



Once upon a time...

I am Wu...

I was requested by Misako on my twenty-third birthday to tell of my experiences with the Gou Community and the act of punishing superiors. I told Misako superiority punishment was deadly. It was not an open and fully disclosed death of unregulated greed and anger, it was a hidden and censored death. The inferiors would slowly become the superiors to the point of non-recognition of their original inferiority; just as Kresovy became leader of the Gou community despite starting out as the son of an ant farmer. It would wear the mask of ninja only to be Malgarsons beneath. Such as the way, evil often presents itself as good. Most Malgarsons I have faced make themselves appear better than they actually are. Here is my story.

After days of traveling the remaining Elemental Masters, all of us except Flowious and Diptidulla, arrived at the southern edge of the Central Shoguntu. The border town was a small town between the Central Shoguntu and the Gou Community. The town was divided between the two Shoguntus and the only road connecting the two halves had an armed customs gate. Rather than risk the agents recognize myself and Isabelle we decided to cross the border illegally in the mountainous terrain around the town. We easily traversed the extremely rocky terrain with our combined powers, then backtracked to the Gou Community side of town. When we entered we were surprised by how simple the towns-figures were. We did not see a beggar in our visit. The towns-figures wore modest clothing, owned only the necessities, and the men had shaved their heads to appear balder. This allowed them to stay out of trouble, for

being superior meant punishment. The town was very boring, except for attractions, such as the arcade, for the children. Two young women passed each other on the street and complemented each others' looks- as Fremt dared to say, "beyond accuracy." By the look on his face he couldn't believe they believed the lies. A child got a bloody nose from a leather-ball and calmly went inside the nearest house without flare or pizzazz. The other boys stopped playing, as if not to play without him and smiled at him, so he wouldn't worry about the sight of blood. We had yet to see a towns-figure carrying a weapon and they looked thin and frail. All the figures head-pieces seemed to be made of plastic with the same plastic and unflinching smile. Falco boasted, "Look at how well behaved everyone is."

Herold argued, "No one can be this happy."

My wise sensei, Sage, advised, "Dogs may be figure's best friend, but ego stroking is not necessarily the way of the ninja."

Falco, the Master of Sound, argued, "You shouldn't criticize anyone, would you want to be told you're not enough, that you are sub-figure when everybody else is?"

Ahimsa argued, "Ego stroking is never the way of the ninja."

My ever-wise sensei, to this, advised, "We need to come to our own conclusions. We must take the path only we can take."

Isabelle asked, "Are children really this happy in communism?"

Sage replied, "Of course. All those expensive teachers Sultan Goughes hired for you and none of them taught you a core value of communism was overprotectiveness."

The Viking Master of Earth, Bamf, complained, "Where is every ones' dragon? Does everyone get a pity girlfriend? Man up, show some dignity. Do something for your delicate princess."

We passed two young women on main street. She gawked to her friend about Isabelle, "Does she think she deserves special treatment or something?"

A frail boy with glasses said to Bamf, "Easy with that axe. You could cut wood for the entire town."

His friend, who had a speech impediment, said, "No, it is for chopping stone for fire-stone."

Sarcea scolded the second boy for his immaturity. After continuing down Main Street for a few blocks, we arrived at the courthouse. It was a large temple with administrators for the Gou State in tiny little cubicles beyond the wax paper walls. In the courtyard was the police force sitting peacefully in the shade having a tea party. They all had swords, but following the rules, as I later learned, none of them had blades over two feet long. The officers became alert when we passed in front of the courthouse. They carefully placed their teacups onto their saucers and left in unison for us. We had made it to the market when the police arrived. We were pondering how we could get food without ration cards. The farmer reported, "Production is down. We farmers were commanded to start making metal with backyard blacksmithing Guo Community-wide. I have to say, our skill at the forge is very inferior; our metal can barely hold itself up. It has taken time away from the orchards. If the Tsar wants us making brittle amateur metal for our ration cards, that is what we will do. We aren't going to break the law to make more food."

As it is often the case: figures don't have a good rice supply without superior rice patty farmers.

The police surrounded us, who drew their weapons. I asked, "Is there a problem, officers?"

The one in the simplest uniform, whom I later learned meant chief, said, "You probably think it is OK to be superior than everybody else. Viking Ninja, drop the axe. You are under arrest for superiority."

The Viking Ninja asked, "What did I do?"

The chief explained, "You work out excessively and carry an axe too ridiculously large for chopping firewood."

Bamf swung the axe down out the chief. He blocked it with his less than two-foot katana. Bamf pushed as hard as he could into the katana and the police officer's muscles began a slow retreat until the blade of the axe touched the officer's head. Bamf pulled the axe away, realizing he could hurt the officer. Zoro argued, "Society relies on figures' abilities, not their inabilities. Superiority punishment is ill fated."

The chief said to Zoro, "You're under arrest too, for superior intelligence."

Zoro blushed and explained, "Thank you. I was beginning to worry it was taking you too long to realize that."

The chief exclaimed, "Oh, my. You take pride in being superior."

The towns-figures started throwing pebbles at us. I exclaimed, "Please. We are a ninja clan, not invaders. We are here to gather information on your society. Not harm you."

Herold turned to metal and started punching to frail towns-figures. Ahimsa raced after him. I ordered, "Bamf, Sarcea, go help Ahimsa."

Herold had bludgeoned about a dozen marketgoers before Sarcea made him float into the sky. Herold murmured, "Sucrose, kerosene lanterns, hex wrenches, fuchsia kimono, savvy-gravy-maker, plum preserves!"

Dark shadows began floating around the market. Herold's brother, Fremt yelled, "Please, Herold! Don't use dark magic."

The fruits and veggies started exploding. At a pastry stand, an éclair became pesto. A towns-figure screamed at the apparent horrors that this was to him. At a butcher stand a dead pig carcass came to life and was rabid. Garmadon ran full speed at the pig and murmured, "Severity sausage gumption gumbo."

He punched the pig who became a large pile of sausage links. Krispal asked, "Why is Herold even one of us?"

In the chaos the police officers tackled Zoro and locked her to a ball and chain. They forced her into an iron prisoner wagon and closed the bars on her. Isabelle tried to save her by blasting water at one of the officers, who dodged the gusher. The officer said, "Guilty of being too beautiful. You take too long of showers."

He threw a bolo which quickly entrapped Isabelle. She too was given a ball and chain and put in the wagon. Fremt argued, "Take me. I am too superior at being cute."

Fremt stuck out his foot and they chained it. The three of them were wheeled away. I shouted, "Quickly, after them. We need to know where they are going."

Falco argued, "They deserve to be prisoners. Zoro is prideful, Fremt is too cute, and Isabelle is too beautiful."

Blaze agreed, "Falco does have a point. How are we supposed to compete?"

Herold yelled, "They take Herold's brother. They think Herold going to have tea party and not fight for his reputation. They think Herold scared and weak. They wrong."

In examination of the quarrel between us and the police, I concluded the superior group would win. One side was going to win, and the other was going to lose. Therefore, this fight between police officers and criminals is messier morally than the rice patty situation. Zoro argued, "Being a beneficial person requires being both superior and a Ninja."

Ahimsa argued, "Come on. I know they can be a bit problematic, but they are part of the Alliance."

Falco dismissively said, "Forget it. I serve the Golden Rule, not petty pride."

I hastily said, "We need to go now before they get away."

By doing so I picked the captured Masters over Falco, a single master. All of us, except Falco, jumped up onto the rooftops and raced after the wagon. It shot arrows at us, which Ahimsa blocked with ice. Bamf jumped down off the towns granary and landed in front of the wagon. Isabelle tossed up the Fusion Blade of Weathering and shot water at it. Bamf did the same, except he shot earth instead of water, and soon the energy dragon appeared, which swiped

the wagon onto its side. Herold punched the lock on the cage and the weak metal yielded.

Isabelle, Fremt, and Zoro climbed out. The Chief, amazed, announced, "The Elemental Alliance."

I ordered, "Let us go in peace or we attack again."

We left without being pursued. We could not find Falco. Sage then informed us he was leaving for an important mission, and then he did.

As with countless occasions the Master of Light was correct with her carefully crafted laws that were true, universal, and informative. I am concerned that the Master of Light's own facet in the matter will be lost to the ages; I will let her add to this entry to better prepare my readers for their own decision to come.

I am Zoro...

Wu asked me to write an examination of Superiority Punishment. There are two distinct truths that I have uncovered. The first element is: Society depends on figures' abilities, not their inabilities. Economy and technology are crucial to living and thriving. The superiority of them is preferred to the inferiority. The second law is: superiority or inferiority doesn't necessarily mean good intentions. Even though Bamf could overpower the officer, it doesn't, with certainty, make him a Ninja. Superior Dictator Vagus could have overpowered the officer, but he turned out to be a Malgarson as well. While the first element supports the cause for encouraging superiority, the second element supports the Golden Rule.

I am Wu...

As a future sensei, I will add the lesson is, "Be good and great, both have their important element." Zoro's facet was informative. She was wise for her age but, had not yet felt many emotional experiences at life. Fearing the Masters of Water and Sound facets will be lost to the ages, I will add theirs to this entry as to better prepare my readers for their own decisions to come. Note I have not included other Masters' facets, this is a matter of convenience, not bias.

I am Isabelle...

Superiority punishment is flawed. I was arrested because I was too pretty. While I feel special and safe because of this, I do believe it is important not to punish insecure young female figures by their looks, even good ones. I cannot be everyone's mother and worry about those young figures who are not as attractive, but I can worry about a select few. I am the Master of Water, not Fire. I do not over commit myself to one situation. Rather I stay in a neutral stance as if not be put off balance. I stay collected and pick from my options. This is how I will become a great Ninja in the events to transpire in the future.

I am Falco...

Grandson of Siena, son of William, husband of [illegible], keeper of the Compass of Many Directions, Cleanser of the [illegible], and I am imperfect. I made a mistake by letting Circtruvius convince me to join Tsar Kresovy. Future readers might not know the cascade of follies that is my life. I am a ninja that has the rank of "super-ninja". Long ago I was a figure of many faults, but I worked hard to overcome them. May the ages remember my story.