



Once upon a time...

Flowious and Diptidulla did some research in Daant before going to the Maa Shoguntu. The name of the town where Zoro said Levi appeared at was Mount Flatts. That was a few days ago and now they were in the Sea of Sand going to the Maa Shoguntu on the other side. The journey was long and arduous. The desert was the hottest place in Ninjago in the day. At sundown everything would be engulfed in a deep bloodstained-colored red. This was the land where Herold and the other warlords, Richmond Nacl, Arcturus, Slithraa, and others, battled for power. Like the shifting sand, the Sea of Sand was constantly at war. Only one hundred years ago it was beneath the ocean. They passed a skeleton of a giant sea-grundle. The desert was soon in the familiar glow of red. Diptidulla said to Flowious, "You know we will be out of water soon?"

Flowious ignored her and went into a cave. It was a large cave. Diptidulla followed him in. She insisted, "We shouldn't have come all this way."

Flowious admitted, "I know. I am so stupid, but we will get out of this in the end."

"How do you know that?"

"I know the future is inevitable. No matter this blasted desert journey, we will arrive at Mount Flatts someday. Slow and steady and we will get there, and we will get back to Ahimsa."

I am Falco... I have been walking this path for many days now. Turn left on Main Street at Nom Village, go through the mountain pass, then turn right at the fork near the stream. How do I know which way I am going? I have been having strange visions. Tsar Kresovy, the man of

sage, has been telling me which way to go to get to him. Though I am journeying physically, in a cruel twist of symbolism, spiritually I feel sedentary.

When Circtruvious first told me of Tsar Kresovy, the scale of the idea was so big it took days for my mind to journey around the whole of the idea. Now I can't find its magnitude anymore, I can encircle it in a single flap of the wings. If a snake is the symbol for morals, I am letting go of what I once considered moral behavior. I am shedding my skin. Life is simple, communism is life, life is communism, it is quite simple. I believe it in, it is true. "But why?" I ask. It is simple, it is the truth. I am facing north, I believe in communism. Then I turn east down this ridgetop road, I ask myself, "why do I believe in it?" I circle around a switchback and now I am facing west, because it is life itself. Yes, that is it! No more questions, that's all for today, this time next week.

I get another vision. Tsar Kresovy is at the top of this mountain. He wants me to scale up this side rather than take the switchbacks, so my tea won't be cold when I arrive. I face north toward the cliffside and start to climb up. Am I afraid? Yes. Does it matter? Absolutely not. If I am to be a Ninja I must be fearless; I need to let my flying spirit shine from my soul.

After climbing up the mud and roots for about fifteen minutes, my heart rate is very high. I must push forward though. The meaning of life is simple. Diptidulla likes me. She likes me, I like her, and I am to be in service to the Golden Rule and communism. Simple as that. I got to the next switchback, rested, paused, and look down at my progress. I am pretty good at this. I ask myself, "but what if Diptidulla doesn't like me?"

I looked up at the steep climb ahead then looked at the less steep switchback. My heart pounded. I wanted to take the switchback, but I decided on the climb. I am a winter samurai; never can I rest. At long last I arrive at the peak. Tsar Kresovy is there. His expression is that of puppy dogs. He has a full head of thick hair that has been reduced into a modest crew cut. He has clean-shaven facial hair. He wears giant thick glasses, which are so big, they are a separate piece. Instead of wearing full business attire, or a shogun's or emperor's attire, he wears a printed-on button up shirt without a jacket or tie. I can tell this is a ninja. Behind him are eight samurai body guards, with various uniform abnormalities. Also at his side is a wolf, calmly placed among the humans, licking the Tsar's palm, as if Kresovy is his master.

When Flowious said someday they would get to Mount Flatts, he didn't imagine that day would be the next. They arrived at the town which was covered in sandstone dojos. It was in some highlands covered in sandstone rocks and pine trees. Flowious and Diptidulla went to the narrow river on the edge of town and cooled off. Then they went to a big palace at one end of town. It was a large building, unlike any seen in the Central Shoguntu. It was red and black zig-zagged stripes on the large two-by-four blocks that made the building. At each of the four corners there were large towers and in the center of the palace was a large building dome piece. Flowious looked thunderstruck when he read the name printed above the gate. The house that owned the palace, was the Monk house. The old man, whom Levi had testified from beyond the grave, bequeathed his company to the Monk house. Flowious turned around and began walking away. Diptidulla said, "I can't believe this. Did our parents fortune start with a cahoots with Levi?"

Flowious furiously picked up the wrought iron door knocker and slammed it against the gate. It rattled in a thunderous explosion of sound. After a while a man in a fez hat piece came to the gate. He said, "Hello, Diptidulla, Flowious. I am Monk Fire-Star."

Flowious asked, "How do you know our names?"

Fire-Star replied, "Your father, Arjuna, is my irrational cousin."

Diptidulla asked, "Irrational?"

Flowious said, "That is how they extol someone in the Maa Shoguntu."

Flowious and Diptidalla were led inside to a peaceful greenhouse dining room within the palace after they crossed the inside of the room with the groin vault seen from the outside. It had had a tessellate floor with the repeated image of a horse. Flowious admitted, "We are pretty upset that the Daimyo of Mount Flatts is related to us. We were told that Silch Levi was able to drum up evidence for this family to acquire Sir Blackstone's company. Our parents say they miss Levi dearly."

Fire-Star asked, "And?"

Diptidulla explained, "And this is upsetting to us because we realize they might have lied about their friend being gone."

Fire-Star said, "Well upset, that is no fun. I find that most displeasing your parents lied to you."

Diptidulla asked, "Have you ever heard of Silch Levi?"

Fire-Star replied, "He is quite famous, but also in a way not very famous."

Flowious asked, "What do you mean? Explain yourself."

Fire-Star explained, "He works for a warlord named Richmond Nacl. He is locked away as Nacl's patrons enjoy his gift without ever knowing his name."

Flowious excitedly asked, "Where does he live?"

Fire-Star explained, "Sir Richmond is the richest man in all of Ninjago. He lives in Fort Richmond where Levi has a spell on him that keeps him trapped in his quarters."

Flowious said, "So, he is a good guy?"

Fire-Star said, "Yes, I suppose his attributes are most able to be deemed as the Ninja."

Diptidulla asked, "But why haven't you ever told our parents about where he is?"

Fire-Star replied, "I fear their fright of losing him is most unbeneficial to their longevity. You must be the slightest bit intelligent when you deal with Sir Richmond. He has little tolerance for imperfection, which means he has little tolerance for a lot of things, which makes him quite unpleasant. Keep the heads on your shoulders and you will be incredibly more effective at which you are trying to be effective. Being completely and utterly ferocious will delude you to the danger Sir Richmond will most likely pose to you in your attempt to do the fraternizing with his most valuable prisoner. I encourage you to consider how much you value the not bringing harm to yourself."

Flowious and Diptidulla looked at each other. Flowious said to Diptidulla, "I would hate to see you get hurt."

Diptidulla said, "Life is the way of the Ninja. The way of the Ninja is life. Our parents want to see him again, we should treat them like us."

Flowious said, "But is it worth wasting our own lives over?"

Fire-Star advised, "Economical moves and efficiency can be the far more productive than the unregulated generosity I have learned to know of Arjuna."

Diptidulla said, "We have to go. We can't go back to our parents and tell them we stopped looking. That would be mean."

I am Falco... I sit down across from Tsar Kresovy. He pours me some tea from a clay kettle, which was over a small fire made of twigs. He has three clay cups and not two. He explains, "Always bring an extra cup if you are the superior at a meeting. You shouldn't ask inferiors to be prepared for drinking the tea of the superiors."

He pours me some tea and politely asks how my journey was. I reply, "I don't drink tea and my journey was worth it."

He replies, "I asked you to come because I have a mission for you, one that only the Elemental Master of Sound can complete."

I reply, "It would be my honor. I am in your majesty's service. But, why me? Do you need me to guard the Sources Stone?"

He explains, "Please! If I really had the Sources Stone I would use it and not just claim to have it. Sometimes to be a ninja you need to travel by shadows. I lied about having the Sources Stone, but you must understand I took great personal risks by doing so considering what

happened to the gnome who claimed to have the stone. I need you because sound is the Element where belief is carried. The music that gets played during the emotional moments of our lives makes us believe in things. There is an ancient temple called the Temple of Rhythm. Only there, a portal can be opened to the Metaphysical Realm.”

I ask, “The Metaphysical Realm?”

He divulges, “Yes, it is there that symbolism is made for the other fifteen realms. What happens on holy land becomes holy. We will lead a crusade to the Metaphysical Realm. There we can give each person a symbol that is true to their essence for all of time. One figure will no longer have multiple, contradictory symbols. Each symbol will no longer have multiple meanings. Together we can bring balance to the lore. We can give all figures a place where they can click together in the entire Lego world. We can take away doubt of figures’ significance. We can encircle the symbolic world into a single edge, communism.”

I ask, “But is it right to convince people of this against their will?”

He argues, “Don’t you still believe in communism? Faithlessness in the Golden Rule will destroy Ninjago. Ninjago is our cradle and our grave. Some people ride from one to the other, selflessly, without a calling. They believe nothing matters so they treat each other with flamboyance and pride, as if they will live forever. Each of our lives is like a gear of a clock, ticking to the climax of good versus evil. Our destinies are written in the Cloud Kingdom. Some of us in Ninjago have lost faith in our role. We can give them their wings.”

I ask, “Wings?”

He replies, "There is an old legend when an Elemental Master finds his connection to his own writer in the Cloud Kingdom. The Elemental Master grows wings because he or she believes to be on a purposeful path. Wings in metaphysics mean higher purpose. Together we can bring wings to the world."

I agree, "Sure thing."

I considered saying no, but that was too complicated. "Why does everything have to be so complicated?" I thought. Life is simple. If I do this, I'm a Ninja. If I don't, I'm a Malgarson.

He agrees, "Fine, we will lead a crusade to the Metaphysical Realm."

I ask, "How do we open the portal?"

He replies, "It takes many facets for a spell that complicated. You will need the Elemental Masters of Fire, Metal, Light, Shadow, Gravity, Water, Earth, and Lightning to go to the Temple of Rhythm. They will create a Leaders' Forge which will open the portal."

I ask, "What about Ice, Wind, and Amber?"

He replies, "Their facets are unneeded in the forge. They cannot be present to open the Metaphysical Realm, for they lack a need for belief. They have a grand fortress of stone and a heart of blackness. The Master of Ice cares little for what her life means. She just lives like a cotton gin, without a conscience, pursuing her purpose. The Monk house is also one of the broken houses of Ninjago. Monk Arjuna was born, he does everything in his power to get as much material wealth as possible, then he dies in the end."

I agreed, "I will get the Elemental Masters and take them to the Temple of Rhythm."