

CERTIFIED DREAMVALE

A New Dawn: The Battle for Oakeel

A Dreamvale Short Story by Miles Lamensky

Name: Eelón

Age: 278

Species: Night Elf

Gender: Male

Home Planet: Dawn



Personality Traits: A night time sorcerer filled with ancient wisdom carried down through the trees. Grumpy when misunderstood, soft-spoken, direct, and certain.

Abilities:

- Swift, agile, light
- Can heal wounds if in contact with roots from the forest
- In the full moon, turns into his Dawniya form

Dream(s): Maintain peace within Dawn

Fear(s): Intergalactic threats

Quote: "Lay down your sword so that thy Heart may sing."

Backstory: Eelón has led the Oakeel people of Dawn for over a century, a position his bloodline has maintained since the dawn of time. Through beauty and grace, he has led his people away from the bloodshed rampant in the surrounding galaxy, instead toward the natural order of peace and harmony unique to the planet Dawn. For decades, Eelón has been preparing to pass the throne to his daughter, Danía.



Planet Description: Dawn is a purple gas giant planet. The Night Elves and other species native to Dawn are equipped from birth with a unique breathing apparatus allowing them to survive on this otherwise uninhabitable orb. No outsider has ever set foot on Dawn and survived to tell the tale.

City/Country Description: Eelón comes from Oakeel and is the leader of this small, mountainous nation. Those of Oakeel are a nomadic people, living in small villages of 10-15 inhabitants scattered across the country. Oakeel has always been a nation of peace.



Political Climate / History: While Dawn itself is a peaceful and just planet, comprised of various nomadic tribes similar to Oakeel, space bandits from the surrounding galaxy have recently come to recognize the incalculable value of the Cloud Trees native to the sprawling Minneble Forest. These trees, the lifeforce of Dawn, are now heavily sought after by encroaching empires, placing the peacetime of Dawn under threat.

Q: What do you like to do in your free time?

A: There is a giant Cloud Tree in a local grove where my parents are buried. I visit often, meditating beneath the branches.



Q: What is your favorite delicacy to enjoy, unique to your planet?

A: Of course, it is Cloud Cherries, the weightless fruits plucked fresh from our coveted Cloud Trees. A single berry can overcome most sicknesses.

Q: What would you do if you suddenly came upon your planet's equivalent of one million Earth dollars?

A: With that money we might possibly install the proper defense systems required to protect ourselves against the intruders which come to illegally harvest our crop.



Q: What's one time you used an ability of yours to get out of a sticky situation?

A: While I take no pleasure in recounting the tale, I once staved off an entire enemy invasion single-handedly under the light of a triple full moon, taking on my ultra rare Triple-Dawniya form. In this form, we Night Elves of Oakeel are known to turn savage, monstrous, and out of control.



Chapter One: Cloud Light

On planet Dawn, leadership is being exchanged from Eelón to his daughter Danía through the passing of the sacred Cloud Light.



Chapter Two: The Ceremony

As the ceremony takes place and Danía is presented the Cloud Light, plans change and something goes terribly amiss.



Chapter Three: The Aldercrest Empire

Empress Lucira of the Aldercrest Empire lands on Dawn with intent to harvest the Cloud Trees for her own selfish purposes of perpetuating evil.



Chapter Four: The Prophecy

In line with the age old prophecy, Danía is separated from her people and brought into direct contact with her ancestors through the spirit of the Cloud Trees.



Chapter Five: Triple Moon

Just as it seems the people of Oakeel have been overtaken, a *deus ex machina* arises in the form of the ultra rare Triple Moon, activating their Dawniya forms.



Chapter Six: A New Dawn

With the tides now turned, Lucira makes one final attempt at vanquishing the people of Dawn, only to be thwarted by Danía and the power of the Cloud Trees.



Epilogue

Danía begins her reign as both Queen of Dawn and Emperor of the Galaxy.

Chapter One: Cloud Light



Purple rain drooped through the pink hued clouds like raindrops down a windshield inaugurating the occasion. Eelón stood steady and proud, the ancient Cloud Light glowing in his palms, a bright and churning mixture of rainbow color. Today was a celebration like no other, the day his daughter Danía was meant to take the throne and continue their family's peaceful stewardship of the forest-city of Oakeel and, indeed, all of the planet Dawn.

Dawn was a peaceful planet, floating on the outer rims of Andromeda and away from the Empire. While largely uninhabited save for its sparse nomadic tribes, Dawn was teeming with life all the same in the form of its unique Cloud Trees. The gargantuan and balloonish masses towered so much as to touch the very tips of their purple namesakes drifting along in the skies above. The great healing effects innate to the trees is what led the night elves of Oakeel, the protectors of the sprawling Minneble Forest from which the Cloud Trees sprung, to live so long, often thriving deep into their four and five hundredth years. The Cloud Light is said to contain the seeds from the first Cloud Tree and is traditionally passed between the spirit of each subsequent leader.

It was as Eelón approached his own three hundredth year that he determined it was time for the relative youth of his daughter, Danía, to begin her reign as Dawn's Queen. Ceremonies of this sort are, of course, never without complications, as the people of Dawn would soon discover.

Chapter Two: The Ceremony



"My friends," Eelón began, his silver-white hair shimmering across his majestically wrinkled and purple-skinned face, "the time has come to usher in a new era, a new dawn. As a people we have raised Danía since her first steps." He lifted the Cloud Light cradled in his palms high above his glimmering gold crown, "Do you, stewards of Oakeel, accept this transfer of power, from one Dawnian to another? Do you accept Danía as your new ruler?"

The triumphant cries of those who'd gathered indicated that they did. Swirls of purple-blue magic spiraled through the air like a frenzy of fireworks. Danía, the most beautiful night elf in all of Oakeel, separated the silver beads hanging from her hood, revealing a soft face with delicate features and the largest, greenest eyes to ever grace the galaxy. Reciting the ancient rituals with agile, dance-like movements, Danía accepted the Cloud Light from her father through a series of enigmatic gestures. In an explosion of light and *whooshing* sounds, the light sprang from her father's outstretched palms, coursing through Danía's arms, merging with her spirit. The ways of the ancestors, like so many thousands of voices, played melodically through her head.

"My people," she began. "I—"

And yet, just as she'd started, explosions of another kind entirely sounded from the skies, in the form of ugly, terrifying green vessels, the size of the planets themselves. They oozed down through the purple clouds of Dawn, dripping poison and gas. The terror in Eelón's eyes echoed the terror of a thousand centuries. Reflecting off the gaze of his steel blue eyes was the unmistakable green-striped and fire-stamped seal of the Empire. No doubt, Empress Lucira had arrived intent to collect.

Chapter Three: The Aldercrest Empire



Empress Lucira was the first to step foot upon Dawn off the docked *Venom Hull* of the Imperial Fleet. Towering at nearly thirteen feet tall, she scanned disgustedly at the grandeur of Oakeel surrounding her, gulping deep breaths of the planet's air, her slit tongue hissing as she did so.

"And wheeeeereeee exaccttly are the sssso called Dawnians?" she inquired, motioning only slightly toward her nearest commanding officer while keeping her gaze fixedly ahead.

"They seem to have fled into the forest immediately upon our arrival, your Grace."

"Ssssoooo be it. As ssssoon as we'vee ssett up a proper headquarters here, the Fffforessst is where we'll head next. Conssidderr this planet occcuppieedd."

And so it was. Over one hundred millennium of Oakeelian rule usurped in a second by the God of Snakes, the Galactic Empress herself. The ice cold scales of Lucira's tail slithered behind her as she marched up a flight of majestic cloud-stairs to the top of Teared Tower, surveying the Minneble Forest beyond. If the Dawnians had retreated to the forest, there was no indication. Not a creature stirred as Dawn's sun began its luminescent descent, giving rise to the light of the planet's three moons, glowing purple and plump in their ripeness.

This forest, and these Cloud Trees. For centuries Aldercrest Empire from which Lucira stemmed had investigated the prophecy: *The Clouded ones rule from below / To heal by love both friend and foe*. Since a young child she had understood her purpose: to capture the sacred Cloud Trees and lay claim to the one planet that might defy her reign.

Chapter Four: The Prophecy



Danía came to with a purple haze obstructing her vision. She saw Alaya, the brightest and smallest moon of Dawn peaking over the horizon and realized she must be lying on her back.

Where am I? she thought. She remembered the cheers of her people quickly turning to screams as the Imperial Fleet had crashed through the clouds. She remembered fleeing into the Minneable Forest on the coattails of her father, weaving between the sacred Cloud Trees, and heading for the Amber Alcove at the heart of the forest when all of a sudden the ground beneath her feet had given way. She remembered the screams of her father grow ever distant as she fell for what felt like an eternity, losing consciousness as she did so.

Wherever she found herself now, she was most certainly alone. And yet, a vague awareness began to sprout within her throat that she was not. In fact, she felt certain she was far from it as the presence of uncountable others began to swarm around her.

Youuuu girrrllll!!! You have attt laasssstt comee to fullfill your desstttinny!! To takee the forreeesttt to the starrrrs!!!

Voices rushed all around her, a flurry of insights and pleas. And yet, as she scanned the purple earth surrounding her, she saw nothing save for the delicate roots of the Cloud Trees above. That was when she realized: the trees! The Cloud Trees themselves were speaking!

"What can I do?" she asked aloud, only half expecting a response. "The empire has at last discovered our planet of peace. They will stop at nothing to harvest our Cloud Trees and destroy the Oakeelian legacy of peace and protection. Is there no hope?"

The hoppeee is all arrounnndd you!! Surrreenndder!! Surrendderrr to usss and all will beeee savveed!"

And with that, Danía fell back, revealing the whites of her eyes, as if in a trance, a reverie, possessed.

Chapter Five: Triple Moon



Empress Lucira laughed to herself at the relative ease with which the people of Dawn had fallen. One swift raid through the Minneble Forest had revealed them tucked away in its center, at the so called Amber Alcove. All she'd had left to do was take a few of the younglings hostage and the rest crumbled.

"Please," pleaded Eelón. "I ask you to reconsider. Tearing the Cloud Trees from Dawn is akin to destroying the galaxy as it has been known that, for centuries, Dawn alone provides the galactic vapor which keeps the stars alive."

Lucira had heard the rumors once before and discarded them quickly now as she had done so then. "Nonsense. Superstition and hogwash. With these trees our scientists will at last have the means of creating everlasting life. Your little fairy tale, of 'Dawn being the Glue of the Galaxy.' We shall see."

And with that, the so-called 'Serpent Empress of the Universe' directed her fleet to begin excavating the Minneble forest which had grown unharmed for millennia. It was at precisely that moment that Graveel, the largest of Dawn's moons, at last shown fully and brightly upon the planet. And it was at *this* precise moment that everything changed.

Each Dawnian carries a secret of which many are ashamed: the activation of their Triple Dawniya form, a rare occurrence taking place only once every few decades in which monstrosities emerge. It is said that, with all the collective calm of the Dawnians, the rare and torment which is not expressed is then stored away, waiting for its moment of expression, during the triple full moon.

Savagely, Eelón, now towering above even Lucira shouted to his people, "May the rage of our ancestors shower upon these peace-wreckers and sword-bearers!" And with that, the battle commenced, red blood spilling across the face of Dawn, a mesh of crimson-violet purple splotches as Dawnians and soldiers of the Empire alike fell to their deaths.

Chapter Six: A New Dawn



The same hubris which had allowed the Empress to attend to the colonization of Dawn in person now left her back against the wall. Gasping for breath in the Minneble Forest without an imperial officer in sight, she had watched as, one by one, her serpentine soldiers were torn apart by the goliath Dawnians, rebelling under the influence of their Triple Dawniya form. If she was correct however, she had one final out: the Amber Alcove. This sacred space was said to house the nexus of Dawn's Life Force: the Master Root of the Cloud Trees, from whence the original Cloud Light and all the Cloud Trees that followed were said to have sprung. If she could not have the Cloud Trees, then no one would. Destroying the Master Root would destroy the entire network of Cloud Trees and put the matter to rest. No more Cloud Trees, no more Dawnians.

As she stood outside the entrance to the alcove, she heard shouts of the Dawnians growing nearer from behind. Their panic seemed to indicate that she was right in her valuation of the Amber Alcove, but their great distance indicated they were too late. She strode forth toward the alcove and, just as she approached its depths, a rumble was felt throughout the forest. The cloud trees, formerly motionless, began swaying, first softly, then more aggressively, until finally they began spiraling out of control, growing taller, contorting, reshaping themselves and forming a single mass. The mass began to speak.

"Snake woman. I am Danía, daughter of Eelón, the one true ruler of Dawn, and the most recent vessel of the cause of Oakeel. Your attempts have failed and your people will cause trouble no more." As the mass continued to grow in size, Eelón and the others approached from behind, craning their necks to observe the mighty creature taking shape before them. *"For centuries your family has brought nothing but despair to the galaxy. That ends today."*

And with that, under screams of terror unlike any heard before, Lucira was submerged in the purple cloud monstrosity which was Danía, the newest ruler of Dawn and now, too, the ruler of the galaxy.

Epilogue



Dawn, once an unknown star with a little known story, tucked away in the back of the galaxy, rose to power the day the Lucira, Serpent Empress of the Universe, fell to the untold wealth of the Cloud Trees springing forth from Minneble Forest. Danía, daughter of Eelón, inherited two crowns on that day: one from her father, granting her leadership over both the planet Dawn and the reigning people of Oakeel; the other from the former Empress herself, who, through a series of psychological challenges, was brought to see the light of the future, the sanctity of the Cloud Tree, and the everlasting value of peace.

Through the might of the Cloud Tree the people of Dawn continue their sustaining of the universe, with a subtle force emanating from Dawn like none other ever known. If gravity is what keeps the planets in place, then the Cloud Tree is what keeps the peace. As the Aldercrest family continued to withdraw from leadership at the suddenly changed mind and command of the former empress Lucira, planet-nations formerly left for dead rose once more, propagating the galaxy with fresh resources once considered obsolete and unneeded. Borango berries from Borono and Yazu pedals from Yangkar showered the people of Dawn in happiness and glee as intergalactic trade spiked to all-time highs. Those people once suppressed by the tyranny of the empire regained their voices, ushering in a new, thriving era of both peace and prosperity.

Another sun sets across Dawn, revealing two of its three moons hovering just over the horizon, plump in their fullness. Eelón approaches Danía seated at the throne. "My daughter," he begins, tears filling his eyes. "Never in my wildest dreams.. Imagining the realization of the prophecy is one thing, but seeing it firsthand.. You have brought the deepest joys to an old man's heart."

"May this peace last, father. May the people of Dawn teach those who surround us the ways to sow that which is right throughout the galaxy. Together, the people of Dawn and the rest of the galaxy will ensure that no evil comes to power ever again," prophesized Danía.

Rising up from her throne she approached one of the nearby burgeoning Cloud Trees, just beginning its life in the palace's personal nursery. Plucking some cloud from its branches she stretched her hands high above her head, allowing the wind to carry the seeds far into the distance. And so it was that a New Dawn began.