## **Final Fantasy**

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Basically... ok you try and figure it out!

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## 1 - Beginings

Quentin Farost stared over the portside of the ship-Blue Violet- and wondered would it ever reach Lumia his destination. A storm had brewed and it didn't look good. Mist and fog slowly descended upon the ship bringing gloom to Quentin's surroundings. He and his family were escaping from their hometown of Clire, escaping from the massacre that was going on there...

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Biet Thrune was thief, being a thief she tended to travel about a lot. However for the time being she lived in a village called Estel. Sitting on the beach Biet saw a storm near the horizon, it was far off so she didn't mind. Biet lay back, the wind breezing nicely through her hair. After a while she dozed off....

\*

"Quentin, we should go inside it's getting choppy" said Hildi, Quentin's mom. Quentin shook his head, he knew that they weren't going to make it to Lumia the storm was definitely going to prevent their arrival. Seconds later a bolt of lightning hit the ship and immediately set the ship on fire. Another bolt hit. Quentin jumped into the water. "MOM!" he yelled at the burning wreckage. "WHERE ARE YOU?" He grabbed a panel of wood nearby, she was gone. "No...." Quentin whispered "not again..."