

“YOU were just dancing with Squall, right?” says Quistis, for want of a better conversation topic.

The girl looks up, scans the crowd, and laughs when she sees who Quistis is pointing out. “Who wouldn’t? He’s the best-looking guy here.”

I hope you didn’t tell him that, Quistis thinks; she’s about to say it out loud when the orchestra segues into a new tune, all swelling strings and mellifluous woodwind, as if composed especially to tug at the overly pliant heartstrings of a hall full of teenagers.

“Although maybe I was restricting myself by sticking to the guys,” the girl adds, with a suddenly bright smile, and offers her hand to Quistis as an invitation onto the dancefloor.