

# Braskus

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*If Tidus and Yuna had a son, what would he write about in his journal?*

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# 1 - Ch, 1

*June 5th*

*My dear son, I give you this book on your thirteenth birthday to celebrate you becoming a man. I pray to Yevon that your wishes be heard when you place them in this book, no matter how impossible it may seem for their achievement.*

*All my love,*

*Your Mother*

Yep. That's what the inscription on the front of this journal says. Mom wants me to keep a daily journal of what she thinks are my "prayers and wishes?" I have no prayers, no wishes either. I refuse to let even the great Yevon hear what I want. From what I gather in this world and from what my parents have told me of their youth, if you want something, you have to go and get it your damn self. No one else will if you don't. So in short, if I want to bring death and destruction to the ones that just piss me off, I'll do it with my own hands.

Of course, I'd never tell Mom this. She's much too nice and gentle for me to just outright hurt her feelings. Not to mention the fact that Dad would wear me clean out if he knew I did something to upset her.

Oh, and since this is now my "Accursed Book of Thoughts And Ramblings," my name is Braskus. Don't ask for a last name because I don't even know if I have one. Really, if I have a last name, my parents have made it a point not to mention it. Not that I care. Everyone on Besaid Island refers to each other by their first name anyway, so a surname is somewhat unnecessary.

Wait, I'm wasting paper again. This is supposed to be about my thoughts and feelings about the world around me right? Ok then, I think everything about my home is boring with a capital B. It's always too quiet. Except for when the occasional visitor comes around and the fabrics that make the island famous are bought by the gazillions. The other two exceptions are when Dad, Wakka, and myself go to Luca to see a blitzball tournament, and when people come to see Mom, "The Great Summoner Who Defeated Sin." Save for those times, B-O-R-I-N-G is how Besaid is spelled.

Wow, would you look at that. I've written about two pages of my thoughts. Looks like what Mom hoped for is happening. She should be so glad to know this, and I told her so. She merely said "I'm just glad you're using it Brasky," and went on doing what all heroes do after they've saved the world: take care of their house chores. Yes, my mom calls me "Brasky." What of it? Mind the fact that she's the only one who can call me that. It's a Mom thing, so it's somewhat expected. Mothers are always nicknaming their children with embarrassing names right? So it's not a big deal. Just ask anyone who's teased me about it. Their mocking usually ends after my fist plants itself in their face for about the seventeenth or eighteenth time.

Surprised about the chore thing? Don't be. That's all there is to do on Besaid most days: pray, do chores, eat, bathe, and sleep. I'm supposed to do all of the above (the first most of all), but most of my time is spent either eating (my metabolism has soared to an all time high since I hit thirteen) or wandering about the island for hours on end. Exciting? Better than most things. Except blitzball. When Dad and Uncle Wakka invite me to a match of blitz against them, it's hard to resist. I've played the game since I was...let's see, I can first remember playing it when I was around five or six, so that's about seven years and the game still holds me in thrall. As Mom would say "Boys and their games." She couldn't be any more right.

## 2 - ch. 2

June 25th

I most likely won't write in here much. What can I say, I'm the laziest protagonist that ever lived when it comes to written assignments. Ask Aunt Lulu, she'll agree to that. Now in blitzball or a regular old hike in the Besaid woods, I'm first in line if I didn't suggest it first. Dad says I need a hobby, as he and Uncle Wakka are almost always doing other things these days. Wakka's taking care of his second child, and Dad's off visiting Luca to deliver clothing materials and several other things like mineral ore and the like we find in some of Besaid's caves.

That's right. My dad, the famous guardian of Sin-Vanquishing Summoner Mom, has become a delivery boy during the Eternal Calm. Funny how these things work out huh? I find the sheer irony of it hilarious. After telling Mom this, she held her hand over her mouth and giggled, which is her way of laughing at something I say or do. You know, that amused kind of laugh that older people use when their younger peers say something they don't really find funny at all.

June 27th

As of yesterday, I've had this strange fascination with visiting Uncle Kimahri, another of Mom's former guardians, at Mt. Gagazet. But whether I'll be going or not is still up for debate. Dad says he needs me here to watch out for Mom, who has been growing steadily fatter in the past months. Why? I have no idea. She wouldn't even tell me on my birthday when I asked if she let herself have a tad too much of my cake. I asked Dad what Mom must be depressed about, since women mostly gain weight when they're upset or sad or something similar. He said this, "I'm not sure I can tell you what's up with her just yet. Be patient, ok son?" Patient? Me, Braskus, patient? Calling me a patient person is like calling a Ronso a cockroach. Insulting, funny to think of, and wildly inaccurate. That sums it up quite nicely.

June 30th

After much persisting, Aunt Lulu finally told me what's going on with Mom. She pregnant! Mom is frikking pregnant! I'm gonna be a big brother...which is actually a lot better for me than most people would think. Most older siblings feel a bit intimidated by a younger sibling stealing the spotlight, or so I've been told, but not me. A new baby means Mom and Dad will stop bugging me to hang around with them since most of their time will consist of cleaning out the poop collectors on an infant's rear. Get here as fast as you can little bro or sis.

July 3rd

Ok, so Mom has been about three months pregnant since I counted the days she began to show around my birthday. This means my baby brother or sister was conceived on or around May 23rd. I could be wrong, but Aunt Lulu said most women show around their second or third month of pregnancy. So the new arrival should be here sometime in January. That month just can't get here fast enough.

July 4th

Right now I'm on a ship heading to Luca for another blitz tournament. I feel kind of bad leaving Mom alone back home, but she's got Aunt Lulu and everyone else there to help her, not that the baby should give her trouble during these first couple of months anyway.

Oh yeah, back to the ship. Not much going on, just the boring prattle of sailors and other passengers. While I was writing on the upper platform on the ship, a girl about my age walked up and looked around before running to one of the railings. I didn't pay her much mind at first since I was writing to you here, but then she started staring at me. How did I know? I could feel her looking at me. I raised my eyebrow

and stared right back at her. She wasn't really a bad looking girl really, but I wasn't much interested in girls at the time. If I had been, though, I would have found her long midnight colored hair, shining emerald eyes, and slim figure very appealing, but my hormones were very repressed and I felt nothing.

“What?” I asked. The girl stared at me and walked back down the stairs to the lower level, her long trenchcoat flowing out behind her as she walked. Her eyes gave me a studying look before she disappeared down the stairs. I shrugged before going back to observing the seas around the boat.

Later on in my cabin with Dad and Wakka, I pretended to be asleep as they spoke tentatively about another passenger they'd seen. From what I gathered, she was a woman who they both must have known before. From where, I don't know, but Wakka sounded a bit upset about seeing her and her family. He said she was with her husband and daughter, and he referred to her in a term I'm not even supposed to know. What could she have done to make them so mad? My curiosity got the better of me and after both Dad and Uncle Wakka were asleep, I tip-toed out of the cabin and went on the deck to find this family. I only saw the girl from earlier sitting dangerously near the edge of the boat, her sight fixed on the stars. A couple, her parents I thought, came up to join her. Quite a group if you ask me. If the girl was thirteen like me, then her parents would have to be in their thirties, which they looked much more in their mid-twenties instead. The father was very tall, about twenty-eight or twenty-nine in age, and wore a long, red tattered cloak, and mostly black clothing underneath. His hair was as dark as the girl's, going down almost to his waist. The weirdest parts of him were his eyes, red eyes in fact, and a long, clawlike gauntlet on his left arm. As for the mother, her hair was short trimmed with a braid on the right of her right eye. Her eyes were the same color as her daughter's, but were much brighter in disposition. She was dressed in a black trenchcoat much like her daughter's, and I could barely make out what they were saying. Something about visiting the mother's old friends at Guadosalam for a few days, then going right back home. Where this home was, I can't say, since the father turned his blood colored gaze at me. I hurried back to the cabin and tried to fall asleep. Easier said than done though, since that girl, her parents, and Wakka's apparent dislike for them kept coming back to me over and over again.

I hope we get to Luca soon.

### 3 - Ch. 3

Ok, I'm going to say this now since fanfiction.net requires me to. I don't own final Fantasy X, nor do I own final Fantasy 7, which is referenced to many times during the course of this story.

July 5th

When I awoke, we were in Luca, and Dad was trying to wake me up. Mind you this isn't an easy task. Once I get to sleep, not even a hurricane could rouse me from sweet sleep. But on about the tenth punch to the shoulder, I gave in and sat up, my tri-colored hair in disarray.

“Come on Braskus, the tournament will start soon if you don't hurry!” he urged. With that I bolted up and dressed myself, taking a short break to hurriedly fix my hair. The blue highlights are starting to fade, and they make the blonde parts of my hair look green around them. My dark brown roots have grown out a little as well. I'll have to ask Aunt Lulu for more peroxide and indigo dye when we get back to Besaid.

The tournament couldn't have been more exciting and depressing at the same time. The Luca Goers, who win nearly every time, are the victors yet again. I wish I had been born thirteen years earlier when Wakka was still captain of the Besaid Aurochs, who have disbanded indefinitely. If I'd been alive, or this age, back then, I'd have helped them win that cup! Rub it right in those damn Goers' faces too.

Dad tells me not to worry that much about it. He and Wakka are happy to be with their families than “be humiliated and defeated by the Goers every year.” This is a lie, I just know it. Whenever he sees them score a goal, I can see the same fire in his eyes to win over them that exists in Uncle Wakka's and my own. One day, the Goers are gonna be goners. One day.

July 15th

I haven't written much during the past week or so due to visiting Uncle Kimahri on Mt. Gagazet. And what would my description and thoughts of there be? COLD! Damn cold! Sure the Ronso have fur and can handle the temperature, but damn! Dad could have warned me or something first! Luckily Kimahri had a large chocobo down coat he lent to me during my stay. That Ronso seems very taken with me, partly since I'm my mother's child and he most likely sees a lot of her in me. I find this odd since I look mostly like Dad, but I do have Mom's eyes. Yes, a blue left eye and a green right eye. The Al-Bhed traits from Mom are strong in this one's blood.

Speaking of which, I did find a few hot springs further up in the mountain. I would have stayed in the blessed warmth longer, but Uncle Kimahri was searching frantically for me after I was missing for five hours. I swear I saw a huge spot of his fur go gray after I explained I lost the path on the way down. He promised he wouldn't tell my mom if I didn't go anywhere without telling him first. "Mt. Gagazet is dangerous by yourself," he says. Don't worry Uncle Kimahri, next time I'll let you in on the secret springs too. Heh.

Note to self: Always gain further info about the places that I want to visit before going.

Another note: Never speak about self in third person again, too creepy. Must be something I picked up from the Ronso.



## 4 - Ch. 4

Yeah, I have something of a story centered ADD, which requires me to either hurry and write down an important part before I forget, or just forget it and drop the story altogether. I did this ONCE during this story, in this chapter actually, albeit creatively...oh come on, don't act like no one's ever done it before. Yeesh. >.>

(( ))

June 5th, four years later

I bet you wonder why I haven't written in a long while. To tell the truth, it's because of my new baby sister Raini. I thought having her around would keep Mom and Dad from bugging me, but I was wrong. Yes, I admit it. I, Braskus Whatever-My-Last-Name-Is, was wrong. Instead of being free from the constant "family times" my parents insist on sharing with me, the cutest baby in all of Spira forces me into their presence every waking second. Ok sure, Raini will be turning four next January 13th, but she's still a baby to me.

And the cutest person in Spira is a short, plump three year old with a short vocabulary and an even shorter temper. Chocolate colored ringlets surround a sweet, yet sometimes evil, face. The prettiest things about Raini are her eyes, which are a deep blue with a ring of silver around her pupils. When she was two, she changed from calling me "Bubby" to "Brasky." Now there are only two people I allow to call me such a name. Way to go teaching her that Mom.

Raini's sitting on my bed with me now as I write. Her garbled way of talking asks me what I'm doing, and I say, "I'm writing about you Raini," which seems to please her as she goes into a fit of high-pitched giggles before passing out next to me. Like I said, evil wears a cute face.

Since Raini's out like a light and I'm tired, I'm going to bed. I have to take the evil one to Mom before I do though. G'night.

June 8th

Raini loves playing anywhere I am, which has turned my normally quiet, five hour long hikes into short, loud, thirty-minute walks with her hounding my every step. Why does she insist on following me everywhere? I can't even go to the bathroom without her knocking on the door until I come out! Younger siblings aren't supposed to love their older ones this much! So why can't she play with Wakka's daughter Silvie down the street? I just want some time to myself! Yeesh...

June 10th

I have finally discovered how to keep Raini busy and away from me during daylight hours: let her play with the neighbor's kittens. Yeah, the cat gave birth to seven kittens a couple weeks ago, so we can play with them without their mom clawing the hell out of us. Dad says we can get a kitten or two once Raini is older. The owner says he doesn't mind waiting, since all of those kittens will unofficially "belong" to her by the end of the year. This is mostly because she insists on visiting them every day. Good thing our new house is big enough to hold a few pets. If we were still in our old house, he would've said "No way!" and that would've been that.

June 12th

I haven't explained the sudden jump from my thirteenth birthday to my seventeenth yet, have I? Well, part of it is Raini's fault, since she's such a little attention monger. Another part is that I was helping Dad build our new house, and the last part is...I kinda lost this book during the move, so even when I wanted to write, I couldn't. I found it a couple days before my birthday, but was too lazy from the move to write. Heh.

Raini's discovered what blitzball is, but sadly, she isn't very interested in it. I'm sad...and now I'm not

since Mom just finished making lasagna! Yay!

## 5 - Ch. 5

I just got Advent Children on DVD! I can die happy now! But if I died, then the readers would be left high and dry, huh? Ok then, I'll stick around for a while. ***drools over Reno and Yazoo's sexyness***

(( ))

June 13th

It's Friday, and Dad says I'd better be careful about "bad luck" today. Bad luck, that's kind of funny. Putting into consideration that both Mom and Dad defeated the terror known as Sin four years before I was born, it's hilarious they would think any kind of "ill omen" to be worse than a giant manifestation of pure evil wandering in no set pattern of destruction. I laughed like a sand jackal after hearing that.

June 15th

Summer is officially started. How do I know? Well for one thing, the rising temperature, my tan growing darker, and a ship coming in for tourists and vacationers to be let off sure show the coming of the dreaded, soon-to-be-blistering heat. Anytime a boat comes in, Dad makes money since he's now the head of sale of Besaid apparel. Speaking of which, it seems Besaid clothes are the "need-to-have" clothing items and junk in fashion nowadays. I wouldn't know all the details, since fashion bores me near to tears.

June 16th

You wouldn't believe who I saw coming off the boat! Since you, my ever-silent confidant, are bad at guessing...and speaking for that matter, I'll go ahead and tell you anyway. I saw that same girl from four years ago! Of course, she's *much* older...and prettier...aw hell, I might as well say it. She's fucking hot! Really! Her hair's longer now, and held up in a strange ponytail that looks like it was wrapped into braids,

then pulled through the braids to make a starburst type floof with her hair. It's cute actually. And her outfit...Yevon, I got a nosebleed thinking about it just now. A purple bustier looking top that had straps to hold it up (she's grown quite nicely in the chest area), with dark blue ruffles coming out of the bottom. There are long, purple armlets from her elbows to her wrists, which look kind of like Mom's old songstress outfit. Weird comparing her to Mom...I'm gonna go bash my head into the wall now. Just kidding. Anyway, she wears navy blue jeans with dark brown boots, with everything topped off by a dark red cape...scarf...thing. Looks like a cape AND a scarf to me. Maybe it is. Doesn't matter. I hope she's here to stay. Please Yevon, please, please, please! Let her stay!

On a side note, I couldn't help but feel a bit green about the gills at seeing her talking to another guy, who came off the boat with her. His hair was a bright sky blue, pulled back into a ponytail that split into two despite only one hairband holding it. The only part of his hair that wasn't pulled back into the forked ponytail was a blue forelock, which jutted up, then out a little, then down. His hair's almost...plantlike. His eyes are the same color as his hair, and a faint blue vein-like mark spread down from his hairline, down his forehead, and over his right eye before ending just on his cheek. He wore no shirt but a long, high-collared royal blue trenchcoat that was mostly open, but closed where a light green belt/sash was wrapped around his waist. His pants were a ruby color and he had on what looked like black boots too. There was this blue and yellow necklace that went all the way down to his stomach. I keep thinking I've seen a necklace like that somewhere, but I'm not sure.

Most of the time he looked stoic and apathetic about everything around, but he did snap his attention back to the girl when she spoke to him. That was when I really felt weird. Like extremely jealous weird. I guess he'd be a catch if I was a girl, but I fail to see how she could like him. He's a Guado for Yevon's sake! Dad kind of paled (which is funny since his skin's as tan as mine) at seeing him, and walked back to Mom, who also went white. He must look familiar to them too. Glad it's not just me.

The girl and the Guado are staying at one of the new inns on the island, and I can't shake the feeling that they might be...lovers. Ugh, even THINKING about that makes me queasy. I mean...a Guado? What's so attractive about someone who's had the same hairstyle since they were born? Makes it look like he hasn't bathed in forever. I feel sick.

## 6 - Ch. 6

So in this chapter, we have a direct reference to "Diary of A Madman's Son," by thecat and thefiddle. Haven't read that story yet, then go do so soon. It's really good.

((6))

June 17th

That pretty girl seemed really excited to see Mom yesterday. Both my parents seem to know her from somewhere I guess. But Mom had this air about her that hid something. Dad did too, and I sensed a hint of...well, I couldn't really tell what it was. It felt like he was...uneasy. Like something was troubling him. When I asked him about it, he shook his head and denied it.

I learned that the pretty girl's name is Alice. Alice Valentine actually. She said that her mom used to be friends with my parents, but she left so suddenly and without warning one day. No one knew what happened to her until Wakka heard she'd gone to live with the Al-Bhed. As it turns out, she was also a good friend of the Guado boy's mother, a woman named Airella. The guy said his name was Seymour Reiko Guado Jr., but everyone just called him Reiko, which I thought was funny since Reiko is a girl's name...or so I've heard. He didn't like my saying so. In any case, I wondered just what was so horrible about the Al-Bhed since Wakka's first born son is named Vidina, which is the Al-Bhed word for "future." Alice didn't want to talk about it much, so she went with Mom to buy supplies for her and Reiko's journey.

"We'll be leaving in two days, so best to stock up early," she said. Reiko didn't talk much after she left. Actually, he barely spoke even when she was present. Reminds me a bit of Kimarhi, who never talks much unless necessary. Huh, weird.

Wakka doesn't seem to like Alice very much. He wouldn't look at her when she spoke to him about

where to buy weapons, and I wondered just what his deal was. I mean, whatever problem he had with her mother was no reason to hold it against Alice. Children shouldn't be punished for what their parents did. Makes me wonder, just what was it Alice's mother did that made the people of Besaid speak ill of her behind her back? I mean, sure her living among the Al-Bhed would be a blow to the Yevonites who were her neighbors, but really...what in the Farplane did she do? Wakka won't tell me, neither will Dad or Mom. It bugs me when everyone knows something I don't and they won't explain it.

So now I'm just hanging around the house and making small talk with Reiko in between writing sentences. I'm surprised he hasn't said anything smart about this journal/book thing, but maybe he has one too...or he just doesn't care. It's probably the latter. I tried asking him about what he liked, to be hospitable (the guy's rooming with me for two days for Yevon's sake), but he just kept quiet most of the time. He did say he has two younger siblings named Megalla and Sergio who are about ten years old now. This reminds me of a time when Mom and Dad left the house a couple days a week when I was seven years old. Mom's friend Paine and Rikku (my mom's cousin) were helping a friend (Paine's friend actually) who had given birth to twins. So Mom decided to help them too. Naturally Dad went with her when she did. I never went, but I still remember the days when they'd leave and I'd stay with Wakka and Lulu for a while until they came home. Now, this wasn't because I wasn't invited to go (Mom even asked me if I wanted to play with Airella's son who was also my age), but I said no. I didn't want to go because...this is kinda embarrassing, but I didn't want to go because I was extremely shy when I was a kid. I still am. I'm much happier hanging with people I know than people I don't. Maybe Reiko (who seems to be interested in my now frenzied writing...I had to shut the book once to keep him from seeing, which is why there's a huge ink splotch on the right side of the page) and I would be friends if I had. Kind of weird writing about it when he's right here.

June 18th

I had a strange dream last night. I was standing in a huge field of multi-colored flowers that rivaled the rainbow itself, surrounded on three sides by magnificent waterfalls. A pale moon sat content in the sky far ahead of me, and pyreflies flew over and around me. Before I knew it, a man with darkly tanned skin, dark brown hair (same color as my roots), and clothes similar to Dad's guardian clothing stood in front of me. I recognized him instantly as my grandfather...Jecht. I could tell because he had a tattoo on his chest that looks like the emblem on my pant legs. He held out his hand to me, more pyreflies flying around us, and asked me to do something for him.

"Leave Besaid...go with Al-" he stopped talking as Raini woke me up. She was squealing about how she'd wet the bed again, and didn't want to tell Mom or Dad about it. I missed something important from Gramps because my sister's bladder can't hold itself. Geez.

I think I understand what Grandpa Jecht was trying to tell me. I have this strong feeling he wants me to go with Alice on her "soul searching" journey across Spira. Reminds me of the pilgrimage summoner's used to take to defeat Sin. Ah well, if Grandpa wants me to be the escort of a pretty girl like Alice, I'm certainly not complaining? Heh, I'll go ask her now.

She said yes, so long as I didn't get into trouble. Well ok, she was a bit reluctant to say yes and asked me all kinds of questions (like do I get seasick easy, can I handle fiends, am I scared of heights, etc.). After talking with my parents about it, it was decided I would go. So now I've finished packing away the things we'll need. Dad gave me his old sword, the Brotherhood, as a farewell present. To tell the truth, I'm a little bit nervous...well ok, a huge bit nervous, but I can't go chicken now. Reiko didn't seem to mind my coming with them, but he did give me an intimidating look. Maybe my staring at him for approval made him edgy.

"Keep yourself well, because if you die, neither Alice nor I would be able to send you. Wouldn't want an Unsent roaming around with us." Then again, maybe he was just born with a stick up his butt.

June 19th

Raini was crying as I walked up the ramp to the ship with Alice and Reiko. She tried to come on the ship with us, but Dad held her tight and swung her up onto his shoulders. Mom had tears in her eyes as she hugged me, as did Aunt Lulu. I'm going to miss them, but this little journey would do me some good...or so my dad says. Hey, an adventure around Spira is better than staying on Besaid right?

I had to bunk with Reiko again, which wouldn't be so bad if he hadn't taken the top bunk. Alice slept in the room next to us, and kept the door locked all the time so I couldn't really talk to her much. Only Reiko, and he never really responds when spoken to.

The day passed by uneventful, but what do you expect when you're on a boat? I hope the rest of this journey is more exciting than today.



"It will be," a voice in my head explained. Where that came from, I don't know. But the voice sounded so familiar.

## 7 - Ch. 7

I don't know if any of you noticed, but the first installment of Alice's story is now up. So if you want to see her "adventures" up till she comes to Spira and meets Braskus, then go and read. There will be more chapters for that one as it goes along.

((7))

June 20th

I think I've somehow gotten seasick over the years. I don't know how and I don't know why, but all of a sudden, I get sick as a dog when I set foot anywhere near the edge of the boat. It really sucks, since Alice spends most of her time near the edge of the boat. How am I supposed to make a good impression if I'm puking my guts out into the water? Not exactly attractive in the least. Reiko seems to find my situation funny when I talk about it, as he'll smirk and look out the window.

I've been wondering about my companions' choice of weapons. I'm obviously good with a sword, and Alice has two gun holsters on her hips. So what does Reiko do? Is he a black mage...or a white mage? I mean, he's a maester's son! He's bound to know at least a little bit of magic. I guess we'll see once we reach Kilika.

June 21st

"Kilika, Braskus is back!" is what I screamed once we got off the boat. Several people stared at me, while a few girls laughed. Reiko just shook his head at me and Alice had this funny look on her face: like a mixture of embarrassment, humor, and bemusement. I only smiled back at her and followed Reiko.

We found the boat to Luca quickly, and we'll be there in one more day. After that, Alice said we'll be going down Pilgrimage Road (it's real name is the Mi'ihen Highroad), then the Mushroom Rock Road, then we'll stop in Djose. I asked why we're going down the path of the summoners, and Alice replied that her mother went on a similar journey in her younger years before marrying Alice's father. I listened intently the whole time as the three of us sat on the upper deck (surprisingly, my seasickness didn't affect me up there). Reiko looked off to the side, looking like he was bored right out of his mind. I asked Alice more about her family. Questions along the line of "where do your parents live, how are they doing, do you have any siblings, etc." kept threatening to spill out at the same time, so I only asked once in a while.

Although she hesitated to answer each question, she answered nonetheless. Her parents live near a city called Midgar (which I had no idea existed. Is there such a place in Spira?), and they were doing pretty good, since they were taking care of her five-year-old little brother named Nihhan (thanks to Rikku and Wakka, I know that Nihhan means "Runner" in Al-Bhed). Alice then asked me about my life. I have to admit I had this feeling like a thousand butterflies were swarming about in my guts at hearing her ask, and I knew I was blushing. So I told her about Raini, Mom and Dad, Uncle Wakka and Aunt Lulu, and daily life on Besaid. It was a short explanation, but then again, there's ever much to say about Besaid that catches interest.

After hours of talking, the sun began to go down and Alice went to her cabin to go to sleep, which left me with Reiko. He seemed very interested in the stars that began to pop up the more the sun disappeared. I tried to strike up a conversation about twenty times, but he didn't respond. He's really starting to annoy me. If we're going to be traveling together, he could at least treat me like a friend or something. I mean, our parents used to be married once! Well, before his dad divorced Mom, who later married Dad. So we're like...part brothers or something...ugh, even thinking about that makes my stomach churn. I think I'll be going to bed now.