

As a boy, he prayed to Yevon, with such earnestness that he already stood out among the initiates; if there was ever to be hope of redemption for Spira, it was imperative that the teachings be obeyed, down to their smallest minutiae – so he prayed, and took all else as meaningless vanity.

When the priests of Yevon turned against him, ill at ease with such selfless dedication, another source of hope made itself known: the one man whose good spirit reflected nothing of the others' greed – and Yevon faded away until there was no such hypocrisy, no one-upmanship, no scriptures; there was only Braska.

But the years passed again, and as an old man – old before his time, even though his time had already been and gone – he offered such devotion to nobody.