

The journey of Greg

By Grant Burkheimer



CERTIFIED DREAMWALE

Name: Gregory Robert Alfrinkle

Age: 34

Species: human

Gender: male

Home Planet: grisolville kentucky, earth

Funk clan



Personality Traits: he is nice and likes stephen malkmus and offsite. He also likes to have barbeques with his neighbors and family.

Abilities:

- He can eat 5 hot dogs in one sitting
- He can do nothing and everything all at once

Dream(s): wants to find the communist base underneath the mojave desert.
Fear(s): he has to learn how to survive

Quote: thunk nana grizol

Backstory: was in the military for 1.5 years and got honorably discharged after taking a shot to the arm. When he was a kid he always heard storys of how there was a secret chinese military base under the mojave desert But he never got to see because he lives in kentucky. He once ate 5 hot dogs in one sitting.



Planet Description: 70% water 30% land, average temp. Earth is the third planet from the sun and has crust with vegetation. Earth is a "water world" which allows it to sustain life.

City/Country Description: grizolville is a peaceful average city in kentucky, or so it seems.



Political Climate / History: grizolville is a town founded in 1857. Its 37th governor was a man that was very suspicious of communism affecting there everyday capitalist lives during the cold war. This fear of communism has been passed down from generations to where stories of communism are still being told and the fight against communism is still unrest within the towns border.

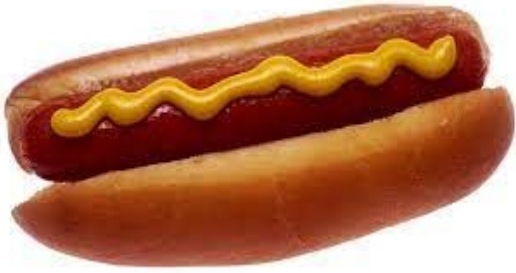
Q: What do you like to do in your free time?

A: i like to have barbeques and listen to stephen malkmus. But i have little free time due to my job



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

A:the grizolville weiner, its a hot dog with a bun made of meat."



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

A: i would travel to the mojave to see the base, after that i dont know what i would do



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

A: one time somebody challenged me to a hot dog eating contest, this is the one time my hot dog eating expertise came in handy.

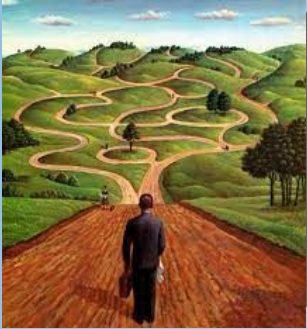




Chapter One: starts with showing gregs normal life and how he has aspirations for more



Chapter Two: he wins the lottery and gets enough money to buy the gear to go to the mojave in california.



Chapter Three:
Greg starts the journey and learns some stuff along the way



Chapter Four: greg gets ambushed by bandits and buried and rises from the dead as a skeleton.



Chapter Five: greg takes on the name raul and seeks to get revenge on the people that killed him.



Chapter Six: raul escapes prison and

Chapter One: the visions



"Pretty nice weather huh?" said Greg's work friend Matt at the water cooler, Greg and Matt were deployed together in Afghanistan, and after that, they applied at chickencurrywithryan. Inc together. "what? Oh, yeah i guess." said Greg "whatcha thinking about" matt said " I don't know.... Do you ever feel like something is waiting for you somewhere else?" "no?" "oh... we should, get back to work".

Greg went home that night to his apartment confused and saddened at the fact that he didn't know what he needed. As he laid his head on his pillow and entered sleep mode, he saw visions of a vast desert, pleading for exploration. Greg woke the next morning with more confusing sadness than the night before. As he entered sleep he saw a vast desert pleading for exploration. Greg woke the next morning with more confusing sadness than the night before.

Chapter Two: money bo bunny



The next day at work Greg kept to himself and on his way home he stopped at the gas station. as he dreadfully dragged himself through the isles. while scanning for anything to give his life color when he spotted an advertisement for a lottery ticket. He felt it calling to him he picked one, paid, and walked out the door. For the first time in a while, he felt hope.

Greg woke up the next morning turned on the TV and walked to the kitchen to grab food,

“this months lottery numbers are...” the tv spouted

Greg quickly searched his pockets for the lottery ticket from the night before, took it out, and then scanned the numbers

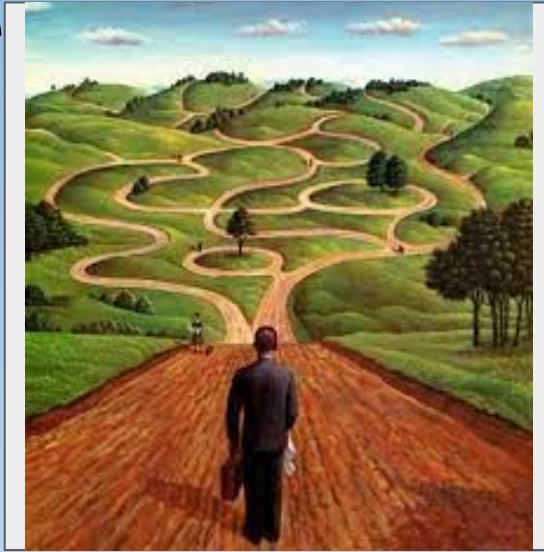
“131016117” Greg whispered to himself

“13...” the tv continued “10...” “16...”

“Please, please” greg pleaded

“117”

Chapter Three: the venture



“and! You're a fat pig!” Greg hung up the phone call with his boss and ran to the gas station to claim his lottery. After that, he sprinted to his nearest outdoor store bought all the supplies he needed for the journey west and gave the rest of the money to the cashier, while leaving he threw his phone, his keys, and his wallet in the trash and put on his wildly expensive hiking gear and packs his backpack full of canned food and starts the journey

He happily walks down the path for 1000 miles until he reaches a cliff over a river. The small cliff seemed like the only way across so he started to shimmy over to the other side of the river. He hears a crumble coming from below him before the cliff below him crumbles and he starts to fall. He gets caught on a branch by his backpack, the branch crumbles and he falls into the river. He gets tossed and turned in the giant waves until he hits his head on a rock.

Chapter four: the caravan



“hey, hello? Can you hear me ” a figure said? Greg returned to reality and awakened, he was in the back of a wagon with a cloth roof like the ones the pilgrims used

“what” Greg said half asleep,

“we found you in a river” the figure said Greg only had a few seconds to process before the wagon flipped over in an explosion. Greg got up, even though his ears were ringing he could still faintly hear gunshots and screams ringing out from all directions he slowly shambled out the back of the wagon carefully stepping around the limp body of the person that woke him up.

As he stepped out of the wagon, a dead caravan driver with a revolver laid lifeless in front of him, he took the revolver and started to carefully creep towards the gunshots. He saw armed figures, about 5 of them loading crates from one of the caravans into another wagon. Greg lept out of the cover he was in and screamed “take this you” Before he could even finish his sentence he felt the bullet go straight threw his heart.

Chapter five: draw!



Greg woke up but couldn't see, his body was cold and muddy, Greg tried to stand up but his body was frozen in place, so he came to the conclusion... he was buried alive. he pushed as hard as he could and he felt so soil moves as he stopped pushing the soil that moved below him was filled in with more soil. He did it again and again and again until he was able to push himself out of the dirt and mud.

He laid down directly on top of where he was buried and blacked out. When he awoke he realized that he was a skeleton, he freaked out and hyperventilated until he realized he had no lungs either, greg knew he couldn't just mope around about being a skeleton he had to get revenge. He saw the skeleton of the caravan driver and took his clothes and his gun belt.

He followed the wagon tracks that led him to the town of Redding a small one-horse town in the middle of the desert.. As he tried to enter the saloon he bumped into someone, as he looked at the person he bumped into, he caught a glimpse of the person that had killed him leaving the saloon he froze in his place and exited the saloon. He looked towards the killer and immediately drew and shot him in the middle of the street.

Chapter 6: the great escape



Immediately after shooting he was jumped on, tied up, and thrown in jail. It was a small cell almost down the street from where he shot the killer, "why the flying farting fadoodle did you kill a man in broad daylight?" the sheriff spouted Greg didn't say a word as he scolded him, greg didn't even know if he could still speak "A quiet one huh? Well, you'll rot in that cell until you speak"

After 30 minutes in the cell, the sheriff put someone else in the cell.

"hey what are ya in for?" the new guy asks

"murder" greg responded.

"thats fun!" he responded.

"yup I shot a guy" Greg responded

"what's your name?" the new guy asks

"Greg" Greg responded

"Im Tony" tony says back

As we crept out the door of the small sheriff's office gunshots filled the small road in the middle of town as we looked at the commotion armed bandits were shooting the air. "hey! Pick on someone your own size. Raul shouted at the bandits. He was promptly filled with holes, "greg!" Tony shouted. One of the bandits raised their gun square with Tony's head Greg rose unscathed and shot at the bandits killing every single one in a matter of seconds. The sheriff carefully waltzed out of his office. "well don't know just how I could repay you for that!" the sheriff cheerfully said "a pardon would be nice" Greg said gumply "well... I guess" "Also we need horses." tony added.

"yeah I can do that" The sheriff said softly as he walked towards the stable.

"We did it Greg." tony said.

"We sure did Tony" greg said in a gruff voice.

"Here you boys go. Enjoy now!" The sheriff said as he came back with two beautiful stallions. tony and Greg mount up on the horses "Yah!" they yell as the horses take them through the desert towards the beautiful setting sun.