

## Phase 2: SOLDIER

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By the time the black limousine pulled up outside the train station Sephiroth was in a state of hysterics. First Kathryn slaughtered before his eyes and now Gast had died in his arms. The raging storm of emotions exploding in his soul caused him to seriously doubt his sanity.

Meanwhile Hojo sat, smug as ever as he watched the tormented young man tremble violently as he attempted to come to terms with all the events that had transpired over the last few weeks.

The two Turks who had taken part in Kathryn's murder had accompanied the party from Nibelheim to Midgar. Tseng sat by Hojo, his cool expression unwavering despite his discomfort in Sephiroth's presence. He continually reassured himself that it was just a job, without much success.

Gerald sat beside Sephiroth, his eyes full of concern for the boy. Sure he had killed the girl, but he'd done a hell of a lot of that in his long career. It was his compassionate soul that felt just a pang of guilt for the suffering he'd caused Sephiroth. He glanced over at Tseng and marvelled at the kids' air of professionalism. Even after nearly twenty years as one of ShinRa's elite band of 'bodyguards' he still couldn't accept all the killing without feeling a little bad about it afterwards. Not for long, but for a moment.

"Are ye all right kid?" The elder Turk inquired, ignoring the evil look that Hojo shot in his direction - he'd handled worse than a stuck-up scientist in the past.

Sephiroth glanced at the sandy-haired man and studied his face - it wasn't cold like Tseng's and he had green eyes nearly as bright as Sephiroth's own. He didn't bother answering though - he couldn't manage to speak.

Believing that the boy was simply ignoring him Gerald let out an annoyed sigh. "Oy, if'n I ever 'ave the misfortune t'father a bairn - shoot me!"

Their train pulled into the station with a high-pitched squeal of brakes, both Turks left the car first and hauled the luggage from the trunk of the limousine and left it in the baggage car of the train. They left Sephiroth's murasame sword for him to carry - neither of them intended to touch it. They then went back to the car and opened the doors to let Hojo and Sephiroth out.

Once aboard the train the small party entered a luxurious private car. Sephiroth sat as far from Hojo as possible, he hated being in the cruel man's presence.

Gerald sat next to him again - he'd been ordered not to let the boy out of his sight. And besides, anything was better than Hojo's whining conversation and Tseng's moody contemplation. It had been so much more interesting to be a Turk in the early years of the company, when it was just getting on it's feet. And much easier when he'd relied on other's leading him rather than leading himself, but after Davoren and Vincent had both died the burden of leadership had fallen on him. He scratched his head - what was up with this kid??

Propping his elbows on his knees, Gerald rested his weary head in his hands - this was infuriating. The boy was officially screwed. He turned to look at Sephiroth who was staring gloomily out of the window, oblivious to his surroundings and the other passengers.

Gerald let out a little "Humph!" this was going to be a bloody long trip up to the plate.

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When they reached the headquarters of ShinRa Inc. Hojo ordered Tseng to take his and Sephiroth's belongings to their assigned living accommodations before heading into the grand building followed by a dismal looking Sephiroth with Gerald taking up the rear.

Heading over to the receptionist he told her of his appointment with the president and she handed him a KeyCard to allow him access to the 69th floor. All access beyond the 60th floor was prohibited to regular employees, only the ShinRa 'big-guns' were given free roam of the building.

Hojo nodded to Gerald who led the silent Sephiroth over to an elevator that took them to their destination. The elevator was made of glass and travelled at a reasonable pace up the side of the gigantic building. Sephiroth stared down, as the ground grew smaller and smaller. From this height he could see an entire sector of Midgar's 'Plate' - A huge structure that

overshadowed the slums beneath it. The term 'plate' accurately described it - an enormous circle of metal, split into eight section - or 'sectors' each housing a separate community.

Most people who lived on the plate were employees of ShinRa, or rich businessmen - those less fortunate dwelled in the slums below, their lives as devoid of hope as they were of sunlight. Night and day were just numbers to those poor individuals, many young children had never even seen the sun.

Sephiroth understood that - he knew how it felt to be hopeless.

The elevator came to a stop with a high-pitched 'ping'. The trio disembarked the elevator and made their way to the grand staircase that led to the office of President ShinRa that took up the entire 70th floor - no one could say that the president ever cut corners.

Hojo turned to Sephiroth. "Wait here" he said sternly "I have to have words with the president, then when I call you, come up and I'll introduce you." He began to head up the stairs when he stopped to address Gerald "Keep an eye on him - and make sure he understands that he has to be courteous to the president!"

"Aye, Sir" Gerald turned to speak to Sephiroth only to find him missing "Buggeration - where'd that lil' shit go?" He wandered around searching for him for a few minutes - there was no way he could have left the floor - only Hojo and Gerald had KeyCard's. He finally found him staring at a group of photographs in a glass case. The shiny silver plaque read 'The Turks - ShinRa's best-loved employees.

Sephiroth looked at the array of faces in front of him - everyone to ever wear a Turk's suit was displayed in the case. He read through the names to himself - Davoren (deceased)...Gerald (active)...Cindy (retired)...Donal (missing - presumed dead)...Vincent...(deceased)...Zahra [Author's Note: Hi, Zahra!! ^\_^] (active)...Hank (retired)...Angela (deceased)... Tseng (active)...Reno (active - in training). He wondered why so many of these Turks were willing to live their lives, and even die for a corporation.

'Vincent'? Could that be the one that he..No - he would have had to be nearly fifty now - and besides - look at his record - 'deceased'.

"Quite a bunch eh, lad?" Gerald said from behind him. Sephiroth nodded in agreement. "Look, lad I've been meanin' t'talk t'ye fer quite some time now" He paused "About yer girlie".

Sephiroth turned to look at Gerald, a completely blank expression on his face. "What about Kathryn?"

"Aye, aye - Kathryn, that was it. I guess I wanted t'apologise - y'know - fer killin' the lass."

Sephiroth stared at the Turk in disbelief - he was sorry? SORRY?? What use was SORRY?? She was dead - no amount of grief or guilt could bring her back!

Despite his stoic expression - Gerald could see bitter anger flicker within Sephiroth's emerald eyes. His hand reached to the gun at his side in case the kid tried anything funny. He'd been warned that the boy was deadly in combat, after all that was what he'd been born for - to become that most magnificent human being in the history of mankind. A glorious scientific achievement.

Gerald thought for a moment before extending his hand to Sephiroth "Look" he said calmly "I know ye'll never f'rgive me fer what I've taken from ye - If'n I was in yer position I'd probably hate me too. But ye have to understand somethin' - when I'm in this suit I belong to the company - I got no choice over what I do, I get given orders and I carry 'em out. But I like ye, kid - I'm hopin' that from now on maybe ye can trust me? I swear t'ye that I'll not hurt ye again - and I'll do me best to keep that bastard Hojo off yer back. Deal?"

Sephiroth looked at the hand that Gerald had offered him - this was the same man who'd taken the light out of his life with the pull of a trigger. Yet here he was offering him friendship? Sephiroth glanced up into the Turk's eyes - they showed nothing but compassion.

Sephiroth smiled slightly and took Gerald's hand - he may as well learn to trust someone - besides if Gerald broke his word he's just have to kill him.

Gerald beamed at the young man in front of him as he shook his hand - breakthrough!

"Gerald!!" Hojo's whiny voice called from atop the stairs "Bring Sephiroth up here!"

"Aye, sir" he looked at Sephiroth "C'mon then, lad" he said as he walked with Sephiroth to the president's office - as they reached the top of the stairs he added, "remember - be nice and polite now - y'hear?"

Sephiroth nodded and opened the door.

The office of the president of ShinRa Inc was an elaborate affair to say the least - it's high walls led up to a beautifully designed ceiling. Luxury and taste filled the office - Sephiroth had to stop himself from letting out a whistle of delight at the fabulous room.

The president himself sat at a high-tech desk in the centre of the room. He was a short, fat man with a terribly ugly face - yet somehow he'd created the most powerful company in the world - specialising in weapons and Mako energy. Despite his ugliness his clothes were impeccable - perfectly cut, probably at some expensive boutique - whatever he lacked in appearance he made up for in style and class.

Standing to one side of the president was another man - dressed in the blue suit of a Turk, but he looked much different to Tseng and Gerald. He wore a wide collared shirt with no tie, the shirt was only buttoned half way up his chest and was untucked so that it hung lazily beneath the jacket. His hair was a deep shade of pink and was tied into a thin ponytail that hung down his back, a pair of expensive sunglasses rested on his forehead to keep long bangs of hair out of his eyes. Seeing Sephiroth staring at him, the young Turk gave him a lopsided grin.

The president was having a hushed discussion with Hojo who leant on the front of the desk. Sephiroth coughed loudly to get their attention and they both turned to look at him.

"Ah - there you are, Sephiroth!" said Hojo "Let me introduce you" he said waving him closer. Sephiroth obliged - not once fooled by his faux act of kindness - it was all show for the president. "President ShinRa" continued Hojo "I'd like you to meet Sephiroth - the newest and hopefully greatest addition to SOLDIER"

ShinRa stood up from his plush leather chair and extended a chubby hand to Sephiroth who shook it politely "It's a pleasure to meet you, my boy" he said cheerily "Hojo's told me a lot about you - I hear you've made excellent progress."

"Thank you, sir" Sephiroth replied with as pleasant a smile as he could muster. "I try"

The president grinned broadly at him "Wonderful! - but you must be hungry and tired after your long journey" he signalled to the Turk "Reno, take Sephiroth to his accommodations and make sure he's brought food!"

The Turk bowed politely to ShinRa "Yes, sir."

"The president turned back to Sephiroth "I'm sure Reno here will make you comfortable" he said "he's only been a Turk for a couple of weeks - he's still in training, but he's very good!" Reno appeared pleased with the President's comments - he looked younger than Sephiroth, though not by much, and very self-assured. "Off with you, off with you!" said the president waving them out of the room.

[Author's Note (again): yippeekayay Reno's there, yup yup yup!!!!!! I am too good, no, no - don't applaud - it's all in a day's work!!]

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Sephiroth followed Reno out of the office where they bumped into Gerald who was pacing up and down looking very bored. He looked up as they descended the stairs and smiled pleasantly.

"Ah - there y'are! I was b'gining to think ye'd lost yerself!"

"Gerald - I know this building pretty well - I don't get lost!" said Reno with a grin

Gerald frowned at the young Turk "I meant th'lad - not ye!" he said. Reno rolled his dark, sea green eyes skywards

"I know - I was joking around!" he said. Changing the subject before Gerald had a chance to speak he continued "I've gotta take 'SOLDIER-boy' here to his apartment - care to join me?"

"Why? Afraid ye'll get lost?" said Gerald with a chuckle, enjoying his own lame attempt at humour.

"Ha ha - funny, boss-man." Reno said flatly.

Gerald wiped a tear from his eye "Sure, why not - I haven't got much else to do."

"As usual"

"I didn't hear that"

Sephiroth couldn't help but smile as he strolled along behind the two Turks while they exchanged playful banter.

"Hey - SOLDIER-boy!" said Reno, turning to look at Sephiroth "How old are you?"

"Sixteen - just"

"Humph" he said in acknowledgment before turning back to Gerald who slapped his young colleague on the back of the head. Sephiroth managed to catch Gerald whisper a quiet - 'I told you so - you're still a bairn.'

Sephiroth smiled again - maybe coming to Midgar wasn't so bad after all.

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The elevator pinged as it reached the fourth floor of the ShinRa Apartment Complex. Sephiroth followed Reno and Gerald down a long brightly-lit corridor until they stopped outside a door with 411 on a shiny gold plaque nailed to the front of it.

Reno turned to Sephiroth, flicking his long pink ponytail off his shoulder so that it hung loosely down his back. "Well - this is it" he said with a cheery smile "Umm - you're new so you'll have a roomie 'til you reach third class or above." He added

"Roomie?" Sephiroth looked puzzled.

"Aye, y'know - someone t'share the room wi' ya." Said Gerald " No need t'worry though, ye'll be bunkin' wi' Carmoi. He's higher ranked than ye mind - so be r'spectful 'K?"

[Author's Note (which philistine out there said there are too many of these?? It was you wasn't it!! Yeah, you at the back! I can see you - don't try and hide behind the fat guy!): Carmoi is pronounced 'CAR-MOY' - hey, don't blame me - it's not my idea!]

Sephiroth nodded and Reno handed him a small silver key, attached to it was a leather keychain with the ShinRa logo embellished on it as well as the room number.

"I think Tseng left your stuff in your room already so all you'll have to do is unpack and stuff." Reno said as he knocked loudly on the door. A faint 'come in' came from inside so the young Turk opened it and went inside followed by Gerald and Sephiroth.

Once inside, Sephiroth took note of his surroundings - it was a fairly large room with a single bed on either side. Each bed had a small cabinet next to it, on the wall opposite each bed was a double-door closet for clothing and any other belongings. On one side there were several photographs adorning the walls, the bedside table had several odd nik-naks atop it as well as a lamp and an alarm clock. The other side of the room was devoid of any such frivolities - no doubt that was his bed he deduced.

Sephiroth put a halt to his scrutinising for a moment when he heard his name. He looked up to see Gerald looking at him with a perturbed look on his face.

"Oy, I swear yer mind does tend t'wander, lad!" Gerald cried, "Anyway, as I was sayin' - this is yer room-mate - Carmoi Valentino." He turned to the man sat on the bed "Carmoi, this here is Sephiroth - Hojo and Gast's lil' addition t'SOLDIER"

The man Gerald had addressed stood up from the bed on which he'd been lounging and looked at Sephiroth. He was a tall man - definitely over six feet, with long Raven-Black hair that was tied into a neat ponytail with a few loose strands that framed his handsome face. He looked in his mid-twenties; he wore casual blue jeans and a loose white shirt. A single pearl adorned his left ear which for some reason that Sephiroth could not understand perfectly accompanied the man's twinkling blue eyes. Carmoi grinned at Sephiroth and reached out to shake his hand "Pleased to meet you" he said pleasantly.

Reno coughed loudly "Right we're off - the cafe shuts soon and I'm starved" he said "Hurry up and settle in - I'll let you two get acquainted." He and Gerald turned to leave "Oh - I'll get someone to send you up something to eat, but usually you'll use the canteen." He grinned and gave a quick wave before shutting Sephiroth in his room with the stranger.

Sephiroth watched them go and suddenly felt very alone and unsure of himself. He heard a loud sigh from behind him to see his new 'Roomie' drop back onto the bed and begin reading a magazine. He looked at his own bed, his suitcases were stacked on top of it and his murasame was propped in the corner near his closet. He scratched his head - he might as well get on with it.

As he began undoing his cases Carmoi glanced over the top of the magazine that he was pretending to read and watched the newcomer with interest. He smiled to himself as he watched Sephiroth put away his clothes in the closet and the small bedside table; he also took note of the fact that he seemed to carry no personal belongings - not even a photograph of his family.

Sephiroth sat on the edge of his new bed when the task was done and stared at the floor beneath his feet.

"Are you OK?"

Sephiroth looked up to see Carmoi staring intently at him. "Umm yeah, I'm fine"

"Well you don't look it, kid."

Sephiroth frowned "What do you mean 'kid'? You're not that much older than I am."

Carmoi chuckled to himself, obviously amused by Sephiroth's comments "whatever" he said and continued flicking through his magazine.

By now Sephiroth was officially confused but decided not to push it any further - he didn't know this man, or how he'd react to constant interrogation. He decided on a different approach "Umm, so what are you reading?" he asked.

Carmoi looked at him over the top of the magazine "nothing very interesting - just a film review thing. Why? You interested in films?"

"Uh, no - I've never seen one so I can't say that I am."

"What??" Carmoi exclaimed "Jeez, what did those whacko's do to you?" He shook his head "So. What are your interests? If we're to share a room we may as well get to know each other right?"

"Sephiroth shrugged "I don't really have any interests" ignoring Carmoi's scoff of disgust he continued "There was never really any time for that - I was always too busy." He paused "What about you?"

"A bit of everything I guess - I can't say I've ever disliked anything much, I'm pretty easy going. But I do like art galleries, they're incredible places full of incredibly beautiful things." He glanced at Sephiroth "I don't suppose you've ever been to one of those either?" Sephiroth shook his head "Thought so."

"So", said Sephiroth - "what do you do here in SOLDIER?"

"What, me personally?" Sephiroth nodded "I watch people like you. And seeing as people like you are one in forever I guess you could say that this is kind've a new job for me. I even lost my own room to watch you - I don't know why you're so important, kid but I guess I'll have to live with it." He looked at Sephiroth's confused face "What you want my life story or something? Ok, ok, I was born in Mideel, but my mother abandoned my twin brother and me when we were just babies. I was found by Mr and Mrs Valentino who took me in - I don't know what happened to my brother - I heard my 'parents' talking one night about him being in Junon but I don't really know. Anyway, I had a pretty normal childhood, went to college and University - got a degree in philosophy. I joined SOLDIER at 20 and climbed up the ranks 'til I reached First Class at 23. Right now I'm a commander. But when I turned 28 things went a bit screwy, I kept getting these terrible nightmares. I used to imagine that I was in someone else's body and I used to turn onto this hideous demon. It was pretty bad, It drove me crazy - I ended up in a mental home for a while. But after a while things went back to normal and they let me out." He looked at the shock on Sephiroth's face "Hey don't look so worried, I'm fine now, but every now and again I get really weird feelings like I'm locked in a morgue with coffins all around me - it's pretty intense." He smiled broadly to assuage his roommate's fears before continuing. "You probably want to know why I laughed earlier when you said we were pretty close in age right? Well in truth I'm 43."

"\*43\* ??"

"Yeah, pretty good anti-wrinkle cream huh?" he said with a grin.

"I'll say."

"Heh"

A tap on the door broke the conversation short, Carmoi beckoned the intruder in to see a member of the canteen staff enter with a tray of food for Sephiroth. The girl placed it at the foot of the bed before heading to the door, she turned to glance at Carmoi who gave her a wink and she blushed before hurrying out of the room. Carmoi chuckled.

Sephiroth looked at the food for a few minutes - it looked very unappetising, nothing at all like Annie's cooking. He frowned, contemplating whether or not to eat it, his rumbling stomach made his mind up for him and so with great reluctance he began tucking in.

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Sephiroth awoke the next morning to find Carmoi standing over him, already fully dressed. He rubbed his eyes to wake himself up before sitting up in his bed.

Carmoi smiled at his new charge before throwing a blue SOLDIER uniform at him. "Hurry up and get dressed. It's already 5:30 and you're still in bed!!"

Sephiroth blinked at Carmoi, he was still exhausted from all the travelling he'd been doing over the previous few days. Still, he managed to stand up and get dressed with only a small grunt in protest, he looked at the helmet that Carmoi had given him, "Do I have to wear that?"

"No, it's only for combat or parades - you know - official stuff. Now hurry up - I've got to take you to see Hojo in his lab! We're already late!"

Sephiroth followed Carmoi out of the room and slipped his key into the latch to lock it behind them, he couldn't help but feel a little bit pleased with himself - it was the first sign that he finally had some semblance of control in his life. "So" he said as they strolled along to corridor "Why do I have to see Hojo? I thought I'd be getting into my training."

Carmoi shook his head and his long black hair fluttered around his shoulders. He wasn't dressed in a normal SOLDIER uniform - instead he wore a long black leather coat with the ShinRa logo on it's sleeve, beneath it was a pair of leather trousers tucked into calf length boots and a tight, V-Necked white shirt - he looked the very definition of an officer. "Every member of SOLDIER gets showered with Mako energy - it increases your physical strength - it also gives you weird glowing eyes - but after a couple of decades it fades and is less obvious."

"Oh" The idea of being in Hojo's clutches quite so soon after being granted his new-found freedom was disturbing to say the least.

Carmoi noticed the look on Sephiroth's face "Look, it's just routine - nothing to worry about - OK?" Sephiroth nodded - 'nothing to worry about'.

With Hojo?

Sure.

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Hojo looked up from his microscope as Carmoi and Sephiroth entered the room, he gave them a sickly sweet smile that was all teeth but lacked any kind of warmth. "Ah there you are, gentlemen - I thought that perhaps you had forgotten me!"

"Of course not, Sir" replied Carmoi curtly "I think Sephiroth was just over-tired, he slept in a little - I didn't have the heart to wake him."

"Yes, yes whatever" Hojo turned his attentions to Sephiroth who was half hiding behind Carmoi. "Right then, boy - I need you on the table" Sephiroth stared blankly at him, Hojo frowned and gestured to the metal 'bed' that was placed in the centre of the room. Wire, tubes and other pieces of technology with small lights blinking surrounded it. Sephiroth felt a chill go down his spine - the last thing he wanted was to go anywhere near one of those things again. But he thought of Carmoi's words - 'Just routine - nothing to worry about', swallowed his fear and approached the table. Hojo looked at Carmoi "You can wait outside" he stated "It shouldn't take long."

Carmoi nodded and exited the room leaving Sephiroth lying exposed on the workbench of a mad professor. He closed his eyes as Hojo began fiddling with bits and pieces around him, strapping him down and attaching wires to his flesh. God how he hated this.

"Right then" said Hojo "I'm just going to give you a shot to send you to sleep - when you wake up it'll all be over."

Sephiroth felt the cold, thin needle puncture a vein in his arm and his head began to swim, as he began to lose consciousness he heard Hojo chuckle evilly to himself.

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Sephiroth groaned at the pounding in his skull - ever since he'd woken from that Mako shower he'd felt terrible. And then there was the bandage on his hand, Hojo had told him not to remove it for 24 hours but it throbbed constantly and Carmoi had told him that it wasn't usual for SOLDIER members to have that done - whatever it was it made him feel uneasy.

He plodded slowly down any corridor he came across, not caring where he went just wanting to make the headache go away. As he turned a corridor he collided headlong into a person coming the other way - the impact left them both sprawled on the floor.

"Shit!"

Sephiroth looked up at the sound of the comment and tried to focus his blurry vision on the person he's bumped into. It was a young woman, in her early twenties from what he could make out with dark hair tied into a short plait behind her head and deep brown eyes. She glared at him angrily, "Why the hell can't you watch where you're going, you stupid little shit!" The woman stood up and dusted herself off, still giving Sephiroth a disapproving look.

Sephiroth followed suit and stood to face her, the shock must have done him some good because he could see clearly at last. "Sorry" he said apologetically.

"Name and rank, Soldier!" she snapped

"Uh..Sephiroth - Escort Guard, I think!" he mumbled

"You 'think'? You mean you don't even know you're own rank?! That's so..." She paused for a moment "You're name's 'Sephiroth'?" He nodded "Hojo's Sephiroth?" another nod. "Shit - sorry about that, I didn't realise who you were - If I'd have known I'd never have gone off at you like that!"

"Uhm..Sure - no problem" By now Sephiroth was totally confused - who the hell was this, and what was she on about?

Suddenly she flashed him a dazzling smile "by the way - I'm Zahra, I believe you've already met my colleagues - Gerald, Tseng and Reno."

"You're a Turk??" he stared at her wide-eyed. But she was a.. woman! Not to mention a rather petite one at that!

"Yes - why so surprised?" she studied his face for a moment before frowning again "You don't think that I'm the type right?" She walked up to him and stood on tiptoe so that she was as close to staring him in the eye as possible (not easy considering his height) before saying in a menacing tone; "I'll have you know that I'm one of the best Turks ShinRa's ever had. The only reason that I'm not leading this outfit is because Gerald has so much more 'experience' than I do. Don't cross me little boy - I could kick your ass from here to next week without breaking a sweat, even if you are Hojo's little toy!!!" With that she marched off down the corridor leaving Sephiroth dumbfounded.

Sephiroth scratched his head in bewilderment that instantly reminded himself of his headache.

*This day can't get any worse* he decided as he began heading back to his room and a nice soft bed.

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The next few years passed without much upset. Sephiroth began his formal training but his instructors instantly found him to be far superior to any of the other young men and women hoping to make a career in SOLDIER. So shortly after his nineteenth birthday he found himself promoted to First Class with a promotion into command looming.

He found great comfort in sharing a room with Carmoi who often told him countless stories of his life in which Sephiroth took great interest. They soon became close friends, Sephiroth even ventured to tell Carmoi of his life - the cruel tests and his beloved Kathryn who's death still haunted his nightmares.

As well as Carmoi, Sephiroth had made friends with Reno and Gerald who often sought him out to see how he was getting on, though for different reasons. Gerald kept his word and kept Hojo away, acting like a surrogate parent most of the time. When Sephiroth had told him of the '1' tattoo Hojo had put on the palm of his hand Gerald had become infuriated and stormed off - from that moment on Sephiroth barely saw Hojo other than a chance meeting in a corridor or elevator. Reno on the other hand amused Sephiroth greatly - he was always hatching some scheme to get his own back on any superiors that annoyed him, or chasing some girl. Sephiroth thought of him as a light-hearted source of relief from the mendacity of life in SOLDIER.

Even Zahra had managed to calm down enough on several occasions, at least enough to apologise and have a conversation with. She was what Reno referred to as a 'Sugar-Nut' - either on a hyper or in a savage mood - either way it was quite entertaining to watch, at least so long as her temper was aimed at someone else.

In fact the only Turk who hadn't bothered to approach him was Tseng, not that that bothered him much - the less he saw of that bastard the better. He couldn't give a definite reason for his hatred of Tseng. He'd forgiven Gerald and he was the one who'd actually killed Kathryn, there was just something about Tseng that made his skin crawl.

As well as developments in his social life, there were even more things going on in the world around him. Several towns from around the world had grouped together in resistance to the ShinRa Corporation that was threatening to engulf the entire planet with its money grabbing schemes. In particular a town called Wutai was constantly speaking against the ShinRa and had gathered other governments around itself. Then after heated talks with President ShinRa they had declared all out war.

Now ShinRa was busy rallying its armies in strategic positions around the globe, Junon Harbour, Mideel and the Costa-Del-Sol.

Meanwhile Sephiroth had been approached by the President to have a meeting with him.