

YUNA tried her best to be appropriately reverent during the pilgrimage, but the sights and sounds of Spira were too fascinating to prevent her from reacting with open delight. For most of her guardians, the journey held no such interest: Rikku had been all over on salvage operations, Kimahri had made long, harsh journeys in his youth, and most of the others had trod the very path of the pilgrimage itself. They spoke of each town and temple as if they knew them, hardly pausing to take in the changing landscape as they passed from one region to the next.

But one of her guardians was different, of course: he was even more taken with the scenery than Yuna was. In contagious delight, he would first point out each unusual flower and leaf and stone, and bend to pick them up and bring them to her; and later in the journey, he would grasp her by the hand and lead her to them so she could observe them in situ. Even later still, when they no longer needed the beauty of Spira as an excuse to bring them together, that enthusiasm sustained her. He was the light behind her smile.