

Kingdom of the Wind (First Draft)

Long ago in a distant land, there was a kingdom that lay under the protection of the wind. Surrounded on all sides by the coldest of mountain peaks, the city stood on a platter of stone atop a tall spire. It is said that the wind spirit carved out a safe haven for her people eons ago to protect them from the darkness lurking in the caverns below. These caverns became known as the “Realm of Darkness” and it’s only inhabitants were the banished criminals from the kingdom above. However, no soul has ever returned from the Realm of Darkness alive.

Despite the cold and snowy mountains, the Kingdom of the Wind remained both safe and warm all year long. Bubbling up through the stone spire flowed a constant stream of hot water. This water was the lifeblood of the city, warming its residents and powering its factories. The city stood tall; protected by the wind, warmed by the earth, and guarded by its royal family for generations.

The royal family of the Wind Kingdom not only protected the people of the city, but also were the last of those trusted to give homage to the wind spirit, high atop the mountain range’s highest peak. The wind spirit granted her protection through a pure quartz crystal, given to each member of the family when they came of age.

One summer there was a young prince whose birthday was fast approaching. It was tradition that the king would take the young one up the mountain to meet the spirit. It was however, an unspoken rule, that the king may choose any time to summon the youth for their journey. On the night before the prince’s twelfth year, the king entered his

quarters prepared for the treacherous journey ahead. Armed with an animal skin cloak, sturdy staff, and a pack of provisions he stood at his son's bed and called to him.

Waking quickly the young prince ran to his nook to prepare for the journey. Greatly anticipating the venture he had already packed most of his needed belongings and readied himself alongside the king.

The king led him far below the castle and down to the lower crypt. They passed the tombs of past kings and queens all buried with their protective quartz shining proudly on their coffins. The prince had never seen this part of the castle before; he was amazed that such care was taken to preserve their bodies as well as their precious gemstones. At the edge of the crypt was a secret door, hidden behind a great plaque. The plaque read "Ever guarded by our protector the wind," and beneath it was the quartz of the kingdom's first king, whose body was lost in the Realm of Darkness ages ago.

Upon exiting the lower castle the prince found that they were in the castle's eastern courtyard. It was a private retreat for his mother the queen, and again a place he had never been. The courtyard lead to the great hall, however they did not head that way. Instead the king lifted his son over the walls of the courtyard and into the public square. They ran past the gardens and around great geyser in the main plaza. Occasionally they looked back to the castle growing ever more distant as they reached the city's gate.

The great wind gate was massive, stretching several stories above the great city. The city's walls seemed so vast compared to the smaller bricks of the castle. For the young prince to be so close to the outer walls was nearly unheard of. The king stood proudly with his son as the guard by the gate held up his quartz crystal to open the gate. The crystal glowed brightly in the dark shadows of the city, and with violent shake the gate opened sending a rush of cold wind through the city.

When the gate had fully opened lights from additional crystals lit the way from the city across the narrow wooden bridge. The king carefully led his son by the hand across the shaking wood to the safe and solid edge of the mountain. Looking back to the city once more the prince could just barely see the morning light peeking up for the east.

The mountain path was a wide and winding road between the snowy cliffs. Strong winds kept the path clear, but also made the journey bitterly cold. As the sun slowly raised the path gradually lead them higher and higher up the mountain, until only a narrow road remained. The further up they traveled the stronger the wind tried to push them back, but under the guidance of the king they were unshaken.

Now each holder of the quartz crystal chose their own vessel for it. For the guard at the wind gate it swung on a chain around his waist. His mother, the queen, wore her crystal proudly on her cloak as a sign of outward protection. For the king it resided in a gilded necklace that hung low down to his stomach. The prince watched as the pendant was blown about in the wind, unbeknownst to the king whose focus was on his son.

As they reached the final ascent to the mountain's summit, an unusual gust sent a wall of powdered ice toward them. Taking his son by the hand he stumbled forward in confusion as the crystal should have protected them from such harm. For a brief moment the king released his son's hand and reached up to his pendant. It was gone! The cold winds had frozen the chain that held it in place and the winds had ripped the links apart. He reached back to grasp his son's hand but alas, he too was gone.

When the young prince had felt his father's hand slip by, he remained stationary as he could not see anything before him. When the king called out to his son, the prince shouted back in response but the howling wind kept his tiny voice from being heard. Again, and again, and again his father called out, but each time the sound of his voice grew ever fainter. The prince ran forth, shouting in response, but soon he no longer heard anything but the wind. It took but one final gust to knock the young prince off of his feet, sending him tumbling down the mountain side. Sobbing as he rolled he kept reaching up hoping to catch his father's hand, but they two were long separated in the storm.

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The next thing the prince remembered was the warm crackle of a fire. He had been asleep for days, but still calling out in his dreams for his father. Awakening, he found himself within a small wooden house tucked snugly into a long bed. A fire burned on the far side of the room, and a warm light shined in the window. He could hear birds cawing from the rooftop, and the faint smell of salt in the distance.

Hearing the boy's stirring an old man entered the room to greet him. The grizzled gentleman spoke softly through a long graying beard. He explained about how a traveling merchant brought a nearly frozen child down from the mountain into his village. He took the child into his home and nursed him back to health by the warmth of the fire. Still struggling to remember, the young prince inquired about his father the king, but the old man said that he was the only one found on the mountain that day.

The young prince determined to still find his father, leapt from bed and ran to the door. The old man stepped aside; as he knew the boy would need time understand. Outside the old man's home the prince found himself in an unfamiliar village. The old man's cabin sat atop a small hill, looking down on the village. Wooden cabins lined the main road, smaller shops and vendors worked just outside them. He could see the great sea in the distance; small boats from fishermen were docked by the coast. And on every home, shop, and sign were symbols he had only read about. The insignia of the Stone Kingdom was proudly displayed among them.

Turning back to the old man, the prince fell to his knees and began to cry. Moved with pity for the boy the old man pulled him from his sorrowful state and lead him outside once more. The old man inquired of the prince's home and heritage as he too was unfamiliar with the city from which he came. The boy explained about the journey to the summit, and how he was destined to inherit the kingdom, but despite the old man's best efforts the boy could not be consoled.

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The Village of Stone lay at the base of the great mountains. Guarded by the earth dragon, and its people protected by its amber gemstones, its existence was only rumored to be true by travelers to the great wind city. With the mountain's constant storms and frozen wind, the young prince remained in the village for 4 long years until the road would become passable once more. Merchants were far and few in those days, as it was only once every 5 years that the mountain's storms were small enough for travelers to pass by. The prince grew strong working in the village under the guidance of the local blacksmith. Creating tools for the villagers and jewelry for the merchants he became a respected nobleman among the people there.

Often looking to the mountain at midday, he longed to return home to see his friends and family once more, but alas it would be another year before he could attempt the mountain trail alone. The old man who had looked after him was the village elder, and despite knowing the mountain path well, he was far too old to journey beyond his kingdom. Knowing well that the prince would one day leave for his home, it was the elder's belief that the work he would do in the village would prepare him for the road ahead.

It was nearly harvest season when a strange merchant came through the village. Stopping to sell some goods and buy a few others, he headed to the prince's workshop after hearing of a stray child of the wind. Every merchant that came through the village had not stopped at

the Wind Kingdom, but the prince still hopeful that one day someone would come with knowledge of his home.

Hanging his fur coat on an iron hook, the merchant sat down across from the prince, covered in soot and ash from the furnaces. From under his sleeve the strange man pulled out a piece of parchment stamped with the insignia of the wind kingdom. Eyes widening the prince snatched it from his hands and opening it on the table. The parchment was simply a receipt for trading in the city, but given the cleanliness of the document it couldn't have been more than a few days old.

Seeing the prince's eagerness the merchant began telling of his travels across the land. He had come from far the northeast in the heart of the Kingdom of the Sun. The prince had heard of other merchants from such a place, but he had never met one who knew the kingdom so well. A tall tower at the center of the city gathered energy from the light spirit who protected the Great Plains. Their city was the most advanced technologically in the world, boasting unique machines and medicines that no other civilization had. His travels took him across the Great Plains, over the rolling hills, and up the great mountains to the Wind Kingdom. He recounted that long ago he traveled to see the Wind King's great city as it was known to be a peaceful place for the travelers. However, in the years since the absence of a king, the city had become an industrial wasteland polluting the air with black smoke. Only those bringing wealth of gold into the city were allowed entrance beyond the wind gate, and the once gracious people had become cold hearted.

The prince was distraught. What happened to his home? Had his people really lost their way in such an unfortunate manner? Standing in a sense of duty the prince thanked the merchant for his tales and set forth to speak to the elder of his adoptive home.

The prince informed the elder of the story he had been told. He expressed a desire to cross the mountain early, despite the hazards of the great winds. The elder pleaded with the boy, as he knew the prince would not survive the journey alone. One more year, he told him, but the prince insisted. Finally relenting the elder trusted in his heritage and asked the prince to visit the caves at the edge of the village. If he could obtain the amber gem from their protective spirit, then perhaps he could cross the great mountains as desired.

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Guarded by some of his finest produced armor and a strong staff, the prince entered the great caves at the base of the mountain. Cold as they were at first, they quickly grew warmer, and warmer as a fiery red glow lit the cavern walls. At the end of the long tunnel was a gilded altar. From each side flowed molten earth, the heat of which seared the rocks in the cave to a deep black color. The prince amazed by sight, stood firm at the stairs below the altar. Looking up to the shining gold he shouted out to the spirit. With a booming voice from beyond the room he heard the spirit speak. Then with trembling steps from beyond the shadows immersed a great dragon basking in the fiery earth. The incarnation of the stone spirit was a great dragon, boasting in his own majesty. Driven by his desire to return home, he pleaded with the

dragon for protection. Knowing the boy was not of his protected kingdom, he was reluctant to assist him. The prince insisted, despite knowing he may indeed fail at this task. The dragon peered deep into the boy's spirit, seeing beyond his desire and into his will. With a commanding roar he pulled a small handful of magma into his fist, and clenched it tightly. When he released the heat and pressure what remained was a pure amber stone, reflecting the light of the cave. The great dragon placed the amber stone on the altar and stepped back into the darkness from whence he came.

Meanwhile outside the caverns the villagers of the stone kingdom gathered in support for the prince. Lead by the elder, they awaited anxiously the boy whom they had grown so accustomed to calling family. After what seemed like ages the prince emerged from the caves and holding the amber stone high the crowd cheered with delight.

Remembering the words of his father, the prince chose a unique vessel for the amber stone. Having worked with metals, he cast a bronze ring and set the amber stone within it. As guided by the elder, he learned that this stone will make him unmovable, just like his inner willpower.

With each villager giving him their own unique parting gift, the prince began the journey up the mountains once more. Following the path as far as it led, in just what he thought would be a day's journey he found himself nearly buried by snow. At the mountain's midpoint lay a sign post. One arrow pointed back the way he came, another toward his home, and a final one up toward the mountain's peak. The prince had never received the crystal protection from his home's protective spirit. Dredging up sorrowful

memories of the past, the prince turned toward the mountain's peak with head held high.

As he ascended the great mountain, he began to remember the journey he took with his father the king. Beneath the castle's crypt, across the gardens, through the market, and out the wind gate. His sorrowful tears froze in the mountain's wind leaving a trail of icy droplets in the snow. Reaching closer to the summit he felt the wind push hard on him, blowing his cloak hard in the wind, but under the protection of the great stone spirit he was unmoved by the ice and gales of the mountain. Raising an arm to shield his eyes, he pressed onward and upward toward the peak.

After fifteen minutes of the bitter wind, the forces suddenly vanished, and the prince was left alone at the very peak of the mountain. He looked around but saw nothing that resembled a monument of any kind. The air was crisp and warm, despite the snow. The harsh wind had died down to a small breeze, and the rocks glistened with fresh powder. He stood atop the great peak, looking down across the world. Seeing the smaller mountain tops across the land leading as far as the eye could see. Then with a gentle whisper he heard the voice of the great spirit of the wind. It spoke softly but with a commanding tone. It ordered the prince to kneel before it, although he did not know in which direction to face. As was instructed, the prince fell to his knees in the snow and closed his eyes.

In this vulnerable state, the wind spirit gave the prince a vision of his mother. She was alone in a small room within the castle. She wept over

a portrait of her, the king, and her son the prince. Something in his heart knew that this was a recent vision. Something that was happening even now. The prince arose and called out to the spirit. He asked to be granted protection from the wind that he may return home to save his mother, and his kingdom. Moved with pity the spirit sent a rushing wind down to the hand of the prince. A small vortex encompassed his finger and a gold ring appeared on his hand. Scattered in a band across the ring were not one but, thousands of tiny crystals. Now armed with wind and stone, the prince stood tall with the power to reclaim his home!

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The descent from the mountain was swift, as the guarded prince was bothered neither by wind nor ice. Unshaken by the tundra, he rode the wind down the mountain with ease. What was once a half day's journey became a relaxing slide in just a few minutes. Reaching a clearer path, the prince slowed his pace as he entered the final stretch of the mountain pass.

Coming around the final pass the prince saw just as the merchant told him. Black smoke rising from the city, the walls were crumbling, and the great bridge once lit with crystals was dim and dark as the sun was setting behind him. As he approached the gate the guards refused to give him passage. The elder of the stone village informed him that his royal bloodline should remain secret until he was inside the city. Met with hostility at the gate, he now understood the elder's warning. However the prince was adamant to enter and raising his right hand he

pushed forth a mighty wind that blasted the guards from their post. Cowering in fear the prince again raised his hand and placed it on the Great Wind Gate. The crystals in his ring glowed and the gate tremored opening its doors before him. As he entered beyond the walls, the guards caught a glimpse of his cloak. On the back was the symbol for the stone village (which the elder had sewn on). Surrounding the stone symbol was the great seal of the Wind Kingdom's Royal Family, which had only just appeared as the prince crossed the threshold of the walls. The guards looked to each other in fear as the great gate closed and left them alone in the cold.

The prince slowed his pace as he entered the great city. The statues of his ancestors that once lined the great entrance were in shambles. The factories were polluting the air making it nearly impossible to see upward beyond the height of the city's walls. The city was unusually cold. It was hard to tell, but it seemed the city's great geyser was no longer flowing. The geyser always kept the city clean and warm, but without its purifying waters, the city was no different than any other mountain peak.

As he approached the market, he noticed one statue still standing. There was a young girl around his age arguing with a grizzly factor worker in front of the statue. The worker held a giant iron hammer and looks as if he was ready to swing it around. The prince approached them overhearing their conversation. He heard the girl plead with the man not to destroy the statue as it was erected in memory of the kingdom's lost prince. The man was bitter, and rebuked the girl saying that the prince was long dead. The man grew angrier and angrier and as

his eyes moved from the statue to the girl. His arm raised the hammer up as if to strike the girl, but it was here where the prince intervened. His amber ring glowed as he held back the man's arm with one hand. The stone spirit kept the prince's stance solid as he quarreled with the enraged worker. As the prince worked to calm the man the young girl suddenly recognized him. She pulled the two apart and apologized to the man for her behavior, and then led the prince into a street in the slums.

As they reached a small quiet corner, she turned to get a better look at him. The prince, upset from her apology to the man, turned to her slowly. She jumped with elation as she knew she saw him correctly. The girl, named Gale, was once the prince's friend, although he did not recognize her in such tattered clothing. When she finally reintroduced herself, the prince's eyes widened with delight. They embraced like family holding each other tightly in the cold dark street.

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Walking together around the town Gale explained to the prince what had happened. After 2 weeks, a search party was sent out to the mountain to find them. Lead by a member of the royal guard they searched for 3 days, but in the end came home without the prince or the king. The only thing they could find was the king's quartz crystal, which was returned to the castle immediately. At the loss of her husband and her son, the queen fell into a deep depression and became reclusive, never leaving the castle, and soon nor her quarters either.

Not long after the search party returned a dark and mysterious man appeared in the marketplace. He claimed to be one of The Forgotten from the Realm of Darkness below our great city. No one believed the man, as it was told to us from every past generation, than no one returns from the shadows below. Whoever he was, he began to insight support for a coup. They stormed the castle and the dark man took a seat on the throne in the absence of the wind king.

The prince was distraught. He pleaded with Gale to tell him the fate of his mother, but alas she did not know. He immediately stormed off toward the castle to confront the dark lord, and restore his throne. Chasing after him Gale convinced him to cease a frontal attack. The Dark Lord's Guard were devious and without honor killing anyone within several yards of the castle. She insisted that they should return under the cover of darkness if they were to have a chance to break through the gates. The prince reluctantly agreed, and returned to Gale's home for the night. While resting Gale returned to the market passing whispers of his return to her friends in the city. For these 4 long years she had built an underground resistance to the dark lord. With the prince's return she knew it was time for them to make their move.

She awoke the prince just after midnight and took him to meet the others. Lit only by remnant light from the city, they snuck to a local tavern just a few streets away. The prince kept the hood of his cloak up through the short journey there, as Gale instructed. When they arrived she motioned for the prince to stand behind her and to one side. They walked around a large center table joining a dozen others. On the table

was a large map of the city, with the castle circled in red. The other members of the resistance were determined, but hesitant to act at this time. Gale explained of a “new advantage” that she found that would give them the winning hand. The team still reluctant, she turned to the prince and he stepped forward. Pulling back his cloak’s hood, he revealed himself to the group and introduced himself to his people one more. They were in shock! Their prince had not only returned from the dead, but had grown into a strong young man worthy of their leadership. Lead by Gale, they took a knee to honor their long lost prince. Quickly the prince raised them from their devoted state, and instructed them to tell no one until the coup had been fulfilled. Agreeing, Gale turned back to the map and began to explain their possible points of entry. Listening to all of their possible plans the prince tilted his head looking at the map carefully. He pointed to a spot at the back of the castle which seemed to be unguarded based on the map’s data. The team chuckled as they knew the walls of the courtyard were always unguarded, but they told the prince that to enter through that side would be the longest route to the castle’s center. The prince smiled as he remembered the way he was lead out of the castle on that fateful morning 4 years earlier. Perhaps seeming blasphemous years ago, the prince revealed the location of the crypt’s secret entrance hidden within the courtyard. He explained that this passage was the royal family’s secret, however given the situation he granted his team the privilege of becoming his new royal guard. Honored by the prince’s instructions, they set out just before dawn as it was the darkest point in the night.

When they arrived they looked to the wall, which was only a short hop up and over. All but one of the team was able to get over the wall. The remaining member stayed behind to keep watch. Far above them flew a hawk, which the watchman trained to call out if saw one of the Dark Lord's Guards. On the inside of the walls, they noticed that the gardens of the courtyard had withered and became brown with the lack of the city's waters flowing through. Remembering the path his father took him on, they turned to the castle, and there along the inner wall was a wooden door, still sealed shut after all this time. Placing his hand that held his quartz ring to the door, the door shook and opened on its own. The team was amazed at the prince's power, and followed closely behind him.

The crypt was just as he remembered it. The tombs of past generations lay in watchful silence beneath the castle. As they ascended the prince began to murmur for their protection as he confronts the usurper on his family's throne. As they emerged from the lower passage, they continued along corridor which had been converted into a prison. Strong iron bars had been placed along the hall's empty rooms and in many of them were the bones of what could only be assumed others who had resisted the Dark Lord in the past. Just as they reached the end of the hall, the prince noticed a woman in one of the cells, and he immediately froze. Walking over to the cell he called out to her, and she slowly raised her head. The woman's hair was beginning to grey. She wore a single piece of brown cloth over her thin atrophied body, and held a face worn down by tears. This poor woman was his mother the queen. She was so different than he remembered. A strong woman

once full of life and hope, was reduced to the appearance of a beggar. The prince said nothing hoping his mother would recognize him, but she did not. After a minute she lowered her head once more, and wept as she rambled to herself in the darkness. Gale placed her hand on the prince's shoulder to console him, and reminded him of why they had come. Holding back tears, the prince turned in determination and led them to the castle's main court.

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Entering the castle's main hall the prince instructed for the group to split off and retake key positions of the castle. Through stealth they eliminated guard posts one by one making it easy for the prince to ascend the castle's tower to the throne room. With waves of his hand he would knock the guards out with gusts of wind, sending them smacking into the castle walls. As he reached the throne room atop of the great tower, he saw the Dark Lord sitting on the central throne. The room once had pure white and gold tapestries hanging from the ceiling, but they had become stained with the soot present in the air across the city. It was if the Dark Lord was awaiting a challenger at any time. He arose from the throne raising his head to the prince. He was a middle aged and dark skinned man. His hair was long covering most of his face His cloak was a deep black enigma, that surrounded him like a shadow. At his side was a short sword with a deep onyx handle, which his unsheathed as he stood. His very presence seemed to radiate a cold dark energy that invaded the warmer energy the prince could feel welling up from within himself. They stood and stared at each other, saying nothing, but still communicating their intentions seemingly

through their spirits. The prince widened his stance, with staff in hand ready to fight for his kingdom and his life.

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The prince had made the first attack, running forward toward the Dark Lord. He quickly recognized his hasty mistake as the man darted forth snatching his staff in an instant. With a wave of his sword, the Dark Lord sliced his staff in two and tossed it aside. Turning around the prince waved his hand sending the man across the room with a gust of wind. Catching one of the tapestries the Dark Lord rode the cloth back to the floor, getting covered in ash and dust in the process. They fought for ages, seeming evenly matched, but each with their own tricks. The prince suspected that the onyx in the Dark Lord's sword was the source of his power, so he tried his hardest to separate it from him. In the end he could not get close enough to pull it from his hand, and it seemed his wind had very little effect. The man taunted the prince as he revealed that his protection from a spirit of darkness ensured that no wind could ever harm him. As it was in the Realm of the Darkness, no wind ever rolled through the caverns below the great city. Thus his protection was not from the cold of the mountains, but from the wind itself. It was in this way that he could overthrow the kingdom and cast aside the power of the wind spirit. When the prince had fallen to the ground out of exhaustion, the Dark Lord stepped up to the prince and took away his quartz ring, tossing it aside toward his broken staff. He turned back to the prince and with a thrust of his sword stabbed down on the prince's hand, so that he could not use it if he could even

retrieve the ring. Returning to the throne he sat, and awaited his next challenger.

The prince's wails of agony echoed through the castle, but atop the tower he was unheard to his friends below. Pulling his hand close and holding it in his other hand he tried his best to contain the blood. Ripping a piece from his cloak he was able to dress the wound, but he knew it wouldn't last long.

With the Dark Lord ignoring him, he reached into his cloak's inner pocket and retrieved the amber ring which he had hidden just before the fight. Placing it on his other hand carefully he remembered the words of the great dragon. With a surge of energy he arose raising his hand toward the Dark Lord. Looking up in surprise he began to run toward the prince to counter attack, but the prince's deception was more for the man to have foreseen. From open palm to a fist the prince punched the castle's floor sending a wave like tremor tossing the Dark Lord toward the balcony far behind the throne. As the tremor shook the castle, Gale took notice in the great hall below. The guards whom the team had been battling immediately dropped their weapons and fled the castle in fear. As Gale instructed the team, they headed to the castle's entrance to await the prince's final move.

Before meeting the Dark Lord on the balcony, the prince retrieved his quartz ring, placing it on his opposite hand beside the amber ring. The two amber and quartz shined igniting a unique fusion of their energies empowering the prince further. The bleeding in his hand had stopped, and his staff, when he picked it up, had been reformed into a single

piece. However instead of wood, the staff became a piece of solid crystal, not quartz or amber, but a unique pink stone strong enough to withstand a fight, but light enough to be easy to carry. The prince returned to confront the Dark Lord once more, but at the sight of such magic, the man trembled in fear. Holding the man by his collar the prince pushed him to the edge and stared down his enemy contemplating tossing him over the edge. The Dark Lord now cowering begged for mercy at the hands of the prince. While the rage from inside him welled up, he was struck with pity for the man as well. Releasing him, he instructed the man to run. Run to the far corner of the world, beyond the great kingdoms, and beyond the great sea. He told him to never return to his kingdom, lest be cast once more into the Realm of Darkness, and the crater be sealed behind him. In terror the man fled the castle, past the market and the factories where a large crowd had gathered. The crowd watched as the Dark Lord fled in terror from their presence, not once looking back to the castle.

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In the days following the coup, the prince worked closely with his people to restore their great city. It seemed that there was a block in the city's water system. A plug, as it was that forced most of the city's water back into the earth. The prince used his stone staff like a bullet, to shatter the plug in the well, restoring the city's water. The water of the hot spring soon warmed the kingdom, cleaning and restoring its life. The powerful winds soon returned surrounding the canyon and keeping the darkness at bay beneath the towering city. The queen was released from her prison, but she hadn't the strength to rule over her

people anymore. She soon fell ill and passed on her power to the prince as he took his rightful place on the throne.

In the next year the prince spent little time in the castle. The prince worked side by side with his people to rebuild the city, and spending his free time casting metal in a new foundry. In time new bridge and gate were constructed on the city's northern wall. Carving into the mountain with the aid of the amber ring, the prince established an underground connection to the stone kingdom. The legacy of the prince grew as the Wind and Stone Kingdoms grew together in harmony. Guarded by the wind, and unshaken by stone, the Kingdom of the Wind not once fell to the hands of darkness again.