

# Who... Who Am I?

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*When Zelda decides to give Link back those 7 years he lost sleeping, something goes terribly wrong! Instead of sending Link back in time, she winds up erasing his memory instead...*

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# 1 - Chpt. I

Handreceding, Link grasped a light arrow from the quiver on his back. With gracefulease you can only attain by having done a task repeatedly, he mounted the arrowinto the bow, and drew back the string. Thunder roared as he released, almostcovering the bellow of the beast known as Ganondorf as the arrow hit its mark.Link smirked as he drew forth his precious Master Sword, and sprinted towardsthe monster while he was still paralyzed from the purity of the arrow. Hejumped and struck Ganondorf with all his strength. He screamed as the bladeentered his flesh, and thrashed blindly at the small nuisance who was causinghim so much pain.

Link, being satisfied with the blow,retreated far enough so that Ganondorf could not hit him, but not to far away sothat he was not able to run back and strike again if needed. And, by the looksof it, the same tactic was needed yet again.

Feeling the hard rubble beneath his feet,Link surveyed his surroundings once more.

Pieces that had once been the roof, and otherparts, of Hyrule castle were now strain about, making formations around himthat were a good twenty feet high. These formations were nice for hiding behindif he needed something from his pouch, but not so helpful if Ganondorf were towise up and decided to throw them at him.

And, of course, in the center of the vastopening was the great brute himself, transformed Ganondorf. At least fifty feettall when he was standing erect, with great yellow eyes each about as wide asLink was tall. The rest of his features were shrouded in shadow, courteous ofthe infinite thunder storm that surrounded the once great castle. All thedestruction of the town and conjuring of the storm was the work of Ganondorf,Link's sworn enemy. And after countless adventures, fights, and losses he had suffered, it all led to this; the great fight between Goodand Evil.

And Link had to fight this battle alone, forit was his sworn duty as the Hero of Time, his title given to him by the sevensages. Well, he wasn't totally alone. Navi, his faithful yet sometimesannoying, fairy was hovering by his side, trying her best to give him advicefor defeating his great foe. He was glad she was beside him, but she wasn't awhole lot of help. Sure, the various tips and reminders she gave him were worthhearing her out, but a fairy wasn't much help in battle.

And Zelda was around here somewhere,probably still trapped in her crystal shaped prison, a prison that would onlyfree her when Ganondorf was dead.

Speak of the devil; the fiend was advancingtowards him. He drew another Light arrow and shot it towards Ganondorf. It hithim square between the eyes. It shone yellow as it worked its magic. The beastremained suspended in mid-motion, practically begging for Link to hit him.

Once again, Link moved forth to strike him.He was aiming for the head, so he had to jump to reach his destination. Butjust before his sword made contact, Gannondorf twitched, indicating that Linkhad waited too long and the arrow's magic was wearing away. The beast's handreached Link before he had a chance to react. The gigantic hand fitted easilysaround his entire body, crushing his lungs. Gannondorf threw Link across thearena in a mad attempt to gain control of the situation. The young man's bodycollided with a very large rock about twenty yards away, making him gasp inpain. He slid down the boulder, and hit the ground hard. He was sure he hadbroken something, and he tasted blood in his mouth, but he had started thisfight and he intended to finish it victorious.

Brushing his golden locks from his face,Link looked at Ganondorf defiantly. He got up slowly, and, ignoring the pain inhis right leg, he raced towards the giant. Drawing another arrow, he fired andhit him dead on. Still running, Link leaped and struck with all his might. Linkknew as soon and his weapon

pierced the monster, that it was the final blow. Ganondorf's dying scream echoed into seemingly eternity, and his enormous body went into uncontrollable spasms. Link soared off the dying Ganondorf, taking his sword with him.

He landed but a few feet away, and his bad leg gave out from under him due to the impact. Link was just kneeling there, helpless, but it didn't matter. He knew he had succeeded. The game was over; Link was the winner.

Ganondorf fell, sending tremors over the whole floor. Link was almost sure that he was dead, but he got to his feet anyway, preparing for the impossible.

A muted yet menacing laugh echoed around Link.

"You may have defeated me..." the fallen fiend whispered, "but I swear you shall not live to see another day...!"

And with his last words, Ganondorf's eyes glowed a blood red, and the ground itself seemed to quake under Link's feet. The earth around him was cracking, and Link soon realized that Ganondorf was destroying the castle in attempt to kill him. He returned his sword to its rightful place, and sprinted towards what he hoped was Zelda's whereabouts. He spotted her, lain on the floor, unconscious. He ran to her and picked her up in his arms. He attempted to wake her, because for both their sakes, he needed her to get both of them out of there.

"Zelda," he said gently and shaking her ever so slightly, "Zelda, you need to wake up..."

Her eyes fluttered open at the sound of his voice.

"Link?" she asked groggily, and her eyes focused on his face.

"Zelda, the castle is collapsing," he explained, "We need to get out of here."

Her eyes widened as she nodded. Zelda exited his arms, and ran to the closed door with Link at her heels. As she approached the locked gate leading out of the castle, Zelda closed her eyes. All of a sudden, the gate glowed violet, and slid open as if it had never been locked. They smiled at each other, and walked into the door together.

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After Zelda opening a few more gates, and both of them dodging falling flaming rocks, Link and Zelda were safely on the grounds around the castle.

Link immediately sat down, and began unconsciously massaging his bad leg.

Zelda had her back to him, because she was gazing up at what had once been her home. He sympathized with her, it must feel awful seeing your childhood quarters used for evil doing.

Navi was still hovering around his head, and she noticed his injured leg.

"Hey, if your leg is bothering you, you should still have a healing fairy in your pack," she said matter-of-factly.

"You're right, I still have one left don't I?" Link asked rhetorically and reached for his healing tool. He withdrew the bottle with the glowing pink fairy contained within. Link pulled out the cork, and watched as the sprite flew around him. He smiled a bit when he felt the familiar warmth spreading from his torso to his toes. When the fairy flew away, he felt better than ever. It was as if he had just woken up from a long nap. What battle? He felt far too good to have just finished an epic battle!

Zelda's voice snapped him back to reality.

"Link... look..." she breathed.

He glanced up at the castle, and felt his mouth drop open.

The red sky was slowly dispersing, and the beautiful blue sky was bleeding through. The sun returned as well, along with all the familiar clouds. And to top it off, the castle... it was rebuilding itself. Literally. Chunks of stone were flying to their original places, as if controlled by an invisible puppeteer. Shattered glass was becoming one giant sheet again, and even individual bricks were zooming around. In a few amazing moments, the glorious Hyrule castle was whole once more.

“It’s because he is dead...” Zelda whispered, amazed, “Ganondorf is dead, so the curse he set upon Hyrule has been broken. Therefore everything should be returned to normal.”

Link got to his feet, and strode to Zelda’s side. “Good,” he said simply. He placed his hand on her shoulder, and smiled. She beamed at him, and they both walked slowly inside the castle to greet its restored residents.

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## 2 - Chpt. II

Zelda was restored to her usual rank as princess of Hyrule, and her family welcomed her back with open arms. Link was almost jealous of her. He almost wished he had a family to go back to, but when he thought about it, he might not have a family anymore but he had plenty of friends that would be happy to see him. Link happily thought of what Mulan, Saria, or anyone else might do if they saw him. And it wasn't just his friends who were acting happy to see him. On all of the few visits he made to the market, he had been surrounded by people giving him gifts and wanting desperately to meet 'The Hero of Time'.

Though he could have easily escaped the town and traveled around like he had done so for so long before, he felt a strange feeling to remain in the castle. The royal family was glad to have him as a guest, and gave him a great room with several servants willing to jump off a building if he told them to. He liked staying in one spot for once.

One particularly nice day about a week after Ganondorf's fall, Link was walking around the castle's stables. Arms clad across his chest, he idly looked for his faithful steed, Epona. He finally spotted her grazing in an open field. Link whipped out his Ocarina, and just for old time's sake, he played the memorable tune known as 'Epona's Song'. Her head perked up at the soft melody, and she turned her head in his direction. Epona happily trotted towards her master. She whinnied as she drew nearer, and almost ran him over in her eagerness to see him. Link chuckled softly and reached up to stroke her face.

Epona's coat was more beautiful than ever, and her mane had been brushed, too.

"Looks like you have gotten the royal treatment, too," he said fondly.

Epona blinked her big brown eyes in response. He stepped to her side, and placed a foot in the stirrup and swung his remaining leg over her side. Link gently kicked her sides telling her to move forward. She responded gracefully and broke out into a slow trot. He slowly eased her to go faster; she obeyed without a second thought.

Link almost laughed as they sped around the field. Feeling the wind whip through his hair and wash over his face felt so right. It was one of the only things he had done since his battle that seemed ordinary. Everything else? Nope, it wasn't real. Just something played out before him, all the servants and whatnot. For the past week, he had felt like he was watching someone else's life, not his. Like he was an audience member, nothing more. But this, this was real. Riding his horse was the first real thing he had done in a while.

Link was so deep in thought, that he barely noticed his hat fly off his head. But the alien feeling of his head without his hat, made him snap out of his thoughts. He made Epona do a violent turn and then halt. He was so intent on getting his green hat back, he almost fell off Epona in his haste. But when his foot was finally free of the stirrup, he raced after the wind.

He finally spotted his cap lying on the ground, its tip moving about, taunting him. He frowned thoughtfully and walked towards it. He picked it up and shoved it onto his head, intent on it not falling off anytime soon.

Link whistled at Epona, and she came to his side. He walked her back to the field, where he turned her loose to do as she pleased.

Walking back to the gates, Link saw Zelda out of the corner of his eye. He turned on his heel and walked towards her.

She met him with a weak smile. She opened her mouth to say something, but then thought better of it.

Zelda eventually just beckoned him to sit with her on a nearby bench. He followed her, slightly confused. When he sat next to her she had this very uncomfortable look on her face.

"I need to talk to you," she admitted.

"Well, I'm listening," assured Link, anxious to hear what was making her so uncomfortable.

"Well... I was talking to my father a few nights ago; we were talking about all that you have done for us. Saving our towns, helping our people—"

Link cut her off. "Hey, I don't want a reward or anything if that is what you are getting at."

"No, but we do want to give you something back. Not really a reward per say, but merely something you sacrificed in order to save Hyrule... Link, you remember seven years ago when you had to find all three Spiritual Stones? When you were a mere child?"

"Yes, of course I remember..." he said blankly, wondering how she could assume he would forget something so important.

"And then when you had done so, you were put into a deep sleep by the Sages that lasted almost a decade?"

"Yeah."

"Well, seven years is a long time. And for you, you have no recollection of any of it. None at all. I think that isn't fair. No one should have to have a period of time where they did nothing, just wasted away. So... what I am getting at is... I want to give you those seven years back."

"What?" Link blurted out.

Zelda smiled at him. "I am capable of a spell that could send you back in time for you to live out those years. You could do it all over again, no fighting, just you living your life how you want it."

Link was astonished. He had no idea she was capable of something as big as that. But when he thought about it... being able to do what he pleased... no monsters chasing him... living a normal life... it was something he had dreamed about many times. And now that dream was within his grasp... but...

"Zelda... if you send me back, I won't be here with you... will you even remember me?"

"Of course, how could I forget someone like you?" she joked.

"But, you'll be all alone... and, will I be able to talk to you in the past?" he asked, slowly growing accustomed to the absurd thought of time travel.

"Of course, we could grow up together, well, you and me in the past," she assured him. "It is your choice, and we could do it anytime you want."

"...Zelda?"

"Yes?"

"Will you miss me?"

She looked at him, and he swore he saw a tear in her eye.

"Of course I will miss you. I really care about you, and I just want you to be happy. And knowing you are in the past, living a normal life, probably with me, will make me happier than you can imagine."

Link looked at her. He just couldn't help it. He loved everything about her. Her hair, her face, her eyes, everything. He hated to leave her alone, but... a normal life. Normal. No fighting, no quests, plus he could probably get a job on Mulan's ranch... But... Zelda would be all alone...

"Link... what do you say?"

"... I'll do it."

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A few hours later, Link, Zelda, and Navi were standing in the lobby of the Temple of Time. Link was fidgeting nervously. He still wasn't sure if he had made the right decision or not, but it was too late now. Zelda was already motioning for him to begin the spell.

She had explained it to him earlier, but he was still slightly nervous. Come on... pull it together, He thought. I had to shove bombs down a giant Dogondo's throat when I was, who knows how old... I should

be able to handle a simple spell...

But he did what Zelda instructed him to do. He stepped onto the round carving of the Triforce that lifted a few inches from the floor. His arms were limp at his sides, because he had nothing to hold. Link had already given his Master Sword and shield to Zelda. He felt strangely vulnerable without his accessories, but Zelda had said it was necessary to hand them over.

He began to watch Zelda, fascinated. She had begun to chant words in a language he had no chance of understanding. She was even doing hand motions to match the elegance of her speech. But he soon stopped watching her, to watch what was happening to him.

A lavender aura was starting to rise from all sides of the raised ground. Soon it made a bubble around him, seeming to cut him off from the rest of the world. As the strange purple substance engulfed him, he felt a warm tingle. A very pleasant feeling was starting from his face and slowly traveling to the rest of his body. Link felt bizarrely at peace, like nothing could touch him. As if all his problems were just silly memories. Nothing mattered, nothing at all. He glanced out of his transparent enclosure, and he locked eyes with Zelda.

She was crying.

Link's trance was almost shattered. Why was she crying? And almost at the same time, he could scarcely recall exactly who he was looking at. He knew she was important, and that he knew her, but there was a blur. What was happening to him? Why couldn't he remember who she was?! Link tried hard to remember... but with no result.

The strange woman was now chanting so loudly he could hear her inside his bubble of violet light.

Link could feel his mind ebbing away. And his vision was growing dim.

But then, quite suddenly, the warm feeling he had been feeling before vanished, just disappeared. And roaring in its place came a wave of pain. Utter agony. The transformation left him so dumbfounded, that he hardly felt the throbbing at first. But then it ate away at his insides. The aura turned blood-red and Link's body glowed black. He was shaking so violently, Link was surprised he was still standing. But upon closer examination he realized he wasn't even standing, but he was floating in the center of his prison.

Link looked desperately at the blonde girl staring at him. Why was she doing this to him? Who was she?!

Finally, he could take no more. His body was shutting down. And the last thing he heard before completely losing consciousness was an evil laughter surrounding him. And then... he knew no more.

Zelda stood in front of the raised ground that had once contained her life-long friend, astonished. A few seconds after the orb had turned red and Link black, he had flashed and disappeared.

And the way he had looked at her, it scared her. He had looked at her through the orb as though he didn't know who she was. She didn't know if that was normal or not, because frankly this was the first time she had attempted that particular spell. So, she forced herself to assume that all had gone as planned, and that he was safe in the past.

Navi bounced around Zelda's golden head.

"So... he's really gone?" Navi asked. Zelda may have just imagined it, but she thought she heard a tint of sadness in Navi's voice.

"Yes, Navi... he's gone." Zelda wiped a tear from her eye, and turned her back on the small fairy. "So, I expect you will return to Konkiri Forest then, Navi?" she asked.

"Yes... yes I suppose so..." she answered halfheartedly.

As Navi started to float to the small window leading out of the Temple, Zelda stopped her.

"Navi," she called, "Navi, please come visit me in the castle sometime, alright?"

Navi bounced up and down in response. Zelda smiled and waved to the sprite.

As the princess returned to her quarters that night, she couldn't help but think about the past events. And as she lay in her bed, she also couldn't help but think something was wrong. The look Zelda had given her had really disturbed her. Zelda was a pretty talented sorceress, but there was a chance that something had gone wrong. Zelda tossed and turned, until eventually she fell into a fitful sleep...

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### 3 - Chp III

Link...

What...?

Link... you need to wake up... please wake up...

A voice was calling to him. It was a female voice, soft and very welcoming. But... who was it?

Link...

His eyes fluttered open. He was lying sprawled on the grass, his head to one side. It took him a moment to recover, and when his mind was clear he tried to sit up. And as he did so, he realized how much his head hurt. He clutched his head and sighed. He slowly got to his feet, and he almost fell back down again.

He tried to remember how he had gotten to... wherever he was, but... he couldn't remember. He had no idea where he was or how he had gotten there. And now he realized that... that he didn't even remember who he was.

He began to breathe heavily as he searched his mind for something, anything. But there was nothing. No memories at all. Nothing.

His eyes snapped open, and he began to look around wildly. All around him was a vast field, and if he squinted he could see a faint outline of a castle in the distance. And when he looked to his right, he saw a river with a small bridge leading over it.

He was beginning to get scared. He ran to the river, and looked down into the cool water.

A blonde, blue-eyed boy was staring back at him. He looked around seventeen or eighteen. On the boy's head was a green hat, and his long elfin ears were both pierced and had a golden ring dangling from each. He had on a green shirt that went down past his waist, and white pants under that.

He touched his face, and the boy did the same.

This was insane. What was wrong with him?

He was getting extremely frustrated at his empty mind.

"Who am I?!" he screamed to no one. His voice reverberated back to him, but it carried no answer.

FLASH! A younger version of the boy was standing on the deck of a tree house looking down at a girl with green hair and warm eyes. She had a fairy bobbing around her head.

"Come on, Link! You're going to be late!"

The sudden vision took him by surprise. He fell to his knees.

"Link? Link..."

It sounded so familiar, but he could pry the answer from himself. Then he realized it. That was his...

"That's my name!" he cried, ecstatic from the realization. "My name is Link! Link... Link..." He kept repeating it to himself as though if he ceased he would forget it again. Link tried to remember more, but it was useless.

Get a grip, Link thought, At least you know your name. Now I just have to figure out where I am... and maybe find that green haired girl, maybe she knows me...

Satisfied with his 'plan' he began walking shakily toward the castle. It seemed like the best place to go for now because where there was a castle, there was probably a market. And where there was a market, there were people. People who may be able to help him.

Trying not to think of what might or might not happen when he was surrounded by strangers, he tried desperately to remember more about himself. He looked at his hands. He was wearing gloves, and his gloves had a few magic trinkets on them, most of them looked like they were used for aid in battle. Hmmm,

maybe I'm a warrior of somekind... he thought absentmindedly. And on closer examination of his righthand, he saw three triangles forming one triangle, with one of them golden and the rest faded. Something about the formation made him feel uncomfortable. He knew it was important... but exactly what it did he didn't know.

Link was torn from his thoughts when he heard the thundering of hoof beats behind him. And when he turned around, he saw a great black horse sprinting towards him. As it drew near, Link realized it had no intention of stopping. He rolled out of the way instinctively, and his hand went back automatically as if to grab something. But as it grasped air, he realized nothing was there. What had he been trying to grab? A sword, a bow and arrow, some kind of weapon? Link noted that to have mechanically reached for something, he must usually have something normally back there. But what it was, he had no idea... He glared at the rider of the monstrous horse, but his face and body was covered by a long black cloak. The figure silently dismounted his beast-like horse, and whistled into the distance. Almost instantly, Link heard the thundering of horses approaching.

Link was very confused at the moment, and he wondered who this guy was and why he had tried to run him over with his horse. And when he saw dozens of more huge horses with threatening riders atop them, he decided he most likely didn't want to find out. Link tried to make a run for it, but soon the gang surrounded him, and began to brandish their swords at him if he got too close to the edge.

He stared at them all. Surrounding him were various men and women, all of them had either black or flaming red hair. They all dressed in black and possessed many weapons. They laughed and jeered at him, and threatened him also. But what surprised Link the most... was his mood. He was not scared in the slightest bit, but he actually felt annoyed. He subconsciously knew that they were all weak, and that he could beat them if he only had his... his weapon, or whatever it was.

No matter... he thought automatically and reached into his pack that he hadn't even realized was there, and drew out a diamond shaped crystal-thing with a small flame inside it. Link didn't know what it was, but he slowly remembered how to use it...

His hands drew back, and he threw the crystal to the ground. Where it landed a flaming orb grew from it. The orb grew and grew, hitting some of the riders around him in a wave of fire. They cried out as the flames hit them, and some fell off their horses. Link realized that his aim had been off, because 2/3's of the gang had remained untouched by his crystal thing. Link smirked and was about to use it again, but he stopped when it glowed black and went flying from his hands.

It zoomed across the circle and landed in the hands of the cloaked man. He held it to his shadowed face to examine it. A soft chuckle emitted from him.

"Din's Fire... is that the best you can do, Link? Has the almighty Hero of Time been reduced to using cheap parlor tricks? I expected better of you," he sneered.

Din's Fire...

Hero of Time...

These phrases sounded so... right. He knew that they had some connection to his past, but he didn't have time to find out.

The cloaked figure walked towards him with a very cocky gait. His arrogance made Link furious. How dare this guy just come out of no where and start screwing with me?! I wake up and have no idea who I am... and this guy just thinks he can run up to me and cause trouble?! Who does he think he is? Link's eyes bore into him as he approached. He was so livid he was ready to just lash out and strike the stranger if he got too close. But as his distance enclosed, he pulled back his hood.

Golden eyes shone through long black hair, which was covering most of the man's face. But when Link really studied him, he wasn't a man, but merely a boy. He was probably no more than twenty years of age.

His gloved hand reached to his face, and brushed his spiky hair, moving it from his eyes. And as he did

so, he revealed twin marks under each eye. Both tattoos were black and stood out vividly against his pale skin.

“Who...” Link started, “who are you?”

The boy’s thin lips formed into a small smirk.

“It’s not who I am...” he said softly, “it’s what you are going to become. Take him.” He motioned to his cronies. They all nodded, at least those who were still conscious, and dismounted their horses. The great beasts snorted and pawed the ground.

The crowd slowly advanced on Link, but he was ready. He would not be ‘taken’, at least not without a fight. With almost no idea of what he was going to do or how he was going to do it, he prepared for a struggle.

The first person who came at him was a young man, and Link instinctively grabbed the boy’s arm and flung him over his shoulder. And on his way to the ground he took down a few of his friends.

A red-haired girl was next to attack Link. She withdrew a long chain from her belt and swung it above her head. She released and Link blocked the blow with his right arm. The chain wrapped itself around his wrist, and before Link could shake it off, others were coming at him in waves. He had to fight them off with one hand still immobile from the chain. He punched a man square in the face, and he went down hard. With the small pause of action, Link decided to try to get the chain off his wrist. He tore at it and after a few moments his hand was free. But after he had accomplished this, he knew he had paused too long. A flat side of a broad sword made contact with the side of his head, and it sent him reeling. The strike wasn’t enough to knock him out, but he defiantly saw stars. He fell to his knees, still trying to recover from it.

As soon as he touched the ground, he felt many hands upon him holding him down. He practically bucked against anything that touched him but it was futile, there were too many of them. He felt strips of leather begin to bind his wrists and feet, and they were cutting into his skin.

When they were sure he was bound correctly, and that he was completely helpless, the gang began to jeer and kick him. Some even reached down to tear at his clothes and pull his hair.

And while all this was happening, Link couldn’t help but think: Why are they doing this? What have I done? Who am I?

Their response to his silent questions was a kick to his ribs. He gasped, and gritted his teeth. He would not scream. He wouldn’t give any signs that they were hurting him. Link refused to give these strangers that pleasure.

They obviously grew tired of tormenting him, because the flat of the blade was making contact with his head once more. He saw a blurred image of the once cloaked man, staring down at him. And just before he completely lost it, he realized something just from seeing the look on his face.

This wasn’t over yet.

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