

Selphie's Experience

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Hi, I'm Selphie. I'm telling you the story of when my friends and I fought a scary monster in the basement of Garden!

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Selphie's Experience:
The Shadow of a Sorceress

We were a mismatched group. Squall had divided us up into sets of three. Squall was our leader, and a fine good one, too.

Known him for a while, I have! Ever since he ran into me in the halls of Balamb. He was the first one I met there. Back when everything was happy.

Before all this sorceress business got started.

"Come on, Selphie! You're holding us up!" Irvine called.

That's my name, Selphie, had it all my life! Mommy gave it to me. A good name, I think. People tell me that it reflects on my personality. I wouldn't know, I don't connect those kinds of things without stopping to think about them, and, to tell you the truth, I never have the time for such stuff.

But, anyway, Irvine was calling me. He was tall, and really cute. I'd go out with him, if he didn't try so hard.

And he tries HARD.

But, that's just him, he's really very sweet and always smiling.

Unlike Squall.

I ran over to where my threesome had gathered. Squall'd picked Irvine and me to join his group. I was very proud. It's not everyday that the leader choice-picks you to be on his team.

Squall was there waiting, he was tall, but not as tall as Irvine. You can really see it when they stand next to each other. He has brown hair that sticks out in every direction you can imagine!

Well, maybe not that many directions.

He has blue eyes, that look cold at first, but when you get to looking at them, they get much softer. He's really nice when you get to know him.

If he lets you.

Almost everyone has blue eyes. Squall, Irvine, Quistis, and Zell. That is two thirds of the group! {That's more than half!}

Quistis and Zell were on the other team with Rinoa. Rinoa has brown eyes and blackish hair. She's really pretty, and closest to my size.

I'm the shortest, 5ft, 1 1/2 inches.

I have green eyes. It's good to be unique.

It was the other team that we were waiting for and they soon came running up. Quistis was in the lead, naturally. She was our instructor back in school. She really isn't the 'big leader' type, but Rinoa certainly isn't, and Zell is mostly a follower. He isn't good at small, quick, decisions. He'd rather just jump in. We are very much alike.

I usually take the direct approach.

"Reporting for duty." Quistis announced with a small salute. Rinoa and Zell filed in behind her in a straight line. Travel Formation. Stay in a straight line at all times; never lose sight of the soldier in front of you:

That was on of our first lessons at Trabia Garden. I guess all Gardens teach it.

"Good," Squall said, quickly, "These teams are simply attack forces, we will travel as a group, but in battle, we will separate. Got it?"

"Yes sir!" I smiled, saluting.

The others did the same:

"Right"

"Roger"

"Yessir"

"Yes, Sir"

"Move out."

We took off in travel formation. I stared at the back of Squall's black leather jacket. He'd originally wanted me in back, but Irvine'd insisted on 'Ladies first'

He was too sweet.

Squall'd agreed, so that Irvine could take up the rear. Irvine had a gun. Guns were handy on lookout jobs.

We ran a little ways down the halls and passageways of the garden. We were off to fight the sorceress.

Or one of them, I have dealt with so many, lately. I've lost track of which was which.

It really didn't matter, we weren't really fighting the sorceress, we were fighting her curse.

I didn't think it sounded too hard, what can a curse do in battle? I was about to find out.

We dashed up the stairs, passing all sorts of SeeDs and other trainees. I used to be a trainee, now I'm a SeeD.

Selphie the SeeD.

We skidded to a halt inside the elevator. It could only hold three of us, so my team went first. I'm sure we could have squeezed in more, but no one ever listens to me.

Or at least it seems like they don't.

"You three take the next one down." Squall said, as the door closed on he, Irvine, and I. I waved goodbye as we headed down to the basement. Zell waved back.

I'd always liked Zell.

We traveled down to the basement.

"Okay," Squall said, turning to us, "we don't know what shape this curse is going to take. If it has a body, we proceed as normal, if not, we will have to decide when we see it."

The basement floor was coming closer. We got ready to get out when, the elevator passed up the floor.

"What the-"

Irvine and I exchanged glances. There was only one basement below Balamb Garden. For the longest time, everyone thought that there were no basements, but it ended up that Garden Master NORG lived in basement 1. We knew that there was a lot of space underneath Garden, Squall'd found that out when he went down to convert Garden to mobile mode.

But the elevator only went down to one basement.

We found that out soon enough.

"Uh-Squall-" Irvine didn't get a chance to finish; there was this bizarre hanging sensation, then...

SNAP

My feet rose up off the floor as we fell. It went fast, a story, maybe more, passed by the windows before we crashed into the ground below. The elevator was completely destroyed. At impact, I was shot out the glass doors, and lay among the shards. I shook myself off and got up. I was amazingly unhurt. I hoped that the others were as lucky as I was.

"Squall! Irvine!" I hurried over to the remains of the elevator. There was no sign of life. I ran over and

looked inside.

Then there was a chill, like a cold shadow had passed over me, like something looming. I whirled around, my hands on the rim of the elevator wall, and my throat tightening. I sweated cold, fear-filled sweat. I didn't know what it was, but it scared me. It scared me bad.

My wrist, -a hand grabbed it from below, it pulled me down.

"Ahhhh!"

"Selphie!" It was only Squall, trying to pull himself up out of the elevator.

"Oh my gosh! Oh wow!" I was relieved. "I'm so glad it's you! I thought you were a-" He looked at me strangely. It was a look that told me to shut up and help him out, but of course, he'd never say that out loud. "I don't really know what I thought you were, but let me help you out of there."

Irvine used both feet to kick open the back door, then climbed out. He stopped for a moment, only to reach down and put his hat back on. I almost didn't recognize him without his hat. "Welp," he said, brushing the broken glass off his trenchcoat, "I donno how the other three are going to get down here, now."

Squall finally got free of the elevator, and we re-grouped. No one was hurt, thankfully. We looked to Squall for instruction.

"Well, there isn't much we can do about our situation, but at least we know, now that the sorceress's curse is focused down here. We should continue as planned."

I nodded.

"Take formation."

I fell in behind Squall, and Irvine took up pace behind me. It just made me feel smaller, with Squall, 5'8" in front of me, and Irvine, 6'0" behind. We took off at a run. That's another of the silly little rules Garden teaches us. Run everywhere. And no jogging, full-stride, all out run. I get a little nervous with Irvine behind me. He has the longest legs, I swear!

Squall came to a sudden stop. I would have run into him, if I wasn't such a good student, and always watching the person in front of me. I thought I saw the hair on the back of his neck stand up, a shadow passed over him. It must have been the same shadow as before, because when it hit me, I felt the same chill as before. Irvine's huge frame shrank a little, I guess he felt it, too.

"There's somethin' down here." He muttered.

"Don't be so cautious," Squall said, recovering from his chill, "you'll scare Selphie."

"I'm scared anyway."

"We all knew that there would be some thing down here the minute we decided to come." Squall reminded us. "Think of that shadow as a good thing, at least we know that it is solid enough to cast one."

Something lurked around in front of us. A dark form seemed to be prowling around in the shadows ahead. I could feel it. "What was that!?!?" I still hadn't quite gotten over my chills.

"I've got a flashlight, hold on." Squall fumbled around the back of his belt and recovered a small keychain light. He pointed it in the darkened corner. The beam hit the wall, all except for a black silhouette. It was a cast shadow.

Although there was nothing casting it.

I screamed.

A lamp flickered on off to the side, so that our shadows could be seen on the floor in front of the large, black ape-like outline. It raised its arms, threatening us.

"Battle formation!" Squall cried, he drew his gunblade and stepped back. Irvine got out his gun and fanned out to the right. I drew my nunchaku and stood off to the left.

Even though Irvine and I had switched for travel, I was still in the 3rd person fighting spot.

The mystery lamp was candlelight, and its flame caused the walls to dance in the light of the fire. I readied myself. Squall went first, he ran up and sliced, drawing back the trigger at just the right time to get a bullet into the wall. The blade stuck in the wood.

"What the-how?"

The shadow man blasted the gunblade out of the wall, somehow, throwing Squall back. He landed at about the same place he'd started from, his weapon across his lap.

The shadow creature reached out its arm, the limb stretching around the corner and down the wall.

Irvine was closest to the wall, but not anyway near touching it. I wasn't worried about him. What could a shadow do?

That was when the unexpected happened, the shadow-creature reached out, and grabbed Irvine's shadow by the coat collar and lifted it further up the wall.

If that wasn't strange enough, Irvine himself, 6'0", 150-something lbs., was hoisted into the air, nothing holding him up. He just sort of hung by his coat-collar, the same as his shadow. He was definitely alarmed, but didn't scream or anything. I guess it happened too fast.

The monster kind of swung him back, then hurled him through the air. All 150-something pounds! Only a shadow! He flew fast until he slammed into the far wall, and fell into a tanned-leather heap on the floor.

I had the chills again. A shadow, just the absence of light on the wall, had picked up Irvine, the gentle giant of our bunch, and thrown him about like a rag doll.

If it could do that to a giant, think of what it could do to a little munchkin like me.

Squall and I stared over our shoulders a second, wide-eyed, then Squall turned back to the enemy. I

guess it had proven itself a worthy opponent. I just wanted to help Irvine up, then hide behind him. Big guys make good hiding spots.

I watched Irvine shove himself up from the far wall. He'd be okay. I just hoped that cowboys had strong bones. Got milk?

I strained my nunchaku again. Squall'd already proven that physical attacks didn't effect this thing. I was trying magic.

"Thunder!" I stepped up, the mental energy swirled around as I concentrated on the image of the shadow, reeling and thrashing while a swift bolt of lightning coursed through its darkened existence.

It required a lot of thought, se, I'm not magically gifted in any way, whatsoever. Casting spells was just a matter of controlling the matter around me.

Some old guy thought it up.

I strained on the chain and released all the gathered energy I'd been storing. The lightning bolt struck the wall. It left a smoking dent in the plaster.

To this day, I don't know if I did any damage at all.

Irvine limped back up to take position.

"You 'Kay?" I asked.

"Hmmm." He half-smiled. "Yeah, ouch."

Squall charged up a Cura, and cast on Irvine. It was real nice of him to spend a turn on his teammates.

"Whew," Irvine said, straightening. "Thanks, Squall, I, like, really needed that."

Squall didn't say anything.

I was charging up. No one was quite ready to attack yet.

The creature struck out and whapped Irvine's shadow again. He toppled over, but regained his composure super quick.

"D-Diablos on backup." He panted. "Squall? Permission to break formation."

"Permission granted."

Irvine grabbed up his gun and plodded over to the other side of me. Now no one's shadows touched the wall.

It was my turn, again. 'Siren' I called out with my mind. 'Siren, lend me your power.'

Her reply was a sort of musical ringing in my ears. Siren could not speak, but she could sing. If you can imagine a dolphin singing opera under water, that's her.

But, anyway, her answer was yes, and I began loading her. Siren was my favorite GF, she and I worked well together, and we had almost a 1000 percent compatibility rating the last time we tested. She would normally load really fast, but something was up today, maybe she was tired.

Maybe I was scared.

The shadow monster lowered itself to the floor, and in a technique later called 'Vapor Gas', it spewed geysers of smoke out from the wall.

"Lookout!" Squall called. "Cover your faces!"

I threw my arms up, I could see the gas winding its way around my legs. I held my breath.

The attack must have missed, because the gas passed by with no effect and disintegrated into nothing in a few seconds. I breathed a sigh of relief and let my arms drop. I looked around, apparently it had missed Irvine, too. But

Squall wasn't so lucky.

He had been silenced.

Being unable to say a word, he couldn't give commands to himself, or the two of us. He couldn't command a GF, draw or spell.

He signaled to show us his problem and indicated for us to continue as normal. "Just hold on, Squall, Diablos is loaded. I'll Esuna you in a second."

Squall tried to tell Irvine not to bother, but he's already jumped forward, one arm over the other, summoning the GF.

"Dark Messenger!"

The energy ruffled his coat and his hair as he thrust his palm forward, releasing the stored energy that was Diablos.

The three of us faded out. We didn't leave, just disappeared, we actually stayed in the room as spectators while Diablos did his thing. Irvine stood, strained. he was still junctioned to Diablos, and being junctioned meant that he was Diablos's bridge between dimensions. He had to keep the link open. The sky turned purple, bats flew in and gathered into an orb, hovering from the ceiling. From the orb dropped super-Batman himself. Diablos A tall, stringy collogue of muscle, leather, and jagged edges. He reached up over his head and drug the sphere from which he descended down over his shoulder, turning to hurl it at the shadow monster.

It exploded in a bright array of colors and patterns.

I'd seen it before, many times. Diablos and Quetzalquotl were Irvine's two main GFs, even though he had to share Quetzalquotl with Quistis. It was her turn, today. Which was unfortunate, because Quetzalquotl was stronger than Diablos.

The remains of Diablos's attack withered away, and we jumped back into the ring. Siren was ready. Her energy was ebbing. I jumped forward. Her song was ringing in my ears.

"Silent Voice!"

I struck a sharp pose, one leg up, my nunchaku straining. Siren was released. Squall, Irvine, and I faded out. This time it was my turn to keep the link open, good thing I have excellent balance.

Siren appeared on a rock above the ocean, her hair folded out in the form of wings... or her wings folded out in the form of hair. I can never quite figure out which way's which. But, anyway, she sat on the rock and played her harp. The music was not only hypnotic like her song, but also damaging, and when she was done, the monster would be left silenced.

I'd silence it for silencing one of my own.

At least, that is the way it's supposed to work.

Siren's silence missed, I think it was because the monster couldn't make any noise to begin with. It was a shadow. Siren retreated, and I was left up to my own energies again.

Squall was ready to attack, but he decided to wait. It wasn't advised for us to wait when it's our turn to attack. We were supposed to attempt damaging the enemy at all costs with whatever it took, but when attacking only meant ruining the wall, and wasting your time, it made sense to wait.

Irvine was gathering enough energy to cast Esuna magic on Squall to remove his silence. Squall tried to act as if it didn't matter, but by the way his eyes kept darting over, I suspected he was anxious. I was still recovering from Siren's withdrawal.

Then the shadow lurked down off the wall, it spread onto the floor, and stopped right under our feet. Chills again. What was it going to do to me? Was it going to hurt me? How far could it throw a munchkin?

The lamplight blew out.

That's when it happened. The monster rose up off the floor, it raced up my legs and grabbed me by the throat. It drug me down. Th room was pitch black. I didn't know it had me until my face hit the floor. I was down, but it kept pulling.

Or pushing, I couldn't see anything. I couldn't tell if the monster had reached up from the floor or arisen and was on top of me, all I know was that I was on the floor, and either something strong or something heavy was trying to flatten me down against it.

I prayed for the others to find me in the dark.

I heard Irvine cringing. Kind of a grunt-groaning kind of noise. Whatever this thing was, it had him, too. And, judging by an occasional breathless yelp, I guessed that it was hurting him as much as it was hurting me.

I couldn't hear Squall, he was still silenced. It was a good thing. I would have shattered if I'd heard him cry out.

My ears confirmed the worst. The other two couldn't come rescue me. I was alone in my agony. And at that moment, the two of them no longer mattered. It was only me. Only my body in pain. Only my bones on the verge of breaking.

Only my every hope deserting me.

Me.

It was a white pain, a searing white pain that ate away from the inside. Everything inside or out that had a nerve attached to it was screaming to my brain:

Make it stop! PLEASE! Make it stop!

I wanted to scream. To let the pain out somehow. That was all I wanted. I would have given anything for two seconds of relief.

I'd have given everything for one.

I was sure I was dead. My eyes were shut so tight, I couldn't even see my life flash before them. It was the end. It would all be over soon.

Why not now?

'Let me die!' My subconscious cried. 'Why won't you just let me die? If I die, it will stop!'

But it didn't stop. It must have lasted an eternity, the wrenching, crushing, snapping, smashing grip of death in the hands of a curse.

Then I heard a voice, it must have been an angel calling me from heaven-

"Guys? Are you down here?"

Zell! It was Zell! Yes! I was here! Come and save me! Please!

"Squall? Irvine? Selphie?"

And that was Quistis! Quistis, Rinoa and Zell! They were calling my name! But they were far away, and I couldn't call back...

Fear, pain, and the monster wouldn't let me.

"This place gives me the creeps." It was Rinoa talking, she sounded like me.

"It's so dark," Quistis was saying, "are you sure they're down here?"

"They are, unless they managed to jump off the elevator," Zell answered, "the cable snapped."

"Or they died." Rinoa mumbled.

No! We weren't dead! At least I wasn't, yet. I had to show them, give them some signal that we were back here. But my voice wouldn't come, like I was...

Silenced! I was silenced! The creature in the dark had cast silence on me while I was at its mercy.

That was when my last hope shattered and fell to pieces, weighing down my heart. No sound, no signal. I was a goner.

Then, from my right...

BANG

"Whoa!" The three in the dark at the end of the room jumped. Squall'd managed to pull the trigger on his gunblade, how, I don't know.

I guess he'd still clung to his last thread of hope.

"What was that?" Quistis asked.

"It came from over here." I heard Zell's footsteps echo through the darkness. "Hold on, I think I have a flashlight in my pocket. Or at least, I know I have a match."

The shadow creature was still squeezing. Too tight! I couldn't breathe! I couldn't tell, but I thought I was blacking out, when Zell flipped on his flashlight.

It'd stopped. The monster was gone from around me. Th dull pain was only the aftermath. There was no more of the searing whiteness. I took a deep breath and sighed.

The light had thrown the shadow man back on the wall. It was, after all, a cast shadow.

"There they are!"

The three heroes ran over. We were all taking deep, shallow breaths. Zell went down on one knee by my head.

I'd always liked Zell.

"Selphie! Are you okay?"

I couldn't speak, but I looked up from where I lay on my side. I can imagine how I looked. I had never, up until that point been so happy to see anyone.

"What happened?"

"Would you all just shut up!?" Squall cried. He'd gotten to his feet, which was farther than the rest of us had gotten. "Quistis, Zell, Rinoa, you stand back. Irvine, Selphie and I have dealt with this thing before. We'll show you how it's done."

It was as if I'd been slapped in the face by and Armadodo. Face it again? Really? I didn't know if I could. As it was, then, I would be scared of my own shadow for a month!

I ran up and grabbed his arm. "Squall! You can't be serious!" He looked serious enough. I glanced to Irvine for support. He didn't look to keen on it either, but, knowing him, he wouldn't say anything.

"It's okay, Squall," Quistis said, unhooking me from his arm, "give us orders from the sidelines. You three have seen your share of action for today."

Quistis, Zell and Rinoa stepped forward. I was surprised Squall'd let them, but very relieved.

"Alright, go on if you want, but you'll have one of us on your tail the whole time. Irvine, take Zell. Selphie watch Rinoa. I've got Quistis, make sure they don't make any stupid mistakes!"

I fanned out and came to stand behind Rinoa, as directed. She leaned back and asked. "What was it you were fighting again?"

"That." I said, pointing to the creature, it still didn't move.

"That?" She asked. "That shape? Can it even come up off the wall?"

"I don't think so."

"Then, how did it hurt you if it can't even get off the wall?"

"Trust me. It's good at hurting people." I said. "And it doesn't even have to get off the wall to hit you. You should have seen what it did to Irvine."

She made a face. "Ouch?"

"You betcha."

Quistis stood in the number one spot, Rinoa in number two, and Zell in number three. He was ready first. It looked like he was ready to run up and punch the wall, but I saw Irvine advise against it. Instead, Zell cast a Fira. The embers shot along the floor and lit up the wall.

The creature moved, and it was no small move, it shot its arm out along the floor, using all areas covered by the lamplight, which once again filled the room. The shadow-arm struck fast and took out their feet. Zell fell forward, and Irvine fell on top of him.

Zell turned to look up at him. "My luck, Squall put me with you! The monsters always go for you!"

Squall raised an eyebrow when he looked over. "The bigger they are, the harder they fall."

"Would everyone stop ripping on me for being the biggest?!?"

I laughed. They never picked on me for being little.

Quistis's turn came. Squall gave her a little direction and she stood off. I guessed she was loading up Quetzalquatl. That would be good. Quetzalquatl could whip it bad!

My kind of GF.

No offense, Siren.

Rinoa was getting ready. I leaned forward. "Don't even think about a physical attack, that would be a waste. What GF do you have junctioned?"

"Leviathan and the Brothers." She answered.

"Hmmm." I thought a second.

"The Brothers wouldn't do any good." She offered. "They are a physical GF."

"Good point." I said. "Let Leviathan take it, then."

"Right."

Then Quistis's voice rang out. "Thunder Storm!"

Quetzalquatl was loaded. Quistis jumped forward and released him from her body. He was a fearsome sight, but not with long teeth and claws and stuff. As a matter of fact, Quetzalquatl had no mouth, he was a bird spirit without a face and without legs. We faded away, all six of us, and watched Quetzalquatl work.

He was the spirit governing lightning, so naturally, his element was electricity. A great disk of it gathered at his beakpoint. The disk was then sent down upon the shadow as lightning bolts and a backup column of thunder exploded in a violent flash of sparks.

We jumped back into physical existence. It was Zell's turn again. He apparently began loading a GF. Ifrit, I guessed. Zell was best with Ifrit.

"I'm set." Rinoa said.

"Go get 'em."

"Tsunami!" She summoned Leviathan and faded out.

The snake-like guardian of water slithered out to attack the creature. At the hands of all these Guardian Forces, it seemed like the shadow monster didn't stand a chance! The waterfall caused by Leviathan crashed up against the wall, breaking apart the plaster and revealing the wood underneath. The monster

avoided the broken spot and continued thrashing.

"That thing gives me the creeps." Rinoa whispered.

"Me too."

We were no where near the walls, Squall had made sure of that, and the creature couldn't reach off with the light on.

My theory was that it could pop off the wall when the lights went out. I came up with that all by myself! I thought of it when I saw the shadow back on the wall after Zell's flashlight went on.

But, anyway, the creature reached out its leg and heeled Zell's shadow in the stomach. He toppled over, suddenly. It was weird, because nothing had hit him, actually, but I knew what had happened.

"Zell!" Quistis exclaimed.

"What happened!?! " Rinoa demanded.

"Ug!" Zell had wrapped his arms around his stomach.

"It's a dog-eat-dog battle." Squall said.

"More like a shadow-eat-shadow." Irvine added, smugly. He reached down and helped Zell back up.

"Oh!" Zell exclaimed. "It felt like I'd been socked in the gut!"

"Ya were." I said. "Or at least your shadow was."

"You mean the creature only hits shadows?" Quistis asked, turning around.

"Yes." Squall answered. "Quistis! Keep your eye on the enemy!"

"It's almost like, " Rinoa started, "like we're the shadows."

"We are fighting on a different plane." Squall said.

"But then, how do we-" Zell began, then interrupted himself. "Hold that thought, Ifrit's up."

"Hell Fire!"

He released Ifrit, the Demon of fire, out on our opponent. He was a tall, muscular, red, orange, and yellow lion with horns and teeth. he was human-like. He stood upright at least. While he was performing, we faded back. Zell's voice came to us like and echo.

A strained, strangled echo.

"H-How to we...beat this thing?"

Thing-ing-ing-ing

"We will have to find a weakness." Squall answered.

Eakness-ess-ess

Ifrit had finished, and retreated through Zell, leaving us all venerable again.

"What can a shadow be weak to?" I asked.

"Well," Quistis began, "grass-element monsters are weak to fire elements, because fire burns grass..."

"Yeah, so?" Squall asked.

"We need to find something that naturally defeats it."

Rinoa took a turn, and started re-loading Leviathan while Irvine spoke. "So, like, what naturally gets rid of a shadow?"

"We could turn out the lights." Zell suggested.

"NO!!" Squall, Irvine and I shot back, sharply.

"Geez! Fine!"

"You don't want to do that." I said.

Irvine rolled his eyes. "Ta-rust us!"

"Okay," Quistis said, "what else is required to make a shadow besides light?"

"A solid form to block the light from hitting the wall." Squall said, then shrugged. "But, we are already down one of those."

"So," Rinoa looked over, "what you are saying is, that there is no way to beat this thing?"

"I'm afraid so."

"That can't be," I insisted, "we can't just give up, there must be something we're missing."

No one listened to me again. I guess I say so many un-important things, that when I say something that IS important, they don't notice.

The monster scrunched down on the floor and used both shadow arms to pound Rinoa hard. The attack hit Leviathan instead, since Leviathan was still loading. his hit points dwindled. It was a very powerful attack, which ended up knocking the GF out.

"Oh!" Rinoa doubled back. "It killed Leviathan!"

Of course, Leviathan wasn't dead, just fainted. We use the term 'dead' and all the other words that fit into that category, a little loosely.

"Ooooooh!" Quistis looked over to us. "Good thing you were loading a GF, or else you'd have been KOed, Rinoa."

"I know," she sighed, "but now, I only have the Brothers."

The monster got back up on the far wall, avoiding the hole again. I don't know why I kept noticing the hole, and how the monster dodged it. Then it hit me! The wall! No, the wall didn't hit me, but I realized what was left out!

To make a shadow, you need light, something to block the light, and...

A solid surface for the remaining light to hit.

"Guys! I got it!"

"What?" I got every one's attention at least.

"Against the wall!"

"What?!?!?" Squall looked at me strangely. Rinoa began loading the Brothers.

Zell jumped up yelling 'Thundaga' and cast a spell. "What are you talking about?"

"We have to destroy the wall, so that the shadow will have nowhere to stand."

"I think I get it." Irvine offered.

I don't think he really got it, but what the hey? It made me feel better.

"Everyone!" I called. "We are going to run and break through the wall."

They all exchanged glances, but I guess they trusted me, because they all got into starting positions.

"On your marks, get set..." I readied my self, "and Go!"

We all took off. I ran as hard as I could and slammed my shoulder against the plaster. A couple chips fell. Rinoa crashed in front of me, and Squall crashed behind.

I fell off. The wall was caving, but not broken through. When the others backed off, I noticed that I had hit

right at the creature's shoulder. It made me sick. The monster thrashed, and tried to avoid the cracks on its way toward the corner wall.

"Again!" I cried. We ran and hit another time. Squall and Irvine broke through. They were stronger, and had a little more weight to throw around.

"Again!"

Those of us remaining backed up and tried again. Zell was through, judging by the 'oof!' I supposed that he'd landed on someone. Most likely Irvine, he was over there.

Quistis, Rinoa and I tried again. The monster was getting closer to the other wall. We had to bring it down before it could bridge over.

'This will be the last time.' I told myself. We ran. CRASH! The wall gave way. I landed on Squall. Quistis was next to him, and in a second's time, Rinoa was with us, too.

I noticed the enemy creeping over the ground toward the darkness in the next room. The room where we lay was completely black, and I could see it coming towards us. "Rinoa! Now!"

"Jus-second!" She jumped to her feet.

"Brotherly Love!"

We faded out as the ground where the shadow was lurking was dislodged and hurled into the air. Underneath, the one responsible stood, a tall burly ox-being. Sacred. He and his big brother Minnataur worked together to attack. I grinned as I watched.

This part was my favorite. The small one, which is actually the bigger one threw the larger one in the air.

That was a little confusing, let me try again. The older/smaller one threw the younger/larger into the air.

Better? Good.

Sacred flew through the air and smashed head on into that flying chunk of rock.

It broke to pieces and came crashing down in front of us.

Among the broken pieces, were the remains of our opponent.

The shadow had not broken apart, it was unable to. It, instead, was confined to an itty-bitty hunk of floor, just big enough to fit in the palm of your hand.

We came back to the solid world again. Squall went over and picked up the stone. "Let's take this back up to the bridge."

"And put it under a strobe-light" Quistis said, exhausted.

Well, we weren't able to defeat it after all, but you know? Eternally confining your enemy is just as good, if not better, than killing it. At least I think so. In any case, I hope you enjoyed my little account of how, I, Selphie Tilmitt, defeated the sorceress's curse with my bare hands. And a little help from my friends.
Tee, Hee! ^_.^