The Disastrous Life of Morro Wu

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/958.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	General (non relationship-focused)
Fandom:	The Lego Ninjago Movie (2017)
Relationships:	Lloyd Garmadon & Morro (Ninjago), Morro (Ninjago)/Chocolate Milk, Morro (Ninjago) & The Fuchsia Ninja (Ninjago)
Characters:	Morro (Ninjago), The Mechanic (Ninjago), The Fuchsia Ninja (Ninjago)
Additional Tags:	Morrotober, Morrotober 2026, Everyday Life, Morro-centric (Ninjago), Human Morro (Ninjago), Lloyd Garmadon and Morro are Cousins, Morro Needs a Hug (Ninjago), Morro Needs Sleep (Ninjago), Workaholic Morro (Ninjago), Unhealthy Coping Mechanisms, Obsessive Behavior, Good Friend Fuchsia (Ninjago)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of A Different Perspective, Part 4 of Morrotober 2026 - Subspace Edition
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-02 Words: 2,041 Chapters: 1/1

The Disastrous Life of Morro Wu

by Subspace_Adventurer

Summary

Morrotober week 4: Everyday Life

When Morro locks himself into an obsessive game of cat and mouse after Lloyd's injury, who better to drag him out of it than the Elemental Master of Surprise himself?

Happens before Reality Check, during The Darkest of Nights

Notes

Shoutout to Dancing_Shadow/Sleepy Scorpion who gracefully listened to my somewhat-coherent babbling about the glorious character that is Fuchsia and also gave me some ideas to flesh this out better :)

Morro stretched his arms out above him as he slumped back against the high-backed office chair. This case was taking way too long and way too much energy out of him, but he was on the verge of a breakthrough; he could feel it. He started reaching into a mini fridge under his desk as a brunet head peeked into the room. The newcomer, Morro's fellow co-worker and the Fuchsia Ninja himself, opened his mouth to say something before fully taking in Morro's current state. "Dude, you look like death. How long have you been at it?"

"…three days, give or take."

Gaping for several seconds as he fully entered and tried to find words, the man eventually settled on: "How have you survived for so long?"

Morro robotically shrugged and briefly held up the bottle he had grabbed before cracking open the lid. "Chocolate milk."

The bright pink eyes staring at him rolled dramatically before a hand reached over to power off the monitors while Morro was mid-sip. "Oops, my finger slipped." As Morro sputtered in protest and nearly choked on his milk, his chair was pulled away from his desk and spun around to face his friend. "Come on, I'm making sure you get a break. First Master knows how many actual breaks you've taken, and knowing you, that number is probably in the low single digits. Training all night just to come back and start the cycle over again doesn't count."

Morro tried shoving the man's hands off the chair with no success. (He did not miss how his reaction time was slower than usual; he'd have to add extra challenges to his training tonight.) "Kurt, lay off. I'm fine. I'm so close to finally finding some solid evidence this time, so just let me get there."

"Nuh uh. We're getting something to eat and then you're taking a nap."

"*I don't have time!* The pieces are right in front of me, I just need to figure out how to put them all together!"

"What would Lloyd say if he saw you now?"

Morro's face darkened but he didn't respond.

"If you keep going at this pace, he won't *have* a cousin when he wakes up." Kurt sighed heavily and looked straight into the gray-green eyes in front of him. "I know you're worried about him. I am too! He's a good kid that doesn't deserve what life throws at him. But working yourself into the grave isn't going to get him out of that coma any quicker. You gotta take care of yourself so you can be there for him."

"…thanks for the advice. Now if you don't mind, I've still got work to do."

Once he saw Morro wasn't going to budge on his own, Kurt pulled the shorter man out of the chair and firmly guided him out of the room as Morro locked up and tried resisting. "Sorry, but this is an intervention. You at the very least need to eat something."

"Let me go! So help me, Kurt, if you don't stop I will scream every single word in my not-safe-for-work vocabulary into your ear and get you arrested for kidnapping."

"Not with the Commissioner here, you won't."

"Watch me."

The brunet looked around and smirked, letting a snort escape as he continued to push Morro down the hallway. "Actually, they're probably not even seeing us right now. I'm not doing anything with Surprise."

"WHAT?!"

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Kurt ended up taking Morro off-site and treating him to a meal at a small cafe nearby while Morro grumbled the majority of the time (although he *did* feel slightly better with something in his stomach besides sugary milk). Being his usual overly cheerful self, the brunet kept up the conversation until they finished. "See, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

"I don't have time for this. Can I get back to work now?" As if to spite him, there was a rumble of an explosion and they saw a mechanical spider mech run by the window they sat at. Morro gave his friend the stink eye as they both stood up. "You did this on purpose, didn't you? Stupid element of surprise; why do I even hang out with you?"

Shaking his head, Kurt smiled as he balled up his trash and tossed it into the waste bin. "Aw come on, you know you like the excitement. Shall we?" Morro reluctantly followed him out of the building into a random alley where they slipped into their gis, and then off they went to find the source of the commotion.

Said commotion was caused by a man with a cybernetic eyeglass implant and a mechanical prosthetic arm who for some reason decided that broad daylight was the best time to rob a computer store. "With all this loot, they're sure to let me join now! No more small-time jobs for me; I'm headed to the big leagues!"

The two ninja stuck to the rooftops for as long as they could before jumping down into the wake of haphazard destruction. The spider mech was rather short and stubby but still had a slight speed advantage over them, and Morro found himself needing to use the wind to help them catch up. As they ran, Kurt snatched up a decently sized piece of debris and brought it up to his mask for a mock kiss of good luck. "Here goes nothing!" Winding his arm back, he let it fly toward one of the mech's legs and watched it shatter against the joint, shrapnel exploding out in every direction. Morro subtly redirected some of the pieces heading toward them while his friend shielded himself from a few stray shards and laughed. "Well, that definitely could've gone worse. I'll take it!"

The thief, however, finally noticed that he was being tailed and pushed his mech to go faster. "Darn ninja, yer not supposed to get here this fast!" Just then, the joint that was hit by the debris locked up and the dead limb caught on another one, causing the whole machine to fall forward. It skidded across the pavement for a short distance and scattered stolen tech all over the street until it finally came to a stop, depositing the criminal ungracefully onto the ground.

Kurt bounded into a flip, landing like a gymnast before pulling out his police badge and a pair of handcuffs for the dazed, groaning man still sprawled out on the road. "You, sir, are under arrest."

A slightly amused scoff escaped Morro as he slowed his pace much more gradually and went to examine the stolen merchandise. "Show-off."

"Hey, I gotta do *something* cool when it'll actually be seen!"

Rolling his eyes at his friend's over-enthusiasm, the Ghost Ninja picked through several pieces of hardware before a stray tablet caught his attention. "This is the new Borg tech that's supposed to release next month." Turning to the thief who was now cuffed and on his feet, he stalked over and shoved a finger onto the man's chest. "These shouldn't have even been shipped out yet. How did you get a hold of them?"

The man barked out a laugh as the sound of sirens approached in the background. "The Mechanic never gives out his secrets. You really think the Sons will accept just any old criminal? They want someone smart, cunning, resourceful-"

His voice cut off as Morro grabbed his shirt, now-silver eyes blazing with an intense anger. "Tell me what you know about the Sons of the Oni!"

"You think I'm scared of you, shrimpy? Think again!"

"I SAID TELL ME!"

"Ghost, STOP!" Morro found himself being forced away from the Mechanic as the Fuchsia Ninja stepped in between them, hard pink eyes meeting his own. "This isn't the time or the place for this. Let them get him back to the station and they'll interrogate him there." Around them, squad cars had pulled up and other officers were already hauling away the thief and the stolen goods. Morro's eyes trailed after them before snapping back to his friend at his next words, the solid weight of a hand landing on his shoulder. "Please don't make me pull rank and recommend you for a forced leave of absence."

Morro ashamedly stared at the ground before pinching the bridge of his nose, trying to ward off an oncoming headache. "Maybe you're right. Maybe… maybe I do need to step away from this for a little bit." He received a couple pats on the shoulder before Kurt released him.

"I'm proud of you, Morro. And I know Lloyd would be, too."

Ignoring the warm tears trying to prick at his eyes, he lagged behind Fuchsia as they made their way back to the alley to change out of their gis. Once they started heading to the station, Kurt made sure to keep an eye on him in case he needed help. Ninja action after several days

without sleep tended to sap any remaining energy from a person pretty quickly, and unfortunately, the brunet knew that from experience.

To his credit, Morro lasted until he got back to his desk. Kurt went and explained the situation to the Commissioner, received permission for Morro to take a few days off, and came back to the small office room only to find the shorter man blearily staring at his laptop bag as if it were a foreign object. "You good? Everything's settled for you to go home."

He got a startled mumble in response as Morro seemed to realize what the bag was and sloppily slung it over his shoulder, walking out the door with Kurt at his side. There were a few mishaps getting him out of the building, but unlike earlier, the brunet intentionally strengthened Surprise's effects to preserve at least some of his friend's dignity. The last thing he needed was for co-workers to start circulating videos of a sleepy Morro tripping over air in the middle of the hallway.

Out of habit, Morro veered off in the direction of his motorcycle's parking spot until Kurt grabbed his shoulders and steered him toward his own car. "Sorry Mo, but if we took your bike you would fall right off. I'll come back and drop it off at your place later." Moving Morro's backpack to his own shoulder, Kurt carefully helped the man into the passenger seat where he promptly passed out. Pink eyes sadly watched the slow, even breaths of the sleeping form before the brunet closed the door and climbed into the driver's seat. "I wish there was more I could do to help, but thank you for letting me do this much."

The slow trickle of mid-afternoon traffic made the ride quicker than usual, and before long Kurt was helping a half-asleep Morro into his apartment and onto a worn, off-color sofa the two had found at an estate sale when Morro first moved in. He didn't want to pity his friend, but as the master of wind automatically curled up into himself when he fell back asleep, Kurt couldn't help but notice how much smaller he seemed like that.

Lloyd wasn't the only one life threw through the wringer. But Morro was a fighter. He always found a way to come out on top one way or another.

After covering him with a nearby blanket, the taller man left with the motorcycle keys he'd barely managed to get from Morro earlier and made the trip back to drop off Banshee in her preferred parking spot. He also picked up a gift card to Morro's favorite sushi restaurant, laying it out on the coffee table next to the returned keys so he'd have some encouragement to take care of himself and eat something whenever he woke up. After looking around to make sure there wasn't anything else he could do for his friend, Kurt quietly left his friend to sleep, hoping with all his heart that it would be a restful one.

And when Morro came back to work two days later with a bag of takeout sushi and a few confirmed locations for Sons of the Oni hideouts, he threw Kurt an awkward little smile of gratitude.

Things would turn out all right eventually.

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