

The next morning came late, for there was no dawn. The sky was covered with thick grey clouds and thunder rolled in the distance. Link woke quickly.

“Come on, everyone, we have to get home or find shelter soon... a storm’s coming.”

“Without any breakfast?” squeaked a fairy.

Lightning flashed and the thunder rumbled louder. The storm was drawing in. It was indeed without any breakfast that the faeries marched from the meadow and into the woodlands. They all held onto their fuzzies, but folded under their clothing, or tight in the pits of their arms - for they did not wish to float away. And surely, they would have – the winds were getting stronger and a slight rain had begun.

The group followed alongside the stream. It would be about a day’s journey.

flash!

An immediate CRASH!

Heavy Rain – Strong wind; the storm began to rise!

“Link!” called one of the faeries, “I Think We Need To Find Shelter *Now!*”
“Oka-“ The wind and rain had grown so loud that the faeries couldn’t even hear each other anymore. A gust coursed so strongly, that it nearly tore the clothing from their bodies. They dove and held tightly to whatever was nearest them on the forest floor – plants, tree roots, heavy logs. – the gusts pulled at them and they waved like flags in the wind.

It was quite lucky for those little guys that they had often worked with their hands in the earth; for this strengthened their palms and fingers, and toughened their grips. With two hands clamped tightly, they’d have a good chance of riding out the storm...

Speaking of riding, can anyone guess what else went for a ride right then?

The Fuzzies!!

The faeries had no choice but to let them go - and so, the storm took them skyward; whirling and twirling them violently...

Oh, no. Link...

He’s holding on with only one hand!! He’s got his dandelion seed is in the other.

And from the look on his face, it seems he’ll much sooner let go of the ground than that seed.

The wind gushed through the forest and the trees bent back like rubber. The dandelion seed Link was holding now acted as a kite, and the wind pulled up on it. Link clenched his fist as tightly as he could around its beaded bottom. But we all know what kites do – they rise in the winds – and so do dandelion seeds, for that matter...

And that's just what it did, pulling Link from the ground. He grabbed the seed with both hands and quickly gripped onto a small leafling with his feet. The wind gusted, pulling on the dandelion seed harder and harder. Link's feet slipped upward on the leaves until the only thing keeping him from being dragged into the sky were his two big toes...
...and even those were slowly slipping away...

"Help! Heeeelp!: he cried.

Galath gnome, who had taken shelter in a sturdy rock crevice, poked his head out very cautiously.

"Oh My!" he said noticing Link's dire situation.

"L e t G o !" He yelled. "L e t G O!"

But Link did not want to let go; he didn't want to forget his adventure. He did not want to lose his only seed and his only way to visit the princess again.
He wanted to have more adventures.

It was for this reason, that he was swept up by the winds. Galath gnome made an attempt to rescue him – and a darn good one, at that. He pulled off his belt and fastened it around his ankle, tying the other end to a stone. He ran, or limped, rather, toward Link – dragging the stone behind him.

But it was much too late. Link was already well into the treetops...

Do you remember when I began telling you this story? We have now reached the part I was going to start with... the part where I met Link...

It was early one morning when I was out for a walk through the forest. It had rained the day before, so the ground was wet and the air was magnificently scented with cloud. I was fully enjoying the company of the trees and the birdsong, when something hit me on the head. It was small, nothing painful. Just a little tap.

Then I heard something strange – almost like crying. It was coming from my head...
So I took off my hat and checked...

hmmm – nothing in my hair...

...nothing down in my scalp...

maybe on the back of my neck?

As I turned my head to look, I saw something sitting on the top of my hat.