
Staying in touch

Dear Terra,

Forgive my delay in writing; there seems to be so much to do here all of a sudden. Sabin has gone off again – not like that! – he’s in South Figaro helping them rebuild the town after all last year’s business, and I’m here in the castle overseeing things. Everyone seems glad of it after I was away for so long. Not to boast!

Gau is here, too – he asks after you. I was surprised he elected to stay with me rather than go with my brother, but he’s with me in the castle making mischief and bothering all the staff. I’m sure the ladies in particular are accustomed to it anyway, after what I used to be like – yes, used to! It’s a funny thing, but since the world went back to rights, I haven’t quite had the heart to flirt in the way I did. Goodness only knows why. I’m sure you’ll hardly believe it – I was an absolute cad to you and

Celes at times, I know. Locke's given me an earful about it on enough occasions. Maybe I'm just getting past it. I'm thirty now!

Speaking of Locke, he does drop in from time to time, when he's not off goodness knows where evading the law. You'd think saving the world might have made him a more upright citizen, but alas. Perhaps you've heard from him anyway. I do think you're the last person that I've got around to writing to, and again, I apologise – I have been kept busy. But I'd be delighted to hear how things are going in Mobliz. Is there much rebuilding? Can Figaro offer the city any assistance, on an official level? We're not in the best position ourselves, but a little aid can always be spared in emergencies.

Best wishes,

Edgar

Dear Edgar,

It was very nice to hear from you. I'm glad Sabin is able to help the town – I'm sure it suits him, doing something that really makes a difference. And it's good that Gau is safe too. Yes, I've had letters from Locke – he tells me he'll drop in if he's in the area, but he usually stays in your part of the world, I think.

Mobliz isn't doing too badly. It's been a challenge with such a depleted population, but the older children are happy to pitch in and some of the shops are starting to reopen. And I feel like I'm

doing the right thing being here with them – like Sabin and South Figaro, I suppose. Celes is staying here too at the moment – she turned up yesterday. It was such a wonderful surprise. It made me miss those days we all spent travelling around the world, even though everything going on was so terrible.

I hope we can keep writing – I know you're busy, but it is so nice to keep in touch with everyone.

Love,

Terra

Dear Terra,

Do you know, your letter really cheered me up. I'd just emerged from an incredibly tedious meeting about tax restructuring – don't ask! – and I felt rotten, but it truly was a breath of fresh air to hear how things are going for you, and I'm very glad that Mobliz is beginning to stand on its own two feet. I can only apologise that it's taken me a few days to reply, and I know it'll be still longer before this reaches you, but I did want to get back to you and thank you as soon as I could.

Sabin, by all accounts, is doing splendidly in South Figaro – I'm told he's the talk of the town, the enormous blond hero who wasn't content with merely taking down Kefka, but immediately jumped to it and started helping all of them as well. There are even rumours that they're starting to favour him over their king – soon they'll be encouraging him to mount a coup.

I don't think all of them have realised that fortunately for said king, he's his much-beloved twin brother and no such thing will be happening. The only coup I'm afraid of is the annual land ray migration, which is due next month. Sometimes a few of them manage to burrow their way into the castle – they're tricky blighters!

Gau is still here; the chancellor and I have made it a project of ours to civilise him, and by the gods, it's difficult, but we do at last seem to be getting somewhere. I heard him use an auxiliary verb last night – I practically jumped for joy. We've had no luck getting him to read and write, but if I can teach Locke to do it, I'm sure I'll have as much success with anyone.

Do write and share the news of Mobliz soon. I really do hope you feel that you're in the right place there – it's so important that all of us are happy, you in particular. And do pass on my good wishes to Celes, if she's still with you.

Love,
Edgar

Dear Edgar,

Yes, Celes is still here; she hasn't said as much, but I think she may be planning to stay indefinitely, which would be wonderful, of course. I'd forgotten how good she was to me while we were all on our quest together. With her and the children, I really am learning what it means to love.

Your letter made me laugh – I can imagine Sabin loves his new position as the protector of South Figaro, and it sounds like you have your hands full with Gau. He must nearly be a man now – are you planning to marry him off? I did always notice a few lonely young ladies in the castle when we all used to stop by.

There isn't much more news from Mobliz: the pace of life is slow here. I enjoy that, and Celes seems to as well – I was worried that she'd be after a bit more adventure, but she often assures me that she's happier here with me, which is very sweet of her. I hope all the rebuilding is going smoothly over there!

Love, (is it appropriate to say "Love" to a king? It's just how I always sign my letters)

Terra

Dear Terra,

Once again, I don't think I had anticipated how delightful it would be to hear from you! Strago and Cyan send me letters frequently, Setzer does once in a while, and I occasionally receive an appalling scrawl from Locke that passes for his attempt at sharing news, but I really do enjoy yours the most. I've come to realise, in fact, that out of the whole group you were perhaps the one I cared for most – I hope that's not a strange thing to say. You were just a frightened little girl when Locke first brought you to meet me, and you really managed to deal with the horrible position you were in and develop into

one of the most brilliant people I know.

Maybe you would consider visiting me here in Figaro sometime. It's just a suggestion – I'm sure you've plenty to be getting on with in Mobliz, just as we have here, but if you think you'll ever manage to spare the time, I really would be delighted to see you. Things are odd here – without war, without the Empire – of course I'm not saying we should have all that back! – but it's made me question exactly what I should be doing with myself.

I'm sorry, this all sounds terribly maudlin, and I promise you I'm still the absolute rogue I always was, my retirement from amorous pursuits notwithstanding. The ladies you mention in your letter, in fact – I've sent most of them away, if you can believe it. It's a good thing too; the very thought of having to find Gau a wife gives me the shivers. We've finally managed to convince him to use the silverware properly instead of sticking the fork in his ear and goodness knows where else, so that's one thing, I suppose.

All my very best to you and the children, and to Celes.

Love, (yes, of course you can say "Love" – after everything we went through together!)

Edgar

Dear Edgar,

Thank you for your letter – it's always so nice to hear from you. It sounds like you're getting somewhere with Gau!

Mobliz looks lovely now that it's winter – the rebuilding has helped, of course, but I've always thought there was something charming about waking up and seeing my own breath in the morning. You probably think I'm mad for saying that! I just think everything looks really beautiful when it's frosty. It's nothing like all the snow Narshe gets, of course, but that's probably a good thing – I suppose it wouldn't do for it to get too cold.

Fortunately Celes is here to keep me warm! She's been doing a brilliant job here, really taking care of the business side of things while I look after the children. She's secured some fantastic trade deals with the travelling merchants – some of them thought they could totally rip us off, but she stood up to them straight away, and as you know, she can be absolutely terrifying when she puts her mind to it. I sometimes don't know what I'd do without her. We've got really close while she's been here – much friendlier than we ever were when we were all hunting down Kefka. I suppose we both had other things on our minds then, and she got on with Locke best, so we didn't have as much contact – but I'm so glad to have her all to myself now!

Sorry, you don't want me wittering on about Celes, I'm sure – you know she's brilliant! I'm looking forward to hearing more of your news. Is Sabin still working his miracles in South Figaro? Celes

and I ended up with some wine at home a few nights ago (we don't often have such luxuries here – but please don't feel sorry for us!) and we had quite a long chat about everyone, all our friends from back then. We both agreed that Sabin is probably the most kindhearted man that either of us has ever met, so I do hope he's well and doing something he finds rewarding. Do send our love to him if you get the chance.

There's such a lot in your letter, but I do need to get on! Take care of yourself, won't you.

*Love,
Terra*

Dear Terra,

Excuse the style of this letter – I suspect it may lack my usual finesse – but I've just been reading over our latest correspondence, and I must ask you this as soon as I can: when will you be able to come and visit me? I'd come and see you in Mobliz if I could, but my advisers have me practically chained to my desk here trying to sort out the entire backlog from everything that happened while I was away for nearly three whole years. Never mind saving the world, that doesn't seem to be good enough for them – but I digress. I asked you this in my last letter, but maybe it was too veiled in inconsequential news for you to notice – I must admit that I don't really care about any of that. All I really care about is seeing you: so please come

and visit. I hadn't realised until we started exchanging these letters how much I missed you – I long to see you, Terra.

If you can't leave the children, then bring them – no problem. Celes too – it would be lovely to see her, although I'd been wondering if she wouldn't be happier travelling the world with Locke? They were always good friends. Bring whoever you need, just hurry here and see me, won't you? I miss everyone from those days, but you more than any of them.

Don't bother writing back to arrange a date, just come. I'll be delighted to see you any time.

Much love,
Edgar

Dear Terra,

I don't know if you've received my most recent letter yet – if the pigeons are good to me, this one may reach you first. If you happen not to have read it yet, would you do me a favour and throw it out without doing so, please? That makes it all sound very mysterious, but I can assure you it's nothing of the kind – frankly, I'm just embarrassed by what I wrote, and had the bad sense to allow my manservants to post before I realised.

If you have read the letter, I apologise – it was unbecoming of me to invite you to visit in such an insistent manner. Really, I was tired and lonely and I'd been at the wine, and in a

vulnerable moment, I penned that excuse for a letter without any regard for the proper etiquette. I hope you'll forgive my bluntness. Sabin returned yesterday, and that has cheered me immensely, so be sure that you won't receive any more such desperate correspondence.

My brother doesn't seem to mind his new position as the benevolent deity of South Figaro – he assures me that no towers are to be built in his honour. Nonetheless it appears that he's done such miracle work that they have barely any need of him now, so he's graciously returned to his poor brother.

Doma, I hear, is thriving too; perhaps you've heard from Cyan as well? We're about to send Gau off to spend the rest of the year with him. Goodness knows what Cyan will make of the new, refined Gau; I think we've made quite a gentleman of him, if I may flatter myself.

I am still horribly busy with the kingdom, but things may get a little easier now that Sabin is back, and I have been managing to find time for tinkering with the castle machinery recently, which is a most welcome distraction. I've been considering a quite substantial expansion of the mechanism that would let us travel much further, potentially as far as the southern deserts, so we might be able to make land somewhere like Maranda or even Albrook. Figaro seems a bit isolated since the seas

changed. Of course, I'd have to negotiate a treaty with those cities if we were to use their land, but that ought not to be too difficult – our standing in global relations is incredibly high at the moment. I think the rulers of the other nations are embarrassed that they didn't do anything to stop Kefka, to be frank.

I was about to tell you about some of the parts I need for the castle machinery, but Sabin tells me it'll bore you if I write any more about it, so I'll leave things there for now. I hope Mobliz is doing well, as always, and do let me know if you require any personal assistance.

Love,
Edgar

Dear Edgar,

I'm so pleased Sabin has returned to you – I'm sure his presence must be very calming, especially if you don't have Gau to keep you company anymore. I do worry about you sometimes, stuck in that castle having to take care of the whole kingdom – although I suppose it is your job, and I know you're good at it.

Things are getting a little easier here now. I didn't tell you when we were first writing, but there were a few food shortages to begin with – trouble with suppliers getting to this part of the world, a few cases of spoilage, high prices – it was difficult sometimes. Please don't be angry that I didn't tell you – I didn't want to worry you! Anyway, Celes helped marvellously, as you know,

and we don't have any problems of that sort anymore – we're as well-fed as we can be these days, and for a very reasonable price. It's so reassuring to know that none of the children will go to bed hungry.

Now that things are easier, Celes and I have found the time to rest, and we've been going for walks most days, which is very peaceful. I'm so lucky to have her companionship; she complements me brilliantly. And I seem to have had good effects on her too – the other day she told me that I've succeeded in getting her to relax properly for the first time in years. I was so thrilled to hear her say that – she's always been so focused, and I think she's one of those people who are just naturally stressed (just like you!), so I'm delighted that she's able to let her guard down around me. I'm sure you know what I mean – Sabin has the same effect on you, I think.

I'm glad to be writing to you – nobody around here can quite grasp all the reasons why I admire Celes so much, but I know you'll understand. She amazes me – after going through such a lot of horrible things, she's so strong, and so passionate. I feel so fortunate that she's the first person I see every morning – I always think how wonderful it is that I have this incredible, beautiful person all to myself. Everyone in Mobliz thinks I'm quite mad, I'm sure, because I just can't stop going on about her to all of them! I suppose it's a bit like you and your machinery.

Well, I must be getting on – we're making a nut roast tonight and having Duane and Katarin over. It's lovely to hear your news, as always.

*Love,
Terra*

Dear Terra,

I've just received your letter – it was delightful as always. I've been thinking, in fact, over the past while, about what you mean to me, and our correspondence has made it very clear to me that you have a special place in my heart – I can only hope that I am anywhere near as dear to you as you are to me.

When I wrote before to ask you to stay, I was most insistent, and as I explained in my subsequent letter, that was the result of a mixture of loneliness and drink. Please be assured, then, that as I write this, it is mid-morning, I am entirely sober, and I saw my brother not ten minutes ago. I hope, firstly, that that will allow me to express myself with a little more decorum than the last time I tried to ask anything of you, and secondly, that you will be aware that what I'm saying is entirely true and very much intended.

I know Celes is a dear friend to you, and Sabin a dear brother to me, but all the kind words you spoke of both of them in your last letter – if I were to apply them to anyone myself, it

would unquestionably be you. You went through such a terrible upbringing, you were so lost and scared when I first had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and despite that, you've turned out the way you have. You're right, Sabin is a calming influence and he cheers me greatly, but that's not quite everything I'm looking for.

I'm not surprised that you've had such a good effect on Celes; you're right, we do have certain things in common and I'm convinced that you would help me just as much – more, dare I say it.

That's why, Terra, I really do need to see you in person. I've been thinking a lot about how I felt about you when we were all chasing after Kefka, and about how I feel about you now, and I realise now that I was a fool not to speak to you at greater length when we all took our leave of each other – I didn't realise then how important you were to me.

I hoped not to have to tell you this by letter, but I need you to understand why it's so important that we meet: Terra, I love you. I'm certain of it now, and I know it's not just missing my brother that makes me say it, because he's just a few rooms away. I have been considering it for some time, and have come to the definite conclusion that I am in love with you.

I hope I haven't shocked you by revealing this – I just need to show you how urgent it is that I see you in person. If you

can't make it to Figaro, I'll find a way of eluding my council and visiting you in Mobliz. I certainly don't want to pressure you into responding to me without considering your own feelings, but you must understand that I have to say this to you in the flesh, and I have to hear your response, whatever it may be, straight from your own mouth.

Do write back soon.

Edgar

Dear Edgar,

Your letter just arrived, and reminded me I must write – I haven't read it yet, I'm afraid, as I need to share the news with you as soon as I can!

As I'm sure you've realised from my letters, I've become very fond of Celes while she's been here, and I was beginning to dare hope she might return my affection. We've been spending practically all our time together for a good while now – she's even started looking after the children with me, which I really appreciate; I know she's not the maternal type. It really has come to a point where I couldn't imagine my life without her.

Anyway, I was thrilled to find out this week that she feels the same way about me – really, I'd hoped beyond all hope! We were out walking and she suddenly started telling me how much she cared for me, and then she was talking about how she hoped we

could spend the rest of our lives together – oh Edgar, it was wonderful! Of course I told her I returned the feelings – as I'm sure you know! – and we've both been so happy since.

Looking back, there were maybe a few signs – we've been sleeping in the same bed almost since she first arrived here, but I thought that was just for warmth – and we do kiss each other quite a lot, but I thought – well, I don't know, it's a funny thing, isn't it?

We've even been talking about getting married, but we don't know if two women can – we've only ever come across husbands and wives, not pairs of wives. We thought you might know? Or maybe the rules are different in different parts of the world? Perhaps somebody who has access to those things might care to change them for us? (Only joking, I know you've got a lot on your plate – but maybe one day!)

I hope you're well – well, once I post this letter I'll read yours and find out!

*All my love,
Terra*