

CHAPTER 'OOI

GOOD NEVER RESTS

KUNG FU PANDA: THE FURIOUS FIVE AND THE FOUR CONSTELLATIONS

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The master sat before his four pupils in their mountaintop training hall.

Po, the happy and fat panda, poured tea into five cups and handed them out
to his four students. He then instructed, "Now we drink."

Fan Tong, the restrained panda, stated, "Yum, tea."

Then Fan Tong, tasted the item of his worship. Then he declared, "Master Po. I think something is wrong with this tea."

Po blurted out, "Guys, this is an ancient Kung Fu instruction graduation ritual. No talking."

Bao, the confident and sure of himself panda, stated, "Even if it tastes like grandma's workout socks."

Po replied, "Yes. All great masters have an affinity for tea. You will drink it, or you are not very master-y."

Po then pressed the rim of his cup against his lips. His face turned green, the color of disgust, as he spit out the recently added contents. He said, "OK, we will skip the tea."

Nu Hai, the panda whose joy rested in the following of rules, stated, "There are and have been many masters who don't or didn't like tea."

Po argued, "I don't really know any. Doesn't seem very masterful."

Nu Hai stated, "Master Storming Ox was said to have disliked with a zest."

Po replied, "Huh, that seems like something I would already know."

Fan Tong asked, "Why are we graduating? Are you leaving us? Do you not like me?"

Po replied, "No, I am going to stay with you, but you guys aren't going to stay here. I have taught you only my philosophies on Kung Fu, and while they're great, you need to diversify your education to become true masters. It is past time I take you four to the Jade Palace!"

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The master panda and his four panda disciples walked through the Valley of Peace. Nu Hai exclaimed, "Oh my gosh, we are finally at the Valley of Peace!"

Po instructed, "Now remember, when you meet Shifu and the five, be formal and use big words. You might have been able to get away with using a little slang around me, but the five are a bit snobby and jerkish."

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Po was completing the daunting task of climbing the mountain of stairs that led to the Jade Palace as his students sat on the top step. Fan Tong said, "Do you know what's weird? Who is to say with absolute certainty what

is real and what is not real? We could not even exist, but Po and the Furious Five could still exist."

Nu Hai stated, "I agree with your analysis."

Po arrived at the top. He said, "Wow, there are a lot of stairs. I would never come up here if there wasn't so much to do up here. Now time to alert them we have arrived."

Po began yelping at the top of his lungs, "Ah stairs! So many stairs!"

Master Monkey, in the kitchen, declared, "Po's here."

Soon he, Masters Viper, Crane, Mantis, Tigress, and Shifu, one at a time, joined the well journeyed travelers at the front door to the Hall of Heroes. Po complained, "None of you had a dramatic entrance."

Crane asked, "Was this talked about at our planning meeting?"

Monkey argued, "I don't know, it seems, slightly outdated."

Shifu advised, "You should not have a dramatic entrance, if your actions are not dramatic."

Po awkwardly argued, "I don't know, it might create a mood. It tells the people in the room you're a cool dude and you will be cool, until it's time to take actions... Hee-hee." He then said, "Anyway, the five- meet the four."

Nu Hai gawked at Master Tigress, the most impressive member of the Furious Five, "Po says I remind him of you."

Tigress, unmoved, quizzed her, "Oh, really. How so?"

Nu Hai answered, "We both take Kung Fu and life in general seriously.

Ha-ha."

Tigress excited answered, "I thought all pandas were fat, lazy, and um, challenging."

Bao popped his collar and said, "I got this."

He approached the master and said, "I'm not really a fan of this whole Kung Fu thing, but you make it way more interesting."

Tigress admitted, "Well, I was right. All pandas are challenging."

Fan Tong stated, "When you say challenging you really mean dumb. Some people would think you mean we fight well, but I know better. I know you mean dumb."

Bao argued, "Hey, I'm not dumb. Many people who meet me say I am smart and very intelligent."

Tigress sarcastically remarked, "Your ability to support the words you speak is remarkably impressive."

Bao's face grew with a smirk as he replied, "I know."

Po asked Shifu, "Anyway, Sifu Shifu, what's the things- the things we will be doing today? Rest, maybe?"

Tigress argued, "Po, a true warrior never rests."

Shifu explained, "No, we will not be chilling today. The postmaster asked for our help in delivering packages to the far-flung areas of the valley."

Crane gasped, "Shifu said chilling."

Bao, "What? I'm way too smart to be a delivery panda. We're heroes! Why would we have to do something so menial?"

Shifu replied, "Remember, these packages are not just packages. The people who receive them depend on them."

Po argued, "No, I'm pretty sure that's not the case."

Shifu spat, "Po."

Po continued, "How bad will it be if someone doesn't get something, they ordered on Hainan Catalog? What's the worst that could happen?"

Shifu advised, "The economic growth of the valley depends on commerce. Like a well-oiled machine, everyone from the lowest of dishwashers to Empress Xiao, plays a role in keeping China moving. You might not save the world with the packages you deliver, but you will improve some aspect of somebody's life."

Po argued, "I mean, that's great an all, but we are Kung Fu Masters with legit chi in us. Isn't that a waste of our talents? There isn't like, a bigger spring roll to fry with our years of training?"

Sifu argued, "Your attitude toward heroism is completely intolerable. Like what? What do you suppose is this bigger spring roll, as you put it?"

Po argued, "I don't know. Maybe like an alien invasion, or like real jerks from the future, or maybe that guy who steals duck sauce refills from my dad without paying."

Fan Tong commented, "Talk about abuse of the system."

Crane, the master with much height over things, stated, "Yeah, we're so delivering these packages. I want a coma."

Po asked Shifu, "Shifu, what are you going to do while we deliver the packages?"

Shifu pulled a pipa out from behind his back. Po asked, "Was that there the whole time?"

Shifu said, "I am going to practice pipa."

Tigress asked, "Master Shifu, how is playing pipa an important skill?"

Bao took the pipa from Shifu and said, "The Bao doesn't need to practice to know how to play music. The Bao was born a gifted musician."

Bao began strumming something that sounded like chalk against a board. Everyone covered their ears. Bao blushed as he stopped and said, "Well, at least a I didn't break a string like some idiot."

Fan Tong commented, "I would hate to be a musician. People might tell me I'm talented and I wouldn't know how to thank them."

Po said, "Wait, you just gave this long speech about the importance of all work in China and now you're going to play pipa while we do that work?"

The master replied, "Yes."

Po said, "OK then, let's go get those boxes."

Crane continued, "I mean, a coma is basically a prolonged sleep."

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"The master panda and his four students traversed the bamboo forests of the Valley of Peace, taking it in turns to tow a rickshaw of their treasured packages," narrated Po.

Jing, the aggressive and violent panda, asked, "How long are you going to keep this stupid narration thing up?"

Po answered, "Until the all-important plot thickens, like a boiling and delicious vegetable broth."

Fan Tong said from the back of the posse, "I think something is wrong with the rickshaw."

The other four pandas analyzed the rickshaw for problems. Jing stated, "It is missing a wheel."

The rickshaw was missing a wheel. Fan Tong commented, "Oh, I couldn't place a finger on it. It just felt different."

Nu Hai asked, "So where did the wheel go?"

Bao, back a ways on the road stated, "I found it," as he picked up the dismounted wheel.

He carried it back over to the one-wheeled rickshaw. Nu Hai asked, "Does anybody know how to put it back on?"

Po stated, "Now, now, let's not get ahead of ourselves. It takes lots of education to work on rickshaws. You need legit years of trade school."

Boa picked up the wheel and argued, "How difficult can it be? It's not like there are that many makes and models. Anyone can put a wheel back on a rickshaw."

Bao saw an inscription on the rim and read it out loud, "Made in the Menglong Province. Huh? I don't even know where that is!"

Nu Hai asked, "Jing, Fan Tong, either of you handy with this sort of thing?"

Jing answered, "Don't look at me. Fixing things is so lame. I much prefer to break things."

Fan Tong stated, "I don't like working with tools. People might think I'm trying to be manly."

Bao stated, "Wait a second. I see something that can help us."

Bao pointed to a trail sign. He stated, "It says this way to Xiuxi bathhouse. That's just what we need; to take a little panda dip in a bathhouse."

Po argued, "I don't know. I would be really ashamed of myself if I supported taking a rest."

Nu Ha stated, "You know Master Po, I bet there is a buffet at the bathhouse."

Po picked up the rickshaw full of packages and declared, "Let's go!"

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Po sat in a hot tub eating a bowl of dumplings. He rubbed his stomach and declared, "This is the life."

He then noticed a goose shaped shadow in the water. He turned around, surprised to see his stepfather and excitedly announced, "Dad!"

The goose, Mr. Ping, said, "Hello son. Have you seen that crazy pipa player who steals refills of duck sauce for free? I need help locking him up for good for his diabolical scheming."

Po argued, "Dad, don't you think that seems a little harsh?"

Mr. Ping argued, "Seems to me the punishment equals the crime." He then asked, "Anyway, what are you doing here? Didn't that pipa playing Shifu make you play no-good delivery boy?"

Po argued, "He did. We're taking a little resty rest."

Ping stated, "As I often say, resting each day keeps those crazy lawyers at bay. Now, would you excuse the goose, I need to alert the authorities to our unforgiveable duck sauce ne'er-do-well."

Ping marched away as Po yelled after him, "Please give him some mercy."

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The five pandas arrived back at the Jade Palace well past sunset. Master Shifu observed, "Po, you still have most of the packages I sent you out with."

Po replied, "Yeah, we took a few hours of break at the bathhouse. No big deal, we worked a lot today, too."

Shifu sighed, "Po, you were resting when you were supposed to be working. Good never rests."

Po remarked, "I don't get it? Last month, you were all about chilling. Way to be consistent."

Shifu asked, "Is vegetable broth better when thinner or thicker?"

Po replied, "Definitely thicker."

The master then asked, "Are plays better when the plot is thinner or thicker?"

The student replied, "Thicker."

The master then asked, "So if the broth and play are better when thicker, why do you think your life is better when thinner?"

Po asked, "You think my life should be more like vegetable broth?"

Shifu sarcastically stated, "Yes, I think your life should be more like vegetable broth."

Po replied, "Then it will be more like vegetable broth from now on."

The master and student entered the kitchen prepared to make a thicker vegetable broth.