

# The Legend of Zelda: Heroes Alliance

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a boy born again and again, aided by his past lives to fight the impending evil

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## Prologue

Deep in the forests of a kingdom of old, lies a hidden tribe. The tribe had seperated from the kingdom, as well as the rest of the world. Inside the tribe lives an orphaned boy of sixteen. On his own, he's become self reliant, building his own home and furniture, preparing his own meals with homegrown vegetables and fish caught by the river. Currently, he's assisting the tribe elder by moving around storage boxes. The elder watches him.

"Here. Come and rest, child. You've been working nonstop since the fog was still high."

The boy walks over, taking the cup.

"Thank you, elder."

He sips at the drink, resting in a chair. The elder watches him.

"You've come so far since we found you. But, I still wish you would rely on us. Even a little."

The boy chuckles.

"If I were to do that, it would go to my head. I cant let that happen."

The elder grins.

" Well, Im still here should you ever need anything, Link. We all are. "

He points to the other tribe members watching them as they pass by, pulling a laugh from the teen.

"I know. The gesture is more than enough."

He finishes his drink, washing the cup before returning to move the boxes. The elder watches him once more in silence, one of the men approaching the elder.

"I checked it as you asked. There was a new one as you predicted."

"I see. Once again, he will be dragged into such despair. And it will only warp him."

The elder lowers his head with a frustrated sigh.

Link wraps up the last of the moving after the sun has moved past the highest point in the sky, now tending to his crops.

"It's going to rain soon. Right on schedule."

The beau commences to harvest the ripe vegetables, carrying them inside with a basket woven by his own hands. The boy faces a mirror as he ties a bandana around his head.

". . ."

His image in the mirror distorts, a familiar but unfamiliar face staring back at him, causing him to move backwards and overturn the table, landing on his back.

"Aah!"

His breath quickens, standing back up and staring into the mirror, only his face now reflecting back.

"Why is this happening to me? These hallucinations."

Sitting down, he grips his hair in frustration. Once calmed, he prepares his dinner, the rain starting to fall. With a want to make short work of his meal, he devours it promptly, briskly changing into his pajamas and climbs into bed, hugging a stuffed animal.

"Please, let me sleep peacefully tonight."

He rests his eyes, the wish hovering over him like thick smog. Within the contents of his dream, the beau is poised in the middle of an everlasting white haze, a watery mirror below his feet.

"What do you want from me? I just want to sleep."

He shifts his gaze in front of himself, five shadowed figures stand before him, each holding out a hand to him. Enveloped in fright, he backs away.

"Stay away! Why are you doing this to me? What are you?"

The shadow lowers its arm, lips moving, but soundless. He observes, unable to make out the words.

"I can't hear you. You aren't saying anything."

Changing route, he saunters towards them, only for whatever surface he was standing on to vanish, his body falling. A scream erupts from his throat as he does so. In the next instant, he is awake, sweating and breathing heavily.

"Someone....tell me what's going on."