

# **A kargaroc's tale**

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*A book about how the kargarocs learn to find peace with society. The mothulas are also involved.*

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# 1 - intro

Introduction:

The gleaming sun rose up over the beautiful island that was called bird's point. It was aptly named, for the island was inhabited entirely by Kargarocs, large, ugly-faced birds with beautiful orange and green tails. The birds had inhabited the island for centuries, and they took pride in holding it as their homeland. Everything was green and beautiful, even though they were not. The mountains rose high into the air, and the trees jutted out of the ground like spears, reaching eternally to the deep blue sky.

But the trees were something more. They were a monument... a long standing tribute to the hundreds that had died, and would continue to die.

It was true that they loved the island, but it was not safe. There was nowhere to hide, and often, sailors would come, with their bows, and their arrows, and they would bring with them the death, for they could not pass the island without stopping and shooting at least one of the Kargarocs.

This is why, once a month, there would be a mass funeral. The birds would bring their dead down to the bottom of the point, and they would start a fire.

Next, they would, one by one, throw the bodies into the flame, and would say a few good things about each of them.

Yes, it was true, under the happy disguise that the birds wore, there was pain. Why did there have to be so much violence in the world? Why so much death? They understood that sometimes you had to kill to survive, but that wasn't what was happening, for the people never came to retrieve the corpse. They just left it there to rot.

And the night had descended, day after day it descended, with nothing getting better, but nothing getting worse either.

That was why they had not simply declared war... viciously attacked the people that had so drastically wronged them... they did not want things to get worse, for if they attacked the humans, the humans would have reason to destroy them, and, with their mighty weapons, it would be possible. There was no reason to fight a war that could not be won.

They would find a way, whether it was days, weeks, millenia, they would find a way. They could not continue to live this way. If only one brave human could save them... they could have peace forever.

But deep in their souls they knew... no one would come, for there were none brave enough, and even if one did come, they would be able to do nothing, for they could not understand the native tongue of the birds. Yes... the Kargarocs were forever going to be slain, and eventually the darkness would take over, and the Kargarocs would fade out of existence, never to be remembered. It was not like some of the other populations that had faded out, whose stories are still told today. No, they would have nothing left, for the humans thought they were just a nuisance. They did not realize how intelligent the birds were, nor did they realize how much of their modern technology had its roots in Kargarokian science.

The discovery of the planets, for one, had been, in fact, partly their responsibility, for they had known about them far longer than the humans. It happened one night, a Kargarock had decided to be generous, and so what he did was to dive down, close to a farmer who was observing the sky, and zoomed off in the direction of the nearest planet. The farmer had been watching the bird and, in result, saw the planet. This led the farmer to tell the astronomers, about the planet he had seen, which, in turn, had led them to look for more, and that was how the planets were discovered.

They were behind other supposedly "human" inventions as well. Knives, for instance, were a Kargarokian invention, for they needed something to carve with, for they were an artistic society from the beginning, but they needed something that was a little more precise, so they had created the first knives. Their knives were, in fact, better than ours, for they had many different kinds, for many different purposes.

Yes, the Kargaroks had always been an inventive race, but lately the ideas had been fizzling, for it has always been hard to create when you are being attacked ruthlessly every day of your life.

But far across the world, in the sacred forbidden forest, another race of creatures were having problems of their own...

The Mothulas were peaceful forest-dwelling mothfolk. They had beautiful multi-colored wings, and the powder that was carried on them would heal whatever it touched, but they had never really had a chance to use it... at least, not while they were alive.

You see, the Mothulas weren't exactly the highest up on the food chain. Lots of things would kill them, just because they needed to. It was survival, and for the most part, the mothulas were not upset about it. It was the humans that they were upset with, for the humans killed them, but ate not. The only reason the humans killed them was for the magical powder on their wings. What that the humans didn't know was that the mothula's wings were shed once a month, and that they would gladly give them over if the humans would just ask, but they wouldn't. They would rather just kill the mothulas, and take what they wanted by force, as they had done for thousands of years.

But, aside from the attacks by humans, the mothulas lived happy lives. They loved their home, for the Great Deku Tree shed his mighty light across the sky, and all the creatures that lived there rejoiced and were glad in it.

The mothulas also had had a colorful history, but it was not, as the Kargaroks, an artistic one. Their history was a much more mysterious one. The mothulas were the first creatures to observe the phases of the moon, but rather than using that to look for more scientific phenomena, they began using it to discover things that had not happened yet. They developed the first horoscopes, using the moon's

phases as a guideline. They then moved on to even stranger things, began to develop ways of communicating with each other that were much more effective than the earlier civilizations, which would communicate by dances and gestures, or the later generations that would communicate verbally. They developed the first means of telepathic communication. That is why they were constantly seen in groups. If one was attacked, he could telepathically send a message of how to defeat the opponent, but there were still some opponents that could not be defeated, and some that they would rather not try and fight.

But somewhere, deep inside, they had more civilized feelings, feelings deeper than just the pain that they had been dealt for years upon end; there was a love, and a desperate yearning, for with their astrological mysticism, and humanity's scientific approach, mixed with a little logical reasoning from both, there would be no boundaries to what could be done. They were hopeful that one day, it would happen... one day... somehow.

But the humans were not the mothulas' only enemy. They had an enemy that was much worse, and whom they hated above all things... the dreaded Kargaroc.

The Kargarocs were, in the mothula's opinion, the most evil creatures to ever roam the face of the planet. If it weren't for them, man would not have weapons, and if he had no weapons, he could not destroy the mothulas as cruelly and unusually, and in such massive numbers as they did. They could not cause that harm. Neither could they cause harm to themselves, for if they had no weapons, they would be forced to make peace with each other, for the means of killing each other would not be present.

Yes, the mothulas hated the Kargarocs with all of their hearts, for even though they knew that it was wrong to hate, the Kargarocs were an exception. They had no feelings, no heart, only a mind that hungered for bloodshed every second of every day.

Not only had they shown the humans weapons, but the birds had also had the audacity to show the humans the planets, which soon led to the humans' distorted form of fortune telling. They misread everything. Every new sight was a prophecy of doom, every newborn star an enemy. Every fault the human had was given to them by the Kargarocs. What good could they possibly bring?

At this point, I must say that although the mothulas hated the kargarocs bitterly, the kargarocs did not feel the same way towards the mothulas. Though mothulas were a delicacy in kargarokian society, they were not hated. In all awould, on occasion, make a home deep in the soil, where they could lay their eggs. The eggs would hatch, and the young mothula, hungry at birth, would ruin the crops that the earth yielded, but there was one special boy who did not agree with the others. Little did he know... he was destined to save all three.

## 2 - chapter one: 13

### Chapter one: 13

Link was on the island... the large peaks jutted up like sky scrapers, but he could see the nests... the kargarok nests that barred his path to the treasure. He took out his bow, aimed carefully with an ice arrow, and shot at the bird that was flying overhead.

The bird fell, and broke into millions of pieces on the floor. Link grabbed another arrow, and was about to shoot when he noticed something strange out of the corner of his eye. He reached down, and he picked up a piece of the shattered creature, but it was not the creature he saw. The face... was his.

Link awoke, on his bed, screaming. He then realized he was awake, and his screams became sobs, for he knew that he had had the dream again. .

Link had been having the dream ever since he had set out on his journey to slay Ganon, the evil wizard who never seemed to die. What was this? Link couldn't count. He had killed Ganon many times in the past, but he had always come back.

Now, even though his journey was done, he continued to have the dream. When he was out on his journey, the kargaroks had meant nothing. They were just another obstacle blocking his way, but at night, that changed, he cried himself to sleep, remembering the shrieks of pain that the kargaroks had made when the arrow would pierce the skin, how they would fall out of the sky. They had lives. Who was he to take that away from them? He wished he could go back in time, and just refuse his destiny. "Let some other person go fight Ganon for the millionth time. I don't want to." He could just imagine himself saying that, but the past was over, and the future was now.

"Maybe," said Link to himself, "if I go and kill some more, I will be numb, and won't have to suffer anymore. Maybe I can be a normal thirteen year old.."

That reminded him, today was his thirteenth birthday. He got on his green suit, and went downstairs.

All of his friends were there, and his parents. He acted excited as he opened his gifts: a new set of arrows, a new boomerang, and other warrior's items were his gifts, but there were only two that he really liked. Firstly, he got a new ocarina, and secondly, a jet black suit to replace his green one.

The black suit looked exactly the same as the green, except for one small difference., the black one had a hood, and when Link put it on, his face was not visible to the world.

He had asked for this a long time ago, for he thought it would be proper for him to wear black to show

his grief for all of the lives he had taken. At first his friends and family had fought with him, but apparently his mother had changed her mind.

“So when's your next mission, kid,” asked one of his friends.

“Never,” murmured Link, “I quit.”

“What did you say,” asked the child, “I don't think I heard you right.”

“I said I quit,” screamed Link, “Look, you guys. I know you love me and all, and I thank you for the thought of these gifts, but I won't do it anymore. I'm not a fighter, O.K? I have dreams of the ones I have slainevery single night! I see their bodies, and I hear their screams. I am Link the warrior no more!”

He was growing louder and more emotional with every word, “I have shed innocent blood, and God bless me if I don't pay for it. Those creatures didn't deserve to die... none of them... andI won't do it anymore! Just let me be an average, thirteen year old bboy!”

He stormed off in tears... tears he knew his family couldn't cure. No one could cure his pain, not even himself.

He took his boat and sailed out to Bird's Eye Peak, where he had killed many a bird, but rather than pulling out an arrow like he had done before, he sat down, hidden behind a long patch of grass, and watched.

He watched as the kargaroks fed their young. Some fed them fruit, while others were fortunate enough to get a fresh piece of mothulameat. It was a beautiful sight to behold... mother and child... he wondered how long it would last... wondered how long before someone came, and killed one of them, broke up the family, just because they thought it might be fun.

After the feeding, they flew up to their caves, probably bedding for the night.

Link stayed there for three solid days. He had no food, and no water, nor did he care. These creatures had such an odd way of living. They only came outside to eat

“They're so beautiful,” said a voice behind Link on his fourth day, “aren't they?”

Link turned around quickly, to see an all too familiar face there... it was Saria. Link nodded his head.

“You know,” she said, “it wasn't your fault.”

“What wasn't,” said Link, trying to hide his troubles from her.

“The lives you took. It wasn't your fault. I know you've been having trouble with it, but it really...”

“Wasn't my fault,” Link finished, “I heard you. I only wish I could believe you. If I am the one who lets the arrow fly, how can it possibly be anyone's fault but mine?”

“Sometimes,” said Saria softly, “ We are given missions, we are expected to do things we don't want to do, and there are casualties. That is not your fault.”

“I don't know,” said Link, “it seems like if I am the one who pulls the bow, who takes the life from another, I am most definitely the one responsible. It is my fault.”

“No,” said Saria, “you were forced to do it. It was your destiny. I'm sure the birds will forgive you.”

Just then, a Kargaroc landed in front of them, squawked twice, and drew its head back, as if to attack.

In one swift motion, knowing he was only defending his own life, Link pulled out his bow, armed an arrow, and shot the bird through the heart.

Link heard the scream of the creature, saw the look in its eyes, a look that seemed to ask, “why?” and saw the bird collapse to the floor.

Another bird came, and bothered Link not, but lifted the corpse in the air, and flew back to the top of the highest peak.

Link looked back, but Saria was not there...

### 3 - chapter two: alone

Chapter two: alone

Pteraticus was flying home, to his nest, his dead sister in his claws. He had seen the whole incident... seen his sister land in front of the human, perform the forgiveness ritual... and saw the human boy ruthlessly gun down the only relative he had left.

He was alone now... alone in the world, with no one to love, and no one to love him.

Where had he gone wrong? He had seen the human there, seen the tears in his eyes, and he knew they were real. The human boy had, in fact, been sorry for his actions, for the chosen one of the forest would not have come to comfort him had he not been, but when the forgiveness ritual was performed, his sister had been shot down. How could the boy have felt sorry for what he had done, but at the same time shoot down the bird when forgiveness was offered.

He didn't know, but his heart was covered in shadow. His mother had promised him when he was young that he would never be alone, no matter what, but now he was, and no one could help him.

When he got to the top of the peak, he threw his sister in with the other bodies.

"It's about time for the burning ceremony," called Pteraticus through his tears.

"Why are you crying," said the Helmaroc mother, as she flew over to the peak, "what has happened?"

Pteraticus simply looked at her, unable to speak of the great tragedy that had happened.

"Oh no," said the Helmaroc, "it's your sister, isn't it?"

Pteraticus nodded, trying to regain the words he was searching for, "she-she-she was shot down and-and-and she was performing the forgiveness ritual!"

"I'm sorry, young one," she said, "you can live with me if you'd like?"

"No," said Pteraticus, "I need to learn to live on my own anyway."

So Pteraticus went to his nest, and prepared for his long, lonely life.



## 4 - chapter three: princess

Chapter three: princess

The forbidden forest echoed with the sound of raucous laughter, and great revelry.

The moon was high, and it shone down like a great angel, shining its light down upon all who lived in the forest. The effect was awesome, for the way the light of the moon mixed with the light of the Deku Tree seemed almost divine. It was as if a green bomb had exploded in the sky, and the fallout was still visible.

The reason that the mothulas were reveling, and being merry was because today was the introduction.

The introduction was the massive ceremony that took place every hundred years, where a new princess would ascend to the throne, and be given her crown, to reign for one hundred years, until the next introduction.

The only problem was that Glysconia didn't want her crown. She did not want to rule. She had much, much bigger plans.

But her destiny had been set when she was born, and there was nothing she could do about it.

The ground beneath her rose, and she ascended upwards, to sit beside her mother.

"I, the queen of this land," began her mother, "by the power which I have been given, and which no other may possess, do hereby declare you the honorary princess of this society. Do you pledge to fulfill your duty as princess, to help make laws that will benefit the forest, and to eventually take my place as queen?"

It was a pointless question, for if you refused, you were killed on the spot, and a new princess would be conceived.

"I do," said Glysconia, trying to sound honest, "I do."

"Then, as queen of this society, I dub you... princess!"

The crowd below erupted in whoops and shouts. A new princess had been chosen

## 5 - chapter 4: redemption

### Chapter 4: redemption

The tears were in Link's eyes once again. He had not wanted to kill the bird, but he thought it was necessary, and that the bird was trying to hurt him. It had, in fact, drawn back its head.

"It was going to attack me," said link quietly to himself, "it was going to kill me, so why do I feel so horrible?"

He decided to stay in the grass and watch the birds, even though he had killed one. He thought he might be able to see just how advanced they were.

He sat down, and scoped out the rocks, but there was no movement. The birds, evidently, had been scared enough by the shot that they would not leave their nests.

Link was depressed, for he knew that as long as he was here, he would not be able to see the birds.

Nonetheless, he waited, for he hoped that they would come out, but they did not. Two days he sat there, crying and waiting, but the birds did not come.

"You know," said a voice behind Link, "you did the wrong thing."

He didn't have to turn to know it was Saria, "it-it was going to attack me. I had no choice."

"No," said Saria, "the drawing back of the head is not an attack, it is a gesture of forgiveness. The bird had just decided to forgive you, and you killed it!"

"Well," said Link, "can I be blamed? I don't know kargaroc rituals. I didn't know."

"I know you didn't," said Saria, "you're a good kid. You wouldn't just kill something for the fun of it."

"No I wouldn't," said Link, "the question now is what do I do to earn their forgiveness."

"Karagarocs are not evil creatures. They will know that it was an accident. They are not hard to please."

"How do you know so much about the birds?" Link asked Saria, surprised.

"Not just them," said Saria, "everything. Nature speaks but one language, though it may have different accents."

“Can you... speak to them?”

“I can.”

“So you could, call them here?”

“Yes, but you would have to prove to them that you really are sorry, and that you didn't know what you were doing.”

“I want you to go get the bird that just flew away. I think it is a relative of the bird I killed.”

“That's a good observation,” said Saria, “he is her brother.”

“You mean the bird I killed was a female? Did she have...”

“Two hatchlings, yes,” said Saria, “but I know you will be a great mother to them.”

“M-me, mother?” stuttered Link.

“Yes, of course. Someone had to take over.”

“Okay,” said Link, “I will, but just please tell that other kargaroc to come here, so I can explain the situation. I only hope he will forgive me.”

When Link turned around, Saria was gone. It was as if she had simply disappeared into the wind, but Link could now hear the bird in the top peak. It sounded as though there was another bird, and they were arguing back and forth.

“He's coming,” said Saria, who had managed, once again, to appear behind Link when he least expected it, “just don't expect him to be in the best of moods.”

“I don't deserve to have a pleasant conversation with him. I did, after all, kill his sister.”

Link began to strip off his weaponry, though, so the bird did not get any wrong ideas.

The bird landed softly in front of Link. He could see the beautiful orange and green pattern on the bird's tail, and a tear was in the bird's eye..

The bird squawked loudly three times, followed by a flap of its large wings.

“What did he say,” asked Link, “does he hate me?”

“He said” you have taken my sister from me. Now I am alone.”

“Tell him,” Link said, “that I'm sorry, and I didn't know what you were doing, and that I didn't know that was some kind of a ritual... I thought it was an attack.”

Saria made many noises that Link did not comprehend, except for a few clicks.

The bird responded with few groans and clicks.

“What did he say?” asked Link.

“He said that he dearly misses his sister, but he also realizes that people make mistakes, and it takes a lot of bravery and courage to admit when you are wrong, and he would like to bestow upon you a blessing.

“I would be honored to accept it,” said Link, “tell him he can go ahead.”

The bird placed his wings on Link's two shoulders, and at first, the noise that came from it was little more than undistinguishable groans, but then, somehow magically, Link could hear them becoming words, and he could understand them.

“It is done.” Said the kargaroc.

“Is there any way,” asked Link, “that I can help you. Anything I can do. Where I come from, it is rude to accept a gift without giving something back.”

“What about your birthday,” said the bird, “wasn't your birthday just like three days ago?”

“Yes,” said Link, surprised, “but how would you know that?”

“I have my sources,” said the bird, “and I don't need you to repay me for the gift, but, if you really, truly want to help, we could definitely use you.”

“Anything,” said Link, “I will do anything for the ones I love.”

“Whoa,” said the bird, “don't you think “love” is going a little too far. You did, after all, kill hundreds of our kind.”

“Only because I was forced to. I never liked to do it. Even now, I wake up screaming most nights because I hear your screams, see your blood in my dreams.”

“I understand. Sometimes it's hard when you have to do things you don't want to.”

“How can you use me,” asked Link, “I would be glad to help.”

“We need a hero,” said the bird, a tear coming from his eye, “we need someone to stop the violence and killing that is coming from mankind, and, personally, I think you are our best hope, and our only hope.”

“How exactly would I go about doing this?”

“It will not be easy,” said the bird, “first you are going to need the flute of life. You can use this to

summon up from the ground our earlier relatives, the kagnaroks. Their sheer beauty and beautiful voices will peak the humans' attention, but we still need the written evidence to prove right what they will say, and that is in the tablet of truth. Lastly, we have a very great and wonderful gift for humanity, which I may not reveal to you, for it is not the right time. Find these three things, and we can live peaceful, equal lives."

"I will try," said Link earnestly, "I will try."

"That's all we ask," said the bird, "that you try. Humans have gone the last millennia, and no one has offered to even try to help us."

"Hey," said Link, "I know what we can do. You know, at least partly, where everything is, which means that you should come with me!"

"I'd be honored," said the bird.

"What's your name, anyway?" asked Link.

"Name's Pteraticus," said the kargaroc, "but my friends call me Pterai."

"Well Pterai," said Link, "you've got yourself a friend and a partner... for life."

"If we are going to do this," said Pterai, "we should get the approval and blessing from the Helmaroc King. He validates all quests that go on, and keeps control of the society."

"The problem is," said Link, "I don't think he's going to accept the fact that you are working together with a human. At least, not fully."

"That's just the thing, though," said Pterai, excited, "he, along with the rest of us, has been waiting for many years for a human boy to come, and bridge the gaps between our races. We've been looking for you for ages!"

"Well then," exclaimed Link, "let's go talk to the king!"

## 6 - chapter 5: deceived

### Chapter 5: deceived

Glysconia sat in her room. She was in tears, for she was now a princess. Most of the mothulas would have dreamed of this day, but not her, for she could not take the responsibility, nor did she have the personality.

You see, princesses for the mothulas were like princesses for us; they had to be courteous, and cute, and prissy. That kind of thing made Glysconia want to puke. It wasn't that she wasn't loving. She loved the others with all her heart, as she also loved the humans, but she didn't like to show it all the time, at least, not in a public way. She would show her love by giving some of her things away, or helping the others with work and things, not by giving public speeches and throwing flowers.

She wondered if the princesses prior to her even had real love for the society. She thought that they, perhaps, were just in it for the power.

But wait, she thought she heard... voices... coming from the queen's chamber.

"I can't have her as princess," she heard the queen say, "I need one who is EXACTLY LIKE ME! She shall meet the same fate as the others, and everyone will think I am great, for I will take total control of the society, rather than having to try to find one who is just like me. And I will be great, and our society will thrive, and they will all worship... ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Glysconia was in tears again. The queen was going to kill her, just like the other princesses. They had all died: poison in their drink, a faulty crown, an "accidental" fall off the building... they had all died, and she would be next if she didn't do anything, but she had a plan.

She left the forest, and bolted into the night.

## 7 - chapter 6: the journey begins

Chapter six: The Journey begins

Pterai led Link up a long, mountainous

Region. After about five minutes, however, Link began to pant like a dog.

“Pterai,” asked Link, barely able to breathe, “are we almost there?”

“No,” said Pterai, “the castle is about twenty miles away.”

“Not to be rude or anything,” said Link, “but could you... perhaps... give me a lift?”

“Oh,” said Pterai, and he froze in his tracks, “I forgot. I'm a bird, I can fly! And I can take you with me!”

Pterai flew over Link's head, and grasped his shoulders tightly with his talons. It kind of hurt Link, but he knew that Pterai didn't mean to, so he wasn't angry.

They arrived at the castle in about five minutes, and Pterai set link down on the ground.

“Are we ready?” asked Pterai.

“Yes,” said Link, “I'm ready to go.”

“Then let's. Don't be scared of the king. It is true that he is quite large, but he wouldn't hurt anything.”

“You've got a new king already?” asked Link.

“Yes, but how did you know we needed one?”

“I kind of...er...” stuttered Link.

“You mean you were the one? You killed the old king? Wow! The king's really going to like you now.”

“Why,” said Link, “was the old king evil or something?”

“Not exactly. I mean, in that sense, what you did was wrong. The king wasn't evil... just different. His human relations policies weren't the best.”

“Human relations?”

"You know, trying to get along with the humans. He didn't much care for them. He thought that if they weren't going to give us a chance, why should we give them a chance? The new king cares much more about human relations."

They entered the large castle, and the door slammed loudly behind them.

"WHO HAS DARKENED MY DOOR," roared the Helmaroc King, "IS IT A HUMAN?"

"It's me, sir," said Pterai, "but I have a human with me. I believe, quite reasonably, that he is the chosen one who will lead us into equality."

"COME IN!"

And so they came. The door was absolutely the largest door Link had ever seen in his life.

They entered, and the door thudded loudly as it slammed shut behind them. The Helmaroc king was, apparently, a large kargaroc wearing a mask.

"SO YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE?" asked the king.

"I don't know, but that's what Pterai told me, and I am more than willing to try to help."

The Helmaroc King bowed. It was kind of awkward, such a large beast bowing to such a small boy.

"Come close, young one," said the bird, "and receive your blessing."

Link stepped forward, and knelt on one knee. The king placed just the edge of one of his claws on Link's shoulder.

"I, the king of this island," began the bird, "hereby give power to you: to quest for our gain and your own, to touch and carry the tablet of truth, and the flute of life, and lastly, the power to command the forces of nature. These powers I give to thee. Let them help you in your noble quest."

"How do I command the forces of nature?" asked Link.

"I have it on a very reliable source that you just got a new ocarina. Here is a song you can use."

He handed Link a piece of paper with notes on it.

"Thank you sir, and believe me, I will try my hardest to bring your race into a state of equality with mine. I cannot believe how ignorant we are. How stupid must we be to attack you the way we do? It makes me mad to be a human, for I am not like them, and I don't want to be affiliated with them. Humans are stupid, and I am ashamed to be human!"

"Don't be," said the Helmaroc King, "I know that they do things wrong, but we all make mistakes, and you can't be mad at them for making mistakes. They didn't know how intelligent we were. They were



ignorant, and that's not their fault. You should love them in the same way you love us. Don't think of ways to get them mad, but rather, try to help them understand the truth. That is your calling."

Link bowed, "Thank you for your wisdom, sir. You truly deserve to be king."

"I wish you Godspeed, young one."

Link left the palace, but he wondered silently, "How does everyone here know about my birthday?"

## 8 - chapter 7: new friends... new enemies

Chapter seven: New friends; New enemies.

Glysonia ran as fast as she could, for she knew it would not be long until the queen found out she was missing, and sent out the special moths to get her.

The special moths were bio-engineered, not only could they fly, but at almost supersonic speeds. If they were sent out soon, she would not be able to get away. That was why she had to run, so she could leave the forest entirely, and not get caught by the super-moths.

Glysonia knew what she had to do: she had to get to Hyrule, where the humans lived, and she had to find a certain person, one who could set this problem straight.

She didn't know too much about him, except that he wore a suit that was all green, and he had saved the humans numerous times. If he could save the humans, he could save the mothulas. The question was... would he?

He had, after all, killed hundreds of them the last time he had been in the forbidden forest, and that meant that he may not want to help them.

But, on the other hand, he had been made to do that: It had been his destiny to grab the sacred jewel that the mothulas had been guarding. Perhaps now, when everything was over, they could speak, and he could help Glysonia to get the queen out of power. Perhaps he could forgive them for being in his way.

A tear came to Glysonia's eye, "He's only twelve," she thought, "and they've got him killing already."

She didn't think that he would be hard to talk to. She remembered seeing the look in his eye as he shot down the moths. She had seen him when she was younger, from up in the tree. The look in his eyes was not the apathetic determination of a killer, but the helpless gaze of one ensnared by his own destiny. He hadn't wanted to do it; that much was clear. He had in fact, took aim at Glysonia, and she had thought he was going to kill her, but he had lowered his bow, and turned around. She even remembered seeing... was that... a tear in his eye.

He would help them. She knew he would. The question was: how would she find him?

All of a sudden, she heard a noise behind her. It was a thud, and it made a metallic crunch. Closer, closer the noise came. Where was she?

As she looked around, her heart sank, "Oh no," she thought, "I'm on bird peak rock! That's where our

worst enemies, the kargarocs live!"

But it was not a Kargaroc behind her. When she turned, she saw that it was a large figure, probably human, covered in a black armor.

The knight swung its gigantic sword, and just barely missed Glysconia.

"This is it," she thought, "I'm going to die here!"

The knight swung his sword again, and Glysconia moved out of its path just in time, but she knew it was no use. It was as if she could already feel the giant sword shattering her vertebrae, see the blood pouring out of her. It would end soon. She could not envision any way that a small creature like herself would survive the attack.

"Hey," she heard from somewhere behind her, "stop that!"

A purple blur swooped by her, and proceeded to go around the knight. Was that... it was... a kargaroc!

Her mind was whirling, "Why would a kargaroc want to save me? We're supposed to hate each other!"

And then she noticed something else, the blur that was circling the knight was not pure purple... on its back... could that be... it was... a black blur... it must be... Link!

She heard the crunch of metal on metal, and one piece of armor. Another crunch, another piece of armor, and another, and another. The knight was now stripped of everything, but he continued to try to attack Link.

After hundreds of failed tries, the impossible happened. Glysconia heard the slicing sound of metal on skin, and Link flew from the bird. Enraged, the kargaroc dove straight at the knight, and Glysconia saw his talon pierce the knight's chest. The knight fell, dead.

The kargaroc landed, panting, and looked at Link. He had a massive cut down the side of his body, all the way from his hip to his foot. The blood streamed like a fountain, but had nowhere to go, and so it formed a puddle on the ground.

"We've got to do something," said the kargaroc, "we can't let him die. Both of us owe our lives to him."

"But how?"

"I don't know."

"Hold on, I think I have an idea."

And she did have an idea, an idea that would hurt her very badly, but she owed her life to Link, and so this would not be so horrible.

"Grab a hold of one of my wings." She told the kargaroc.

“You're not thinking of...”

“Just DO IT!”

The kargaroc did as he was told, and latched on to one of Glysconia's wings, and she pulled, pulled with all her might, until it ripped off.

“You're...you're...” stuttered the bird.

“Bleeding, I know,” said Glysconia, “I'll be fine. I need you to scrape all the powder off of the wing, and onto his cut.”

He did, and when the mystical powder touched his cut, it healed up. Now they just had to wait for Link to awaken, and pray that they weren't too late.

## 9 - chapter 8: an odd alliance

Chapter eight: an odd alliance

Link awoke to find two creatures staring down at him. One he recognized as Pterai, but the other... he didn't know.

"Wha-wha," stuttered Link, "what happened?"

"You saved me," said Glysonia, her eyes a-sparkle, "you saved my life!"

"Actually," Link tried to remember. It made his head hurt, "I think Pterai here did."

The kargaroc bowed, but then he turned to Link, "you deserve all the credit, Link. I couldn't have done it if you hadn't told me what to do."

"Okay," said Link, "so we both deserve a little credit. The real question, though, is how am I alive? I got blasted by that sword. It killed me."

"You can thank the mothula for that. She gave up one of her wings to save you."

Link looked, and saw the bloody stump where the wing had once been, "you did this... for me?"

"Gladly," said Glysonia, "You are a treasure to us."

"What do you mean?"

"We love you... all of us. We think you might be the sacred key."

"Sacred key? To what?"

"Peace, Link, peace. We are looking to live among the humans, and we are sick of the humans killing us unreasonably. We know that you have killed a few of us in your voyage, but that was an order. You had to do it. Link, and we can't blame you for doing what you had to do, but truly, you are our only hope."

"I'd be glad to help," said Link, "I can help both of you!"

"Perhaps, but there is one more thing..."

"What?"

“The queen of our society is not in her right mind. In the last few years, she has killed a total of five princesses, all because they were not exactly like her! She has never been like this before, and we are worried that something has gotten into her mind. We need you to either get her out of power, kill her, or stop whatever is wreaking havoc in her mind. We would prefer that she not die, but if that's the only way, then do what must be done.”

“I'll try,” said Link, “but you must also recognize that I'm trying to save the kargarocs as well.”

“The question still remains,” stated Pterai, “where did that knight come from? There have never been knights in these parts.”

“Perhaps my arch-rival Ganon has come back.”

“But,” said Pterai, “He couldn't have. Not this soon... it must be something else.”

“I suppose we will find out on our journey,” said Link, “trouble always seems to come to me.”

“I still want to know,” said Glysconia, “why you saved me? It makes no sense. My race has always hated yours and you...”

“Have never hated you.” Finished Pterai, “We needed to survive, so we took some of your kind, but never the young ones, because they still had their whole life ahead of them.”

“I don't think that's why the rest of my race hates you, though. It's because you brought weapons to humanity, and they used them to make war, with themselves and other species.”

“The knives were not meant to be weapons,” said Pterai, “they were meant for art. Knives create beautiful wooden masterpieces. Come, and I will show you.”

Pterai led them up a path. It was not as steep as the path he had led Link on, but it was just as long. They arrived at Pterai's house in about ten minutes.

“Firstly,” said Pterai, “let's get that wound taken care of.”

He opened a beautifully carved oak drawer, and pulled out what appeared to be a large feather, and wrapped it so that it covered the gaping hole where the wing had been.

“Now,” cautioned Pterai, “do not take this off until I tell you. You may feel your wing growing back, but the bandage must not come off until the wound is fully healed. The bandage is covered in the nutrient that gives plants the power of photo-synthesis, which means they are perfect for healing wounds, or regrowing body parts.”

“Okay,” said Glysconia, “I get the message.”

“Wow,” said Link, “this IS beautiful!”

He was holding in his hand a mirror, carved out of mahogany and pine, and gilded with gold.

"My own mother helped make that mirror," said Pterai proudly, but then his face darkened, "but that was before she was gunned down."

"I'm sorry," said Link, "it must be hard to think about her."

"She died when I was young, and my sister was watching over me. She would always tell me that I would never be alone..."

"And you never will," said Link, and he put his hand on the bird's chest, "they'll always be with you... right here. Their blood is in you. Can't you feel them? They are there, and you will never be truly alone."

"Well," said Glysconia, "I suppose we should be leaving, but I wanted to ask you, Link, if you remembered me?"

"What do you mean?" asked Link.

"Do you remember me," she repeated, "I remember you. You saw me when I was very young... you took aim at me... but you couldn't do it... you couldn't fire."

Link gasped, for he did remember her. It had been the only time that he had disobeyed orders. He had been ordered to destroy all of the mothulas that were in that area of the forest, but he had seen something in her. He had wanted so badly to let the arrow fly, to shoot her down, for that was what he had to do, but when he aimed at her, he couldn't do it, for the look in her eyes was so pure... so innocent. He could never have killed her.

"Yes," said Link, placing a hand on Glysconia's back, "I remember. I remember."

The memory brought him to tears, and he collapsed on Pterai's wing, "I didn't want to do it, I really didn't!"

"And you didn't," said Glysconia, "You spared me, and I'm thankful."

"That's not it," said Link, "I didn't want to do anything. I didn't want to kill the other ones either. I didn't want to kill the kargarocs, or anything else. Even now, when I go to sleep, I wonder if I am going to have nightmares about the ones I've killed. I scream at myself in my head until I fall asleep. I've done horrible things, and neither one of you should forgive me!"

"But we have, and that's the grace of love. We know you didn't want to. It's okay, it's done now."

"Is it okay for them," Link screamed, "No! I took their life away, and there's no way of giving it back! I'm a killer and a fiend, and I don't deserve to live!"

"Yes," pushed Glysconia, "yes you do! We've forgiven you, so why can't you forgive yourself?"

"It's not you who hears the screams of the ones you love every single night. It's not you that's scared to turn off a light, because you never know if there's someone out there, waiting for vengeance. It's not you

that walks every step, knowing that they are living a stolen life. You don't understand what it's like to be a killer. You just don't, and hopefully you never will, because it's not pleasant.”

“Well,” said Glysconia, “what about the missions you're working on right now, and all the people who trust you. What if you have to kill something? Are you just going to sit back and let us all die?”

“No,” said Link, I love you, and I'm willing to kill for you, even if it means having to face the consequences, never sleeping again, I don't care. I love you, and I will help you in whatever way I can.”

“That's the spirit,” said Glysconia, “Sometimes you have to do things for the ones you love, and that was the case before. There's nothing you could have done. There's nothing you could have said, and nothing you could have thought, I know it hurts to kill, but sometimes you find yourself in situations beyond your control, and you just have to... deal with them, and after this is all over, you won't ever have to kill us again... no one will... we'll be free... forever. Don't you see, it doesn't matter what happened before... only what will come after.”

“I see what you mean,” said Link, “but I don't think I'll ever forgive myself.”

“If you have to,” said Pterai, “you can consider this as repayment, but we don't hold it against you, and you shouldn't hold it against yourself.”

“This conversation's going nowhere, so why don't we head out.

So they trekked back down to the base of the island, and Link led them to his boat.

“I can fly,” said Pterai, “so I don't have to get in the boat. I'll just follow in the air.”

“Are you sure,” asked Link, “the air currents can get kind of nasty up

There.”

“I think I'll be fine,” said Pterai.

“Do it,” said Glysconia.

“I'm sorry?”

“I said do it. Your safety is only part of the issue here. I can sense that Link is lonely, and he could use your company, as well as mine.

“Oh,” said Pterai, “Why didn't you just ask?”

“I was embarrassed,” said Link, “I was embarrassed that I needed help.”

“we all do sometimes,” said Glysconia, “we all need help, love, comfort.”

“Yes, but when you're me, you have to look brave and fearless, and you can never ask for help, or else



the morale of the people around you goes down.”

“that's what you do in human society, but we're different. You don't have to prove anything to us. We'd love you even if you hadn't killed Ganon, or if you hadn't saved the gorons from volvagia, or anything else, because we will always know that even if you aren't a hero in your muscle and brutality, you are always a hero in your heart and mind.”

But something Pterai had said had triggered a reaction, had brought back a memory that Link would have longed to forget.

“I may have saved the gorons, but I'll never forget that night,” said Link, “I'll never forget when I fought Volvagia. I really don't think... she was all that bad... she just needed to survive... I don't think she truly was an evil creature.”

“No,” said Glysonia, “she probably wasn't... she was just... misunderstood.”

“I remember the night she went to live atop death mountain,” said Pterai, “I remember it well.”

“The walls of the volcano had shaken, as if pushed by some unknown force, gigantic and strong, fire erupted from it, and there was a roar, but it was not a battle cry. It was a roar of pain, then Volvagia flew out of the volcanic mountain, and went to death mountain, and that was where you came in.”

“It makes me sad,” said Link, “to know that I destroyed such a n innocent and beautiful creature when I did not have to.”

“But you did have to,” said Pterai, “the king goron, Darunia, had the stone you needed. You had no other bargaining chips.”

“I suppose you're right. I just hope that wherever she has gone to Volvagia has forgiven me, along with all of your kind that I have murdered viciously, and for no other reason then to obtain some kind of treasure that would help with the journey I didn't even want to take.”

“You've beaten yourself up enough over this,” said Glysonia, “it's time to forget about the past and move on. How long do we have left, Pterai?”

“About a week,” said Pterai, “and we'll be in the fortress of fortune.”

“Fortress of fortune,” asked Link, “what is it like there?”

“Oh,” said Pterai, “it's just where we keep the flute of life. It does live up to its name, though. The walls are all golden, and there are golden pictureframes that house paintings created from the most expensive paint in the world. It is made by grinding down precious jewels, such as ruby for red, sapphire for blue, emerald for green, and all sorts of others, then the ground up jewels are mixed with a pasty substance that makes it paint.”

“wow,” said Link, “Is it heavily guarded?”

“By none but the best of our kind. Getting in there without one of us would be almost impossible, and it would be even more impossible to take the flute, for only one who is blessed by the king may touch the flute of life. That is true for the tablet of truth as well.”

“Will we have any trouble,” asked Link

“We shouldn't. You have the king's blessing, and me, so we should be able to get the flute of life with little or no problems.”

“Do you think,” questioned Link, that there might be a way to use these artifacts that we're going to fetch to... possibly... resurrect your dad?”

No one knows all the secrets that the flute holds, or the tablet... anything could be possible.”

“You know,” said Link, “I think we need to get you a rather high amount of esteem once you attain your standing with humanity. I mean... you have so much mercy. Even after what I did... how horrible I was, you still wanted me to help you, and you don't hate me. Do you realize that if that happened to any other human being, he would have gone insane... killed everything... but not you... you're a miracle.”

“We've never thought of ourselves that way, said Pterai, “but we do have mercy for all creatures. .

“I see it,” said Glysonia, “Do you see it? It's out away, but we should be there by the end of the day.”

And indeed, the fortress of fortune lay ahead, not 100 miles away. They would reach it by the end of the day... but they had no clue what would be looming there.

## 10 - chapter 9: the fortress of fortune

Chapter nine: The fortress of fortune

They banked at the island of the fortress of fortune in a matter of hours.

The castle loomed, dark and forboding, on the island. The windows were dark, and it seemed empty and lifeless, soulless, like a ruthless killer who has lost the gleam in his eyes after many years.

"It doesn't seem very fortunate anymore," said Link, "I thought you said it was all gold."

"It was," said Pterai, "I think something's wrong."

He flew up, breathing heavily, and landed on the windowsill. He looked into the window and...

The group down below heard a wild screech from the Kargaroc, and they began to run up the stairs... gasping.

"O god," said Link, "what now?"

Pterai was in tears on the floor.

"What's wrong," asked Link, "please tell me. What's wrong?"

"E-everyone's dead," stuttered the bird, they've been ripped apart, hacked to pieces."

They opened the door, and a dank smell came to their nostrils, it wreaked of death and carnage, and the sight that met their eyes was the most disturbing thing Link had ever seen.

There were about ten birds. Each had been hacked at least four times, so that it was impossible to determine which severed body part belonged to which bird. Dried blood covered every inch of the floor.

Link vomited. He had never seen anything like this. Even when he was the killer, he had not done such horrible things to his victims. This was unforgivable. He would find the one who did this, and he would kill them. They would get what was coming to them.

"It'll be okay, Pterai," said Link, "we'll help you through it."

"Well," said Pterai, "let's get out of this room, grab the flute, and get out."

As they continued into the next room, the ironclad door slammed shut behind them.

There were no dead birds in this room, but the walls were horribly mangled. They were not gold, for all of the gold had been stolen, leaving only the wooden studs that held the room together, and even those were splintered and beginning to rot.

“Somebody,” said Pterai, “has broken through the magical barrier that had been placed here millennia ago. The walls had been enchanted so that they would not rot, but yet they do. That's odd.

They did not have time to speak, however, for the roof caved in, and, from above, came some of the most vile creatures Link had ever seen. They were dead, or rather undead. Most of the skin had begun to come off of them. They had large heads, and yellow eyes.

They came in a swarm of over a hundred... but Link was ready. One of them screamed, and surprised Link because when he was screamed at, he froze... dead in his tracks. By the time he was unfrozen, the half-dead creature was almost upon him. He slashed hard with his sword, removing the creature's head from its body.

Together, the group destroyed many of the undead creatures, but every time one died, another would take its place. “I have an idea,” said Link, “move back!”

The group moved back, and Link took out five bombs. He tied the fuses together, and lit them, finally throwing the bombs into the midst of the crowd.

The bombs exploded, but rather than a normal-sized explosion, they erupted, sending an explosion through the crowd, and destroying all of the creatures.

“OK,” said Link, “that was a lot more work than I wanted to do, but now, we can move on.”

“Agreed,” said Pterai, “let's go.”

The door unlocked, and they went through.

The next room was completely dark, and they could see nothing. There were no windows, and everything was painted black. The blackness was so intense that it almost caused Link to feel pain.

“There's something here.” Said Glysonia.

“What?” asked Link.

“There's something here, I can feel it.”

“How?”

“Oras, I can sense them.”

“So do you know if the thing is good or bad?”

"Oh," said Glysconia, "it's way bad; its ora is black."

Just then, Link felt a hard force connect with the back of his head. He fell forward, gasping for breath.

"What was that?" asked Link.

"I don't know," said Glysconia, "I only know that it's really evil, and really dangerous."

Link heard Glysconia cry out, and he knew she had been hit, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," said Glysconia, "just a little pain in my left wing."

"So how do we kill it?"

"We don't," said Glysconia, "you see, everything has a little good in them... a small spot of light in their ora. The key is to expand that light so that it is bigger than the darkness, which brings up an oddity... you're all light... there's no darkness in your ora."

"Ok," said Link, "so how do we convert that darkness to light?"

"We'll have to play on a memory that the creature holds... something that made them become the way they are now."

"But what?"

All of a sudden, Link got a very strong image in his mind. Though he had no idea how, he knew that it was probably Glysconia, sending him an image of the creature's past.

There was a dark room, with white curtains. Link could hear screams, but he could not see what was happening, but after a moment, a bright light entered the room.

There was a small creature. It was orange, and snakelike. A mane of fire was beginning to grow from its neck.

As Link realized what was happening, a tear came to his eye. The snake-thing must have been Volvagia when she was young. There was another dragon there, who must have been her father. He was scorching her with red hot flame, and she was screaming hysterically. The other dragon proceeded to take his gigantic tail, and whip Volvagia with it. The dragon left, and Volvagia lay there, unmoving.

As consciousness returned to Link, he could not keep the tears from his eyes. "Volvagia..." he sobbed.

"Link, could it be," came the reply, and the lights came on, "It is you!"

"But," said Link, "it's not you."

A person stood before Link. She had dark skin, and painted markings on her face. Link recognized her. She had been the leader of the Gerudos at one time. Her name was Nabouru

“Yes,” said she, “it is me. Let me explain. When my father beat me, it was so bad that I was knocked out. While I was unconscious, an evil spirit entered my body, and my good spirit was basically deactivated. That was when I went to death mountain. When you destroyed my body atop that mount, my spirit was freed. Of course, I had no body anymore, so I had to find one I could use. This was the first available one. I saw her just lying there, and figured that her spirit had left for some reason, so I took it. Some would think that was an evil thing, but later, when I heard of all the things that had happened to you, and how she had been a sage, it reassured me. Her spirit had ascended to the skies with the other sages, so she would not be needing her body anymore, however, I would be more than happy to take back any Draconic form that could be found for me.”

“Volvagia,” started Link, “I wanted to ask you something...”

“Yes?”

“Did you... forgive me for what I did... can you forgive me?”

“Of course,” said Volvagia, “you did me a favor. You didn't do anything wrong.”

“But I still feel like I did.”

“Trust me... you didn't.”

“I don't know what to think anymore... I've always thought killing was wrong, and hated myself when I did have to kill, but everybody says it's not my fault. I think I'm going to go insane with all of this.”

“Be calm, child,” said Volvagia, “let me help you.”

She put her hand on Link's shoulder, and Link could feel his pain dissipate, and his anger at himself.

“W-what did you do?” asked Link.

“I transferred just a bit of my own spirit into you... just enough to reassure you of right and wrong, and to help you realize that you can't be blamed for actions that you didn't willingly commit.”

“Thanks,” said Link, “I'm glad for that.”

“It's not a problem,” said Volvagia, “it's the least I could do for the one that set me free.”

“Call it even,” said Link, “I set you free from your evil spirit, and you set me free from my hatred of myself. It's even.”

“We can still be friends, though, right?” asked Volvagia.

“Of course,” said Link, “I would be honored to have one as noble and honorable as you as my friend.”

“Likewise.” Said Volvagia.

“Ok,” said Pterai, “I’m sorry if I’m breaking up a tender moment, but we should get into the next room and grab the flute.”

“Alas,” said Volvagia, “you will not find it. It has been stolen.”

“Stolen,” said Link, “by who?”

“I could not make out the intruders, for they moved as shadows, and when I tried to stop them, they simply jumped over me, and when I turned around, they were gone.”

“Ok,” said Link, “I guess that means that we go to the next place, and see if we can’t get the tablet of truth, at least.”

“But,” said Pterai, “there’s no use. The items will only work when used together.”

“Well,” said Link, “We’ll probably wind up finding whoever has the flute on our journey.”

“Yes,” said Glysconia, “I think we will.”

“Do you want to come with us, Volvagia,” asked Link, “I’d be honored to have you.”

At this time, Volvagia fell down on the ground, “I’m not worthy,” she said, “I’m not worthy of adventuring with the mighty hero of the forest!”

“I’m not perfect,” said Link, “I make mistakes, and it’s not like I’m some kind of dictator that expects everybody to be “worthy” it’s fine for you to come with us.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course.”

“Okay, let’s go!”

They left the building, and piled back into the boat.

## 11 - the rest

Chapter ten: the temple of twisted thoughts

The tablet of truth will be in the temple of twisted thoughts.

"Sounds scary," said Link, "what kind of place is it?"

"Well," said Pterai, "it used to be a well guarded temple that held the tablet of truth. Anybody that would enter without the king's blessing. Anyone who did not have the blessing would basically go insane. They would start seeing things, and would die in the temple."

"You said "used to be"."

"Well," said Pterai, "after the incident with the flute, anything could be lurking in the temple."

"How far is it," asked Link, "is it months away?"

"sadly," said Pterai, "yes."

"don't worry," said Volvagia, "I can get us there quickly."

Nabouru's body fell to the floor, and out of it rose the Volvagia that Link had known. Apparently she was able to leave the body that she had chosen whenever she wanted.

Volvagia leaned over the edge of the ship, and out of her mouth exploded what seemed to be an endless stream of flame.

The boat jerked, and, in a moment, they had reached a speed which would had been unattainable by any physical means.

"We have a bit of a problem," said Pterai, his face grim, "neither Glysconia nor Volvagia has the king's blessing. Neither of them will be able to enter the temple!"

"I think I can help," said Glysconia, "but I'm going to need you to come over here."

Pterai glided over to Glysconia.

"I'm going to need your cooperation here," said Glysconia, "bow your head, and clear your mind, except for the king... think very hard about him... his appearance... personality... anything, just focus, and focus hard."

Pterai did as he was told, and bowed his head. Glysconia placed a claw on him, and it seemed as



though she had fallen asleep standing up.

“The king wants to talk to you, Pterai,” said Glysonia, “focus very hard on him and speak with your mind.”

It was hard, but Pterai managed to get speech through, “Sir,” he said, “I seek approval for the dragon Volvagia, and the mothula Glysonia to quest with us for the tablet of truth.”

“The dragon is with you?”

“Yes.”

“I thought she was dead.”

“Hold on,” said Pterai, “and I'll call her over.”

He called Volvagia over, and asked her to tell her story, which she did.

“How interesting,” said the king, “so you are good now, right?”

“Yes,” said Volvagia, “the evil spirit, I think, was destroyed with my body... but that would not make sense... no... I think the evil spirit has found a new body, just as I have, and if I find it, I shall destroy that body as well.”

“No,” said the king, “destroying the body will not help, for the spirit will continue to find new bodies. You either need to find a way to destroy the spirit, or to contain it, but anyway, you have my blessing, as does the mothula Glysonia. Have you collected the flute yet?”

“No,” said Volvagia, “it was stolen, but we will recover it.”

“S-stolen, but what of the g-guards?”

“They were all killed, all of them, hacked to pieces.”

“O sweet God,” gasped the bird, “but I suppose things happen. It's best you continue on your journey now.”

“We are currently speeding toward the temple of twisted thoughts, at a speed of 200 miles per hour.”

“200,” gasped the king, “wow! How do you do that?”

“My flames are able to push the boat at great speeds.”

“Yes, well,” said the king, “at any rate, I'm wasting your time.”

“Not at all,” said Volvagia, “the boat is still moving. We'd just be sitting here doing nothing anyway.”

“Oh,” said the king, “well, how's Link doing?”

“Quite well, I gave him a little bit of my spirit so that he will not be having to beat himself senseless over the things he did.”

“Quite good,” said the king, “I was worried about that. He seemed really uncomfortable with himself. Thank you, Volvagia, we all owe you something.”

“No,” said Volvagia, “you don't owe me anything. I love Link. He helped me, and I wanted to help him. It's out of the goodness of my heart, and I don't expect anything in return.”

“Perhaps,” said the king, “but still, you have done a good thing, and we would like to do a good thing for you. What would you say to your own, private place. An area of open land as far as eye can see, and as quiet as ear can hear? Would you like that?”

“In all honesty sir,” said Volvagia, “I don't want to be separated from the others.”

“Great! I have just the place for you... how about staying up on the highest peak with me, and ruling the land?”

“I don't want to rule,” said Volvagia, “I want but only two things... I want to be looked at as an equal citizen, and I want forgiveness of the horrible things I've done.”

“I can grant you all of those things,” said the king, “but are you sure you don't want more than that?”

“I don't need anything more,” said Volvagia, “I just want them to realize I'm not that bad anymore. I'm so scared that they'll hate me for all the things I did before.”

“You did some bad things, Volvagia,” said the king, “but the inhabitants of the land will understand that you were not in your right mind. They'll forgive you.”

“I truly hope you're right,” said Volvagia, “I really love them... and it hurts when you are not accepted by the ones you love.”

“I know,” said the king, “my race has gone through the same pain.”

“Well,” said Volvagia, “we're almost to the island now, so I guess I need to get to helping with the quest, but it's been great speaking to you... you've really calmed my mind about some things.”

“Always glad to help,” said the king, “I'll see you when you're done with the quest.”

“absolutely.”

They had, in fact, reached the island. It held the temple, which was, unlike the other, shiny and golden

It was as though nothing had happened at all had happened. Everything was beautiful.

"Perhaps the tablet is here," said Link, "and we've found a piece of the puzzle."

But there was no tablet... there was nothing. The building was empty... there weren't even any guards.

"Well," said Link, "I'm stumped. I don't know where to go now, or what to do... we can't find the relics we need."

"I think I might know where they're going to strike next," said Glysonia, "We mothulas have a sacred jewel. It is called the orb of resuscitation. It has great power... that is, it can take someone from near-death stature, and completely heal them. Logically, if one of your artifacts can bring back your ancient relatives, then what if that were combined with something that fully resuscitates a creature? Anything could be brought back to life! Even Ganon could be brought back from the place he is locked in."

"Wow," said Link, "that's one powerful orb!"

"Yes," said Volvagia, "we should get it before the enemy. Where is it?"

"In the forbidden forest," said Glysonia, "That's where we need to go."

Volvagia transformed back into her spirit form, and the boat rocketed back into motion.

"We should contact the king to let him know where we're going." Said Glysonia.

"Good Idea," said Pterai, "but you don't need me this time, right?"

"Right, all I need to do is to tell him that we're going to my home island, and we're looking for the orb of resuscitation."

And so, Glysonia closed her eyes, and contacted the king, "Sir?" she said.

"Yes?"

"we are searching for the orb of resuscitation. It is a very powerful mothulian artifact, and I think that may be where the thief will strike next."

"Okay," said the king, "do as you must."

"This is getting weirder and weirder," said Link, "who, besides the Kargarocs, would want their holy relic, and why would they go to such lengths to thoroughly destroy the guards? The only creatures that have a large hatred for your kind are the mothulas, and they don't have the weapons to do such massive damage."

"Hey," Link heard a voice behind him, "listen!"

It wasn't... it couldn't be... was it.. maybe... yes... it was... Navi!

Link turned to greet the fairy, although he was not completely happy to have her... she was very annoying, and much of the time Link wished she would just go away.

"Hello Navi," said Link, feigning politeness, "what brings you to these parts? Do you have information for me?"

"Yes," said Navi, "I have traveled long to tell you that I know something of the thief of the artifacts you seek... I don't know anything about her appearance... really... or her identity... but I do know that she has brilliant green eyes... eyes that pierce straight to the soul. I got to look the creature straight in the eyes... they were sad eyes, not eyes of a killer, and most definitely not selfish. She would not reveal to me her identity, but she did tell me why she had taken the items, and where she would be... she will be on the island where the tower of the gods is located, and she, oddly enough, requested to meet you there. This is beginning to be really odd."

"I know," said Link, "why would the thief of these artifacts want to meet me, the one who seeks to get them back? It doesn't fit."

But they left anyway, and jetted east to the island of the tower of the Gods, and got out. There didn't seem to be anyone there... but Link wanted to be careful, so they carefully snuck around the tower until they saw something.

Link hid under the grass while the others watched from around the tower.

Suddenly, Volvagia came, and ducked down next to Link.

"It's safe," she said, "I don't understand why, but that creature over there is my mother!"

And it did kind of make sense... the creature was a large green dragon... it seemed like she had prepared an altar of some kind, and she was laying the jewels on it.

Link finally got the courage to get up, and he called the others over with him.

"Do not worry," said Volvagia, "you all know my mother, you just didn't know that she was my mother!"

"Who is she?" asked Link.

"Speak to her and find out," said Volvagia, "I'm surprised you can't see through her draconic form."

Link walked over to the dragon.

"Um..." said Link, "you requested to see me?"

"Yes," said the creature, "I know you need the artifacts... and I assure you we can both use them. I'm sorry I took them, but I had to protect them."

"Protect them?"

“Yes, there is another that would seek to use them.”

“But only you have clearance to even touch the items.”

“Not true... there is another, and I think you know who it is.”

“Not really,” said Link, but then a grave look came into his eyes, “It's me... I killed those birds, I stole the jewels, I did it, me.”

“I don't understand,” said Pterai, “you were with us the whole time, and you would never have thought of killing anything.”

“Not this me,” said Link, “the other Link, the dark me. When I gained the ability to take the artifacts, so did he, and he's probably after them.”

“Yes,” said the green dragon, “and I was the only other one who could save them.”

The dragon began to change and mutate... the scales drooped off, and it became watery, before becoming the form that Link knew and loved.

“Saria,” said Link, “you're Volvagia's mother?”

“Yes,” said Saria, “you see, I am not human. A dragon may take many forms, and I chose this one so that I could get along with human society, and yet also be a sage and guardian of the forest, and the things that live there.”

“But where's dark me?” asked Link.

“I'm right here,” said a voice behind Link, “thank you for collecting the jewels for me!”

Link turned, just in time to have a dark version of his own sword stuck into his stomach. He fell to his knees, gasping.

“Why,” he gasped, almost indistinguishable through the blood in his throat, “why?”

“Because,” roared Dark Link, “I can resurrect the sorcerer Ganondorf, and he will appoint me as his right hand man, and we can rule the world together!”

Pterai swooped down and attacked dark Link, but he took out a megaton hammer and smashed Pterai across the face. He fell to the floor as well, blood gushing from his beak.

“Does anyone else seek to oppose me?” he roared.

“As a matter of fact,” said Glysconia, “I do! I know something that will destroy you!”

“Oh yeah,” said Dark Link, grinning, “what?”

"You loved someone!" said Glysconia.

"Me... love... no!"

"Yes," said Glysconia, "yes you did... you loved Sheik!"

"I don't know what your talking about," said Dark Link, "you're a liar!"

Dark Link's face was starting to turn red.

"You know exactly what I'm talking about! You loved her, and she turned you down!"

"No," said Dark Link, the rest of his body growing dark purple, "No...no...NO!!!!!"

He exploded, and little bits of black cloud were scattered everywhere.

"Are you okay?" said Saria, removing the dark blade from Link's chest.

"I don't think so. I'm scared. I think I'm going to die."

"Be calm," said Saria, "I will help you."

Her body fell to the floor, and as it did, all of Link's wounds were healed.

"Wha-what happened," said Link, "Saria...saria...SARIA!"

"It's okay, child, Link heard, though he could not determine the source, "I'm in your heart. I've given you my spirit. Now you can take my throne as a sage, and we can share control of the forest, ruling together. I will always be here. To you, my daughter," she said, looking at Volvagia, "I leave my body. You no longer have to wander in a human form. Now you have a choice, to roam as the dragon you are, or to walk as a human. Just remember that I will always love you, no matter the distance, no matter how far away I am, my love will always reside within you."

"M-mother," sobbed Volvagia, "d-does it have to b-be this way?"

"I'm sorry, child, but it does. Without me, Link will die, and he must remain alive. I'm sorry I had to leave you."

Volvagia roared, and the ground around them shook. Rocks atop the tower exploded, sending small shards down, and he roar echoed for miles.

"I-I'm sorry for interrupting a tender moment," said Glysconia...

"WHAT," roared Volvagia fiercely, "WOULD YOU HAVE TO SAY... THAT YOU'RE THANKFUL FOR GETTING YOUR RELATIVES BACK? THAT YOU WANT US TO HEAL PTERAI... I'M HAVING THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE, AND YOU DARE TO INTERFERE!"

"Please," said Saria, through Link, "don't let this be a horrible moment, but a joyful one. I am not gone, just moved to another body... there's no reason to be sad or angry."

"But I might never see you again!" said Volvagia.

"Actually" said Glysconia, "I was going to bring up the fact that you have two special runes and a machine capable of returning life right behind you."

"Oh," said Saria, "I suppose you're right. I don't have to leave you after all."

Saria's spirit went back to her body and she got up.

"The stones are already in the machine," said Saria.

The machine was large and red. It had a large dish on it, and two holes for the stones.

"Who do you wish to resurrect?" asked the machine in a booming voice.

"Firstly," said Pterai, "we wish to resurrect the dead body of Volvagia, secondly, all of the kargarocs that have died, and thirdly, all of the mothulas that have died. Lastly, we want Link to recover."

"I will require a sacrifice!" boomed the machine.

"Okay," said Pterai, who had, somehow miraculously, recovered, "I'll be the sacrifice."

"No," said Glysconia, "I'd be glad to."

"I think that this whole sacrifice thing is wrong."

Navi went over to the machine.

"Listen!" she said, but the vortex sucked her in.

"I guess we have our sacrifice," said Glysconia, "let's not tell Link. He would be sad to know that his old fairy-friend was sucked into an eternal dimension of torture and torment."

And... as things go, the kagnarocs were brought back, and the humans learned to respect both the kargarocs and the mothulas. Volvagia lived happily with her mother atop the highest mount of bird peak rock, and Link relinquished his willingness to kill, giving all his weapons to a young man in Hyrule.

"I still don't understand," asked Link one day when he was speaking to Saria "how these stones do what they do?"

"They," said Saria, "are made of pure vitamins, which are extracted from certain vegetables. These vitamins help keep people alive, and, when condensed, can give life."

Link wanted to quit, and to just live his own life.

But Link still had to save the mothulas from their queen, but that's another book entirely...

To be continued.