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1 Fortune

1.1 Draft A

IRENE LOOKED up* from her work, bit her lip, and glowered at the myriad suns and distant galaxies scattered across the black. If there were portents in the stars – and she was most certainly not conceding that there were – Irene wanted nothing to do with them. The very premise had something insulting in it. Reading palms or tea leaves, their subjects as rough and varied as the lives they predicted, required work and more than a little art. The charting of stars required a few pages of records and maybe an hour of computation. Irene could change lead into gold, or a bead into a bandicoot, but not a life into arithmetic, and whatever sense of professionalism might keep a better witch from crowing at an astrologer's failures, Irene lacked it – and it was far too late to worry about professionalism, anyway.

“Net pull is weak, two or three–” the astrologer mumbled. Irene hadn't a clue what two or three was measured in, and could only guess that it was stars doing the pulling, but he seemed to be talking for his own sake at the moment “– and it's...five degrees, no ten toward... um...”

A turtle glid serenely through the cosmos, before coming to an amenably smooth rock at the end of the visible universe and climbing half-way out. Behind it trailed a rippling wake that washed the million points of light from visibility; Irene beamed.

“That's interference,” Link whined, “this go doesn't count.”

“Does so.”

“Oh come on. I can't finish the stars now until it settles, and you're still reading my palm” She wasn't; she was too giddy.

“If you don't like it you're always free to use the actual thing,” Irene said, motioning upwards to the sky above them, boxed in by the courtyard's walls and the boughs of trees reaching in and up. “I'm sure you can do something with those clouds. I didn't have to enchant this pool for you, you know. I'm already giving you a leg up.”

“But–”

Irene scooped water from the pool with her free hand and flicked.

“Okay! Okay! Fine,” he said in a voice clearly indicating he was anything but, and indeed might die at any moment, but he bounced back quickly “there really is a reading to take from the clouds. They filter the stars' influence, so depending which are covered right now...” and back he went to peering out intently into space, his lip twitching in consternation at meanings she did not credit were there, not really, but he gawked with such conviction that she wondered, however briefly, if there might be something to the starry mumbo-jumbo he had dragged back from the drablands. returned to his muttering, she to the surfeit of lines on his palm.

*Quick note to self: I think we have two problems with this draft. i) I don't think this gives enough room to Irene's growing problem with fate vs her own reputation ii) Cats are charming assholes, and I have Link behaving very cattishly here, but I'm not sure it's endearing in the way it'd be if he were already a cat.

1.1.1 Draft A.1

“Stop squirming,”

1.1.2 Draft A.2

Once on her broom she had looked down over Zora’s River and realized the hills of eastern Hyrule were ancient riverbanks whose river had wandered off.[†] Rolling hills curlicued around the ghost of an oxbow, while three miles west the River ran straight. A bluff overlooked a valley that once must have been part of the Eastern Palace’s moat, and now the River wended lazily around Hyrule Castle. Where now it bent west, in some age or other past it bowed east, and so on in a thousand variations on the same watery journey, always emptying into Lake Hylia. Link’s palm was like that. What she initially thought was a severely bifurcated Life line, crossed and pockmarked by occlusions was, in fact scores upon scores of Life lines all run together. Once realized, it shocked her how easily she picked out her Link[‡] from the tangle, and could trace the line as it turned toward the Mount of Apollo, like all the hundred others. His Heart line ran deep and clear, which was no surprise to her, and like all the others it doubled back up to the Mount of Jupiter before running a short distance and vanishing on the pads below his ring finger. A thousand meandering variations, all ending in the same place. The flow of time was cruel, indeed.

“–the brightness of p-thulan... or the Peninsular Star? I didn’t know it bothered you.” There was a note of genuine apology in his voice.

“What?” It was only after asking that Irene realized she had flinched, and that Link thought it was something he’d said. She was going to have to explain, now, when she had only the vaguest premonition of what was even wrong – and even if she did understand, what could say? “Oh, not that. Don’t get me wrong the Labrynnan names are dry as a *bone*, but– Link, there’s something terrible in your future.”

“Future in the next few days? Weeks?” he said, handling doom with a calm that, on reflection, should not have surprised her.

“Further out than that.” She was sure of that much, at least, but what was she allowed to tell? “...More like years.”

Link gave a simple resolute nod, and it perturbed her how much even in this he seemed to be accepting an assignment.

“Then I have both time and excellent counsel.”

1.1.3 Draft A.2

What would Gram do? Not be caught in this situation in the first place because she wouldn’t tell fortunes for a lark.

[‡]“Her Link” is too possessive for the start of the story, but I’d like something similar – a little bit of a slip of language – something more personal than “this Link” that hints where feelings are going. They’re already quite close

[†] Cf. *Ancient courses within the Mississippi River meander belt* (illustration) in HAROLD N. FISK, U.S. ARMY CORPS OF ENG’RS., GEOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION OF THE ALLUVIAL VALLEY OF THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI RIVER (1944), available at https://biotech.law.lsu.edu/climate/mississippi/fisk/plate_22-2.pdf (real example of same phenomenon). This makes Zora’s River an alluvial distributary system, which isn’t supported by evidence from LBW or LTTP, but I like this metaphor enough I think I’ll take artistic license.

2 Lorule

2.1 Draft A

Self-respecting witches did not meddle, her Gram had drilled this into Irene at the earliest age possible. Self-respecting witches did not bless infants with good character or with the ability to talk to animals. Self-respecting witches did not guarantee good harvests, nor did they guarantee anything. Self-respecting witches especially did not foretell people's futures; and if a self-respecting witch's daily reading of chuu jelly *did* happen to mention some idiotthane destined to become king, she kept it to herself. Irene intended to break none of these rules, now or ever, but also knew better than to hope that Gram, if she ever learned of it, would see the nuances of the present situation.

She likewise was under no illusions that, when Royal duty next found him and Link next vanished for weeks into the monster-infested wilds and returned, as he always did, stuffed impossibly and insufferably full of gossip, word of her visit would somehow not be among the scores of rumors he gathered like rupees. Nor did she have any question about the sense in which the rumors would run; a young woman asking after the fortune of a man her age was even more certainly doomed to romantic misinterpretation than a princess paying honor to her most favored knight. It had ever been thus, but now, on the cusp of what passed for marriageable age in this neck of the woods, it was harder to endure.

In light of the stubborn facts, Irene had taken no time at all to decide that there would be no rumors, nor a stern talk from her Gram about pride in her craft, and if it required traveling to a fortune-teller a world and a half away, well this was hardly any distance at all to a good broomstick.

It remained a great deal of distance to a young witch.

2.1.1 Draft A.1

In Link and Zelda's telling, Lorule was a land precisely unlike Hyrule in a thousand small ways which added up to a deep, untraceable family resemblance. This description was true, but only in the same strict and literal sense that, with enough great grandparents, she shared a family resemblance with pond moss. Lorule was not some distant cousin of her home, or the reverse to Hyrule's obverse, it was an imposter, and bore no relation from being different than cattails did to hogsheads. She marveled that neither Link nor Zelda had noticed this.

The Kingdom of Lorule disguised itself poorly and, beyond the copy-cat placed rivers and mountains, was completely dissimilar to the tranquil and prosperous Kingdom she knew. Here was a land pockmarked with hermit-crab towns. A kingdom whose villages' borders stopped dead at the sight of woods and bramble. Whose rivers were left unbridged and footpaths left to overgrowth. Highways that went, even with the canyons gone and curses lifted, without the stamp of a single footprint. Even from the air she felt claustrophobic. Landing, in front of a tiny yellow tent in a grove of trees warped over themselves was worse.

2.1.2 Draft A.2

...Towns with borders that stopped dead at the sight of woods and bramble. Rivers left unbridged and footpaths left to overgrowth. Highways that went, even with the canyons gone and curses lifted, without the stamp of a single footprint.

2.1.3 Draft A.3

...The same knowing smile she had seen on the faces of a thousand people who knew *nothing*.

2.2 Draft B

In fortunetelling, the ability to divine what information was relevant to the customer was as vital as the actual ability to divine the future was superfluous. The telling was what sold, not the fortunes. The Great Periander, only-and-possibly- foremost fortuneteller in all of Lorule had gone far on this maxim, but was at present finding it deeply challenged , and if the present case was a trying one, it was all the more reason to cling to first principles.

2.3 Draft C

The quicker a fortune was told, the better. The typical customer came, not for a numinous encounter with forces beyond their ken, but to have the information they wanted and be on their way. The actual telling was, at best, an inconvenience, and at worst the source of terrible anxiety and acute embarrassment. What were, to him, the essential tools of his craft – his robes and hat, the yellow tablecloth and faintly pink crystal ball, were to customers malcolored and garish eyesores. At this advanced stage of his career he knew customers did not want an explanation of how, absent the aid of these accoutrements, the grueling difficulty of coaxing answers from the great beyond would simply render his trade impossible. What they wanted, dearly, was close their eyes and pretend that they did not see them.

2.4 Draft D

In years past this reluctance had taken an even darker turn, with efforts to predict the future running afoul of the [Masked monster worshipping folks] taboo of acknowledging that the future existed at all.

2.5 Draft E

This made the look of careful appraisal that the young woman gave to all of his instruments entirely unexpected. She had run her finger across the top of one of his bookshelves and frowned disapprovingly when it came up without dust when,

2.6 Draft F

“It’s not about that. I—” the peel of a bell cuts her off and her attention is gone from the conversation. She instinctively refuses to give the old fraud the satisfaction of seeing her fret, even as the familiar, if only momentary, panic sets in. It doesn’t seem to matter, and the old bat glows anyway. She keeps eye contact and does everything she can to ignore the smug, knowing grin of the smug, know-nothing parody of her Gram as she excuses herself.

She is on her broom and soaring as soon as she is out of the tent.

3 Consult

3.1 Draft A

The book – if the singular *book* was even appropriate – was unlike any she had seen in years of hard study. One page fell out into yards of inserts and appendices, and then those appendices unfolded into scrolls of errata and emendations running parallel to the book’s spine for meters before they came to another insert with its own set of errata and the process continued on and on, in tinier and more cramped hands with each succession.

Irene looked on in wonderment while a small committee of royal librarians, dressed in an assemblage of green robes that suggested a witch’s cloak that had gone up in society and then lost its way, worked to unravel the last of the pages. Once, as part of her apprenticeship, she had been told to speak with an oak. This was, in fact, a misnomer, because oaken communication was largely a series of mental images that rolling across her brain, and when the oak had said ‘I’ she had seen something of the same tangle of roots descending from trunks to thin white rhizoids as she did in the scripts’ endless branching into subcases and strata more and more obscure.

After the rustling of pages had finally settled, the leader of the committee cleared her throat and with visible relief the sub-librarians and the poor devils of sub-sub-librarians assisting her filed out of the room. When they were gone the chief librarian produced a quill from her robes and, after fumbling with the tails of the book, eventually settled upon an empty strand of paper.

Princess Zelda spoke evenly, in a voice Irene could almost mistake for indifference, “why do you believe you have irreparably shifted Hyrule off of its natural historical course?”

3.2 Draft B

“I think, as far as attitudes toward the recording of history goes, it would be fair to call us ‘pro-copious.’” the Chief Librarian offered.