

Captain's Log: How the Warrior Came to Be
by Tess Manhattan

Imagine a ship unlike any other. The hull looks like a British Olympic-class ocean liner. However, onboard, you will find a giant yellow slide from the 2008 Royal Caribbean Nickelodeon family cruise. Decals of Catdog wink at you as you walk the corridors. Inside the cabins, you will find a mini fridge filled with sheet masks and orange wine. This ship is known as the U.S.S. Narrative Navigation. It is built of palo santo, steel beams, holographic glitter, lavender, and thousands of cardboard iPhones. The captains of the vessel are the Narrative Warriors. The Warriors are Eva, Kirra, Maya, Meow Meow, Payton, Romy, and Tess. None of the Warriors had met before they decided to board the U.S.S. Narrative Navigation.

Tess first conceived of the Warriors when channeling the energy of MrBeast. He appeared to her in a dream as an alchemist aboard a small schooner. He told her he belonged to a secret guild of sailors. MrBeast recounted stories of their times at sea, learning the ways of the internet's tides. He told Tess she must go out and find a group of fellow adventurers. No one conquers the algorithm alone.

A candle was lit and placed at the base of an oak tree, and in its light the Warriors began to meet. They discussed the beings that reside in the tail of the shooting stars and the ones that live in the petals of a rose. Eva and Romy traced constellations on the ground. Maya carried a flame cupped in her hand. Meow Meow and Kirra adorned their ankles with small bells. Payton collected sticks. Tess kept track of the time. As the moon rose, they danced around the base of the tree to the sound of the wind. The following morning, the Warriors boarded the U.S.S. Narrative Navigation and set sail from New York City in March of 2023. They did not know what seas they would cross, or what waited at the horizon.

The U.S.S. Narrative Navigation drifts onward, its sails of linen slightly worn and its hull humming with lavender smoke. The Warriors keep watch at the railings, listening for whispers in the tide. Step aboard.