

“SOMETHING I’ve been wondering,” said Auron, without further preliminaries. “It’s been ten years since Braska defeated Sin – how exactly has that story been framed?”

“Huh?” said Wakka.

“How do the Al Bhed see it?” Auron persisted, turning to Rikku and ignoring Wakka’s flinch of discomfort. “A Yevonite victory, was it? A pious High Summoner follows the teachings and meets success?”

“I guess,” she said, blinking up at him. “The usual stuff, you know?”

“Even though his wife was your aunt?”

“He was still a Yevonite, though, right?” she said, as Wakka grimaced and twitched some more. “That’s what the books say.”



“OK,” said Jecht, “I still don’t get it, Braska. You ain’t a Yevonite, but you *kinda* follow the teachings, and ... people don’t want you takin’ down Sin, but they’re happy enough to let you try anyway?”

“*You’re* not a Yevonite either, Jecht,” Auron pointed out.

Jecht looked back towards him suspiciously. “But *you* are. And you ain’t got no problem with goin’ around with Braska either.”

“I have my reasons,” said Auron obliquely.

Braska smiled. “There’s no need for me to be a Yevonite, Jecht. Summoners tend to be, of course; but why shouldn’t our pilgrimage change the rules?”