

# 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!**

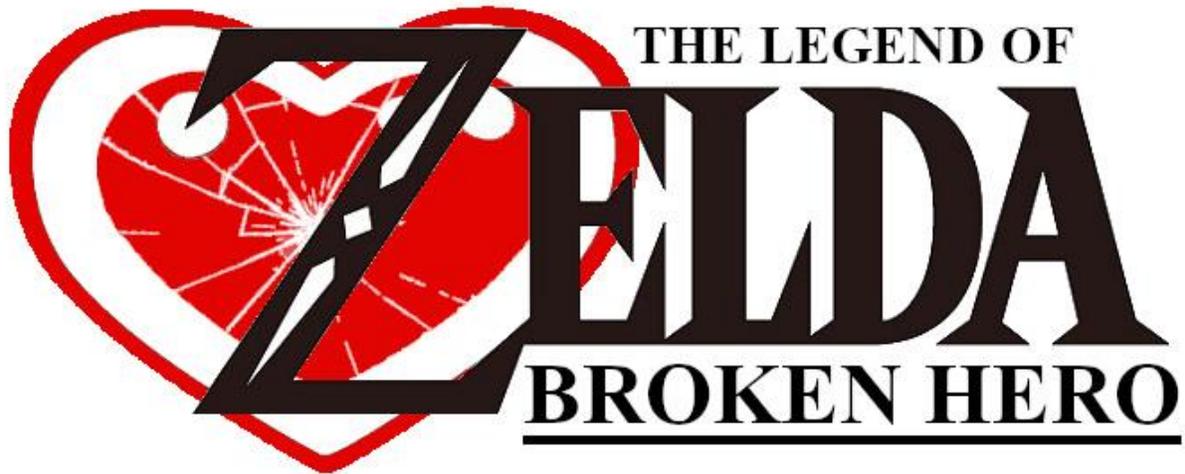
If you wanna complain about that then guess what-

**I DON'T CARE!**

About you, or your dumbass 'FEELING'

With love- *Ronin Link*





**An Ocarina of Time Fan Fiction by Eli Guerra**

## **CHAPTER 1: Blood Brings Me Peace**

I often wonder if there are others who feel the way I do. If they carry the same weight I must burden. I often ponder this everyday as I watch the sun set, its beauty brings me a familiar peace, and yet as the light slowly sinks behind the horizon, my mind once again is encroached by troubling thoughts.

As I watch the great light burn out, I can't help but lament on another day wasted. Another day mindlessly peddling, a day that could've been spent doing so many other things, so many opportunities, so many things I should've said and done, so many things that could've been changed if I was wiser or stronger.

And yet I also think of the days where much had been done, and how I'd still look upon the sinking light, and lament how it wasn't enough. It's never enough. We fight back the

darkness as hard as we can, and yet the sun still falls from the sky every time, giving way to ghosts and phantoms to rule the land, if only briefly.

It all feels so futile.

How many more nights can I bear to ask these questions, before their weight crushes my will?

It's around this time where I get up and start moving again, moving is the only thing that occupies my mind from such ideas. So, I drag myself off the grass and saddle upon my horse, standing above the dwindling twilight rays. I should find shelter soon before it gets too dark, and the children of the undead will be roaming the fields. Yet at this point I'd welcome the company, I have more in common with the dead than the living.

My horse is the only thing that keeps me going these days. Without me she'd be completely lost and helpless, yet I still wonder if she'd be better off without me. Her life is nothing but going where I tell her, and quite frankly, I don't know where I'm going anymore. I managed to find boulders leaning against each other, providing just enough shelter from the winds and environment, yet it's still wide open to the creatures of the night. I let my horse kneel down and rest, I'll just stake out the night again making sure nothing harms her. I barely sleep these days anyways.

Yet just as she has dozed off, I hear cackling in the distance, followed by the moans of separate voices. There's nothing else in sight for miles, so my loyal steed should be fine. I could afford a brief investigation; in fact, I'm secretly hoping it'll lead to a conflict of some kind.

Sure enough, just barely down the path, there's a couple being harassed by 4 'highway men': two of them wield woodcutter's ax, another has a fisherman's harpoon, and the last one has a hand-me down blade that's likely older than his hairless face, the edge has been gnawed away so badly that even in the shadows of fading twilight, the silhouette of the edge resembles a line of crooked teeth.

The only thing more prominent than the gashes on that sword, where the faces of their victims, an elderly couple whose faces had been chipped away so ruthlessly by the chisel of time, and yet the old man still tries to stand tall as a wall between his wife and the assaulters. It would be in vain as everyone can see his trembling body has the durability of a dried leaf.

It's clear that time was the only thing separating these parties from each other. And as it so happens, time is also what separates me from the marauders. I remove my bow and quiver



from my back, and slowly walk up to the group, their leader barking at the couple for some kind of toll, monologuing them in a theatrical tone that was clearly rehearsed. These boys were so drunk off the bliss of their first catch, that they completely failed to notice me walk right behind their leader, and using the butt of my scabbard, I bash it into the back of

his head, causing him to collapse on the ground like a fell tree.

Finally, the others take notice and immediately abandon their stares from the elders unto me-

I draw my sword,

*“This guy for real? He really gonna try an’ fight three o’ us without a shield?”*

One of them barked out with bravado.

My wooden shield was still slinged upon my back, but I never use it.

I don’t need to use it.

Two of them are together on my left, among them is the spear wielder whose tip is trembling. The other one is isolated to the right. Despite having me out numbered and wearing smirks on their faces, they were all clearly rooted into the ground in fear, and when I take the slightest step forward, they sway back like a wind has pushed them.

Typical. Bandits everywhere are always the same, they are so used to harassing the defenseless and unarmed, that when presented with a foe who can clearly fight, they don’t know what to do.

The prospect of a fight is the only thing that gives me a sense of purpose anymore. In combat, all your focus has to be what’s in front of you, gone are the lingering thoughts of uncertainty, for the only thing that’s certain at that moment are a handful of choices that determine life or death. I desperately yearn for the electric surge of adrenaline, crave for the warmth of your own blood upon your skin, thirsting the taste of iron in your mouth, these are

the only sensations that make me feel alive anymore. Fighting gives me truth, steel gives me clarity, and blood brings me peace. I can only hope that these knaves can provide a long struggle to allow me to savor these sensations before I return to the numbness of reality.



I lunge at the one on the left, predictably my approach causes him to prematurely react as he grips his sword with both hands and pulls it towards his chest, then goes for a thrust to skewer me in my fast approach. Expecting this, I swing my sword upwards deflecting the blow and bring my blade down across his face. I ended up behind him as he collapses to the ground holding his face, the only thing coming out more profusely than the blood across his face, where the screams from his mouth.

The other ax wielder immediately rushes over to try and stop me, screeching with the loudest cry he could muster. I just stand there motionless, watching his hand wielding his weapon. As he comes into my rang, he winds up his arm behind him for maximum power and speed, but his weapon is short and stubby, so as he swings all I had to do was calmly step backwards while pulling my own blade close to me, he misses, and his entire body is twisted as

it's trapped by the follow through of his swing, defenseless and wide open, I step forward while thrusting, stabbing the man through his padded armor and piercing out the other end.

Then the spear wielder charges in, likely out of shock or desperation. I pull my skewed victim close to me and use him as a shield as the spear drives into him instead of me, the barbed spikes of his harpoon get stuck in the body, so I toss the corpse to the ground dragging the bandit with it, off balance, and on the ground, I stomp the guy's face in with my foot, causing him to predictably let go of his weapon as he holds his face in pain, I break the wooden shaft off and stab it into its owner.

Finally, their boss has regained consciousness, and witnesses his entire band soaking in their own blood, while I stand tall. I look at him directly in his eyes, which are on the verge of caving in from tears, as I pry my sword out of his partner, slowly walk over to the other one still crying on the ground, and stab it into his throat to end his incessant whining. The silence that followed was like a weapon itself striking him, as he stares there with glossy eyes lost in a foggy, dissociative trance.



The sound of my metal scraping against flesh and bone as I pull it out snap him back into reality as he turns around so fast he almost trips over himself and makes a desperate sprint. I dive for my bow and in a single motion, I pull back the string as I lower the bow taking aim, and release. The man falls to the ground like a limp doll getting tossed, with my arrow protruding from the same spot I struck him earlier.

And in a matter of seconds, it was all over.

Disappointing.

This quarrel barely yielded a rush.

When you've fought & slain monsters fueled by nothing but malice and don't understand concepts like mercy or fear, mere mortals could never compare, men who are so easily swayed and broken by the slightest hint of danger. Maybe times of peace had softened everyone's resolve. Or maybe I'm the only one of my kind, casted out from my true time and forced into a world no longer meant for me.

There I go again lost in my musings; I think the old man is saying something-

*"Young man, thank you dearly-"*

*"Despite maybe being a bit... excessive"*

I interrupted his wife.

*"Regardless, we are still thankful, is there anything we can do to repay you?"*

Without skipping a beat, I immediately respond as I slide my sword back into its scabbard,

"Well, I could use some shelter for the night along with some food, and I have a horse who must be accommodated as well."

I find no reason to try and act modest anymore.

“That is quite fine, it would actually be lovely to have an animal again around the house, as long as she’s nice & tamed,” said the old man. “She’s incredibly friendly and gentle”

I respond, wishing that I could be the same. “What is your name young man?”

The woman asked. I hesitated for a second, I’m not sure if people would know of me in this part of the world, or if it would conjure up trouble. Yet the sincere expression in her eyes pruned it out of my mouth.

“.....Link”



Their home was a modest, single room thatch hut. Beside it was a makeshift stable that was getting devoured by moss from a lack of maintenance, but Epona was more than content with it. Inside their home was a fire pit in the center, their bed on one end, and another bed at the opposite end, one where the sheets and blankets are so neatly done it’s as if they were flat sheets of paper. As I lifted the covers, a storm of dust engulfed around me. The old lady apologized profusely but I assured her, I’m just grateful for having a bed at all after spending most nights sleeping on nothing but the ground and my satchel. I’m actually grateful at all for having a semblance of shelter after wandering for so long, having a night’s rest after being exhausted for so long.

It's not the wandering, the walking, the riding, or even the fighting that tires me the most. I had travelled to every corner of the known world,

But even before all of that I had treaded upon enough ground that would take two lifetimes to complete.

I have climbed the tops of fiery mountains where the very air burned your lungs and singed the hairs off your flesh.

I've delved deep into caverns of impenetrable darkness and fought against terrors so unsightly, that their voices cause the blood of the boldest warriors to freeze and lock them with fear.

I have endured all these hardships and more,  
because of her.

I was able to withstand days of being isolated with the most horrid of creatures, because the thought of seeing her face was the only companion I needed.

I was able to cast away all my doubts, and endure the darkest nights, because I knew she would be there at the end of it all.

She was my guiding light in times where I was lost, she was the hope that kept me warm in the world of cold desperation I had been trapped in, she was the one constant that never left me when everything else faded away.

I bled, I cried, I fell down, and got back up, I was crushed, and was victorious, all for her name.

I could have done none of that, if she wasn't there waiting.

She was the promise, my unbreakable future.

And after all of that, at the end of my journey-

She casted me out.

And now the only thing more painful, is the uncertainty of what to do now.

The weight of an unknown future, of a lost purpose,

That is what tires me the most.

She said it was for my own good, sending me back to the past.

It was the worst thing she could've ever inflicted upon me.

Even her death would've been a mercy.

She claimed it was to allow me to reclaim what was lost,

from a war that was never meant for me.

What do I have left to claim,

when my past is now unrecognizable against my present?

I'm now a warrior, and a warrior is defined by the things he's conquered and the things sent before him.

When a warrior has no war to fight, what even is he?

I can't return to the forest, my fairy too has left me, barring me from ever returning to my childhood. With nowhere else to go, I tried returning to Hyrule castle. There was still a flicker of hope, now that I was in the past, perhaps I can change fate.

Perhaps I could still make her love me.

Together we exposed Ganondorf, the King driven him from Hyrule, sparking a war with the Gerudo. Even with my best efforts, I could not prevent the spilling of blood. The fact that it was now placed solely on the Gerudo, who I had come to know and loved in the future, only made the wound cut deeper.

I did my best to smile on while living in the castle, yet time is as cruel as knowledge. It became increasingly clear that Zelda had no interest in me in this timeline either. Maybe she was still too young, maybe she was just toying me for her amusement. Maybe my adulthood had removed the illusion of infatuation. What I thought was flirting from my memories, is now so clearly platonic bantering. And as the years rolled by, even when we both reached the age of such blossoming affections, it was clear that she had no interest in me.

And all that time I had to endure the indignities of childhood all over again. Many claim they wish to return to the bliss of childhood, They wouldn't stand such a trip for more

than a day before begging to return. When you're a child no one respects you, no matter how wise you are, you are disregarded and shoved aside, you are not allowed to have a free will of your own as you must constantly follow the demands and requirements of adults, even when the actions and attitudes of adults are no more dignified or intelligent than the supposed children they talk down upon!

And you are powerless to fight against it, as you are physically weaker than your elders, in spite of all of the skills and knowledge I had acquired in the future, all it takes is a strong adult to lift me by my wrists and I am powerless.

Adulthood had become a poison.

I had tainted my childhood into a prison, and soured the once proud relationships I had. Impa for instance: In the future she was a dear mentor & friend. Now I am forced to resent her for her constant pandering.

And so, I fled the castle, never returning again.

There was nothing worth returning to.

She sent me here, for my own good.

I tried briefly living among the Zora, knowing that Princess Ruto was at least there. Their king and their people welcomed me with open arms, due to my efforts of saving their deity, and they had given the respect that I long yearned back at the castle. And yet the life of creatures who spend a majority of their time in water, did not mix well with an air breathing Hylian.

And yet maybe I would've endured it all for Ruto's sake, who did indeed pine and obsess over me. And yet, painfully, I could not conjure up the same feelings for her. Maybe it was because my heart still yearned for Zelda. Maybe because she was dreadfully boring as a person, yet was excessively demanding. I felt that I was still doing a disservice to her. Such strong affections are better spent on one who can return them.

So, I left Zora's Domain as well.

She sent me here for my own good.

My experience at the domain made it clear that life among the Gorons wouldn't be any more comfortable. And even if the Gerudo weren't at war, they'd cast me out as an irrelevant boy. That was when I realized there was nothing left for me here. So, I summoned Epona, the only one still beside me after all this time, and we fled the land in the dead of night.

I had been forsaken by Hyrule, banished from everything I held dear.

There was nothing here left worth cherishing.

And so, I'm left, to drift and wander aimlessly

A warrior, with no war to fight

A hero, with no one to save

The one thing I do have,

Is a gaping hole where my heart used to be.

## ***TO BE CONTINUED-***

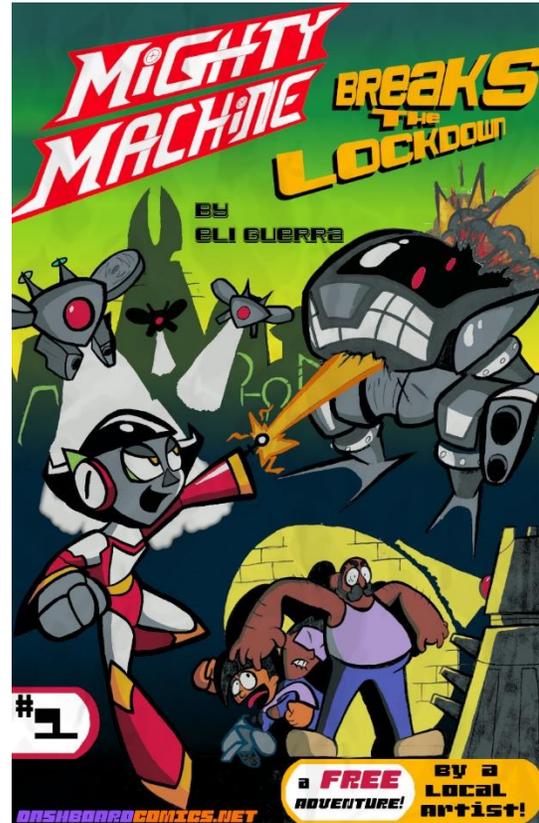
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