

WALKING this same road again with Jecht and Braska's children was too like the first time; perhaps Auron's memories deceived him, but he could swear Tidus and Yuna were making the same remarks that their fathers had made ten years ago, taking down the same fiends, even standing in the same places on the paths while they waited for their companions to catch up.

It might have hurt less to disabuse himself of such ideas. But after so long, reliving that first pilgrimage was irresistible: it was why he was still here, after all. Letting go of those thoughts would make him more pyreflies than man, and he wasn't ready for that yet.