Visions

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/940.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	General (non relationship-focused)
Fandom:	The Lego Ninjago Movie (2017)
Relationships:	Lloyd Garmadon & Morro (Ninjago), Sensei Wu (Ninjago) & Morro (Ninjago), Secret Ninja Force & Morro (Ninjago)
Character:	Morro (Ninjago)
Additional Tags:	Whumptober, Whumptober 2026, Hallucinations, Disorientation, Confusion, Morro-centric (Ninjago), Human Morro (Ninjago), Sensei Wu Adopts Morro (Ninjago), Lloyd Garmadon and Morro are Cousins
Language:	English
Series:	Part 9 of A Different Perspective, Part 2 of Whumptober 2026 - Subspace Edition
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-02 Words: 571 Chapters: 1/1

Visions

by Subspace_Adventurer

Summary

Whumptober 2026 prompt - Hallucinations/"Is he conscious?"

Morro wakes up in an unfamiliar place.

Happens sometime after Reality Check

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Consciousness came slowly. He didn't know where he was. He just knew that he *was*, even if only barely. He simply existed.

His eyes were dry, as if he had kept them open for an extended period of time. But that didn't make sense. Hadn't he just woken up? It was impossible for him to have slept with his eyes open. He was pretty sure he had tried it once, though pulling anything from memory was currently an impossible task.

Sluggishly, he tried to take stock of the rest of his body. Everything felt fuzzy and heavy, like a weighted blanket had been laid over him, but he wasn't comfortable. Was he in his bed? It didn't incline like this. Even through his blurry vision, he didn't recognize his surroundings.

Voices. He suddenly started hearing voices, overlapping and muffled, with various tones to them. If he tried hard, he could pick out two different groups—one closer, clearer, and flat; the other more distant but varied.

Concerned.

Worried.

The closer voices began to solidify enough that some of the words were discernible. Dark outlines spotted his sight, vaguely looking like people at times.

"…is he conscious?"

"… think so. … pupils are contracting … hasn't … anything else yet."

"What … mean?"

He stopped listening to the voices. They were talking about him. Was he in the hospital?

So tired…

A small cough decided to escape him, alerting him to the fact that his tongue and throat felt like a desert. The closer voices went silent, and he saw a dark figure enter his field of vision as a pressure he hadn't noticed before lifted from his face.

The distant voices grew more chaotic, however. More familiar.

"*Morro!* … wrong?!"

"…we do? There has to … something … what if …"

"Can we … would know, right? He said … experience with … stuff."

He saw faces. Replacing the blob of a person were people with shapes. Distinct features.

An old man in white (Wu, his mind supplied. As if he had forgotten his own father).

His cousin.

The Ninja Force.

Some of them were looking his direction, some of them were talking amongst themselves. All of them looked terrified.

He tried to say something, anything to them, but words did not come. The most he could force out was a quiet squeak.

Why was his mouth so dry?

He somehow managed to blink, and they were gone. The dark figure had returned, moving in and out of his blurry sight.

Had…he imagined them? He couldn't hear them anymore either…

His fragile train of thought was lost as he felt a cool liquid fill his still-open mouth. It startled him and he nearly choked as the rough feeling of dehydration was erased. Water (that's what it was, right? He couldn't taste anything) spilled down the sides of his face as more of it exited than entered his throat, and whatever was hydrating him had to do several passes in order to make any significant amount of progress.

"… wonderful. Why won't it … time … just finish … already!"

"But … *look at him!* … like this … just one round …"

There were more, angrier words that came afterwards, but he couldn't hear them anymore. The pressure on his face had returned (some sort of mask, maybe) and breathing became noticeably easier. Within a few seconds a strange tugging sensation prickled at his scalp, and there was a vague feeling of his body screaming as darkness pulled him away.

End Notes

That moment when you remember planning on writing the full versions of the fragmented sentences in another doc so you could remember what they were supposed to say.

...and then you realize you never actually did that and now the context is lost to history... 😭

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!