Something to look forward to

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/712.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	General (non relationship-focused)
Fandoms:	Ninjago - All Media Types, Ninjago: Masters of Spinjitzu (Cartoon 2011)
Characters:	other characters are only mentioned, Skylor Chen (Ninjago)
Additional Tags:	Skylor Centric (Ninjago), Ficlet, Character Study, Post-LEGO Ninjago Season 04: Tournament of Elements, Chen's Noodle House (Ninjago), Cross-Posted on AO3, Cross-Posted on SquidgeWorld
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-08-10 Words: 449 Chapters: 1/1

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by zer0chelen

Summary

Skylor Chen had never believed that she could have a future, evidentially, she was wrong about that.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Skylor Chen had never believed that she could have a future, every time she had tried to envision one growing up on the island, she simply could not conjure any kind of a life past the one she had. Every day living purely to serve her father. Living and breathing and hurting for him.

She had simply accepted this as a fact of her existence long ago.

Never in a million years would she have counted on how suddenly and wildly all of that would change, especially not at the tournament.

One moment, it was life as usual, just another mission to complete, the next, she was being swept up in a whirlwind, the ninja and the other elemental masters making their way into her life in a way she had never expected. It was then, she found, that there could be more to life then just mindlessly doing Chen's bidding. Realizing she could have more, *be more,* then what she was. Perhaps she could have a life that *she* wanted.

It was freeing in the mildly terrifying sort of way. So long had she spent not thinking or living for herself that she was almost at a loss. A small part of her almost longed for the structure of being commanded what to do by her father, but she swiftly shook these thoughts aside.

No, Skylor was glad to be free, she didn't need him anymore.

Casting her gaze around, she took in the restaurant where she now stood. *Her* restaurant, now, she reminded herself with a blossom of pride. It was empty at the moment, having been shut down since it's previous owner was currently sitting banished in the cursed realm. The lights were off and there was a slight film of dust on the tables, but it felt like hope, like a new beginning.

She could almost see it now; the noodle shop, lights bright, bustling from the dinner rush, full of the sound of clinking dishes and the low hum of conversation. The thick, delicious smells wafting out of the kitchen. Her in the middle of it all, moving between tables, stopping to speak to each customer, and see them smile. Saying a friendly 'hello' to the few regulars.

Maybe even one or two of the friends she'd made at the tournament dropping by for a bowl of noodles, she wouldn't dislike seeing any of them again, especially *one* of them. She smiled to herself, shaking her head quickly and opening her eyes again.

Glancing around the dark restaurant once more, she felt lighter than ever before. It would take a lot of work, yes, but she finally had a future to look forward to.

End Notes

I wrote this mostly as a quick warm up whilst working on a couple other things, and just decided to post it!

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