

CERTIFIED DREAMVALE



AFTER THE WAR

A Dreamvale Short Story by Kaleb Ellenbecker

Name: Formerly Known as Mark Before His Death

Age: Unknown

Species: Human

Gender: Male

Home Planet: Adamance



Personality Traits:

PTSD.

Insomniac.

Schizophrenic.

Murderer.

Split Personality.

Abilities:

- Darkness/Shadow Manipulation
- Cloning Oneself
- Can create poison gas.
- Flight
- Phasing

Dream(s): Have everything go back to normal

Fear(s):

Quote: People often fear what they can't see... I'm the reason why.

Backstory: He was born on a planet not so different from earth, and was enlisted in the army in WWII and barely lasted a couple months on the frontlines before being killed by Nazis. He awoke in a grave, no idea where he was. He wasn't himself anymore.



Adamance is a planet almost identical to Earth, with the exception of the moons bigger mass, causing higher tides and brighter nights. The planet is also colder as it is farther away from the sun than our Earth.

Mark grew up in New New York. It's very similar to modern New York, but has made more technological advancements than ours. New New York was created from the ashes of New York after it had been turned to glass. It is a wasteland.



This Earth is a different reality where America lost the second World War due to the Nazi's using biological warfare and atom bombs on the world. The Nazi's have taken over the planet and have converted most of it to their regime. They are an intergalactic superpower that cannot be stopped.

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

A: I used to play chess with my buddies before the war.... But they're all gone and it's not much fun playing by myself..



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

A: Sometimes there are these weird spider-like things that nest under the glass skyscrapers, they're probably radioactive, but it's the best I got. It's not like I need to eat anyway..

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

A: I couldn't do anything with it, seeing as there are no people alive or brave enough to sell things to me.



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

A: There was this one time, a long time ago when this big dude bit my hand off. It hurt so bad but his eyes started to glow purple and his head exploded. I never got my actual hand back.



Chapter One: Prologue

Mark gets drafted into war along with his best friend William.



Chapter Two: Descent Into Madness

Time skip, 2 months later Mark is in the battlefield, fighting off Reds, when William gets crushed by a inactive tank round, and Mark gets shot.



Chapter Three: Devil's Disciple

Mark gets killed by the Reds and wakes up in the underworld, he gets help from Hades and returns to the surface in his new body.



Chapter Four: Day of Black Sun

He starts to figure out how to control his new body and works his way to the Red homebase in DC.



Chapter Five: Presidents Orders

He eliminates all the Reds in the base, almost dying himself, but he makes it out with the help of Hades.



Chapter Six: I Thought You Were Stronger

POV switches to a race of aliens in deep space who have just heard of the Red downfall and are coming to claim the planet for themselves

Chapter One: Prologue



"Hey, Mark...." Said a voice, "Yo dude, wake up!"

As I slowly awoke from my slumber I had realized that I had somehow slept through my entire math class. My curly brown hair in shambles. The person who woke me was my best friend since Kindergarten, William. William was blonde and equally stupid. And also somehow taller than me. We never leave each other's side and it gets kind of annoying sometimes, but he's the only one I've got.

"Yeah, I'm up," I said, not totally sure if I truly was awake or not, "What's up."

As I talked I noticed that nobody else was in the classroom anymore, it felt kinda weird seeing all these empty desks.

"They didn't tell you?" William said in shock.

"Tell me what?"

"They're drafting for the war today!" He said, with way too much excitement.

I don't get what's so exciting about being drafted, I hate this country anyway, I sure don't want to die for it fighting some German losers. Just because they bombed us doesn't mean I wanna do it too.

"And you're excited for this?" I replied in annoyance.

"Yeah!" He yelled, "I've never been more excited!"

2 Hours Later

"Hello everyone," said the army official, "Today, we will need your help to win the war, our officers are at an all time low with the new bombs the Nazis-or reds-have been cooking up"

The entire class groaned, except for William, he was as jolly as ever.

"The people who have been handpicked are..." He said with purposeful suspense,

"Eve Martinez, William Anderson and Markus Brown.

Chapter Two: Descent Into Madness



3 Months After the Draft

Life... sucks. The army sucks, I haven't done anything but sit around and check for 'Tangos' whatever that means. William has been really enjoying his time as a soldier, even though nothing has actually happened that's 'soldier-like'.

"Hey, you!" Someone said in a commanding tone.

I turned around to see it was the Lieutenant. *This can't be good*, I thought.

"You and the other rookie you brought along have been assigned on a mission, a search and rescue type." He said, somehow sounding angrier than usual.

"Ok sir, I will tell him right away!"

1 Hour Into Search and Rescue

"Who do you think would be this important that we had to go all this way to rescue them anyway?" William asked.

"I dunno man," I replied, tired of being here, "Probably like a high ranking soldier or something."

"That's, dumb," He said, but still made it sound happy somehow, "Anyway, do you know Eve?"

"Of course I know Eve."

"Me and her are a thing now!" He yelled.

It makes sense how Eve would be Wills type, she was VERY tall, 6'2 almost. She had straight red hair and a sharp face.

But before I could respond... red. So much red, no, no not red... blood. William's blood. As I scanned the area I had saw what appeared to be William, although his face, and most of his body was gone replaced by a tank shell.

A dud... I thought, *thank god*.

And before I knew it... Bang.

CHAPTER THREE: DEVIL'S DISCIPLE



"Hey, Mark...." Said a voice, "Yo dude, wake up!"

As I slowly awoke from my slumber I had realized that I had somehow slept through my entire math class. The person who woke me was my best friend since Kindergarten, who was starting to look really weird. His face was deforming and turning purple. He tried to say his next words but only managed to gasp out a weak groan before his head exploded.

As I truly awoke, disturbed from my vivid nightmare, I had realized that everything was on fire. Around me I saw a beautiful but nightmarish purple city, with ghastly black apparitions floating around the streets, and right in front of my was a throne. The throne was the size of a small building, and atop the throne was a creature equal to the size. It's skin was dark purple, rotting flesh covered in purple flames, and it had what seemed to be a giant cage or muzzle on its snout, almost alligator or dog like.

The breath coming from this creature was so strong it had knocked me over, the noise echoing through the allies and buildings. The creature had awoken. It wasted no time noticing me, it's giant hand came down to grab me, I tried to run but it was no use. This hellish creature slammed me against a large building, shards of glass and concrete fly into my lungs and bones.

WHO ARE YOU... It said, as loud as a bus, but felt more like a whisper, almost like only I could hear.

"Where am I" I gasped, dancing with death.

YOU ARE IN HELL, He said this, but had a confused look on his disgusting face as he examined me. **YOU DO NOT BELONG HERE...**

"I need to go back," I said as I could feel the blood filling my lungs, "Please, I'll do anything."

He held me up to the sun-or what appeared to be-and said, **PROVE YOUR FAITH AND YOU WILL BE FREE, BUT UNTIL THEN YOU BELONG TO ME...**

He opened his mouth wide for the first time, stitches that held it shut tearing the flesh apart, the muzzle snapped in half like it was plastic, and then. He dropped me. As I fell into the literal belly of the beast, I blacked out.

Chapter Four: Day of Black Sun



I felt the soft grass along my back, the warm sun on my face... It was perfect. I opened my eyes to see my utopia, and I was met with a dark sky, filled with smog and ash and fire. I reached my hands over my eyes to protect myself from the sun and the light passed through, then I realized for the first time, that I wasn't me anymore. I felt my face with my 'hands' and there was nothing, no lips, no eyes, no hair, no ears, no... anything. Just bone... That's all I was, a skeleton in rags. I started to stand up, the grass dying beneath my feet with each step. In front of me I saw a city, destroyed, turned to glass and ash. Although to my surprise I saw people, actual living people.

I just started running towards them, happy not to be alone. But they apparently did not feel the same. They ran at me with axes and knife and broken glass shards, I tried to hold my hands up in surrender but they kept coming. As one of them tried to stab me, they exploded. Their body a mess of dark purple liquid and guts. I screamed and more of the liquid expelled out of my mouth, turned to gas. They were gone.

I think the saddest part about this is... I can't cry. I started wandering, no clue, and no care about where I was going. Eventually, I made it somewhere.

Chapter Five: President's Orders



As I looked around the landscape, broken and yellow, I saw a house. It was white, turning yellow. It's windows once beautiful framed. This was the White House. Not sure how I had made it all this way, I peered inside hoping for some kind of refuge. But as I made my way around the back of the once marvelous building, I saw stakes. And to my horror, there were people, charred and black.

I also saw a group of people, suspectedly the culprits. But I didn't care anymore.

KILL... Someone whispered inside my head. My hand rose, inky black tendrils spilling out of my fingertips. It was not long until the darkness reached into them, and they were gone. Another group of people-soldiers-flanked me from the right. They tried to shoot at me but their bullets seemed to pass through, that was until I tried to grab onto one of them. I fell into a deep sleep.

An Indeterminable Amount of Time Later...

"Wake up freak!" Someone yelled in my face. *Sound like Germans*, I thought, glad that I had killed the right people. Before I had awoke, I felt the cold air conditioned air blow on my skull and through the new hole that formed in it.

REMEMBER WHY YOU ARE HERE... He thought.

Chapter Six: I Thought You Were Stronger



He hit me. I guess he figured out just as I did that when I am holding onto something or focusing hard enough, I can be touched. I have never been hit so hard before. I tried to bargain with him but he kept slamming on me. With each hit I could feel my skull splitting, fragments flying out onto the floor.

Please, whoever you are, save me. Like you did back then... I thought to him.

But there was no answer, even if there was, I wouldn't have been able to hear it because I fell unconscious.

Pain, anguish, loss... These are things that I am causing other people to feel.

IT IS DONE... He thought.

There was blood everywhere. Dead bodies lining the sand, some missing just teeth, some missing vital organs. Safe to say I wasn't looking too hot either. My jaw was completely removed, it lay in the sand about 20 feet away. But just as I was about to leave, I saw that one had survived. I could see his name tag and red scarf on his shoulder bearing his insignia. The tag read "Alois Hit-" The rest of the tag a charred black.

Chapter Six: I Thought You Were Stronger Pt2



This was the man that had indirectly murdered my only friend.

"YOU," I screamed, "YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!"

I ran at him, full speed and clocked him right in the face... But even as he flew 30 feet ahead, he got back up. I hit him again, but he just got back up... Dazed, I left myself exposed and he drop kicked me into the sand and started pummeling on my face. The shattered remains of my face became even more distorted. But his last hit never landed. I opened my non-existent eyes and saw the man, suspended in the air. Wait, no, not suspended, being held up. Held up by the spike of pure inky black protruding from my heart.

YOU HAVE PROVED YOUR FAITH... He said.

And, expectedly, I soon fell unconscious.

4 Months After the Hades Contract, Somewhere in Deep Space...

"Sir, you're going to want to see this..." The navigator said.

"What is it?" I replied, annoyed that the mission was still ongoing.

"The heir has been located," It exclaimed, "On Earth-42F, codename: Adamance."

"Set course for this "Adamance" I wish to speak to the boy myself..."

THE END... FOR NOW

More Depictions of My Character



My Inspirations:

