

FOR a moment, there is no indication that the Falcon will get off the ground – he hears Sabin whisper something about ten years of rust to his brother in a tone the man imagines to be discreet – but after a few seconds of terrible engine noise, the craft begins to stutter its way upwards.

Celes, as usual, is the most perceptive; he catches her gazing thoughtfully at the austere furnishings. “Darill wasn’t into gambling?” she remarks, once they are truly airborne.

“Hated it,” he confirms with a grin.