Chapter One  
The Ordona Festival

Link awoke to the sound of children screaming outside. While unusual in this small, peaceful town, Link immediately remembered why the noise was more prominent today: The Ordona Festival. Every year the village gets together to celebrate the Spirit of Light that blesses their town with peace, and every year the celebration brings raucous behavior from usually tame townspeople. Link couldn’t help but smile, however. An unusually quiet person himself, the festival always brought out the best in everyone, himself included.  
 Link quickly prepared himself, which mostly consisted of splashing himself a few times with water from the basin he kept inside, shaking out his naturally unkempt hair, and putting on a cleaner set of clothes so as to be slightly more presentable, given the nature of the day. He would never fit in with the higher society over at Hyrule Castle, for example, but he at least wanted to look a little less like a mangy ranch hand for a day. Once he felt suitably less dirty, Link took a step out his door and was bombarded with the full force of music, laughter, and children from the festival, as well as brighter than usual sunlight that could only mean Ordona was pleased with the village’s display.

“Link, come on! You’re gonna miss the whole festival!” Some of the children had been chasing each other around his loft trying to make as much noise as possible in order to stir him, and now where standing impatiently at the foot of the ladder looking very pleased with themselves. Link quickly nodded and climbed down the ladder, hopping the last few rungs in his excitement.

“Daddy set up an obstacle course around town for all the kids, and whoever can run through it fast enough and light all the torches wins!” One of the boys said as they ran alongside Link into town.

“Yeah, they really outdid themselves this year! There’s also goat rides, and milking contests, and Rudy is doing blacksmith demonstrations all day!” Francis, the youngest boy, chimed in.

By this time they had reached town and Link could see for himself the impressive scope of the festival. Lanterns were hung up everywhere, strings of Ordonian crested flags lined each house, and the town was bustling with a level of activity that Link didn’t think it was capable of. He didn’t even know where to start. The town merchants had their wares on display, as well as some specialty items just for the festival. He could hear the clack of metal on metal and see occasional sparks from across the village as Rudy the Blacksmith tempered various farming tools as well as the occasional sword or axe, most of which were shipped off to the Hyrule Castle guards. Link could also faintly make out the obstacle course in the distance, illuminated by the glow of torches.

“What do you wanna do, Link?” “Yeah, what do you wanna do?” Two of the boys blurted out practically in unison, clearly unable to hold in their excitement. Link was something of a role model to the boys in town, and they were rarely away from his side, which didn’t bother him at all since he was without a family of his own and considered the boys to be like brothers to him. He still wasn’t sure how he came to end up in Ordon Village in the first place, and the locals would only tell him that he was “an unexplained miracle” and that he shouldn’t question things like that, that it’s stuff for adults to worry about. While Link was always curious about his origins, he still settled into his new home as if he’d been born there, and taken to everyone in town the same.  
 Link smiled at the boys as they bounced up and down and then led them to the obstacle course that they couldn’t stop talking about.

“Ah…there you are, Link. I thought you’d sleep right through the festival. How are you, my boy?” Tristan beamed at him. He was an older man, with hair that only seemed to end when it got to the top of his head, and a face weathered with wrinkles and old battle scars. He wore a smile proudly, however, as if it was the only expression he had left after all that he had seen, and it grew even brighter when Link was near, whom he considered the son he never got to have.

“Uncle Tristan! Can we try the obstacle course?” Francis asked finally, interrupting Link and Tristan’s conversation.

“Well I’m afraid you’re a little too young, son, but your brothers can, if they’d like.” Tristan said, his smile unwavering. He patted Francis on the head affectionately and promised him a chance at the next festival. Francis gave a half-hearted smile and sulked off to watch the older guys have his fun.  
 Link and the two other boys, Jarred and Quint, all walked up to the starting line with color-coded torches in their hands. They each glanced at each other, a look of competitive respect between them, as Tristan explained the rules.

“Okay, so the rules are simple. Each of you has to make it to the finish line of the obstacle course after lighting each lantern that corresponds to your color. The first one to make it, wins the prize. You must stay on the path marked out, and anyone caught cheating will be disqualified and then punished for disrespecting the sanctity of the festival. Remember, kids, this is not just a race…it’s a tribute to Ordona, signifying our appreciation for all the light she bestows on us and our lives. Now, if there are no questions…let’s race!”  
 The crowd surrounding the course all counted to three and yelled “Go!” and the three boys were off. For a brief second Link wondered what might happen if his torch went out before he finished, but he shrugged off the thought once he realized that the Spirit of Light was watching over them and had been enchanting all of the flames in the village for the day. Satisfied that he had nothing to worry about, Link put all of his effort into finishing the race. He was already behind the smaller and faster boys and needed to catch up if he didn’t want them to hold the victory against him for the entire year.  
 Link rounded the first corner, taking a wide turn in order to light the first lantern without slowing down, and then glanced ahead to see what the first obstacle was. An old tree had been hollowed out and placed across the path, propped up by a large rock to give it a surprisingly steep incline. As Link approached, he saw one of the boys, Quint, sliding down the incline.

“I’m never gonna get up there, Link! I’m too small!” Quint cried out when Link was close enough. After pausing for a second to think, Link decided not to let the boy give up hope and crawled his way up the tunnel, being careful not to let the torch scorch the inside of the tree or himself. Once he reached the top, he used his free arm to lift the boy up out of the tunnel and release him gently near the ground. Then he hopped down himself and raced past the boy, who could barely sputter out a thank you before Link was gone. Quint smiled and began sprinting to catch up to Link.  
 After a few more torches and some other minor obstacles, Link saw Jarred in the distance, pacing himself since he realized he was so far ahead. As Link began to gain on the boy, he saw ahead to the next obstacle and started to panic. The fishing pond lay ahead, with three lanterns hung in reach over it, and Link realized that this was part of the course. Link had been trying to teach Jarred to swim, but the boy couldn’t seem to get it. The last time they had practiced, he had nearly drowned and swore off water for good. Link then became furious at Tristan, who knew that Jarred couldn’t swim but let him race anyway. Now he would just reach the edge of the dock and start crying because he couldn’t finish, and it was Link’s fault for not trying harder to teach the boy.  
 Jarred reached the water mere seconds before Link caught up to him, and with barely a second thought, Link scooped up the boy, placed him on his shoulders, and hopped into the water, holding his torch away from Jarred and the water.

“What are you doing?” Jarred shouted, kicking and screaming as he nearly slipped off of Link’s shoulders. He grasped his own torch tightly in one hand and used his other hand to nearly strangle Link as he tried to regain his balance with his feet slightly buoyant. Link apologized and explained that if he had asked permission, it wouldn’t have worked. Jarred didn’t respond, but was secretly thankful for Link’s help, and even more secretly felt better about being in the water now and would have to make a note to try learning to swim again later to surprise Link as a thank you.  
 They reached the center of the pond relatively quickly and lit the lanterns just as Quint hopped into the pond.

“Hey! That’s cheating!” He cried out when he saw Jarred casually resting atop Link’s shoulders, ignoring the fact that Link had already helped him earlier. He reached his lantern a few minutes later, stretched as high as he could to light it, and then swam as fast as he could with one hand to catch up to Link and Jarred, who were nearly at the end of the pond by then.  
 Once the two reached the dock, Jarred lifted himself off of Link’s shoulders and took off running. Link smiled at the boy’s competitive spirit and pulled himself on to land, pausing only briefly to shake himself dry a bit before running off after his little brother, slightly slower now from all the water weight. Quint arose on to the dock a little while after and ran as fast as his little legs could take him, crying out “Wait for me, guys!”

“It’s the final stretch, and it looks like Jarred is in the lead, but Link is catching up and Quint is gaining on them both. It all comes down to one more lantern, some tricky footing, and a last minute finish!” The boys heard Tristan yelling to the crowd from a distance. Just as Link wondered what tricky footing might mean, he turned the corner and came to a series of fence posts stuck in the ground, with the final lantern hoisted high above them and Jarred already perched on a post. Link carefully positioned himself atop the first post, his body nearly too big to balance, and slowly stepped from post to post, losing focus momentarily as Jarred yelled “Got it!” when he lit the final lantern and then bounced through the last few posts and back on to solid ground.  
 Link carefully hopped the posts two at a time, lit the lantern with a quick swipe of his torch, and then jumped the last few posts to land on the path. He glanced back briefly to see Quint climb atop the first post, and then took off after Jarred.  
 “I can’t wait to see what I’m gonna win!” Jarred said with excitement as he scurried down the final stretch with Link slowly catching up. Quint was still trailing them, looking somewhat discouraged, but trying his hardest. They both used one last burst of energy to try and catch up, but just as Link was nearly in step in Jarred, the race was over. Link tripped over the finish line as his front foot caught Jarred’s back foot and tumbled head over heels into the crowd that had inched closer and closer in anticipation. He heard Tristan’s voice too far off in the distance, saying “And the winner is Jar – Link, are you okay?”  
 Then all of Link’s senses blurred and his equilibrium was thrown off as he felt himself begin to float. Soon the floating died down and the first thing to come back was his balance, as he suddenly realized he was on his feet again, although supported on both sides. Then vision started to return as some blurry figures came into focus, who he soon noticed where asking him questions about himself.  
 “What’s your name?”

“Do you know where you are?”

“How many rupees am I holding up?”

Link blinked a few times, rubbed his eyes, and then shook his head to clear away what was left of the fuzziness. He looked around at the crowd of people surrounding him and gave what semblance of a smile he could to assure them he was okay. He shrugged off the men holding him up, thanked them, and walked a few steps to sit on a nearby stump.

“So…you’re okay, right, big brother?” Jarred asked, his head slightly cocked to the side as he tried to see Link’s covered face more clearly. Link nodded and met eyes with the boys to show he was serious. Jarred smiled, satisfied, and turned to Tristan. “So what do I win, Uncle Tristan?”

Tristan’s smile returned to its usual fervor as he knelt to be level with the boy. “Why don’t you go tell Rudy that you won the race? He has something special just for you.”  
 Jarred’s eyes lit up and he took off with a surprising amount of energy left from the race. He came back a few minutes later to show off his prize.

“It’s a real hunting knife! Rudy said that it’s the perfect prize for a young man who’s ready to take on the world!” Jarred’s expression suddenly became somber as he looked at the blade. “But…I’m not ready to take on the world. I can’t even swim. I don’t deserve this knife.” He walked over to Link, who was feeling better and sitting upright on the stump, and handed him the knife. “You really won this, Link. I wouldn’t have finished if you hadn’t helped me.”

“I wouldn’t have either! You’re our hero, Link!” Quint chimed in.   
 They both hugged Link, who smiled at them both and then examined the blade before tucking it into his belt. He thanked them both as everyone cheered and went back to dancing and talking.

“You really are something, son, you know that? Lose the race because you can’t leave your friends behind. It’s times like this that I wish you really were my son…because I’m so proud of you.” Tristan patted Link on the shoulder and then helped him up. “You better take care of that blade, too. It’s a fine creation…Rudy really outdid himself with the prizes for my little game here. I have no doubt you’ll know what to do with it, though. You’re a smart, intuitive kid, and I feel like you’re gonna go down in history…just like the last boy that shared your name. That wasn’t coincidence, you know.” Tristan gave Link a look of pure respect and love, smiled brightly, and then turned to leave. “Take care, my boy. Go enjoy the rest of the festival…there’s still plenty to see!”  
 Link watched Tristan leave and then thought about what he had said for a while. “Last boy that shared your name…” Link had heard of the Hero of Legend before, but never thought anything of it. But now…was it true? Were they somehow bonded together by name? It seemed crazy…he was just a small town farm hand…never even left Ordon. There was nothing legendary about him.

“Hi Link!” Link was brought out of his thoughts by a familiar voice from behind him. He turned to see his childhood friend, Crista, standing before him, smiling brightly. “I heard that you won the race…well…kind of, but I was stuck at the market with Mother and couldn’t watch it, so I had to at least come congratulate you. So…congratulations!” Before he knew it she was hugging him, and he was so shocked that he didn’t know at first what to do with his hands. She smelled like whistlegrass and fresh herbs, since her family provided all the potions and elixirs for the market, and Link forgot for a second how much his head still hurt. A stray wind blew her wavy auburn hair into his face and he was reminded of when they picked JuJu flowers in the meadow and then lay there next to each other naming the clouds, her hair brushing his face whenever she turned to say something to him.  
 She pulled away from the embrace that felt like a thousand moments rolled into one and stood there awkwardly for a few seconds, staring at him.

“Um…like I said, I can’t stay long because Mother needs me back at the market…but we’ll have to go flower picking sometime soon. Or use that new hunting knife to cut some deku sticks to sell. Mother hasn’t had the time to cut sticks lately, and the children love playing hero with those deku sticks. Anyway…I’ll be seeing you, Link!” She flashed one more perfect smile and then was off. Link watched her leave until she was just a distant figure and then went to find the other boys.

“*Link…*” The voice was loud but trailed off like an echo.

Link spun around to find the source of the voice but it didn’t match anyone nearby. He waited for a second to hear if it repeated, and then blamed it on his throbbing head and kept moving. He saw Francis playing with some other young kids and went to say hi, and to apologize for racing without him.

“Hi Link! You were great in the race!” Francis chimed when Link came close. “I was kinda glad I couldn’t do it…it looked really hard! I don’t think I could even reach the lanterns anyway…” Francis’s voice trailed off. He hated being so small, even for his age, and wished nothing more than to grow up to be just like Link. “So what are you gonna do now? Quint said that they’re selling slingshots over at the market and he went to go ask his parents for some money…but I think they’re silly. Do you want to go over to the goat rides with me, Link?” Link nodded and let Francis lead the way.

“*Link!”* The voice was even louder this time, and stopped him in his tracks. Francis looked back and saw the pained look on Link’s face.

“What’s wrong now?” He asked. Link looked all over again for the source of the voice, but saw only villagers minding their own business, flags, and lanterns. Then he spotted it. The lantern. Link ran over to a specific lantern that was burning brighter than the others and stopped in front of it to investigate. Francis chased after him, curious and confused.

“*Yes, Link. You’ve done well. Now let me explain myself. I am Ordona, Spirit of the Light. I have been watching over this village for many centuries, keeping peace and prosperity here in exchange for the loyalty these people provide. Many years ago, however, a darkness fell over this land that I was unable to prevent, and now, I sense a darkness even stronger than that. I am here to warn you, Descendent of the Hero of Legend, that you are the only one that can put an end to the darkness that is spreading over this land. As I speak it is coming for this village, so I must warn you that you can not prevent it. You can, however, overpower it. I do not have time for the details now, as the darkness will take its hold on me as well, but I can tell you that you must journey below this village, to a shrine that was buried there many generations ago, and bring back the treasure that you find there. Only it has the power to restore this village to its current state and push back the darkness until I can explain further.”* Gasps are heard from the villagers as they sky began to grow darker.

“*Go, Link! You must hurry…find the entrance to the shrine underground and push the impending darkness from this peaceful town before it destroys itself!”* The darkness began to descend on the village and the talking lantern which encased the Spirit of the Light dimmed to nearly nothing. The mood in the village grew somber as the festival met an abrupt end, and Link just stood there, literally in the dark as to what to do next.

Chapter Two  
The War in Ordon

Link stared blankly into the darkness increasing before him. The dim lanterns adorning the town looked more like still fireflies now, and the villagers were nothing more than faint silhouettes with barely definable features. How could Link find the entrance to a place he’d never known about in the *daylight*, much less in this shroud, when he could only see a few feet in front of his face?  
 Link could hear a barely audible voice nearby and strained his pointed ears to pick it up. “*Take the lantern…my spirit is weak…but I can help guide you…the lantern, Link.”*

A sense of too-obvious realization hitting him, Link reached for the lantern before him, still a barely twinkling flame but the only thing allowing him to see at this point, and slowly scouted the area before him. Villagers were all taking shelter under the dwindling lanterns which were holding on for dear life with what was left of the spirit’s light. The music which had stopped when the darkness descended seemed to still be a lingering echo in the air, as if the notes were suspended in time, waiting for the sun to return so they could resolve, and it left a haunting aria ringing in Link’s ears. He suppressed a shudder and slowly moved forward, determined to find someone that knew of a secret entrance leading under the town.  
 Once Link reached the first lantern, he could already tell that something was amiss with the villagers. He hadn’t thought about it before, but they were all just too quiet considering the chaos that was unfolding around them, and they barely moved. They just crouched there, staring at one another under the flickering lantern light. Link tried to talk to them but got nothing more than a mumbled response that only vaguely resembled words. Worried, but not yet discouraged, Link trudged along to the next group, who were similarly catatonic and aloof. It seemed like every adult in the entire village was comatose from the darkness, and it left Link feeling more lost and alone than ever. He held the lantern he was holding close to his face to see if the spirit had any kind of sign for him, but it was dim and quiet, and just added to his feeling of isolation.   
 Outraged, Link jabbed his knife into the wall of the cottage nearby and let out a cry of frustration. One of the villagers crouched next to him, a slender, feminine man named Gabreth, quickly stood up and faced Link, his face deadpan and his eyes glossed over.

“Oy, what do you think you’re doing? This is my house, mate!” He said in his usually unintimidating voice, which had an eerie echo to it similar to the musical sound in the air.

“Leave the boy alone, Gabreth! You couldn’t hurt him if you wanted to!” Another villager, a burly merchant and Crista’s father, responded as he also rose to his feet with the same deadpan expression on his face, his voice seemingly amplified by the enchanted darkness.

“Like you’re one to talk, Kato. Living with all girls has made you soft,” Chided another voice, coming from under a different lantern nearby. Link’s show of aggression seemed to have ignited the villagers as well, because at this point they were all rising and circling the wounded cottage to have their spiteful say in the matter.  
 Link decided it would be best for him to remove his blade from the wall and sheath it before any more damage was caused, but it seemed that this was just the action to fuel the flames more, both metaphorically and literally, as the lanterns suddenly blazed to life along with the villagers. Suddenly Link could clearly make out the glossy eyes of every single townsperson, and their expressions had turned toward rage as they crept closer in formation toward Link and the cottage, shoving each other out of the way and tossing insults as they got closer. Panicked and alone, he turned to the lantern for answers, now that they were burning at full force again, but his was still just a twinkling firefly encased in glass. Before he could ponder what this all meant, he heard a familiar, friendly voice.

“Link, over here! Hurry!” Crista’s sweet voice cut through the angry mob’s yelling, and Link didn’t even hesitate in running toward it. Whatever was going on here, it apparently wasn’t affecting her, so maybe she would have some answers. Most of all, though, he was just glad to see that she was safe, and longed to be near her to insure that she stayed that way.  
 It was an easy trek to the other side of the village where her voice came from, since all the villagers had converged on the house and apparently were too busy squabbling to realize that the object of their anger had vanished. He didn’t get a chance to say anything once he reached her, however, because she immediately grabbed his hand and took him into her house.  
 Link had only been inside once, since they usually stayed outside and the market was in a separate building, but he instantly noticed that it smelled just like her and felt a warm security that he hadn’t experienced since they had talked earlier that day, which seemed so long ago now. The house was adorned with all manner of herbs, spices, and magical trinkets. Link recognized a few things that they had gone in search for, such as jars of fairie dust, some pickled mushrooms (so they don’t spoil as quickly), and vials of frog juice, which is just about as unpleasant to obtain as it sounds. Link quickly shrugged off the nostalgia once he realized that Crista had been talking to him.

“…Don’t know what’s going on, do you?” She had a strong expression of worry and fear, but all Link saw was how beautiful she looked even during such dark times. He tried to focus on the matter at hand, however, and shook his head in response. He explained what little he knew about the situation, basically all Ordona had told him, and what had happened with the villagers, and when he finished, she looked even more worried.

“So why are we not affected? None of the other kids are either,” At this Link perked up. He had noticed that the kids weren’t outside and was worried about what had happened to them. “They’re all hiding upstairs right now,” Crista explained, seeing Link’s expression change.  
 This confused him even more. Every adult in town had been brought to a mad frenzy, but the children, himself included apparently, were unaffected? Link became furious at the Spirit of Light for not giving him more information before sending him off on a fool’s errand, and threw the lantern on to the table out of spite. It sparked and flared up, nearly catching the table on fire, and Link and Crista jumped back. A high-pitched voice from upstairs cried out “What was that?” and then a rustling was heard as tiny footsteps clattered along the stairs. The children came into view just as a faintly animalistic figure took shape in the lantern.

“*Do not be discouraged, young hero. I did not abandon you, there was simply too much darkness keeping me at bay out there. But around the warmth and purity of all these young spirits, I feel far more energized. I would assume that your reasoning for thrusting me upon this table was that you are in need of more guidance?”*  The figure bobbed in the lantern as it spoke, and cast unique shadows across the room as it moved.

“Wow…” All the children said in unison, and Link couldn’t help but smile a little. He thought the same thing, but couldn’t let his guard down when this figure thought he was some kind of legendary hero. Still, it was pretty cool to hear a lantern talk.

“*Listen closely, young hero, for I can already feel the darkness creeping closer to this location. The entrance to the shrine you seek lies behind a protective force in the home of your mentor. He has guarded this secret for generations, and sought to share it with you himself soon enough, but unfortunately fate has called on you sooner than expected, and now you must seek out the entrance for yourself. Do not despair, young hero, for while I speak in riddles for fear of the darkness catching wind of my words, I know that you have already deciphered the location. Just follow your instincts, young hero, and the way will be yours. After all, it is your destiny”* And with those final words, which lingered on Link’s mind for what felt like an eternity, the figure diminished to a simple flame.   
 Link turned from the lantern to the other children, who all stared at him in awe, as if they were looking upon a goddess instead of their friend.

“What did it mean by ‘young hero’, Link?” Francis finally managed to ask.  
 “And…what was that about your destiny?” Quint chimed in.  
 “What is the darkness?” Jarred breathed, still staring at the flame of the lantern.

“Go back upstairs, boys. Take the others with you. I don’t imagine Link has anymore idea about what any of that means than you do,” Crista replied with a smile, always playing the role of peace keeper among the children. They all groaned but reluctantly sulked up the stairs and out of sight. Crista suspected they were all still hiding within earshot, but as long as they didn’t interrupt, she wasn’t concerned.

“Now…do you know any more than we do about all of this?” She asked quietly, the look of concern how enveloping her whole face in a way that Link had never seen, and which, honestly, broke his heart so much he wished he had more to say on the matter. Unfortunately, all he knew was that he had to get to Tristan’s house quickly and undetected, so he shook his head, apologized, grabbed the lantern and was gone. Crista waited until the door had closed behind him before she let the tears fall. “Good luck…” She whispered through wet, salty lips.

When Link stepped foot outside he saw a much different scene than when he had last been out here. Instead of being joined together in a circle, the villagers were scattered across the entire village, each holding a torch or lantern in one hand, and some kind of sharp or heavy tool in the other. Crass insults were thrown from person to person, and each looked ready to lunge at one another with actions that would back up their deadly words.  
 Link stood there for a few brief seconds pondering how he was possibly going to make it all the way to Tristan’s house undetected in the middle of this impending war zone. If his presence was what had started this all in the first place, then surely his return would elevate the situation to a level that Link couldn’t save it from.   
 He looked around for the darkest path through the village, and then, seeing none, came up with a different approach. Link approached the closest tree to Crista’s house, undid one of the longer ties on his tunic, and wrapped it around the tree with one hand, taking the other tightly in his other hand, and pressed his feet against the base of the tree. He took a deep breath, and then began to shimmy his way up the tree like he had seen Tristan do a few years ago to get one of the villager’s cats down from the top.  
 Link wasn’t even halfway up the tree before his whole body ached. Some hero, he thought, don’t even have enough strength to climb this tree, much less save the world from darkness. Just as he was about to give up and drop down, however, he felt a warmth on his back from the lantern hanging around his neck, and realized that Ordona was urging him forward. He pushed up with all his might and reached the top of the tree with just a few more strong pushes, and then collapsed temporarily around a sturdy branch, exhausted. After a brief rest, he was reinvigorated by the sound of metal on metal as he looked down to see that a few of the villagers nearby had clashed pitchforks together in anger. Link sprang to his feet and balanced himself on the branch, walking carefully across it so as not to fall down into the middle of the conflict, and probably right on top of a pitchfork.  
 Link’s plan was to hop each branch that connected the village together, symbolizing their unity, until he reached the one overlooking Tristan’s house. Once there, he could drop through the chimney, which remained unlit since it was technically still daytime, and be safely inside before the villagers spotted him leaping around above them. Ordona, taking the hint, dimmed to what resembled a small, red hot piece of coal, so as not to give away his position, and Link began his careful trek across the treetops.

“If you don’t put that sword down, Rudy, I’ll take it away for you, along with the hand that’s holding it!”   
 Link began to get nervous as the dire mood among the villagers grew stronger. He needed to move faster, but couldn’t risk exposure. Tristan’s house was in view, but the sound of actual fighting had become more noticeable, and while it was mostly harmless at this point…the baker and his apprentice trading blows with their rolling pins, the chef throwing ladles of hot soup at anyone that steps too close…but the few occasions of elevated violence, such as the pitchfork standoff, made Link think that things wouldn’t stay tame for much longer. Luckily, those thoughts were enough to get his mind off of what he was doing and before long he realized that he was standing over Tristan’s house already. Link took a moment to appreciate his accidental lack of fear, and then jumped down on to the Tristan’s roof before the fear returned. From there he hoisted himself into the chimney, caught his grip on the sides, and let himself slide down, mostly in control of his velocity.

Link landed only a little awkwardly at the bottom of the chimney and then crawled out, coughed, and dusted himself off quickly. He surveyed the room for what could possibly be covering the entrance to the underground and soon spotted the “protective force” that Ordona had hinted at. A rusty old shield with unfamiliar markings on it rested against the opposite wall, which was covered by a quilt emblazoned with the Ordon crest. Nothing else was nearby, which made it an odd spot for the shield to rest. Link hurried to the other side, careful to duck low as he went past the window, and moved the shield aside. Then he slid the quilt out of the way and discovered a break in the wall behind it, with a ladder leading down. Link made a note to interrogate his father figure after all of this was over about the meaning behind these things, but after hearing another serious death threat from outside, he quickly snatched up the shield and dropped down the hole, his feet barely even touching the rungs as he swiftly climbed down.

Chapter Three  
The Hero of Legend