

# WARNING

**ACTUALLY READ OR ELSE YOU HAVE  
NO EXCUSE AS TO WHY YOU'RE-**

**UNCOMFY**

**The following  
fanfiction contains  
the following content:**

- Allusions to suicidal tendencies
- Blood
- Murder
- Swearing
- Alcoholism
- Violence
- Blatant displays of douchebaggery and dickery

If any of these bother you, and you still decided to read anyways, then **we are not responsible for your stupidity.**

Go back to your little bubble and stay there! Life doesn't revolve around you or your sensibilities so you can either grow up and adapt or

**FUCK OFF!**

If you wanna complain about that then guess what-

**I DON'T CARE!**

About you, or your dumbass 'FEELINGS'

With love- *Ronin Link*



# THE LEGEND OF **ZELDA** BROKEN HERO

## An Ocarina of Time Fanfiction

### CHAPTER 2: Pearl In The Sand



Young man, I don't mean to pry, but where are you heading off to next?





I suppose to wherever the nearest settlement is.

There's a village south east from here, just keep following the road and you'll reach it. While you're heading there, I was hoping you could do us just a small, insignificant favor.



You see, It's obvious we're not spring cuckoos anymore. But the townsfolk, they've been so kind as to send people up here every now and then to help us out or deliver us supplies, but it's been 2 days and we haven't heard from them. We tried to venture out there on our own to see if something had happened, but we didn't get very far before the sun began to set, so we turned around and well, that's how we got jumped yesterday

Basically, all we're asking is that you remind the good folks down there that we're still here.



"Sure, I can do that. It's the least I can do to repay you for patching my clothes up."

That, and this gives me something to do, a direction to go to,

a reason to get up tomorrow.



I didn't feel the need to push Epona into a full sprint, it was early in the morning and we were in no rush to get into town. A gentle stride on a horse is like a boat calmly gliding down a river, so I sat back and watched as the tall winding trees gradually regressed until Epona and I broke out of the woods to discover a vast, amber Serengeti. And at the center of this field was a modestly sized town.

To be honest, based on what the old man said, I was kinda expecting the town to be either under siege, burning, or outright destroyed. But no. The town was bustling, children playing, store owners on their patios gossiping with their neighbors instead of working, people wandering about going their business regardless if they were in a good mood or bad, it was just another mundane town.

I don't know why I always have this morbid expectation of all the places I go, even though time and time again it's always duller than my imagination. Maybe it's because wandering the ruined wastelands of Hyrule in the future had conditioned me to expect the worst from every locale I travel too. Maybe I'm secretly hoping for such a tragic outcome because it gives me an excuse to use my sword. Because lately fighting feels a lot easier and natural, than trying to interact with strangers. The more I've been wandering out here the harder it has been to talk to others beyond demands for shelter, food or jobs... Now that I really think about it, it's been hard to reach out to new people ever since I was sent back to the past...

Surprisingly enough this town didn't have an Inn. Guess they're so far out they don't expect visitors. So, I just stopped by the first place I could find serving food. The waitress there was a beautiful girl around my age: golden blond hair and pearl white skin which stood in

stark contrast to the bronze-skinned people of this town. She must be a Hylian. She was very sheepish in approaching me though. She clutched a plate tightly against her chest and took tiny steps as if she wasn't trying to make a noise, it was like she was trapped in a cage with a rabid Wolfos and had to feed it by hand. "May I help you sir?" She said facing me, but her eyes avoiding mine. I lifted my hood up so she could see that I too was Hylian, maybe that would help her relax. "Whatever alcohol ya got ." I replied.

Her shoulders dropped at least, and as she walked back to the kitchen. Her stride had relaxed but her gaze still was fixated on anything else but me. Was it because I was a complete stranger, or that I carried a sword and could be a threat? I noticed none of the other men around here carry weapons on them, something I've only ever seen in Hyrule's castle town. I hope I'm not carrying myself in a way that's intimidating.

When she came back with the drink I took a deep breath, and recited the lines I practiced to myself on the ride over here.



"Hey... I don't know if you'd know about this, but there's an elderly couple that live up in the woods west of here."

The Boros? Yes, everyone here knows them.



They said people from around here would always come up to help them out, but for the past 2 days no one has showed up.

“We’re trying, but...” She actually looks back at my sword, and then at me for once and asked-  
“Do you know how to use that?” I took a sip from my drink to hide my eager smile. Didn’t want  
her to think I was a blood thirsty maniac.



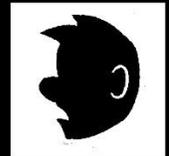
**I think you should see my husband, if you think you can help or need some work, he’s better at explaining all of this than I am.**



Husband? .... Damn.

Her husband was at the house of the local medicine man along with 2 other men, and 2 more wrapped in soaking red bandages on the doctor’s bed. He quickly gave me the rundown of what has been happening.

**So, for about 3 years now, people have been claiming to see a large, savage looking poe wandering the plains east from town. It was always far off from the town and it didn’t seem to bother anyone**



**as long as we didn’t bother it,so we just let it be. But it’s movements have been random and sporadic, and now it has ended up on the west of town directly on the road leading to the Boros. It’s been rough for the Boros ever since their son ran away years ago, so we’ve been sending at least one of us up there every day to help them out or deliver things to them.**

**Kallin was coming back one day from one of these trips when he ran into that poe, and it attacked him. Ever since it’s been too dangerous to send anyone up there, not until we can figure out how to get rid of that Poe.**

**But Henry-**

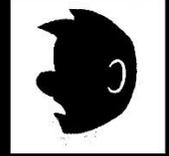


He Points to one of the guys in the beds. “-Can attest to how well that’s been going.”



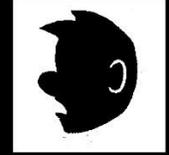
**Has this area ever had a monster problem before?**

**I can’t say it ever has, everyone here thought monsters were just the elders being superstition.**



**So, I guess that also means you never had a problem with stal-children or stal beasts right?**

**What are those?**



**Skeletons of the undead that pop-up from the ground at night.**

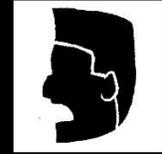
**...No, I’ve never even heard of such things. Have you guys?**



Everyone in the house shakes their heads.

This doesn’t quite add up though. I was riding in these parts for a while now and had to fight of Stal-Children for a couple nights now.

Sir, are you some kind of Monster Hunter that the city folk talk about?



You could say that. Tell ya what, I can take care of this Poe of yours. If I succeed, you give me food, booze and a place to stay for the night.

One of them laughs to themselves and then yells at me.

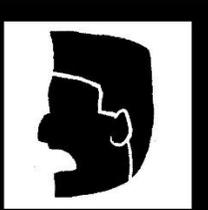
You serious? 4 of us combined couldn't take this thing down, and YOU somehow think you can beat it by yourself with nothing but a sword??



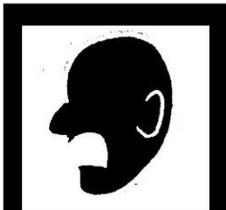
Trust me, I've taken down far nastier and far bigger things than this. None of you would ever believe me if I told you the things I've done and the beasts I've fought. So, consider this:

You can either keep trying to do this yourself and risking more of your friends and loved ones in danger, or you could just send me, a random stranger you have no attachment too and makes no difference if I live or die. If I fail, I fail and your lives will move on as if I was never here. If I succeed like I say I will, then you're out of a Poe problem. And I'm not even charging you with anything crazy like a self-proclaimed professional would. So, what do you say?

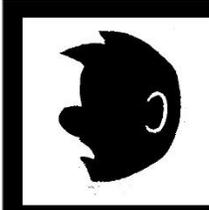
The three gather up in the other room and speak quietly to prevent me from hearing, but my large Hylian ears can still pick up everything they're saying.



I still don't know about this guy



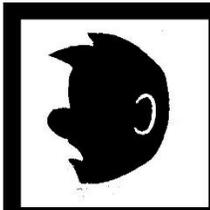
Yeah, there's something sketchy about him



Look guys I know he's a stand-offish creep, but he makes a good point, we don't stand to lose anything by giving him a shot.

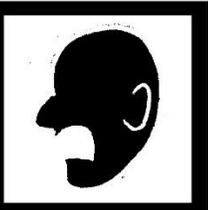


Yeah, but if he does win, we gotta let him stay!



If he truly wanted to cause trouble he would've done so by now.

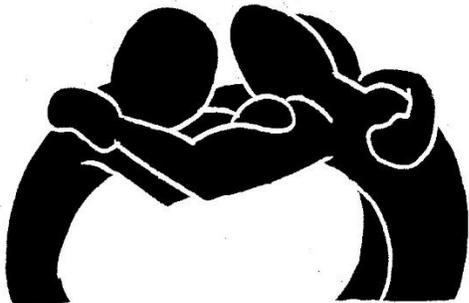
I dunno man, have you even heard what hylians are like?



"I dunno man, have you even heard what hylians are like?"

"Collin my WIFE is Hylian..."

"Umm, err.... But she's one of the few GOOD Hylians!"



I stopped listening at that point, and seriously considered just packing up then and there leaving these idiots to their fate. But their leader came out and agreed to our deal. I didn't say anything about their comments.



I asked that we ride out during twilight hours, even though they claim the specter doesn't appear until the sun has completely set. It gives me time to survey the landscape & what kind of terrain I'm working with.

We waited by the road, I patiently stood in the middle of the road practicing my swings and sharpening my blade against my whet stone, while the others hid in a tree, allowing them to see everything. I think they wanted to make sure I wasn't going to run away.

The fields were peppered with tall, monolith-like boulders that stood out among the flat landscape of these plains. Could they have been dragged here by an ancient people long forgotten? I didn't really think about it for long, I was too distracted by the pleasant weather. Despite being close to a desert, this Serengeti landscape has a very comfortable temperature. A gentle cool breeze caressed through the landscape, the winds combed the tall grass and trees.

But the serenity of the night started to erode away as the winds ceased and the air chilled. It went from an ocean-like breeze to an icy sting upon your skin. A fog started to bellow out from seemingly nowhere- rolling in like a flood and quickly consumed the plains, obscuring even the night sky under a smokey veil. The insects and crickets stopped chirping,

and the only thing that could be heard was the sound of bones creaking and cracking. Almost like something was grinding up someone's arm.

I could see a dark mass lurching through the fog, it moved by convulsing its body back and forth as if it was hobbling on legs that snapped on their shins. As it got closer, I was able to make out more details:

This was the Poe alright. It wore a tattered cloak that was so shredded, it resembled more like a collection of loose strings rather than wearable clothing. Threads that drifted & floated as if they were submerged in water, and the ends of the threads appear to become the smokey fog itself.

The cloak covered the face of the Poe, all except its teeth. It had no lips to hide its hideous teeth that resembled more like splitting, warped planks of wood that howled out raspy gasps of air, echoing out for miles in all directions.

Its skin was so dry that when it moved, its mummified flesh crinkled like paper, and it was so thin that it was no different than a skin-less skeleton.

And now as it approached just a few feet from me, I finally realized why its movements were so clumsy, it was limping. One of its legs was broken, causing it to hobble along its other leg, and balance its body against a long wooden pole that it used as a walking stick, and at the very end of this pole, was its lantern, firmly attached at the end like a gas-lit street lamp from the cities.

Besides the walking stick, this was nothing I haven't seen before. It's been a while since I had to fight off ghosts so this should be interesting.

It continued to fumble towards me as if it didn't even see me. I draw my blade, it continues forward. As it draws closer the more my nostrils begin to suffocate and drown underneath the unbearable stench of decay and rotting flesh. It's about to enter the reach of my blade, when it stops just short of the tip. It takes a moment, and then it clutches itself close to the pole, it winds itself behind it, like it's a scared cat trying to hide behind a tree. It observed me, and when I still didn't budge, it's raspy breathing stopped, and instead, it started to howl. Almost like the cat was trying to hiss at me.

It was a low, raspy moan of a sickly man whose throat was congested with phlegm and mucus.

I still didn't budge, it was always crucial not to make the first move, even if you think you know your prey. Recklessness and revealing your hand too early is the easiest way to die, whether it be against man or beast. After about 3 rounds of it trying to shoo me away with its sickly howling, it thrust its staff in the air, and began to wave it back and forth in circles like it was trying to summon something, I leapt backwards, this looked like a bad sign.

Sure enough, the millisecond I leapt, it slammed the end of its staff at the ground where I once was, and the flash of a purple explosion briefly illuminated the entire plains like the sun itself, sending me flying backwards. If I hadn't moved, that probably would've been fatal.

The fog evaporated, replaced with a char black sky and the field draped in purple hues conjured by a fire blazing at the end of the Poe's staff. It twirled its staff around till it held it behind its back, its stance had completely transformed; it went from the hunched over posture of a crippled old man, to now effortlessly balancing itself on its one good leg while the other was lifted off the ground- standing with the grace of a martial arts monk. It twirled its

staff, and as it did, volcanic streams of fire flinging out from it, igniting the plains into an indigo inferno.

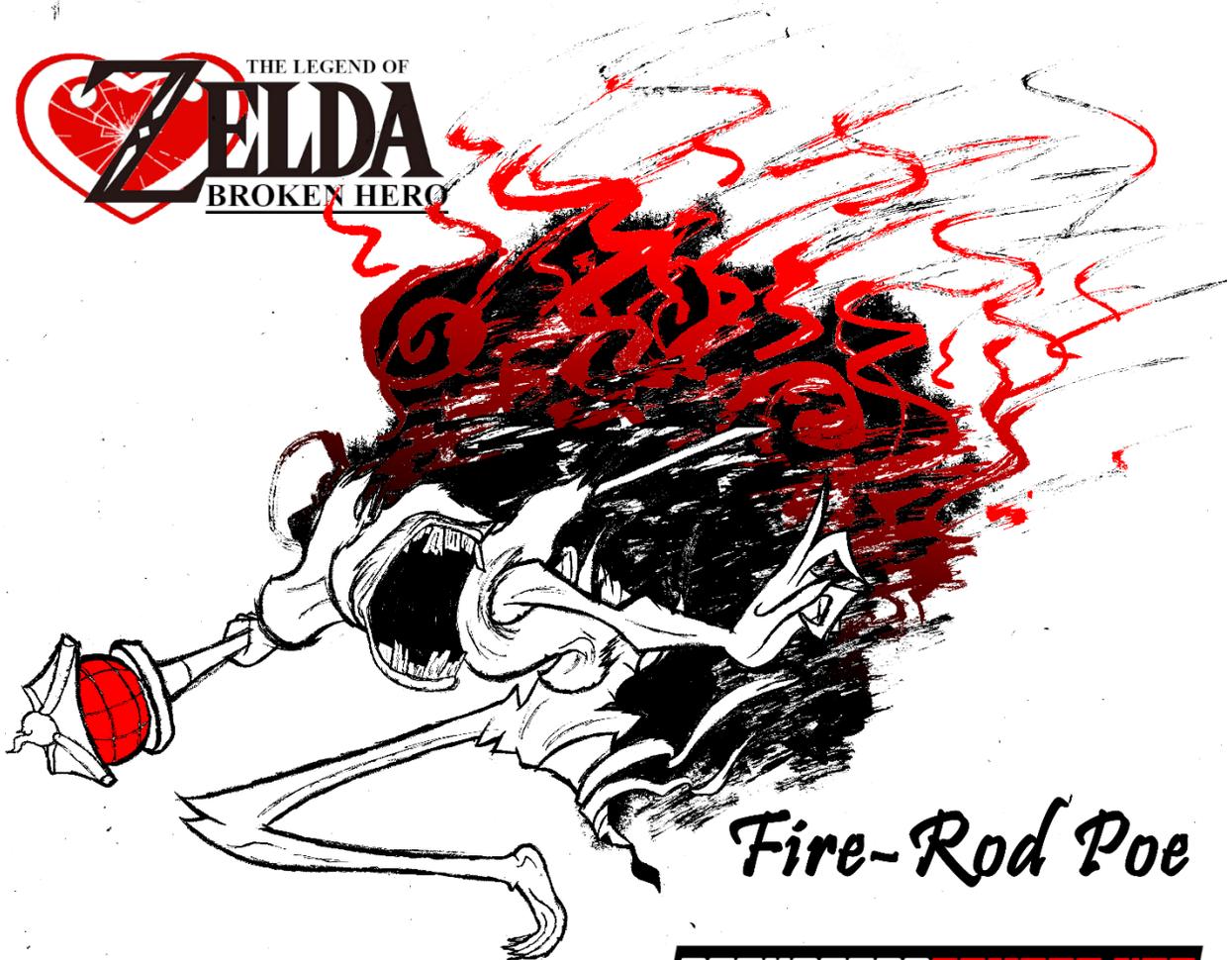
So as it turns out, this is a poe, wielding a fire-rod.

Ok I'll admit-

never seen that before.

~ ~ ~

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**ZELDA**  
BROKEN HERO



*Fire-Rod Poe*

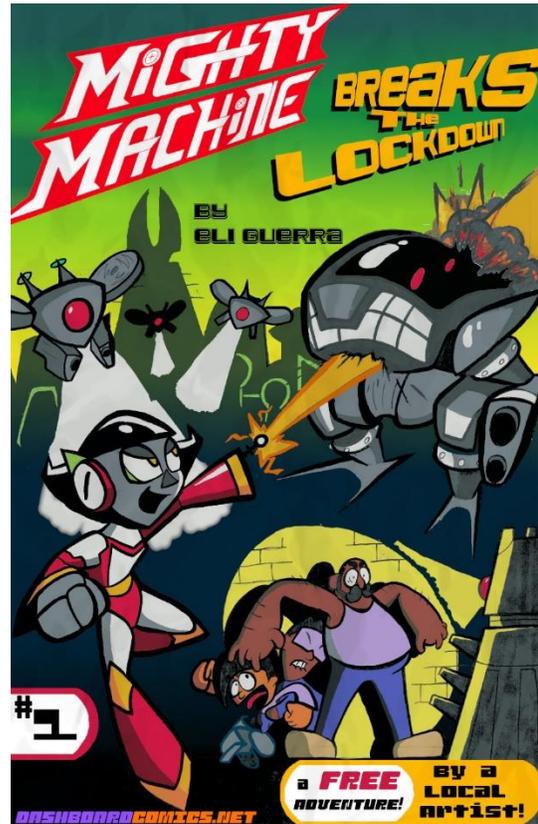
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