

BRASKA found himself examining the leaves of every cup of tea he drank during the pilgrimage; such superstition suited neither Yevon nor the Al Bhed, but his mother had taught him the art many years ago, and it was a habit he had fallen into.

When the journey began, the leaves were difficult to interpret; but as the three of them drew closer to Zanarkand, the signs grew clearer on each occasion until, no matter how he stirred the tea, held the cup and sipped from it, set it down in front of him – every time it unequivocally spelt out death. And every time, he gave a quiet smile to see it: fate had decreed that his pilgrimage would be a success.