

TERRA rarely spoke when they expected it, but then said things so unanticipated and insightful it stopped everyone in their tracks; she hardly ever seemed to pay attention to anyone but the moogle, but her companions soon realised that was far from the truth.

Locke asked her if she was happy once, and she replied in the affirmative. “You don’t look it,” he said.

“Well, I am,” she told him. “How else am I supposed to prove it?”

They wondered if her behaviour was an effect of the slave crown, until Celes put them right: she had always been that way. “She’s just Terra,” she said. “Is that a problem?”

It wasn’t a problem at all. They were glad to know she could be herself, above all.