

“Do mine,” said Relm, almost as soon as Celes had tied the ribbon in her newly plaited hair. Relm’s was too short to do the same, and too dense with curls; it looked as impossible to tame as she was. But Celes needed the distraction – and Relm, she suspected, was still desperate to belong – so she let the girl clamber awkwardly into her lap and took hold of a fistful of hair as gently as her military training permitted.