you'll find once you're there? I'm sorry, but it's simply too dangerous!

Tchigri: But... my dad...

Dantro's Wife: What if *he* went with Tchigri?

Dantro's Wife: He hunted the flowering cactoid for Dantro... he must know how to defend himself.

Village Elder: That is true... What do you say, boy? Will you do this for our village? Will you go with Tchigri to see what's happened on the north bank?

Tchigri: You just gotta! I'll pilot the boat. Whaddaya say?

- Let's go.

Tchigri: Thanks! What are we waitin' for!

Village Elder: Thank you, boy. Look after Tchigri for us. And you, Tchigri! You be careful. The river will swallow the lot of you if you're not.

- No, I don't think so.

North Bank Village

Tchigri: Look! Over there! Are those... cactoids?

They must've attacked the north bank! What're we gonna do?

Wait, there's my dad! And everyone else, too!

I don't like the look of this one bit. Seems like they're holding 'em hostage. But what would cactoids want with hostages? I don't believe it!

[The cactoids all run away.]

The cactoids all up and left! Now's our chance to go help my dad!

Villager (man in brown and green with hat on left): The cactoids have been running us ragged ever since they took us captive. One point, some malboros had us cornered in the Salikawood. I closed my eyes, knowin' it was the end, and all I could see was the face of my mother, rest her soul. Damn those cactoids! What do they want with us? Maybe I should go ask Ruksel. He's the one been taking orders from their leader.

Villager (old man in green and gray): I wonder where those cactoids have got off to. If we were smart, we'd turn tail and run before they got back. But where would we go?

Villager (man in different brown and green ensemble to the right): Those cactoids marched us all over the place. They had us running for our lives from malboros in the Salikawood... I was sure we were done for.

Tchigri: I'm so glad you're all right! We didn't know what'd happened to you.

Ruksel: Quite a tale, that one. And you've some tales of your own, piloting the boat all by yourself! I knew you'd got the river in your blood!

Tchigri: The others said it was too dangerous, but I knew I could handle it. But what about the cactoids? They ran off for good... right?

Ruksel: We can only hope so. Still, they're a prickly lot. Can't imagine they'd give up that easily. (hearing a noise) Whoa, what's that!?

Ruksel: *That* is the leader of the cactoids.

[Ruksel and the cactoid leader now stand across from Vaan and Tchigri. The cactoid leader is taller than

Ruksel by a couple heads.]

Tchigri: Hey, prickle-pants! Who do you think you are, kidnapping my dad!?

Ruksel: Stay back, Tchigri! They're just trying to find their son.

Tchigri: Find their son? You mean... they're related?

Ruksel: That's right, they're a cactoid family. The eldest son, Dran, went missing, and they set out to find him. They came to our village along the way. Nothing but bad news, this Dran. He's part of a cactoid clan terrorizing the desert. There's even a bounty on his head. This one here's the matriarch of the family. She's been searching high and low for him. Wants to bring him back home and set him straight. But they couldn't find Dran anywhere in Dalmasca. That's why they needed us. She forced us to guide them to the lands beyond the desert. The Mosphoran Highwaste, the Salikawood... even the Necrohol of Nabudis. I'd given up hope of ever making it back. And after all that, we still couldn't find him! So they brought us back here - for now. But who knows when they'll drag us off again?

Tchigri: So there's a bounty on this Dran, huh? (to Vaan) You have any idea where he might be?

Ruksel: I don't think he's to the north of the river. We must've looked under every stone between here and Archadia. As for the south bank, well... We weren't about to lead the cactoids there and get you and the others mixed up in this, too.

Tchigri: So *that's* why you set the boat adrift - keep 'em from crossing!

Ruksel: I never figured on *you* coming to rescue me... But there's no time for that now! We'll keep 'em busy while you search the south bank for Dran.

Tchigri: Right! Just leave it to us! Let's get going!

South Bank Village

Dantro's Wife: I don't understand. Why would The cactoids invade the village? They're usually harmless enough. Their son, you say? Then we must find him. But the desert is huge... where would we even begin? Wait! If this cactoid's been causing as much trouble as they say, someone might've posted a bill for him! Unless - The bill Dantro posted... you hunted that cactoid, didn't you? You don't think - Of course... The cactoid you hunted must have been their son! Hunted and made into medicine... We'll never be able to return him now! What? The flower? Why, I boiled it, and threw it away behind the house...

Dantro's Wife (x2): The cactoid you hunted must have been this son they're looking for. Made into medicine... We'll never be able to return him now! What? The flower? Why, I boiled it, and threw it away behind the house...

Ada: I can't believe the cactoids would attack the village. I've never seen anything like it.

Village Elder: We've no one left in the village who can help the people being held on the north bank.

Please, boy, we need you.

[Approach the flower in the sand behind the hut...]

Dran?: [As Vaan kneels beside it, the flower twitches, and suddenly a cactoid emerges from the sand beneath it. Dran is perfectly restored, it seems, and now follows you around the village.]

Dantro's Wife: What? The flower had budded into... *another* cactoid? They're a strange lot, aren't they? Supposing you take it over to the north bank... do you think they'd accept it as their son?

Tchigri: You found the cactoid! What... you didn't? You hunted the other one, but this one looks just like that one... huh? Well, none of this makes much sense to me, but I guess we don't have much choice, huh. His family is waiting! Let's get him over to the north bank!

- Let's go.

[The boat makes the crossing again.]

- Not right now.

Hurry up! If those cactoids start goin' crazy, who knows what'll happen to my dad and the others.

North Bank Village

Tchigri: Well, what're we waiting for!? Let's get him back to his family!

Tchigri: Hey, we found your son for you! Now let my dad go!

[The cactoid leader and "new" Dran face each other.]

Tchigri: Hmm, I dunno. You think they're buying it?

[The whole cactoid clan throws their prickly arms up as if cheering.]

Tchigri: Look at 'em go! Guess they're gonna take him in after all!

["New" Dran walks over to you.]

*[You obtain **1000 gil**!]*

*You obtain a **pouch of Wyrmfire Shot!***

[The North Bank Village and the northern Estersand are now fully accessible.]

Tchigri: The ferry's running again, if you wanna cross.

- Cross the river.
- Stay on this side.

Well, just lemme know if you need to cross.

Villager (boy in green running along the shore): Now that the cactoids are gone, my mom said I can play outside again!

Desert Wayfarer: I need to make the crossing, but I haven't the gil. Charging good money to ride in that... dinghy. Just steal my coin pouch and be done with it!

Villager (man in brown pants and green hat): I like to think of our experience with the cactoids as a positive one. After all, I may never have set foot outside the desert if not for them.

Villager (woman in pink, blue, and green walking around): my friends had just been married when this cactoid business separated them. I'm so happy to see them back together!

Villager (man in brown and green leaning against one of the huts): Hopefully the village will see more travelers again. Travelers bring talk, news from the world beyond the sands. Does it put food on our plates? No. But it's pleasant all the same.

Cartographer's Guild: An enormous wyrm chased me through the Westersand, but I gave it the slip, I did! This is no place for the unprepared, kupo! Would you like to buy a map, kupo?

[Mosphoran Highwaste 2400]

Cancel]

South Bank Village

Villager (woman in white and yellow sitting by fire): I'm so relieved the ferry's finally running again. Maybe I'll even make a trip across the river myself.

Villager (little girl sitting by the fire): Now that the cactoids are gone, my daddy finally came home! I've got someone to tell me stories again!

Villager (man in green sitting by the fire): After being marched hither and yon by those cactoids, it's so good to be home. There's no place like it, am I right?

Village Elder: Hello there, m'boy. It's always good to see you. Make yourself at home. You are welcome among us.

Unlucky Merchant: After all that's happened, I don't even have enough gil to make the crossing. Buy something, would you, my brother? *[shop menu]*

Ruksel: Hello there! I'll never forget your help with those cactoids. I've got my son piloting the ferry, and I... I have a lot of time on my hands. I'll have to find something to do with myself. Any ideas?

[Tchigri's dialogue is the same here as on the north bank.]

Bhujerban Madhu

You will unlock this side story after receiving the Dawn Shard. At this point in the game, in every zone within Bhujerba, there will appear a bottle of Bhujerban Madhu in a predetermined location, and one NPC in each zone will offer to buy a bottle of Bhujerban Madhu for 1000 gil if you have one in your inventory, as well.

Dialogue

[Examine the “Bottle of Spirits”, in any part of the city...]

Bottle of Spirits: The label says “Bhujerban Madhu.”

- Take it.

[You obtain a cask of Bhujerban Madhu!]

- Leave it.

Aerodrome

Bhujerban (man sitting on rail talking to Imperial): Ah, boy. That bottle... is Bhujerban Madhu, no? I’d heard it was in short supply of late... You wouldn’t sell it to me for 1000 gil, would you?

- Sell

Ah, thanks! You see, I’ve had the most lovely idea. I will see if I cannot get this most rigid Imperial here to relax, yes! Drink, drink. It is just what you need...

[After some time apparently passes, the Imperial beside him lays on the ground.]

Haa... He is drunken beyond words. I am afraid this *madhu* has relaxed him overmuch, you see.

- Decline

Haa. That is a shame. Who knows what wonders we might have witnessed, *bhadra*?

Rithil’s Protectives

Shop Clerk: Is that? Perhaps? Could it be!? Bhujerban Madhu!? Oh, for just a taste... or for the whole bottle! How about 1000 gil, *bhadra*?

- Sell

Many thanks to you, *bhadra*. Nothing like spirits to raise the, er, spirits...

[After some time apparently passes, the shop clerk is vigorously gesticulating.]

Haa! I'm bored! So bored! Can't a young lady find a decent job in this town?

- Decline

That... is most unfortunate.

Targe's Arms

Bhujerban (woman talking to seated man): I appreciate a rare vintage of man... and a rare vintage such as that Bhujerban Madhu you have. Now, there are some things money can't buy... But I'll give you 1000 gil for that *madhu!*

- Sell

Many thanks, *bhadra*. Ah, long time no see, my sweet Bhujerban Madhu!

[After some time apparently passes, the woman lays on the floor.]

Haa... Now I'm quite, quite sleepy...

- Decline

Oh? *Haa...* Unfortunate...

Mait's Magicks

Bhujerban Guru: That... is a bottle of Bhujerban Madhu, is it not? So rare, so rare, now that the Imperials have found a thirst for the stuff. Will you not sell it to me? 1000 gil I give you!

- Sell

Thank you, *bhadra*. Ah... fulfillment awaits!

[After some time apparently passes, the man is now slouched on the floor.]

Yes, yes, better when one has not partaken in a long while... Mmm...

- Decline

This life is filled with disappointments. Though, that was a rather big one.

Travica Way

Bhujerban (man in green and brown shorts leaning against wall across from magickery): *Haa?* Bhujerban Madhu! I heard supplies were low. I suppose that's a thing of the past! Sell it to me, *bhadra!* I'll give you 1000 gil!

- Sell

Many thanks, *bhadra*! Ah, today shall be a fine day indeed!

[After some time apparently passes, the man is slouched on the ground.]

Does it not make one feel guilty, to drink such sweet *madhu* while the sun shines in the sky? No, no, *bhadra*. It is *nirvana*!

- Decline

Kah? Is that how it will be? Very well, though I do not see the point in a boy like you carrying that thing around.

Khus Skygrounds

Bhujerban (woman in pink top and headscarf leaning on ledge): Pardon me, *bhadra*. Is that a bottle of Bhujerban Madhu in your pocket, or are you... it is? Hmm... That might be just the thing...! I'll give you 1000 gil for it. Well?

- Sell

Many thanks! This should cheer things up...

[After some time apparently passes, the woman is sobbing.]

Where has he gone? How could he leave me?

- Decline

Oh? Oh, very well. I'm fine without. Really...

Clio's Technicks

Shop Clerk (moogles with yellow pom-pom standing front and center): Kupo-po!? Bhujerban Madhu, kupo? Oh, I love *madhu*! Sell it to me! 1000 gil, kupo!

- Sell

Thanks a bunch, kupo! Well, no time like the present!

[After some time apparently passes, the moogles has plopped himself on the floor.]

The room is spinning, kupo... Chocobos... The chocobos are dancing! Huh? What chocobos, kupo? The ones in my head, silly!

- Decline

Oh poo, kupo.

Miners' End

Lhusu Miner (black bangaa yelling at moogle on ledge): You there! Is that not Bhujerban Madhu you hold? It is! I can smell it already! Please! You must give it to me! 1000 gil!

- Sell

Yi yi yiii! I thank you, *bhadra!* How long has it been, my sweet *madhu?* Too long, yes!

[After some time apparently has passed, the bangaa is laying on the ground.]

Haa... Nirvana! If I died at this very moment, I will have died a happy man!

- Decline

Kah? You are swine! Swine!

Kaff Terrace

Bhujerban (woman in pink, green, and tan looking over edge, to left of stairs): That wouldn't be a bottle of Bhujerban Madhu, would it? Ah, a gentle breeze, and a cool cup... How about it? 1000 gil for your bottle!

- Sell

Ah, many thanks, *bhadra!* Farewell! My breeze awaits me...

[After some time apparently passes, she seems to be waving her arm toward the sky.]

I can fly! No... no... I'm flying already!

- Decline

Haa. A shame.

Bashketi's Gambits

Shop Clerk (seeq on upper level): (*snort*) That there's Bhujerban Madhu, no? Ah, the perfect companion for the perfect date! Gimme! How does 1000 gil sound? (*snort*)

- Sell

Th-Th-Thanks!!! (*snort*) Mmm... Now for a taste!

[After some time apparently passes, the seeq lays belly up on the ground.]

(*snort*) My throat, it burns! Ah... *nirvana!*

- Decline

Bah! Foul tempter!

Lhusu Square

Lhusu Miner (man sitting on crate next to Street Vendor): Son, son... tell me, is that not Bhujerban Madhu you hold? Ah, what better way to pass these days of little work... How about it? You will sell it to me for 1000 gil?

- Sell

Yes! Today, I drink!

[After some time apparently passes, the man and his friend next to him are both sitting on the ground.]

Mining? Who cares about mining?

[Additionally if you talk to his friend...]

Lhusu Miner: *Haa*... What will become of us...

- Decline

Hanta... Very well. Go show off your bottle. See if I care.

Cloudborne Row

Cloudborne Patron (man standing over passed out bangaa): *Haa*? Bhujerban Madhu! This one here drinks always mine as well... it has been so long! Will you sell it, *bhadra*? 1000 gil is yours!

- Sell

Many thanks, *bhadra*! At last! This one always takes mine away, but not this time!

[After some time apparently passes, the man is slouching on the ground by his friend.]

Now... now I see! Yes...! So *this* is what it is like to drink the Bhujerban Madhu! No longer shall I lecture my friend here, *bhadra*...

- Decline

I see. It is a shame, but understandable. It is a rarity, after all.

The Cloudborne

Magu: That's... Bhujerban Madhu, is it not? Heh heh... Listen, boy, that stuff's wasted on you... You'll sell it for 1000 gil, won't you now?

- Sell

Oh, thank you kindly. Hard to come by, these days. Heh heh...

[After some time apparently passes, Magu is laying belly up.]

I can hold my liquor just fine! *(snort)* Jus' ... to *really* enjoy Bhujerban Madhu, and I mean REALLY, you gots to drink a lot, *bhadra*.

- Decline

Hrrm? Fine. Be gone with you!

Earth Tyrant Extermination

Westgate

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

- Sure, I'll help.

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

- No, sorry.

I am sorry to hear that. I must confess, I am at a loss as to how to proceed... If you change your mind, I will be here.

Rimzat (x2) (if you refused to help him): Aah, have you reconsidered my request? I'm still looking for help. There is a place in the desert, at the end of a long trail that winds through the north, where a sandstorm rages. It is the subject of my study. But before the wrath of such a storm, I can do nothing. I want you to assist me.

Will you help me?

- Sure, I'll help.
- No, sorry.

Rimzat (x2) (if you agreed to help him): Have you learned aught of the sandstorm in the Westersand? There is a man named **Cotze**, who sits atop the fountain in the plaza. He knows something of this, but

when he learned I was from Archadia, he would say no more. Perhaps you will have better luck.

Southern Plaza

Cotze: You want to know about the storm in the Westersand? Been talkin' to that philosopher from Archades, eh? Well, you seem all right... Back when I was just a kid, I remember that storm growin' worse and worse. We had a way to make it inside, though. Now, if I could just remember... You should go talk to my friend **Northon**, over by **Storehouse 5 in Lowtown**. We were always playing in those sandstorms when we were kids.

Cotze (x2): We'd hide away in that sandstorm for hours at a time, but I don't remember how we got through. You should go talk to my friend **Northon**, over by **Storehouse 5 in Lowtown**.

Lowtown -- North Sprawl

Northon: Cotze sent ya? Wow, I'd almost forgotten about playing out in those storms... but not completely. What ya need is a **windvane** to get through. Cotze and me had it split up into two pieces... one each, get it? That way we could only go to our secret hideout together. But I buried my half. Head west in the Westersand and you'll come to a dead end with these giant **dynast-cactuses**. It's under one of them. Think you can find it? And remember, you're not lookin' for the **windvane** itself, just one of the two parts we split it into.

Northon (x2): My half of the **windvane** is west in the Westersand, at a dead end under a **dynast-cactus**. They're big, round cactuses with yellow flowers on top. And remember, you're not lookin' for the **windvane** itself, just one of the two parts we split it into. Hope you find it!

Rabanastre -- Southern Plaza

Cotze: So, talk to Northon, did you? I guess you're serious about this. The windvane? Hmm... You know, I think he may have hidden part of it in the dead end northwest of the **Shimmering Horizons**.

Westgate

Rimzat: Did he speak with you? Good, good. Don't let me interrupt your search.

Dalmasca Westersand -- Shimmering Horizons

Dynast-Cactoid: You examine the cactus, but find nothing.

Dynast-Cactoid: You find something buried among the roots...

*[You obtain a **Wind Globe**!]*

Rimzat: I do not believe it!

Northon: Well, we saw it with our own eyes. A strange sort of... egg. And it wasn't long before it hatched.

Cotze: It kept growing, and growing — we were terrified. And now that I think about it that's just about the time the sandstorms started getting worse.

(The three notice Vaan standing there.)

Cotze: Hm? Is that... is that a wind globe you've got there? That looks just like the one you used to have, Northon.

Northon: That's because it is. Let me have a look...

(The scene fades to black. There are the sounds of someone tinkering with something, then the scene fades back in.)

Northon: There. This should let you make your way through the storm. Now you just need to decide whether that's really what you want to be doin'.

[You obtain **a Windvane!**]

Cotze: Well, that's about it. I can't think of anything we might have left out.

Rimzat: After the help you've given me, it pains me to say, but I've been relieved of my commission to study the sandstorms. Lack of results, they said... I've nothing to give you by way of reward... Pray, keep the windvane instead. Mayhap you will learn the secret of the sandstorm where I could not... May your travels be safe.

Cotze: So, how did that whole storm business turn out? The windvane should get you through, no mistake. Who knows what it's like in there now...

July the Streetear

Gibbs: How long are we going to be out here, sir? With *Leviathan* and her fleet sunk, I couldn't help but wonder if we should —

Deweg: Desert our post? The Empire doesn't look kindly upon deserters, Gibbs!

Gibbs: Of-Of course not! But our commanders *did* go down with the others in jagd. If we don't receive new orders, we're like to stand watch here till our armor rusts! I thought we might find a way to transfer to a new division.

Deweg: You want to end up fighting on the front lines?

Gibbs: N-No sir! Only, it's so... *boring* here.

Deweg: A proper soldier never leaves his post until he's relieved. If that means staying until your dying day, so be it. More like you'll be shipped off to battle long before that, though.

Gibbs: Fair enough, sir, but why'd it have to be *here*? Here of all places?

Deweg: A soldier doesn't complain about his post, Gibbs. Granted it's hot... the city reeks of sweat... and I've sand in places sand has no right to be. And I'll never get the stink of chocobo out of my nose. That reminds me. The ones at Lord Vayne's appointment ceremony... a gift of your family, weren't they?

Gibbs: I'd hope to forget. The fewer what know about that, the better.

Deweg: What's to be ashamed of? You ought to be proud. Your family raises some of the finest in the Empire.

July: Finest what? Sorry to say I couldn't attend the appointment ceremony... This place *does* stick, and no mistake. Better finish my work here and be off. Can't go back to Archades smelling like this.

July: I'm working, in case you hadn't noticed. And the sooner I finish, the sooner I can be out of this chocobo fetor and back home in Archades.

Deweg: You there! This way's off limits. You'll have to turn back. Hm? What's the trouble there, Gibbs?

Gibbs: B-Back! Keep it away! (as the chocobo approaches him, and he backs away)

Deweg: You're not afraid of the chocobo, are you, Gibbs? Your family's held Tchita Downs for generations... Surely you're used to them by now.

Gibbs: The family... that's what I'm on about! Blast the family and their chocobos! You grew up in the capital, you wouldn't understand! Thanks to my *family*, I smelled so strongly of chocobo, the first time I went to the capital the women wouldn't give me the time of day. I had to save up for months to buy a viera cologne to mask the stench before I was able to find someone who'd marry me. If I come back stinking of chocobo, she'll leave me for a certainty! I'm not sure how much longer I can stand it. It's probably too late already! Enough is enough! (he runs away)

Deweg: Blimey! (he runs after him) Blast! A member of the Imperial army running from a chocobo... To your post, Gibbs! To your post!

July (who has appeared next to you and your chocobo): Tchita Downs, eh? Thanks to you, I've got what I need. And far sooner than I'd hoped! I'm an Archades streetear, see. That soldier's wife hired me to find out about his family. He'd always been very secretive about his past, and she was rightly concerned. Well, my work here is done. Back to Archades to collect my fee. It's a big city, but who can say... perhaps I'll see you there someday. Farewell. And thank you!

July: Shh! Don't talk to me!

You... I met you in Nalbina, did I not? Don't you remember me? I'm July, the streetear. Why, thanks to you, I've received a fine reward from the wife of an Imperial particularly unfond of chocobos. In fact, I owe you my gratitude. Here.

[You obtain a **Salamand Halcyon**!]

So long, then. Hmm? What am I doing now? I work for an inquiry agency, as a matter of fact. The coin is good, but it's wearisome work, really.

July (x2): Once I've finished this posting, I'm off to make some inquiries in Rabanastre. A man here — an Imperial, actually — had his coin pouch stolen by a pickpocket in the market there, and he wants it back. Good luck, eh? So long!

Viera Rendezvous

You know that Lovestruck Man in the Southern Plaza of Rabanastre? What's up with that guy anyway? Well, you find out in this side story.

After speaking to the Garif Elder in Jahara, you will unlock this side story. Speak to the viera next to the chocobo pen at Southgate in Rabanastre to begin this side quest.

Southgate

Viera/Wandering Viera: Good day. I have only just arrived in Rabanastre. It is my first visit to this city. My heart yearned to find a soul mate, and so I set about traveling to many distant towns. But whoever I thought I might meet, I have not. If you will excuse me, I must soon be off. I will see to the restocking of my provisions before deciding what I shall do next.

[The viera walks away.]

Lovestruck Man: I saw the most beautiful viera here once, and I've never been able to put her out of my mind. The viera who came through just now reminded me of her... She was a different viera, of course, but even so. I think she was headed to the East End. If I went after her, do you think I'd have a chance??

Yamoora's Gambits

Wandering Viera: So, we have met again. Perhaps yours is the soul I have sought? Perhaps not. I sense that you may already be... spoken for. Well, I have seen my fill of gambits. A drink to wash away the fatigue of my journey might be nice.

[The viera walks away.]

Lord Vain: That viera may have left, but not before fallin' for yours truly! (*snort*) The feelin's mutual, I'm afraid... She wooed me, and now woe is me!

Southern Plaza

Lovestruck Man: A friend of mine told me he saw that viera visiting some shops here in town. Really? You saw her in Yamoora's Gambits? I wonder what she was buying... Argh, it's happening again! I can't get her out of my mind!

The Sandsea

Wandering Viera: Another chance meeting? It seems to me not so very likely. Perhaps you *are* my soul mate. No, forget I spoke of it. When I talk to you of such things, the strangest feeling washes over me... It is clear that someone cares very strongly for you. If someone felt this way about me... I hope to find such a person one day. Do you know anyone who possibly, maybe, feels this way toward me?

Wandering Viera (x2): It is clear that someone cares very strongly for you. If someone felt this way about me... Do you know of anyone who might? I will not be leaving just yet, so should you think of someone, do tell me.

Southern Plaza

Lovestruck Man: That viera's in the tavern now, right? I can't take this anymore... It's tearing me up inside! Will you tell her how I feel? Of the longing in my heart? If what I've heard is true, she's looking for someone, so maybe, just maybe... Please, you've got to help me!

>Okay, I'll do it.

Er... um... all right. My heart's pounding... I can hardly stand it...

>Sorry, I don't think so.

How can you be so cold? How!?

Lovestruck Man (x2) (after accepting): W-Well...? What did she say? You... haven't told her yet? Ohhh... I don't know how much more of this I can stand.

The Sandsea

Wandering Viera: Yes, what is it? It seems you have... something on your mind. Is there aught you wish to say?

>There's this man in the Southern Plaza...

Really? Then I have no time to waste! Forgive me, I must go. Thank you for telling me!

[The viera goes running out the door.]

>Not especially.

Oh, I see. My imagination must have been playing tricks on me.

Southern Plaza

Lovestruck Man: It's you! We're together, and I have you to thank!

Viera: I must thank you for helping me to find my soul mate. My journey has reached its end. I would like you to take my provisions, as a token of my gratitude. I have no more need of them. Thank you.

*[You obtain a **Loxley Bow!***

*You obtain **2 Hi-Potions!***

Viera (x2): If this is not my true soul mate, he will become my sixty-third *almost* soul mate. But surely he will be the one... surely.

Lovestruck Man (x2): You know, I think I'm finally going to be happy. I'll have to thank that sky pirate and his viera partner if I ever run into them. I don't think I'd ever have felt this way about a viera if I hadn't seen the two of them together.

Lord Vain: That sweet viera longed for me — pined, even! — and I let her slip through my hands... (*snort*) I hear she found someone else... Playin' hard to get, that was my mistake.

Nabreus's Medal

Nabreus Deadlands -- The Muted Scarp

Quiet Nu Mou/Ma'kleou: You shouldn't sneak up on people like that. Bad for the circulation, you know. Behold the ruin nethicite has wrought on Nabudis. No shadow of its glory remains. It is a spawning pool for creatures that feed on Mist. If you hold life dear, you will turn back... Me? I am Ma'kleou. I await the coming of a hero. One to destroy the creatures sealed in Nabudis. We foresaw the coming of a hero, and by way of preparation I base my disciples fetch the keys that will break the seals within Nabudis. Roh'kenmou and Roh'kenmu are loyal, but it cannot be said they are quick. You may yet see them returning from this task.

Hunt Club

The Hunt Club will open up to you after you've been to Draklor Laboratory.

Phon Coast -- Hunters' Camp

Shady Bangaa (green bangaa): Ah, yer back. Talk to the Huntmaster.

Shady Bangaa (tan bangaa): If yer here to hunt, then get yerself over to the Huntmaster!

Shady Bangaa (red bangaa): Done what you needed to do in the capital, boy? The Huntmaster was saying he had some words for you.

Huntmaster: Ah, it's you. I think I told you before, but we're looking for sharp-taloned birds of prey, not spring chickens. The best of the best! Now, I hear you brought down the mandragoras in Sochen, and I've been considering you for... future opportunities with us. You can hear all the tall tales you like about a fellow, but the true test of a hunter comes here, in the bush. That's right, a test. If you can accomplish the task I shall lay before you, I'll let you into our little Hunt Club. Venture out into the bush, hunt down the game that I assign you, come back, and I'll tell you more. So, are you a bird of prey? Or a chicken?

- I'm a bird of prey.

Right! Now the game I want you to hunt is called a **thalassinon**. Normally, I'd have you out in the bush, searching for yourself... But since this is your first time out, and we happen to know where one is, I'll make it easy for you. He's close, on the **Vaddu Strand**. Now, your game is what we call **rare**. You can't expect to just walk out and find 'em all over. No, you've got to know how to flush 'em out, and that isn't always easy. Listen now: the **thalassinon** can only be spotted from a good elevation. Even if you don't see him at first, you pick your spot, and keep looking. Dispatch him, and he'll drop a **Shelled Trophy**. You bring that to me. Now, I've gone a bit out of my way to explain things for you, but the hard part's up to you: the *hunt*! Find your game, hunt him well, and bring back that Shelled Trophy. Me? I'll be here, awaiting the good word. Good hunting!

- I'll get back to you.

Suit yourself. Some people can live their lives never knowing the thrill of the *hunt*, and they're content with that... poor sods.

Huntmaster (x2): Dispatch the thalassinon you'll find out on the **Vaddu Strand** of the Phon Coast, and he'll drop a **Shelled Trophy**, which you'll bring to me. Remember, you'll need to choose a vantage point with good elevation if you want to find him. Pick your spot and stay there till he shows himself.

Shady Bangaa (green bangaa): So, yer on the hunt, boy? Do good. The Huntmaster don't carry no baggage.

Shady Bangaa (red bangaa): Ah, being tested, are you? I did that some time ago, myself... Ach, those were the days!

Shady Bangaa (tan bangaa): Feh! A boy like you takin' the test? Huntmaster's gone *soft*, he has. Pah!

The Vaddu Strand

[You obtain a Shelled Trophy!]

Hunter's Camp

Huntmaster: Ah, I was waiting! Good, good. I believe you've passed the test. Welcome to the Hunt Club! Now, for your next task... I know! Why don't you have a word with the three bangaa brothers over there. Good hunting!

Huntmaster (x2): If you're ready for more, go and talk to the three bangaa brothers over there. They're a bit shifty in a pinch, but they won't lead you astray.

Atak: So, you passed yer test. If the Huntmaster says yer good enough, then I suppose I might as well put you to work for me. Heh heh. Now listen, this is what I want you to do. There're rare game out there what have mutated. They're a sight meaner than the usual fare. Your usual marks, they get posted after damage has been done, but we want you to find these rare game before lives are lost, see? These rare game, they aren't going to make it easy for you. You have to find 'em and bring 'em down before you know they're rare for sure... if they drop a **trophy** when they fall, congratulations, you've just felled yourself rare game. Now, you bring them trophies back here when you get 'em. We won't pay you direct, like with them usual marks, but you'll get yours. See, if you bring in enough trophies, we'll put things out at the **Outfitters** for you to buy. Give 'em to me, and I'll stock up weapons. ...You could give 'em to my brothers, too, but I don't see why you'd want to do that, really. So, how 'bout it? You want to join the hunt? Say yes, and I'll send you on your way... and you can turn them trophies in to whom you please. 'Course, that's me, right? Well? You ready?

- I'm ready.

Right, then have at it, boy, and bring yer trophies back to me! You get lost, or aren't sure what to do, you talk to the Huntmaster. He's been at this since I was still crawling. He'll learn you right.

- I'm not ready.

Feh.

Blok: So, you passed your test, boy. Suppose it falls to me to tell you what to do next! Now listen, this is what I want you to do. There're rare game out there that've mutated. They're a meaner bunch than the usual fare out there. Your usual marks, they get posted after damage has been done, but we want you to find these rare game *before* lives are lost, see? These rare game, they aren't going to make it easy for you. You have to find 'em and bring 'em down before you'll know they're rare for sure... if they drop a **trophy** when they fall, congratulations, you've just found yourself rare game. Now, you bring them

trophies back here when you get ‘em. We won’t pay you directly, as with usual marks, but there *is* a reward. See, if you bring in enough trophies, we’ll put things out at the **Outfitters** for you to buy. Give them to me, and I’ll stock up on protectives. ...You could give ‘em to my brothers, too, but I don’t see why you’d care to do that. So, what say you? Will you join the hunt? Say yes, and I’ll send you on your way... and you can turn the trophies in to whom you please. Of course, it pleases you to give them to me, right? Well? Are you ready?

- I’m ready.

Right, then have at it, boy, and bring yer trophies back to me! You get lost, or aren’t sure what to do, you talk to the Huntmaster. He’s been at this since I was still crawling. He’ll learn you right.

- I’m not ready.

That so? Suppose there’s naught to be done about it then.

Stok: So ye passed yer test. What of it? Bah. Suppose I’ll have to tell ye a bit ‘bout what it is we do here at the Hunt Club. Now listen up, this is what I want of ye. There’re rare game out there what’ve mutated. They’re a meaner ‘n’ nastier than even me. Yer usual marks, people want ‘em dead after damage has been done, but we want ye to find these rare game ‘fore lives are lost, see? These rare game, they aren’t going to make it easy for you. Ye have to find ‘em and bring ‘em down before you know they’re rare for sure... if they drop a **trophy** when they fall, congratulations, ye’ve just found yerself rare game. Now, you bring them trophies back here when you get ‘em. We won’t pay you straight, like with them usual hunts, but you’ll get yours. See, if ye bring in enough trophies, we’ll put things out at the **Outfitters** for ye to buy. Give ‘em to me, and I’ll stock up on sundries. ...Ye could give ‘em to my brothers, too, but that’s be a sure sign o’ poor taste. So, how ‘bout it? Ye want to join the hunt? Say yes, and I’ll send you on your way... and you can turn them trophies in to whom ye please. ‘Course, ye’d better please *me*. Well? Ye ready?

- I’m ready.

So yer goin’ to do it, after all? Pah. Waste o’ time, I’d say, but in the unlikely event you do get a trophy, you bring it here to me. Anything you don’t understand, you ask the Huntmaster. Don’t bother me with your whining.

- I’m not ready.

Right. I didn’t figure you had it in you.

Atak (x2): Hrrm? You don’t got a trophy, do you? Try a little harder out there, boy.

Blok (x2): Eh? If you have any questions, you talk to the Huntmaster. I’m just here for the trophies, see?

Stok (x2): Harrumph? I don’t see no trophy. Don’t waste my precious time, boy.

Huntmaster: How goes the hunt? Ah, yes, I've been keeping track of the trophies you've handed in to the bangaa brothers three. Let's see...

0 to Atak,

0 to Blok,

and 0 to Stok

Anything else you'd like to know about?

- Tell me about rare game.

Rare game are a tricky lot indeed! They're not just lying around waiting to be found, you see... More oft than not, you won't even know where to start looking! That's when your fellow hunters come in handy. Most of the lot here're just looking for regular marks, but some of them might have heard reports of rare game on their travels. Ask around.

- Tell me about the Hunt Club.

The Hunt Club isn't just for sport, you know. When **rare game** is spotted on a rampage, we're the only thing between it and its next victim. While your average mark is posted after the damage has been done, we like to hunt down game *before* lives are lost. Thankless work, but it matters. Luckily for us, we've found patrons in Archades with an eye for what we do, and the interest to support it. In fact, they wager on our hunts. The wager is simple: they pick a favorite hunter, and should he fell the most game, they win. You're a guest here, so they'll not wager on you. For you, we have a different contest in store. Now, when you hunt rare game, be sure to bring a trophy back to us. The question is, which of the bangaa brothers three will you give it? That's *our* little wager. Give the bangaa of your choice some trophies, and you'll be duly rewarded. Well put some things in the **Outfitters** for you. You follow? The more rare game you fell, and the more trophies you bring back, the more goodies you'll find at the Outfitters. Ah, I suppose I should tell you, we've worked out a system to avoid getting too much of one thing in the Outfitters. See, we split things up... Atak is in charge of stocking weapons, Blok is in charge of armor and the like, and Stok handles everything else. Think well before turning in your trophies: what's available at the Outfitters depends on how many you bring in, and who you give them to.

- No, thanks.

Shifty-eyed Man/Outfitters: Hrrm? What are you looking at? Ah, so the Huntmaster's given you the nod, has he? Well, anyone that's right by him is right by me. Listen good, and I'll explain how the Outfitters works. When you bring trophies back for the bangaa brothers here, it pleases their patrons. The patrons send cash, doubtless a portion of their winnings from wagering, and the Huntmaster uses that to bring in goods to sell here. But, not everyone may buy. Only those to whom the Huntmaster has given permission.

See, this here's an exclusive shop. Hunt Club only. That said, it sounds like you're here with his blessing, so, how may I help you? Care to see my wares?

- Check them out.

Ach, I'm sorry, friend. We've nothing to sell.

- Leave.

Shifty-eyed Man/Outfitters (x2): Greetings. How may I help you today?

- Show me your wares.

Ach, I'm sorry, friend. We've nothing to sell.

- Just wanted to say hello.

Enthusiastic Streeteater: They say a bat-like fiend has been spotted in a darkened ruin somewhere... they say he's rare game.

Laid-back Seeq: I ain't fond of ghost stories, but I heard a real good one the other day. Barheim Passage is haunted, they say, though the ghost only shows up once in a while.

Well-informed Bangaa: Come to me if you want to hear about *big* game. And about little game, too. Like that thing that might have been seen in a swamp rife with dangers...

Realistic Man: Word is rare game has been spotted on the sandsea. Reports are vague, but it sounds like some kind of giant bird...

The Great Cockatrice Escape

After going to Draklor Laboratory, you will notice cockatrices popping up all over Ivalice. Complete the "Little Love on the Big Plains" hunt and speak to Dania in the Nomad Village in Giza Plains during the Dry if you have not already to begin this side quest.

Moomer: Balfonheim Port, Sea Breeze Lane

Miffed Moogles: I thought to journey by chocobo, kupo! But the price is far too high... Gurdy's a moogles! We're supposed to stick together, kupo!

Chocobo Wrangler: Oh dear, a very strange chocobo has gotten mixed in with my flock. I don't remember raising that bird... But, it seems happy enough here. I've tried to put it out, but it keeps coming back... My, that's an awfully pretty feather you have!

- Show her the Feather of the Flock.

What a strange feather! Hmm? Did you hear something? Eh? Who said that!?

(You ‘eard me. I’m a chocobo, innit. Jus’ ‘cos a bloke’s onna short side, it don’t make ‘im no bloomin’ cockatrice! People these days, eh! No respect! An’ they’re even worse back in Giza! Can’t do nuffink! Go fer a stroll an’ they stick yer back inna pen! I put up wiv it fer years, but when I saw me chance, I was off! An’ I ain’t never goin’ back! Not that they’ll find me out ‘ere o’ course...)

...Did you just hear that? How odd! I wonder what it was...

- Ignore her.

Well that’s no fun.

[After showing the Chocobo Wrangler the Feather of the Flock, the Miffed Moogle will run up to the pen.]

Miffed Moogle: Kupo...? Now *that’s* an odd-looking chocobo! Say, is it cheaper to hire one of those, kupo?

[The Miffed Moogle approaches Gurdy.]

Miffed Moogle: Hey, Gurdy! How much to hire that funny-looking chocobo?

Gurdy: Er, actually, I’ve never seen that Chocobo before in my life, kupo... But I’ll take a gil for it!

Miffed Moogle: Kupo-po! That’s cheap!

[Fade out and back in. Moomer is now beside the Miffed Moogle.]

Miffed Moogle: Well, I’m off, kupo! On the road again at last...

Moomer: Blimey! Wot’s yer game then, eh? I ain’t goin’ nowhere, mate! I’m ‘appy ‘ere, thanks fer askin’.

Miffed Moogle: Here, this is for you, kupo! If you hadn’t noticed this Chocobo when you did, I never would’ve gotten out of here!

*[You obtain a **Defender**!]*

Miffed Moogle: Lets go, kupo! Giddyup!

Moomer: Oooh, tha’s below the belt, that is. Yer knew ‘ow I can’t resist a good “Giddyup,” dintcha! Some’ow yer knew! Wot’s a poor bloke to do!? Awright, awright! ‘Ave it your way! Wotever makes yer

‘appy! Wou’n’t want yer un’appy, would I! Blinkin’ cheek... Cor, it ain’t ‘alf’ard bein’ a chocobo...
(squawk)

[Reentering Balfonheim after speaking to Moomer back in Giza...]

Miffed Moogles: Can you believe it, kupo? Right there, in the middle of my trip, and my Chocobo runs away! At least... I *think* it was a chocobo. Come to think of it, that Chocobo looked a lot like those strange birds I saw back in Giza...

Chocobo Wrangler: I’m going to raise me a whole flock of chocobos! The prettiest and fastest in the land, mind you!

Sassan: Dalamasca Estersand -- South Bank Village

Sassan: I wanna see Torrie, but I ain’t goin’ nowhere near that bleedin’ Nathyl. I ain’t thick!

Tchigri: The ferry’s running again, if you wanna cross.

- Cross the river.

Have you seen the cockatrice in the village? Its name’s Sassan. Comes around every now and again. I think it’s friends with Torrie. You should help Sassan cross the river to see her. But poor Sassan’s scared to death of Nathyl, so it won’t be easy...

Who will you put on the ferry?

- Sassan

Here we go, Sassan. That’s a good boy!

- Arryl

Come on, Arryl. Let’s go!

- Nathyl

Tchigri: Let’s go, Nathyl. Here boy!

- No one
- Stay in this side.

Well, just lemme know if you need to cross.

North Bank Village

Tchigri: You should help Sassan cross from the south bank. 'Course, Sassan won't go near Nathyl, so it could be kinda tricky...

South Bank Village

Sassan: Nathyl ain't nowhere to be seen! Now there's nuffink stoppin' me from poppin' over to the north Bank an' seein' Torrie!

North Bank Village

Sassan: I bloomin' missed ya, Torrie! Wot's it gonna take to get ya to settle down wiv me, eh?

Torrie: Well, if it isn't Sassan! Run away from Giza again, have you? Terra must be worried sick!

Sassan: Wot's Terra got to do wiv it? This is between you an' me, Torrie. Yer always tryin' to avoid it, but enough's enough! It's time to listen to yer 'eart!

Torrie: I'm so glad you came all this way to see me, but think of your poor friends back in Giza. It's not fair to them. Think how Terra must feel. You know you're the only cockatrice for me, Sassan. Now be a good boy and head back home to Giza, all right?

Sassan: I'm yer fav'rite? 'Onest? Sure yer ain't pullin' me leg? Ya don't fancy Renn or Moomer?

Torrie: You know you're my favorite, Sassan.

Sassan: Yer 'ear that!? I'm only 'er blinkin' fav'rite! Me! Hoo hoo hoo! I betta 'urry back to Giza an' announce our plans fer the weddin'!

Torrie: All right, Sassan. Off to Giza with you now. Give my best to Terra and Dania!

Sassan: I'll be waitin'! Can't 'ardly wait to see the look on ev'ryone's face when I give 'em the good news, though! Hoo hoo hoo! Thanks fer yer 'elp, son! I'd never 'ave gotten close enough to propose wivout ya! 'Ere's a little summink fer yer trouble!

Torrie: Did you help Sassan reach the north Bank? That couldn't have been easy. He can be a bit of a chicken at times. Take this for your trouble.

*[You obtain a **Koga Blade!**]*

Torrie: An errand saw me in Giza when Sassan and his friends hatched. Ever since, he's come to visit me from time to time. I think he must think I'm his mother or something. Isn't he adorable?

Chit: Eruyt Village -- Fane of the Path

Mjrn: Whence has this cockatrice come? These beasts, too, know loneliness...

Chit: That viera bird won't stop starin'. She don't look very 'appy to me. Wonder wot's up wiv 'er? Nuffink serious, I 'ope. Mjrn, eh? Pretty name. Hmm... I 'ate seein' a fellow bird so mis'erable. Maybe I can do summink to cheer 'er up a bit?

Sparkling Light: You find a cherry-hued pebble. It would make for a fine gift.

*[You obtain a **Dewdrop Pebble!**]*

Mjrn: Whence has this cockatrice come? These beasts, too, know loneliness... Is that a **dewdrop pebble** you have there? They are said to bring fortune to you on the day you find them. I remember gathering pebbles with my sister...

- Offer her your **dewdrop pebbles**.

Dewdrop pebbles are no common stones. They sometimes rain down with the afternoon showers or during thick morning fogs. They cannot be carried beyond the village, for they vanish. The pebbles can exist only here... unlike the viera.

- Do nothing.

The **dewdrop pebbles** cannot survive outside the village. Should you leave, they will be lost.

Mjrn (x2): It seems to show interest in **dewdrop pebbles**. Should you find some, will you bring them here?

Chit: Them sparkly pebbles ain't 'alf pretty, are they. Shame yer can't take 'em out the village. 'Ang about! 'Ow the 'eck do I know that? An' just 'ow many o' these blinkin' things do I need to fetch to cheer up Mjrn then, eh?

Sparkling Light: You find a honey-colored pebble. It would make for a fine gift.

*[You obtain a **Dewdrop Pebble!**]*

Sparkling Light: You find a deep crimson pebble. It would make for a fine gift.

*[You obtain a **Dewdrop Pebble!**]*

The Spiritwood

Sparkling Light: You find a beryline pebble. It would make for a fine gift.

*[You obtain a **Dewdrop Pebble!**]*

Sparkling Light: You find a teal pebble. It would make for a fine gift.

*[You obtain a **Dewdrop Pebble!**]*

Sparkling Light: You find a pale yellow pebble. It would make for a fine gift.

*[You obtain a **Dewdrop Pebble!**]*

Sparkling Light: You find a turquoise pebble. It would make for a fine gift.

Wood-dweller: That light, what is it? A stone?

- Ask her to get it for you.

*[You obtain a **Dewdrop Pebble!**]*

- Do nothing.

Sparkling Light: You find a cobalt blue pebble. It would make for a fine gift.

*[You obtain a **Dewdrop Pebble!**]*

Sparkling Light: You find a lavender pebble. It would make for a fine gift.

*[You obtain a **Dewdrop Pebble!**]*

Fane of the Path

Mjrn: This beast seems to show an interest in the pebbles. I thought I might show it more should I find any. Have you found any more?

- Offer her your **dewdrop pebbles**.

The dewdrop pebbles fall in great number. It is not usual to find so many. And all of a common size. As though someone were... gathering them.

- Do nothing.

The **dewdrop pebbles** cannot survive outside the village. Should you leave, they will be lost.

Mjrn (x2): I believe it's memory is lost. Looking on **dewdrop pebbles** seems to be of some help, though. It is close now to remembering, I can feel it.

Chit: Sparkle, sparkle... I'm bloomin' *sure* I'm forgettin' summink... now wot the 'eck was it? Ooh, I'd forget me bleedin' beak if it weren't screw'd on! I'm gonna go crackers tryin'a remember... *[A glowing object falls from under its wing!]*

Sparkling Light: You find a milk-white pebble. It would make for a fine gift.

*[You obtain a **Dewdrop Pebble!**]*

Mjrn: I believe its memory is lost. Looking on the pebbles seems to be of some help, though. It is close now to remembering, I can feel it. You have found more of the pebbles?

- Offer her your **dewdrop pebbles**.

Thank you. I think this should be enough to help our visitor.

- Do nothing.

The **dewdrop pebbles** cannot survive outside the village. Should you leave, they will be lost.

Mjrn: You have gathered many dewdrop pebbles. Enough even to make a pendant, I would think.

Chit: A sparkly pendant... Now where've I 'eard that before...? ... Aw! I can't soddin' well remember! Mjrn... love... them sparkly pebbles...

Mjrn: Have you remembered?

Chit: As a matter o' fact, I 'ave! Ev'ryfink from start to finish! I was gath'rin' them sparkly pebbles, 'cos I thought as they'd make a nice pendant, see. Only trouble was, they'd vanish ev'ry time I tried to take em out the village. So I 'ad a bit of a think, an' I thought: wot if I got em out so fast, they wouldn't know they'd gone? An' *that's* when I made a break fer it...

Mjrn: The rest is... memorable. You are lucky to have been caught on the tree. Lucky, too, that its limbs held fast. A fall from this height would have been fatal. When the Wood-warders reached you, you were quite unconscious.

Chit: An' now I'd betta be on me way. They'll be wond'rin' where I've got off to. Oh, an' that Terra girl's such a little darlin'... Wouldn't wanna worry 'er any more than I 'ave already. She can be a bit... *sensitive*, see.

Mjrn: A kindred spirit...

Chit: Now don't go talkin' like that, girl. Yer a grown woman! Yer've gotta keep yer 'ead 'eld 'igh! 'Ow's about I give ya all them sparkly pebbles I found, eh? 'Ow'd ya like that?

Chit: Now then, I really should get goin'. It's back to good ol' Giza fer this bird! Ta fer all yer 'elp wiv them pebbles, darlin'. I'd've never remembered Terra wivout 'em! Cheerio!

*[You obtain a **Yoichi Bow**!]*

Mjrn: So long was she here, I had begun to grow fond of her. I am sorry to see her go, but it is good she will be home again.

Renn: Rabanastre -- North End

Renn: What's all this!? Are you ruffling my feathers?

- Uh... yes?
- Erm... no?

Do forgive me for running away as I did. Since departing my home on the Giza Plains, I've been gripped by the most terrific paranoia. As it happens, I recently came of age, whereupon I found myself in dire need of a mate. Sadly, Giza's candidates were... underwhelming. So I quit those desolate plains, and soon found myself set upon by beasts intent on eating me, humes intent on selling me — barbarians all! Then it all became clear: Chit. She was the one! If she had returned to the plains, then I, too, would go home!

Renn: Tell me: has Chit returned home?

- Yes, actually.

Why, yes! I can smell her pungent plumage on you even now! If you'll pardon me, I'm going to make for home at once. Do visit me in Giza, will you? Oh, and take this. A small token of my gratitude for everything you've done. Farewell!

*[You obtain a **Deathbringer**!]*

- No, I'm afraid not.

I knew the answer before you spoke a word. Had you met her, you would bear traces of her pungent plumage.

- Let's hear that story once more.

You must forgive me. Since departing my home on the Giza Plains, I've been gripped by the most terrific paranoia. As it happens, I recently came of age, whereupon I found myself in dire need of a mate. Sadly, Giza's candidates were... underwhelming. So I quit those desolate plains, and soon found myself set upon by beasts intent on eating me, humes intent on selling me — barbarians

all! Then it all became clear: Chit. She was the one! If she had returned to the plains, then I, too, would go home!

Agytha: Archades -- Grand Arcade

Imperial: (*huff*) Who'd have thought something so (*pant*) big and ungainly could move so (*wheeze*) fast!?

Imperial: If only there was a way to communicate with cockatrices... maybe I could talk him down.

Imperial: Clear the area! This cockatrice is dangerous! I'd tackle it myself, but it's big as well as nasty!

Agytha: Oi! That ain't no way to be lookin' at a bird! Betta stay away if ya don't fancy a peckin'! I need me grub if I'm gonna make summink o' meself. An' I betta start makin' summink o' meself soon, while I still got me feathers, innit. Yeah, you 'eard me. Cockatrices can make summink o' theirselves, and I'll prove it. I'll be one o' them belly-wethers, you see if I won't. Dunno 'ow though... 'Ang about! Wot if I was to find a proper classy fella an' get 'itched? Yeah! That oughta do it! That'd do it, no trouble! Now then... 'ow'd I find a classy mate?

- I saw a prim cockatrice in Old Archades.

Oh really!?

In Ol'town, yer say!? Well, 'e *does* sound classy. I bet 'e's a right toff, wiv blue blood an' ev'ryfink! Prob'ly down in Ol' Archades 'elpin' the poor or summink. Ta very much, darlin'! Well, I'd betta get off an' meet this 'an'some 'unk then, 'adn't I!? Ta-ra!

[She starts up the steps, pauses, and turns back.]

'Ave this fer ya trouble, will ya? Go on! Don't be shy! *Take it!* Take it 'fore I change me mind!

*[You obtain a **Tumulus!**]*

Right, then! If yer come back when I've made summink o' meself, I'll sort ya out, awright? Make yer a senator or summink! Naahahahaha!

- No idea. Good luck!

Good luck!? Wiv feathers like these, I don't *need* luck, darlin'. All *I* need's a posh cock wiv a workin' pair of eyes!

Imperial: Whew. Seems to have gone.

Imperial: Y-You can speak Cockatrice!?

Imperial: (*pant*) (*wheeze*)

Docent: I'm happy to say that the cockatrice has seen fit to depart, and we're once again up and running. Would you like to use the lift?

- Take a ride.
- Pass.

Shurry: Jahara -- Lull of the Land

Garif Warrior (on the riverbank watching a brawl): A cockatrice has wandered into the village, and we are all quite concerned. Well, not that concerned, to tell the truth.

Garif Elder: That cockatrice... Why do I feel I have seen it somewhere before?

Asdalu: I have heard that the nomads of Giza herd cockatrices much as we herd nannas. I wonder... do they eat them? I wonder... do they taste like chicken?

Garif Herder (to the right): You... can speak with the cockatrice? How amazing! Why did you not say this sooner?

Garif Herder (on far left): A cockatrice has wandered into our village. From its manner, I do not think it is wild. Who is raising cockatrices near here...?

Garif Herder (right next to the cockatrice): You can speak the tongue of the cockatrice? Then, ask this one why it has come here!

Shurry: 'Allo! Shurry's me name an' peckin' at stuff's me game! Ha ha! Nah, not to worry, I ain't gonna peck ya! Just 'avin' a laugh, innit. Me? I live wiv the nomads back in Giza, norm'ly, I mean. But I got it into me 'ead to find out 'ow the *other* 'alf live, so I thought I'd come 'ere. Di'n't realize 'ow far it was, but I got 'ere in the end, an' met a load o' them nice garifs. Cor, wot about them masks, eh!? Wish I 'ad one!

Garif Herder (right next to cockatrice): Have you learned anything of the bird?

- It came from Giza Plains.

Ah, from the lands of the Giza nomads, yes. This is quite a journey for such a bird. Please, tell the Great-Chief that we have a visitor from the village of Giza Plains.

- It likes your masks.
- Not really.

Garif Herder (x2): Please, tell the Great-Chief that we have a visitor from Giza. The nomads there have helped us a great deal. He will want to hear of this.

Asdalu: I have heard that the cockatrice belongs to the nomads of Giza. It is a good thing we did not eat— We did not do anything odd.

Garif Elder: Ah, that is it. Many cockatrices are kept in the village on Giza Plains, yes. Perhaps it is one from their herd?

The Elderknoll

Great-chief Uball-Ka: A visitor from Giza? Ah, it will not do to let her leave empty-handed. I am quite indebted to the nomads there. I would ask a favor of you. Would you deliver this to our guest for me, and also pass on my regards to Brunoa, Elder of the nomads?

*[You obtain **the Gift of the Great-chief!**]*

Lull of the Land

Garif Herder: Ah, you have told the Great-chief? I thank you.

Garif Herder: Now, Shurry. You can return to Giza with your gift. I am sure your family waits for you.

Garif Herder: I am glad to see the cockatrice safely on its way. Many thanks to you for your help. I had heard rumors of this device that allows one to speak with the cockatrice, but never did I expect you to go find one! The Feather of the Flock, is it called? Hoh... How I wish there was such a thing for nanna! The Beak of the Herd, maybe? Eh heh heh! Well, at last, the mystery of the cockatrice is solved! I thank you. Here, for you.

*[You obtain a **Platinum Dagger!**]*

Giza Plains (Dry) -- Nomad Village

Terra: Dania asked me to help her tend the cockatrices. Everything was goin' along fine, then all of a sudden they darted out of the pen... Now they're gone, and it's all my fault! What am I gonna do? If I'd only had one of them magick feathers that Dania uses to talk to 'em, this wouldn't have happened.

Dania: Would you look at this... All our cockatrices, gone! I'd always left the pen open, and they never tried to escape before. What do you think got into them? There's nothin' to do but head out lookin' for 'em, but I don't even know where to start. I can't blame Terra for this... It's my fault. She wasn't ready for the responsibility.

Terra: All the cockatrices are finally back! Dania told me it's all 'cause of you... thank you!

*[You obtain **2 Hi-Ethers!**]*

Terra: I'll do better this time. Who needs a magick feather, anyway? I'll figure out what they're thinkin' on my own!

Terra (x2): I guess they all came back 'cause they'd finished their adventures. I'm kinda jealous... they've been places *I* haven't even been! Dania asked me to help her watch them again. I'm still a bit nervous, but I won't let her down this time!

Dania: I wasn't sure what we were going to do, but they're all back safe and sound now. In fact, they seem better than ever. Like they actually learned a thing or two on their travels. Of course, Terra's thrilled they're back, too.

Moomer: If I'd've known they'd be strappin' such 'eavy loads on me back, I'd've made out like I was a bloomin' cockatrice! Cor... it ain't 'alf 'ard bein' a chocobo.

Sassan: 'Ave yer 'eard? Torrie said as she'd marry me! We'll make the 'appiest couple in the 'ist'ry o' the plains!

Agytha: Cor blimey! You're that bloke from Archades, intcha!? Well, don't go nowhere, will ya!? I've got a tragic tale wot needs tellin'. Yer ain't gonna believe this, but that cock wot you set me up wiv in Old Archades... was only me very own dad! 'E'd vanished when I was scarcely an 'atchlin', see... I never dreamt 'e'd got taken off to the likes o' that place. 'Is ol' legs was givin' out, but I wanted 'im to see the 'omestead jus' once more. But 'e... 'e di'nt make it... (*sniff*) I-I can't 'old it in no longer! It's gotta come out! Dad!!! Me poor ol' dad! Waaaaaah! Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!! It's... it's... Me poor ol' dad! I don't know 'ow I'm ever gonna get over this, I really don't... But... wotever 'appens... I ain't gonna let nuffink stand in me way... 'cos one day... *I'm gonna make summink o' meself!*

Chit: When I come back, little Terra was cryin' 'er eyes out, poor love. I di'nt realize we'd given 'er such a fright. Won't be lettin' that 'appen again.

Renn: Whats this? Have I told Chit how I feel yet? I should say not! That's not the way a gentleman goes about such things. Harumph!

Shurry: Them sweets wot that garif bloke gave me fer bring back 'ere smelled so good, I 'ad 'em on the way. Ooooh, they was summink else, darlin'! *Gorgeous* don't do 'em justice, I can tell ya!

Random Scene Switch-ups and Curiosities

The Weather-Eye

After meeting Jote in Eruyt Village, the Adventurer at the Southgate will become the Weather-Eye when you next talk to him, and provide you with predictions of the weather. It may seem vague at first sight, but when you know the mechanics of Giza's weather cycle, it actually becomes quite useful. What he says will depend, of course, on where Giza is in its cycle. There is always one hour of the Rains and two hours

of Dry, totaling in a three hour cycle.

Weather-Eye says...	...game clock is at n time in cycle.
Just takes one look at the sky to tell if it's the Rains or the Dry down in Giza. Spend enough time travelin' the plains, you start to get a feel for when the weather'll change. <i>Let's see... it's only just become the Dry... Should still be some time before the Rains come again.</i>	1-11 mins
Just takes one look at the sky to tell if it's the Rains or the Dry down in Giza. Spend enough time travelin' the plains, you start to get a feel for when the weather'll change. <i>Let's see... it's the middle of the Dry... Shouldn't be too much longer till the Rains come.</i>	12-50 mins
Just takes one look at the sky to tell if it's the Rains or the Dry down in Giza. Spend enough time travelin' the plains, you start to get a feel for when the weather'll change. <i>Let's see... the Dry has almost run its course... The Rains can't be far off, now.</i>	51-60 mins
Just takes one look at the sky to tell if it's the Rains or the Dry down in Giza. Spend enough time travelin' the plains, you start to get a feel for when the weather'll change. <i>Let's see... it's only just become the Rains... Should still be some time before the Dry comes again.</i>	61-71 mins
Just takes one look at the sky to tell if it's the Rains or the Dry down in Giza. Spend enough time travelin' the plains, you start to get a feel for when the weather'll change. <i>Let's see... it's the middle of the Rains... Shouldn't be too much longer till the Dry comes.</i>	72-160 mins
Just takes one look at the sky to tell if it's the Rains or the Dry down in Giza. Spend enough time travelin' the plains, you start to get a feel for when the weather'll change. <i>Let's see... The Rains have almost run their course... The Dry shouldn't be far off now.</i>	161-180 mins

Gurdy

Gurdy is the floating moogles keeper of chocobos. You can find her attending to all the chocobo pens you will ever encounter in Ivalice. (How she manages to do this can only be an astounding feat of NPC magic) She is one of those NPCs whose dialogue barely changes no matter where you find her. She will basically always say:

Gurdy: Welcome to the chocobo stables. Only *[n]* gil should you wish to hire one, kupo!

- Sounds fair.
- No, thanks.

Perhaps another day, kupo. Should you ever need a chocobo, you know where to find one!

The only factor that actually changes based on where you talk to her is the price *[n]*.

Here's the exception:

When you first speak to Gurdy, she'll give you a little intro to the chocobos.

Gurdy: Well, hello there! You are no stranger to the yellow birds just behind me, I'm sure. Yes, my friend, I speak of the chocobos, kupo! These noble birds make for excellent steeds. Fleet of foot and sturdy of limb, arduous journeys *fly* by atop a chocobo, kupo! Only *[n]* gil should you wish to hire one.

- Sounds fair...

Gurdy: What's that? You've not ridden a chocobo? Not to worry! Just be mindful that you've a limited amount of time for your ride, kupo! Off you go now! Quite a treat, watching the world fly by from your perch in the saddle, kupo!

- No, thanks...

Perhaps another day, kupo. Should you ever need a chocobo, you know where to find one!

Cobblestones Guy

This guy is a black bangaa constantly chatting with a seeq at the East End of Rabanastre, right outside Migelo's. He's almost always expressing disbelief at his friend the seeq's estimate of how many cobblestones are in the Southern Plaza -- until they start counting bards.

Before the Consul's Parade

Rabanastran: My friend here says there are 14,264 cobblestones in the Southern Plaza 'round the corner, not including the tiles in the fountain. But even *with* the stones by the city gates... 'Course, he could be countin' the *flagstones*, too. That would be another matter altogether.

Outpost Visitors

[After the consul's parade, a woman sits at the outpost accompanied by a little boy and a man hunched over under the canopy.]

Desert Wayfarer: The Imperials have lifted the blockade on the road, but the sun, I think it's gotten to my father. We may need to rest here a while. Chocobos don't come cheap, and with all these delays... I hope he can afford it.

[After meeting with Ondore the second time, a black Bangaa appears with his seeq friend laying belly up behind him.]

Desert Wayfarer: Off to Rabanastre to restock our inventory, but my partner... he's let the desert get the better of him. Don't make the same mistake, boy.

[After the incident at Mt. Bur-Omisace, a trio of moogles sit and chat.]

Desert Wayfarer (moogle): We all pitched in to hire this chocobo. We're going to explore the desert... it will be a grand adventure, kupo!

Dantro: Those moogle's just got here from Rabanastre. You shoulda seen the three of them riding that chocobo. Wonder where they're headed. And I wonder what's keeping my replacement... Did the village forget I'm out here?

Desert Wayfarer (Archadian woman speaking with her husband and daughter): Fun? What fun is there in a trip through this sand and heat? I'm going home. And not to the capital... home for good!

Dantro: These travelers from Archades are a real handful. They were complaining the washtub is too small... They should be grateful we *have* a washtub. Ah, well... I'm ready to get back to the village and rest, but my replacement still hasn't gotten here. What's taking him so long?

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

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

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

Charming Woman: I always seem to be running into you. I enjoy these chance meetings.

The Traveling Family

Son: Nalbina is insufferably hot! I don't care how many houses you buy here, I won't come. I won't! And look at what it's done to your rouge!

Mother: Father! Did you *hear* what your son just said!?

Father: There there, Mother. Father wouldn't change that about you for the world.

Son: I saw it with my own eyes! A huge wyrm flying through the air! It even followed the ship for a while. If it attacked, we'd all be killed for sure! Oh, I want to go back to Archades...

Mother: Must you persist in telling this flight of fancy? I know perfectly well why you want to go home! To play with your friends! Well, forget it. We'll return to Archades once we've settled upon a site for our summer home, no sooner. We mustn't be outdone!

Father: Now now, no need to let tempers flare, Mother. Of course, Father wouldn't change that about you for the world.