

J ECHT is still not quite tame, still out of place in Spira, but he changed somehow when he put the drink aside, and again on hearing the legend of Zanarkand: the thought of the ruined city has clearly stung him with doubt more than once. And Braska: still as kind as ever, still keeping the peace between his guardians as he quietly conceals his own worries, even in this *fine place to live*.

But they're both in the bright blue water, and they're both waving and calling Auron's name. So he grins, waves back, and steps in to join them.