

# The Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time

## 第 2 章:理解 (Understanding)

We knew that once we had discovered the Forest Temple's library our work would hardly be done, yet even then we hadn't imagined the sheer scale of the task which would lie ahead of us. The past days we have spent exploring the library, which turned out to span the entire first floor, plus the first basement underneath it. At the first sight of the sheer mess of tangled roots, vines, furniture and who knows what else spread out on the floor by the light from our lanterns I felt glad I had followed Saria's advice and not resumed exploring the library without a proper source of light.

Once we had gained an overview of the task ahead, we cleared out a section on the first floor of the library which we are now using to store and sort any books and manuscripts we could salvage, which turned out to be a rather impressive collection, forcing us to make more and more room on the floor. We used a few bookshelves and tables which were still in a usable state to keep things organized. After a few days of choking on the dust which seemed to be clinging to each and every object we lifted up while scaring away lots of small critters, insects and spiders hiding underneath them, sometimes scaring us at least as much, we have finally managed to sort through a sizeable collection of books and manuscripts. Clearing away some of the growth covering a few of the large library windows and cleaning the glass meant that with a table placed next to them we have enough light to read a book by, saving us from using lanterns all the time. The place is beginning to look positively cozy by now, even if it still smells like wet forest soil with a bit of mold mixed into it.

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I look up from the book I'm trying to decipher and allow my eyes to rest for a moment while staring through the window in front of me at the trees and vegetation outside. I find myself wondering what the last people to have looked through those windows, many years ago, would have seen. To a forest, even a single growth season is already a long time, let alone a hundred seasons or more. In the intervening years entire trees could have grown from seedling to fully grown tree, to have succumbed to disease or age and been absorbed by the forest, reshaping the look of the forest all the time. What would have been a field of carefully tended grass and flower beds would be beyond recognition in just half a century, reclaimed by the forest. Certainly makes one consider the timescales involved in and around this temple and admire its construction which has allowed it to survive reasonably intact for so long.

Now that we have reached this point in restoring the Forest Temple, I find myself reflecting on what we have accomplished so far and the amount of work which still lies ahead of us. I still feel that it is worth it; after all, the Forest Temple represents a major part of the history of the Deku Forest, our home. It would take all of us Kokiri a few years to repair the Forest Temple and restore the grounds around it, but in the end it would restore with it many years of history, making it a worthy investment in my eyes.

Returning my attention to the book in front of me, I try to imagine the person who wrote it, would he or she have imagined the work being read again after so many years? The book doesn't list an author, but it was probably written by one of the Hylians who lived in the Forest Temple back then. It details some

of the rituals and ceremonies performed at the Forest Temple, which included the tending of the grounds. As the temple was seen as an extension of the forest, it couldn't be like a scar, keeping the healthy tissue at bay, but should feel as much as a part of the forest as the trees itself. The forest would therefore gradually merge into the grounds surrounding the building, with the same wild flowers and other plants seen in open spots in the forest growing in seemingly random places, yet tended in such a way that they connected the natural formation of the forest with the artificial construction of the stone building. It must have been a truly impressive sight to walk around the temple in those days. I'm sure that this book will be immensely useful in recreating those grounds.

Getting up, I put the book on a pile of books relevant to the reconstruction of the temple, a pile which seems to be best measurement of our progress so far. I definitely think that the two of us can be proud of what we have accomplished in so little time.

“Found another useful book?” A voice asks behind me.

Turning around, I smile at Saria who is standing behind me with yet another pile of books in her arms. “I think so, yes. This one was mostly about the tending of the grounds around the temple and its design. It should help us a lot.” Saria nods and proceeds to put the books she's holding down on the table with unsorted books. As she turns towards me she returns the smile I gave her.

“You feel like eating lunch now?” Saria asks. Realizing that we have been in here for what must have been the entire morning I eagerly agree. Together we walk towards the entrance of the temple to our favourite spot at the top of the stairs.

After we finish enjoying the fresh outside air and unpack our lunches, we sit down and enjoy the food while discussing this morning's newest discoveries. After a while, though, I suddenly see something moving towards us from out of the forest. Focusing on it, I realize it's one of the Kokiri, and he is in an incredible hurry. Saria, having caught my stare, also looks at the figure, which keeps growing in size until the Kokiri reaches the bottom of the stairs and begins to climb up towards us. It is Hako, one of the younger Kokiri boys. His sweat-streaked face is covered with dirt, as are his clothes which are torn and ripped, as though he has been running all the way from the village and has fallen many times. I begin to feel very uneasy at this unusual sight.

Prodding Saria, who seems to be just as shocked as me, I get up and prepare to walk towards Hako. Saria, putting down the food she was holding, does the same. As we get near Hako he basically collapses at our feet. Dragging him up the stairs to a more comfortable place, Saria offers him some water which he eagerly accepts, gulping it down with most of it flowing down his chin again. When he seems to have calmed down some, he suddenly looks at Saria and me with eyes that are filled with some unspeakable horror.

“Sp... the spi... they... everyone... cap- captured!” He trembles as though reliving a horrible experience. “I... I got... away, but need help...” Shuddering, he collapses. Carefully putting his head down on the sun-warmed stones, I look up at Saria. We both see the same thoughts in each other's gaze.

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After discussing the little we have learned from Hako so far, we decide that something terrible must

have happened at the village. Before we can take action we really have to learn more from Hako, however. After a few moments of calling his name and splashing his face with water, he slowly opens his eyes, to immediately attempt to get up as though trying to get away from something. Grabbing him by the arms Saria and I gently stop him before easing him back onto the stones.

“It's alright, we're your friends. You're safe here. Nobody will harm you.” Saria tells him, seemingly calming him down.

“What happened at the village, Hako?” I ask. “If we are to do something, we need to know exactly what is going on.” At hearing my words, Hako turns towards me and swallows heavily, as though preparing to force out some words while he would much rather just run away. He sighs and takes a deep breath.

“It all came so suddenly... first a huge shadow covering the forest where the Great Deku Tree is, then the sound of many legs running through the tree tops... then the screams started...” Here Hako starts trembling again, at which Saria puts a comforting arm around him. Relaxing somewhat, he continues:

“I could see some Kokiri getting dragged into the trees by something unseen, then I and others caught sight of some of them, huge spiders, standing as tall as a Kokiri, if not more. They must have... have caught everyone by now... except for me.” Hako closes his eyes, clearly exhausted from reliving those events.

Gently shaking him to keep him awake, Saria tells him that he can rest inside Forest Temple, in one of the smaller rooms. Supporting Hako, we bring him to a room with a small window which lets in enough of the bright evening sun light to brighten up the room. Feeling comforted, Hako falls asleep as soon as we put him down on some old fabric which may once have been curtains. Quietly we leave the room and return to the main hall.

Before we get there, though, I suddenly remember something, something useful if we are going to face danger. Halting my pace and turning to Saria who is looking slightly puzzled at me, I motion her to follow me. Not understanding, but nodding and following me, we both make our way to a remote corner of the temple, down many hallways until we stand in front of a heavy oaken door. It looks to be completely intact, having been shielded from the elements by the temple. Lacking a door handle, the only way to open it is using a key.

I look at Saria who still bears a puzzled look and produce a key from one of my pockets. Smiling, I tell her: “I read about this room in one of the manuscripts and found this key right where it said it'd be in the library. Come, let's us not waste any time and explore the contents of this room.”

Half expecting the lock to be so rusted that opening would prove futile, I put the key into the lock and try to turn it. To my and Saria's surprise the key turns easily and a clear clicking sound can be heard. I pull on the key and the door easily opens, granting us access to a medium-sized room with slits in the wall allowing some light into the room. As our eyes get used to the gloom inside, we can see weapons and armour in any conceivable form and size, enough to equip at least a few dozen people.

Walking into the room and making a quick inspection reveals that while the weapons and armour are mostly in an acceptable state, they are clearly made for adult Hylians, not child-sized Kokiri. Almost despairing, my gaze is suddenly drawn to a not very imposing sword compared to the others in the room. Hanging on the wall in its scabbard it is much smaller in size, yet by the way it is put in clear sight with spacing between it and the other weapons, it has to be somewhat important. More

importantly right now, it appears to be my size.

Making my way towards it, I reach up and take the sword down from the wall. Gripping its hilt with one hand and the scabbard with the other, I try to slide the sword out of its scabbard. With the second attempt it slides out without all too much effort. Inspecting the blade I'm surprised to see that no spots of rust covers the metal.

“Link, look at this.” Saria says. Having moved to stand beside me, she points at the scabbard. Looking closer I can see that it is covered with what appear to be runes. A scabbard covered with runes of warding would indeed keep a sword in a fine state for a few hundred years. Now I'm also sure that it isn't just a regular sword.

“Don't you think we should be going to the village now, Link?” Saria says, sounding worried. Nodding, I make my way to the section of the room where the shields are and after a few seconds of browsing I find a small wooden shield which seems just right for me. Looking at Saria, I see that she has found a morning star suitable for her and is making her way to the room's exit. Following Saria, we soon find ourselves again in the temple's main hall and descend down the stairs, towards an unknown enemy and uncertain future.

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We keep up a rapid pace as we make our way to the village. I have attached the scabbard to my belt so that I don't have to carry it and the sword inside it around all the time, although it still feels weird to have it moving on my side with every step I take. I keep the shield on my right arm, not having found a better way to put it which wouldn't be hugely inconvenient if were to suddenly encounter an enemy. Saria wears her morning star in her right hand, yet it seems as though she doesn't notice the weight of it, so focused is she on the task ahead. After discussing strategy the first moments after setting out, agreeing that our goal is to rescue as many Kokiri as possible and to make the Forest Temple our base of operations, no further word is uttered the rest of the journey until we get near the village.

The first sign of trouble we came across was a rather unusual spider web. Not only was it unusually large, it almost seemed to radiate darkness, an experience which is hard to properly describe. After some scouting of the area we determine that things seem safe for now, so we set off once again for the village. Quickening our pace, we watch and listen carefully, not in the mood to meet whatever made that spider web we encountered earlier. Then we get our first indication of what we are up against, and a rather vivid confirmation of Hako's story, not that we needed much of a confirmation on it.

Hanging from a tree we see a large cocoon, made from what appears to be spider silk. As we get closer, we can make out what's inside it. A head, body, hands... an entire Kokiri is trapped inside the cocoon. Revolted by the sight we move away from the tree, looking around us as though the same fate is about to befall us as well. When after a few moments we still haven't seen or heard anything, we move closer to the cocoon again. Taking my sword out of its scabbard, I attempt to cut the cocoon loose from the strings suspending it from a branch. To my surprise the sword cuts through the centimeter-thick spider silk as through a blade of grass. With a lot of noise which has us both on our toes in the quiet forest, the cocoon lands on the ground, though its occupant doesn't make any sounds.

With a few more cuts using my sword, the cocoon soon falls apart, leaving the Kokiri inside freed from

its embrace. I recognize him as Mido, a rather bossy Kokiri who likes to make life difficult for me at times. Yet not even he deserves such a fate. When I check his pulse I'm relieved to find a pulse, albeit weak. Watching Mido's ashen face, I look for any sign that he is recovering, unsure of what else may have happened to him.

Saria also checks Mido's vital signs. After a few moments she says: "I think he has been poisoned. Look at these red marks here on his legs, right where the fabric is torn away. They remind me of bite marks made by some insects and spiders." Looking at the location she indicates, I can only agree with her assessment. The question now is what we should do with poor Mido.

"You think the poison will kill him?" I ask Saria.

She shakes her head. "It's hard to say, some spiders will only paralyze their prey, others use their venom to liquify its insides. Considering that Mido is still alive even though he must have been here a while suggests that he is only paralyzed. There is no telling how long the effect will last, however."

In the end we decide to leave Mido behind, covered with some leaves, moss and vegetation to somewhat camouflage him. There is no way we could drag him and anyone else we may encounter in a similar state back to the Forest Temple with us. Apparently our only choice is to find the source of this all and deal with it. Whatever it and dealing with it may be. As we resume our march to the village I notice how grim Saria looks shortly before realizing that I probably have a similar grim expression on my own face.

I can feel a part of my subconsciousness tugging at me for attention. Before I can push it away some fragments of the nightmare I had days ago appear in front of my mind's eye. For a moment I can feel the scorching heat of the all-consuming flames, the feeling of sheer desperation and hopelessness and the wrongness of it all again. Then it's gone and it's just Saria, me and a forest which feels more unfamiliar to the both of us than it has since we were born.

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The sight of the village itself is if possible even less cheerful than we could have imagined. Completely abandoned, with signs of violence and a rush to escape visible everywhere, such as a few overturned chairs in front of one house with one of them seemingly ripped apart, and makeshift weapons lying abandoned on the ground, some of them damaged or even broken in half. I imagine those weapons being used against the exoskeleton of some monstrous spider, for it to then grab the weapon with its mouth parts and cleanly severing it in half. I increase the grip on my sword which I have kept ready even before we entered the village.

"Link, look there." I see that Saria points at a few houses of which the entrances are covered by spider webs. "Either Kokiri are being trapped inside, or the spiders don't want anyone to enter or hide in those houses." Looking around it seems as though every house's entrances have been sealed this way.

Cautiously moving on, we still don't see any trace of the spiders themselves. We begin to hope that perhaps this was just a raid and the spiders are now all gone. Before we can begin to feel optimistic about this thought, we encounter more and more cocoons of Kokiri who didn't escape, until eventually we come across a large number of cocoons, lying on the ground, leaning against a tree or rock, or

suspended from a branch like Mido before.

Looking around, I still can't see or hear anything which could be one of the spiders. The forest itself, the village, even the ground appear to be in the thralls of some kind of unnatural silence. As we move closer to the largest collection of cocoons our footsteps sound muffled, while with each breath one of us takes and each sound we make we both cringe as though each time we make something dark, something which is lurking in the shadows gradually more aware of our presence. I can hear my own heartbeat clearly while sweat runs down my face and is making my hands slippery. Moving with our backs together so as to leave no side undefended, Saria and I make it to the cocoons.

“What now?” Saria asks me.

“You remember Hako talking about a shadow covering the Great Deku Tree? I think we'll find the source of this all there.” Nodding, Saria looks in the general direction of the Great Deku Tree. While it's somewhat hard to make out from this distance, the forest there does seem to be darker, less vibrant than before.

“Let's go.” After uttering these words Saria resumes walking towards our new destination with me following closely behind her. Something seems wrong, though... I can't place it, but it's as though something has shifted, or changed. Shaking my head I wonder whether it isn't just something I'm imagining. Then I hear something big land behind me.

Turning around, I spot a bulking, eight-legged form looking at me with its many eyes. It's larger than any animal I have seen before, at least one and a half time as tall as me and undoubtedly more than a match for a single Kokiri, let alone an army of them. Realizing that I'll become spider food in a moment if I don't do something just about right now, I raise my shield and sword and assume a defensive posture.

“Look out! Spider!” I yell at Saria, who is still standing behind me as far as I know and hope.

“There may be more of them.” I hear Saria reply, indicating that she has already noticed the spider I'm facing now and is scanning the surroundings for more threats. Our hopes of the threat having vanished after the initial carnage apparently were indeed futile and we won't get out of this without a few battles. Right now I find myself completely focused on surviving my first battle. Although I do have some experience fighting using wooden sticks with other Kokiri, it isn't quite the same as facing an armoured, eight-legged spider larger than much myself and very much capable of putting an end to my existence with a single careless swipe of one of its legs.

The spider suddenly moves towards me, extending one of its legs in what seems like an attempt to pin me to the ground or otherwise incapacitate me. Not following any kind of strategy, I just do the first thing which comes up in me and that is to deflect the spider leg with my shield, putting it at an angle to use the leg's own momentum against it, then I swipe my shield out wide while I bring down my sword on the leg. As the sword cuts through the spider leg which is as thick as a sizeable tree branch with apparently the same ease as the spider silk strands before, I notice that I hardly feel amazed anymore at the miraculous sharpness of my sword.

Crying out in rage with a very shrill voice, the spider trashes around, blinded by pain. Seemingly remembering the cause of this sudden injury, the spider focuses its attention on me again and this time seems intent on attacking me directly using its fangs or mouth parts as it rushes towards me. That, or bury me with its sheer bulk. Foregoing strategy again, and instead just relying on my instincts, I jump

forward, to then roll as I hit the ground. Due to proper timing or just dumb luck, I find myself right underneath the spider's head, so I regain my footing and jump while keeping the sword extended above my head. An incredibly shrill, skull-piercing noise fills my head. As I extract my sword from whatever it hit and dash away from the spider I hear the noise abruptly stop. As I look over my shoulder, I see that my enemy no longer is standing on its legs, but is lying crumpled on the ground. Noticing no immediate danger near me, I skid to a halt and turn around. As the pounding of my heart subsides and the world around me seems to return to its normal colours instead of the reddish fog covering it during the fight, I suddenly realize that I'm the victor. My first fight with one of the monsters which have completely reduced the entire Kokiri village to a collection of cocoons has resulted in the monster suffering a lethal blow, while I'm left completely unharmed.

Looking at the sword which I'm still holding in my left hand, I notice spider gore dripping from it. As I wipe my sword clean using some grass, I suddenly notice that I'm no longer holding my shield. Looking back at the spider carcass, I can see the shield lying a few meters in front of it. I must have thrown it away before or after I jumped. Walking towards it and picking it up, feeling relieved to see it is still intact other than some scratches on the front from deflecting the spider leg, I try not to look too much at the now dead eyes of the spider and the puddle of gore pooling on the ground around its head section.

Shaking my head clear of the last remnants of the battle lust, I'm suddenly reminded of Saria. Maybe more monsters attacked while I was busy fighting this one? I didn't see any more of them earlier, but maybe... Yet as I turn around to look at the place where I left Saria, I see only her standing there, staring in profound amazement at the carnage which has just taken place. As I walk towards her, she appears to restrain herself from moving backwards, away from me. Noticing her obvious discomfort, I halt and assume a more relaxed posture.

“What's wrong?” I ask Saria.

As I try to read her facial expression, she turns away her head.

“Nothing... it's just... with that spider, you didn't seem like an inexperienced warrior. You were absolutely amazing in how you killed the spider without sustaining even a single hit. It is... scary.”

“Scary?” I ask. Thinking for a moment, I resume: “It took me by surprise too. I didn't really think about what I was doing, I just... followed my instincts, I guess. Not that it explains anything.”

Looking at my sword, I consider the possibility of it being the source of my sudden fighting prowess. There's no way to tell for either of us what a magical sword may be capable of. At any rate it is of secondary concern at this point. We still got evil to eradicate.

Focusing my attention on Saria again, I tell her: “I'm fairly sure I'm still the same Link you have always known, though. For all I know this sword,” I lift my sword up a bit, “is what is making me capable of this. At any rate it doesn't matter. We got a big task ahead of us, and apparently we really got a chance now.”

Nodding, Saria seems to relax at my words, evoking a sensation of relief in me.

“I guess it's pointless to worry about it right now.” She says. “Let's continue quickly.”

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It'll still take us about an hour to reach the meadow of the Great Deku Tree, even at the rapid pace with which we are walking. We find ourselves surrounded by mostly dense forest, interrupted only occasionally by small meadows and the like. Every second we half expect another spider or two to drop out of the trees. Every second they don't we grow more tense.

After traveling about half the distance, Saria suddenly motions for me to stop as she does the same. Putting a hand to her ear, she appears to be listening intently. Controlling my own breathing, I attempt to focus on the sounds around me. At first I hear nothing but our own laboured breathing with the forest itself still being as lively as the inside of a tomb. Then I begin to hear it too. A series of slow, creaking noises, like the wind gently bending the branches of the trees. Except that there is not even a breeze right now.

“Get ready.” I tell Saria, while I assume a defensive posture. Quickly obeying, Saria grabs her morning star with both hands and positions herself back-to-back with me. Both of us look anxiously at the branches of the surrounding trees, knowing that multiple spiders will soon drop from them. The creaking noises become stronger and sound closer with every passing second. They must be right next to us now. Then the noises stop.

Feeling cold shivers travel down my spine as my stomach appears to be twisting itself around, I increase the grip on my sword and ready my shield to deflect any incoming object which won't instantly crush me. Like another spider. Moments pass as the two of us wait in silence. The urge to run away keeps nagging in the back of my mind, yet I forcefully push it away. We both know that if we run, we are dead. Spiders will drop on top, before and in front of us, cutting us off and leaving us without any defensible position.

More moments pass and I silently curse as drops of sweat travel down my face, causing a tickling sensation or get into my eyes, irritating them. I begin to wish that the spiders will just get this all over with. Perhaps they're just waiting for us to make the first move. Perhaps they'll wait for hours, long beyond our endurance. I can feel Saria tensing up behind me as well. Neither of us is having an easy time right now. And it'll only get worse.

A rustle in the canopy of leaves above us is the first sign that the stand-off is about to be broken. Determination replacing fear and doubt, we ready us as the first two spiders land to the side of us, to be quickly joined by two more at the other side and another one right in front of me. Waving their front legs menacingly, the five spiders make shrill, chattering noises, as though they're communicating. Or just trying to frighten us.

Realizing that by leaving the path in front of Saria open the spiders are inviting us to make a run for it, and turn us into easy prey, making it obvious that these aren't dumb arachnids. They seem to have covered all the bases. Either their prey runs and is quickly captured, or they fight and are instantly overwhelmed by the more than two to one odds in favour of the spiders. It seems a hopeless situation for us both.

Taking a deep breath, I once again try to find the same sensation I felt before when I faced the first spider. Instead of allowing myself to realize the hopelessness of the situation, I surrender myself to whatever it is I feel inside of me, be it instincts or just the sword controlling my motions. Feeling the strange strength flowing through me, I yell: “Now!”, right before I drop my shield, run forward and jump higher than I have ever jumped before, to land on the back of the spider in front of me. Stabbing

my sword into the creature's flesh to stop my forward momentum, I make a back flip while simultaneously extracting the sword from the spider. Reversing my sword while in mid-air, I allow myself to land on my back while the sword slides through the creature's head section, instantly killing it.

When I feel the life flowing out of the spider I just killed, I quickly extract my sword and slide down towards the ground. Even before my feet touch the ground I'm already running towards the nearest spider, which still doesn't seem to have fully comprehended what has just happened. Out of a corner of my eye I see that Saria has engaged one of the other spiders and has crippled two of its legs with what must have been powerful blows. Smiling in grim satisfaction, I ready my sword and run right underneath the spider I'm targeting. Keeping my sword level with the upper section of the spider's legs I cut through all of the legs at one side, evoking ear-splitting shrieks from the creature, right before it tumbles to the ground, unable to do more than drag itself around with only four of its legs remaining.

The spider closest to the one I just took care of now turns towards me and dashes at me, seemingly infuriated. Before it can even get close, however, I throw my sword at the creature as though it is a spear. Within a second it crashes to the ground with the sword embedded between its eyes. The remaining spider which wasn't engaged yet now also rushes towards me, even after seeing the gruesome fate of its two companions.

Realizing that it'll take me too long to make my way to my last kill, extract the sword and face the oncoming spider in time, I instead grab a sturdy dead tree branch which is lying near me on the ground and begin running towards this new enemy. Before I get too close, I stick the branch into the ground, causing my momentum to be changed and lift me into the air. Keeping a tight grip on the branch, I land on the spider's back, on its mid section. Not losing any time, I turn around towards the head of the creature and locate the connection between the head and mid sections. Waiting for the right moment when a large enough gap appears, I quickly insert the thinnest side of the branch into the gap and push with all my might. The branch slowly finds its way under the edge of the exoskeleton until I deem it to be far enough after which I push down on the branch, using it as a lever. The spider's shrieks are even worse than before with the others. In intense pain, it attempts to throw me off its back by shaking from side to side, but the branch is too deeply embedded for this and provides me with the support I need to hold on. Then the creature tilts to one side, apparently to roll over onto its back. This is the moment I have been waiting for.

When the spider has nearly rolled onto its back, I let go off the branch and jump off, breaking my fall by rolling until a tree suddenly stops my momentum. Groaning in pain, I quickly surmise that my improvised plan has worked as intended by the lack of shrieking. Getting up, I look at the carnage and see the first two dead spiders, another one dragging itself around on its four legs, apparently attempting to escape, and my last victim which has driven the branch into its brain using its own weight. The last remaining spider which Saria is battling has found itself on the losing side as well. Having used her morning star to its full potential, the creature can barely stand on its maimed legs, let alone manage an attack on the agile Kokiri dashing around it, inflicting more damage with every blow.

Quickly retrieving my sword from the spider carcass, I move towards Saria's location.

“Need any help finishing up?” I ask her.

“Go right ahead, I think I have had my fill of battle for today.” She responds while easily dodging a few more clumsy attacks from her enemy. “Besides, it'd take me many more blows with my weapon to

do what your sword can do with a single swipe.”

Grinning, I move towards the crippled spider which makes a feeble attempt at attacking me. I easily dodge it and end its suffering by a swift blow to the head section. As the creature collapses onto the ground, I make my way towards Saria.

“Are you okay?” I ask her, while checking her for any scrapes or more serious injuries.

“He nearly got me a few times, but other than a few bruises I think I'm alright.”

“You want to rest for a bit?”

Looking around her at the gruesome scene, she shakes her head. “I don't want to stay here any longer than necessary, and besides, we still have a task to finish. I doubt that this will be our last encounter with those spiders as well.”

Nodding in agreement, we fix our clothes, which have gotten quite dirty with the last fight, not to mention that they aren't exactly meant to be worn in battles. After I retrieve my shield and we both finish cleaning our weapons, I make a last check that we are both ready. After that we both set out on the last stretch of our journey to whatever it is that we'll find at the end of it.