

CERTIFIED DREAMVALE



A Dreamvale Short Story by Jaboo of Ibis
Welcome to Dreamvale

Name: King laboo
Age: 84 (Ibisian years)
Species: Ibisian
Gender: N/A
Home Planet: Ibis



Personality Traits

Calm, cool, & collected. laboo's curiosity and open mind regarding the world around him has led to many an intriguing discovery. He is approachable and patient.

Abilities

- **Size-Changing** ~ an ability shared by all Ibisians
- **Flight** ~ granted by the *Jewels of Kazar* which crest laboo's crown
- **Lucid Dream** ~ the ability to control dream

Dream(s)

The success of Dreamvale

Fear(s)

The death of Dream

Quote: *"Dream big, and never small. Dream for one and dream for all!"*

Backstory: The first king of Ibis, laboo spent millennia leading his people to long-lasting peace and prosperity. It is believed that, one night while dozing off beneath a Cloud Tree from Planet Dawn, laboo discovered a realm outside of space & time. The name of this place was Dreamvale. Through laboo's leadership, the people of Ibis strode forth through a campaign of creation and splendor, expanding Dreamvale for all to inhabit.

Inventory



The Crown of Ibis

Passed down from king to king. Enshrined with the Jewels of Kazar, this trusty crown grants laboo flight.



Thunder Cloak

As a youth, laboo is said to have captured the sound of thunder within his cloak. This enables him to call upon a storm at will.



Cloud Oil

Cloud oil is the best way in the galaxy to keep a cloud beard nice and curly. Smells of rain.

Companion



Yume-chan

laboo 'stumbled' up Yume-chan quite accidentally while venturing through the Tricketree Forest east of Cloud Tower. A pure bred cumulus , Yume can speak with the clouds. This affords them the ability to heavily influence the weather.



Home Planet: Ibis

Many moons ago there spun a small purple planet called Ibis. Nestled deep within the Andromeda Galaxy, Ibis was home to the Ibisians, a peaceful and friendly race who were powerful all the same.

Hometown: Splendor

The Cloud Tower Throne upon which laboo resides stands tall in the city of Splendor. Splendor is most known for its pink waterfalls dropping down from Cloud Tower onto the rolling hills below.



Political Climate / History: Ibis has never known war. The Ibisian people are not familiar with the concept of 'fighting.' From the first touch of Andromedan star dust the planet has maintained a perfectly sustained ecosystem. No one goes hungry, no stark inequality exists. Each individual residing within each of the three kingdoms on Ibis share in the growth and prosperity of the planet as a whole. This likewise trickles outward to the mutual success of nearby planets.

An Interview by Kaboo of Ibis

Q: What is a unique talent you have?

A: Like all Ibisians, I have the unique talent of changing my size at will. While sometimes we use this recreationally, after a time we settle into a size which suits us.



Q: What type of music exists on Planet Ibis?

A: The cloud bark from cloud trees is known for both its durable yet pliable nature. All number of lyres, lutes, and other unique instruments are created from it.

Q: What is the most embarrassing moment you can remember?

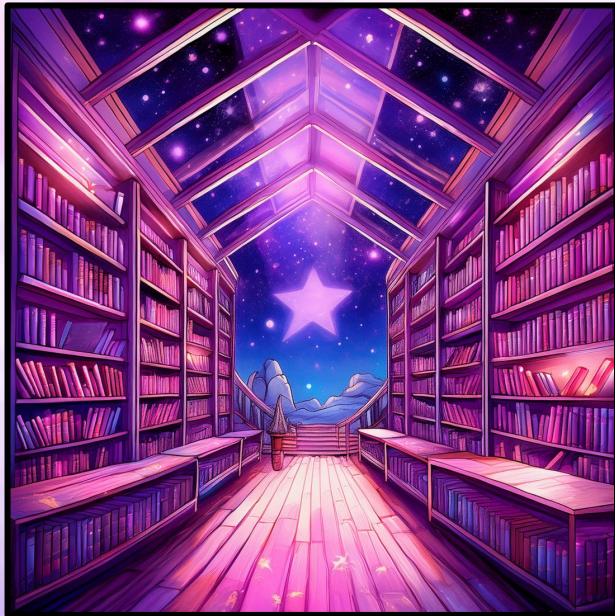
A: I once fell asleep while meditating beneath my favorite cloud tree. Upon awakening, I had discovered my students had left me, covering my body in cloud.



The Cloud Tower Throne

The Throne Room

The Throne Room is where the current king or queen, the seven elders, and Ibis' ambassadors meet during a time of emergency or policy discussion. This is a sacred space built within the massive cavity of an ancient Cloud Tree. The chairs are made of cloud & there's a custom purple slurpee machine.



The Dream Library

The largest book collection in the Andromeda Galaxy, the Dream Library contains all known volumes of dream. Thousands more are created each day, with the bookshelves reaching far beyond the enchanted nighttime-sky ceiling of the library.

The Cloud Lab

This is where the physicists, chemists, & sleep scientists of Ibis study & play. Their crafts are dangerous and extraordinary. The most recent experiment involved a rain cloud being converted into a Dreamship capable of traversing all of Dreamvale in a mere matter of days.





Chapter One: A Fitful Sleep

laboo wakes from a rush of colorful dream. He recounts his dream to Kaboo and ponders out loud what I might possibly mean..



Chapter Two: Out of this World

laboo and Kaboo run off to the East, toward the Trickle-tree Forest in search of the portal from laboo's dream.



Chapter Three: Dreamvale

laboo and Kaboo enter the portal, immersed initially in darkness. Before too long they hear a voice of encouragement..



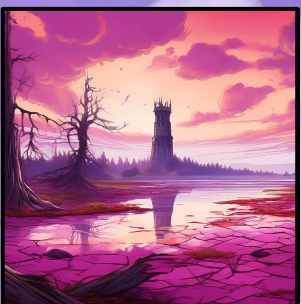
Chapter Four: Yume

Born from a puff of cloud tree, the two Ibisians' Dreamvale guide, Yume, emerges.



Chapter Five: Winner, Winner

The secrets of Dreamvale are slowly exposed, ultimately resulting in the opening of a portal not unlike the one laboo and Kaboo emerged from.



Chapter Six: The Heartbeat of the Universe

laboo, Kaboo, and Yume return to Ibis, finding many of the planet's structures fading and its wildlife dying. The leaders of Ibis discuss what can be done.



Chapter Seven: Luma

The Ibisians take to Dreamvale, in the hopes of recreating Luma and saving the universe.



Chapter Eight: The King of Ibis

Having restored order to the universe through the recreation of Luma, honors and awards are bestowed upon those who've earned them.



Chapter One: A Fitful Sleep

"laboo! laboo, wake up!" My eyelids drooped open to find Kaboo's white, bulbous face hovering inches from my own. His eyes formed pitch black circles of immense depth, stretched and flattened across his curious and gentle face.

Disoriented, I tried to recall where I was. Now, I was seated beneath Splendor's grandest Cloud Tree where I'd come for my afternoon meditation. But just moments before..

Water splashed across my blue cheeks. "laboo!" Kaboo had plucked a puff of cloud from a nearby low-hanging branch and wrung it out over my face, causing my voluminous white beard to soak and sag. "It's okay, I'm here!"

Dramatic. Always so dramatic...

"You certainly are," I said, wiping my face dry with the the cape of my thunder cloak. The cape's colors shifted in the light, a kaleidoscope of yellows and shocking oranges, lightning bolts shuddering across, along, and beneath the creases. "Well, a dream then I suppose. Just a dream."

A vibrant, colorful illustration of two castles on clouds under a starry night sky. The castle on the left is primarily yellow and orange with blue and purple accents. The castle on the right is primarily blue and purple with yellow and orange accents. Both castles have multiple towers and spires. They are situated on a sea of colorful, swirling clouds in shades of orange, yellow, green, and blue. The sky is dark blue and black, filled with numerous stars of various colors (yellow, orange, blue, purple) and some larger, brighter stars. The overall style is whimsical and fantastical.

Chapter One: A Fitful Sleep

"It must have been some dream, sir. I heard your shouts all the way from the bottom of Cloud Falls. I would have come sooner but I was busy assisting with the harvest. They've been light on workers all season, you know.."

I felt myself oscillating between realities, disoriented as the fading fog of dream still vied for my attention.

Let's see..

There was color.. lots and lots of color, swirling storms of color. In the dream I'd traced a particularly purple hue with my hand and watched it follow along like a tinted wisp of wind. In the distance I'd spied castles of rainbow; untold constellations graced the sky; marvelous and unfamiliar beasts stretched into the horizon; a portal was set, glowing and apart from the rest of the landscape. That's it!

"The portal! Dreamvale! The portal to.. to Dreamvale!"

With that, I darted off to the East, toward the Trickletree Forest outside Splendor where the river meets the sky, with Kaboo clamoring helplessly, helpfully, behind.



Chapter Two: Out of this World

Ibis is a moon-small planet floating on the edge of the Andromeda Galaxy. Our people have prospered for millennia due to strong trade relations with our neighbors. Cloud Trees native to Planet Dawn, for example, have reshaped and enriched the way in which we live our lives and construct our cities. Our medicines and magics have, in turn, led to the unrivalled advancements of those around us.

The magic I now felt permeating in the distance, however, was unlike any I'd ever known.

As we crested yet another hill, Ibis' characteristic purple-pink skies blanketed the horizon with the night's second sunset finishing its descent.* A puff of cloud like bramble still clung to my thunder cloak from when we'd hurried our way through Trickle-tree. This side of the forest, empty planes stretched all the way to the Korro Mountains, with not so much as a cloud-hopper in sight. This absence of both features and creatures caused for the portal before us to stand all the more starkly against its relatively barren surroundings.

*Ibis follows a multi-figure eight pattern orbit between a set of three suns, distinctly colored purple, pink, and blue. This allows for a unique pattern of varied and at times overlapping sunsets and sunrises.



Chapter Two: Out of this World

"That's it," I pointed, directing Kaboo's gaze as he regained his breath. "That's the same portal I saw in my dream. The portal to—" "— to Dreamvale," Kaboo whispered, knowingly.

Simultaneously, we shifted our gazes from the portal, staring now at each other in silence, our round Ibisian bodies and orbish faces stone still. Kaboo's smaller body of snow white skin set against mine of royal blue like a cloud in the sky. Dreamvale. While I could swear I'd never heard the name before today, I was simultaneously certain I'd known it all my life.

As we approached the portal, strange, multicolored currents emanated from its opening. Electrical discharge flickered, challenging the resplendence of the pink sunset still shimmering in the distance.

Shattering the spell of our joint entrancement, a shout crashed down from the top of the hill we'd most recently descended. "laboo! laboo, sir! Luma! The Holy Light.. it's been extinguished!"

Just as I turned to face the two Cloud Tower clerics tumbling down the hillside, terror gripping their faces and quickly overtaking my own, I was flung backward as if by a sideways gravity into the portal bellowing sparks behind me.



Chapter Three: Dreamvale

It is believed that Ibisian life, as well as the existence of the universe itself, emerged from a single, bright light. This light is known to the Ibisians as Luma, or, the Heartbeat of the Galaxies.

Luma can be easily observed from Ibis' orbit, enshrined up high at the top of Cloud Tower, the formal meeting quarters of the Ibisian council.* More than just light, Luma was a sentient, living, breathing entity which had never gone out. Until now.

At the moment, however, I didn't have time to ruminate on the light's extinction or the potential end of the universe. At the moment I was being flung from the portal and bounced across a cushioned, black flooring. The floor, like our surroundings, was unshadowed and depthless, as if shadow alone lived here.

Kaboo landed clumsily on top of me, his purple cap rolling into the distance before circling back. The world now before us was one and the same with the one I'd encountered earlier in the day. This was, without a doubt, Dreamvale.

Only it wasn't the same, was it? While the *feeling* was the same, the landscape was now drastically, entirely different. The caches of color and rainbowed structures from my dreams were all gone. Save for the the faint, narrowing slit of light cast from the now slowly closing portal behind us, there was nothing but darkness.

*Cloud Tower permanently houses the council of elders, comprised of the seven wisest Ibisians, as well as ambassadors to each of Ibis' three kingdoms.



Chapter Three: Dreamvale

I watched as, with the portal's disappearance, Kaboo's worried face vanished from sight, the only known gateway back to Ibis now entirely closed.

"Iaboo? What is this place? Is this really Dreamvale?"

"Well, it's a far cry from the luminous empire I entered in my dream," I opined, twirling my long drags of curled, white hair in thought. "And yet it's clearly one and the same." I squinted my eyes in the hopes of navigating the pitch black. "This whole ordeal would be less jarring if we could see."

As if in response to my request, a trail of blue light flickered imploringly before us, lining a pathway into the distant darkness.

"Ask and you shall receive!" giggled a light voice, echoing all around us. I felt a clamminess as Kaboo's hand grabbed for my own. "Welcome to Dreamvaaaaale!" the voice continued, the '-vale' echoing before slowly fading away. As it did so, a giant neon marquee popped up, demarcating the beginning of the blue-light trail ahead of us, each letter a vibrant plum purple:

Welcome to Dreamvale

Illuminated by the light of the marquee and floating just before the two Ibisians there hovered what appeared to be a cloud, only with pink, bulbous eyes and a gentle smile where nothing but puff should have been. "Hi! I'm Yume-chan!"



Chapter Four: Yume

The voice was high and sweet, filled with carefree exuberance.

"Welcome back, laboooooo," she giggled, every word sung. "And, thank youuuuuuuu!!!"

Ordinarily I would have been more taken aback and alarmed. But this was Dreamvale, after all, and I'd already witnessed its limitless possibilities once before. Regaining my composure, I stood up, smoothing out my cloak thunder cloak causing a rumbling in the air. "Yume-chan then, hello. For what reason am I owed such gratitude?"

"Why, for creating me, of course!" beamed Yume-chan.

In that instant, a small, hologrammed display took shape before me: it was a perfect representation of Kaboo and I tumbling down the hillside outside Trickle tree just hours earlier. The replay zoomed in and paused on the exact moment the puff of cloud tree had first clung to my cloak. At this point Yume walked over beside the display and, extending a piece of herself into the shape of an almost-arm, she wrote in the air in a dazzling display of rainbow colors, *Yume-chan*, with a squiggly arrow, pointing to the puff of cloud tree clinging to my cloak. All of this was followed by her now characteristic giggle.

"What you bring into Dreamvale, you bring to *liiiiifeeee!!!!*" she swirled up high into the sky to emphasis this final word, a stream of color dusting behind her.

I blinked, brushing sprinkles of red and pink away from my eyes which trailed behind Yume. "Ok, then, Yume-chan. You're most welcome." I looked ahead into the distance, my gaze trailing alongside the blue candles until I could see no further. "I don't suppose you know where this path leads then, Yume-chan?"

"Well, I don't know, but you might!" giggled the cloud. "Let's goooooooo!"

And with that, the three of us headed into the distance.



Chapter Five: Winner, Winner

As we walked, we explored. But not the space which surrounded us. Rather, we explored the space in our minds. In fact, perhaps we weren't walking at all.

Kaboo seemed to pick up on this phenomenon quite naturally and immediately began exercising his newfound abilities. As he said, "Purple sundae!" for example, before him appeared an overflowing, floating, purple sundae. As he said, "With a volcano pouring pink hot fudge over the top!" before him appeared a volcano pouring pink hot fudge over the sundae. And so the game continued.

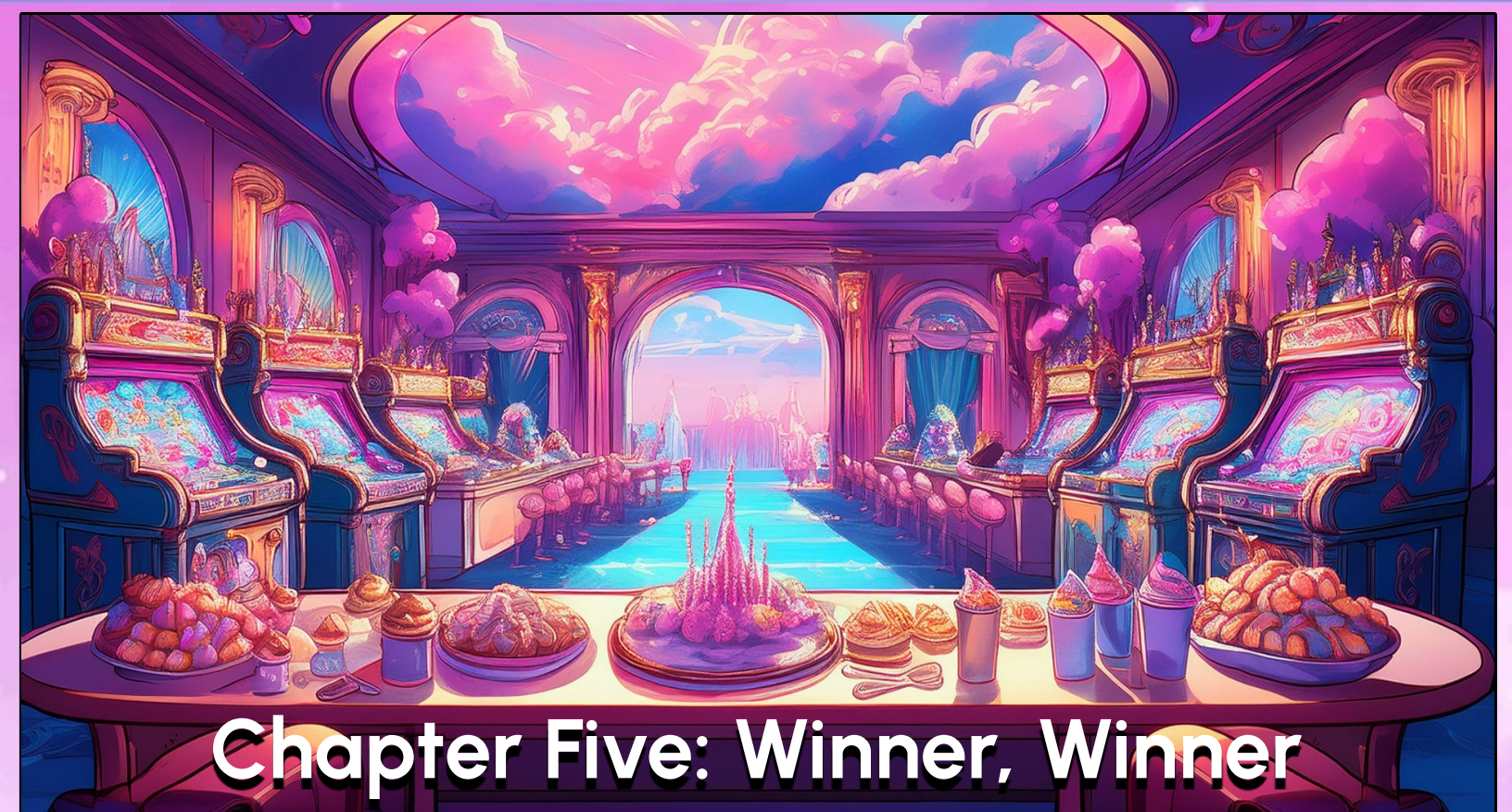
Before long I realized that this path was endless save for the borders of my imagination. In fact, one could hardly call it a path insofar as it led nowhere at all.

When I said as much, Yume merely giggled at my realization. "Took you long enough!"

"Then what's the point?" I muttered, pondering out loud. "If the path is endless, then this might as well be our destination, because where else would we be going?"

By now I was beginning to understand the inner workings of Dreamvale and, just as I spoke, a game show style platform raised up, lights flashing like at a carnival, with bright bulbs outlining another marquee:

Winner, Winner, Cloud Thread Spinner!!!



Chapter Five: Winner, Winner

The pathway we'd been standing on had now vanished, replaced with a magnificent, impossibly large, palace room, beset with ceilings zooming high into the sky, concealed in part by purple cloud cover.

Kaboo pointed at the wall and commanded, "Door!" and a giant, ornately covered and royal door emerged where he'd pointed, dust settling with a loud *BANG* as it fell into place.

I pointed in the center of the hall and shouted, "Banquet!" and hundreds of tables materialized, with all the best foods from Ibis and beyond.

"Cloud!" giggled Yume. "BIG cloud! Mama cloud, orange— no, yellow cloud! Rain cloud, thunder cloud, cumulus, cirrus, cloud boat, cloud car, cloud clown!"

Kaboo smiled giddily in Yume's direction and shouted a slew of commands of his own, each one in turn coming to life before us: "Chandeliers! Arcades! Moonball court! Water fountain!"

"Portal!" I chimed in, instinctively.

And there, in the center of the room, similar though not identical to the portal we'd entered earlier, stood another. Peering through it one could see the distinct cloud trees cresting the ridges Splendor's Cloud Tower-bearing plateau. Having effectively connected the two realms, both Dreamvale and Ibis, we stepped through the portal returning home.



Chapter Six: The Heartbeat of Universe

As we emerged from the portal, Ibis was hardly there at all. The pink waterfalls had ceased flowing for the most part, the trees of Trickle-tree were wilting, and Cloud Tower itself was now somehow see through, leaving the seven elders, as well as the ambassadors to Ibis' three kingdoms entirely exposed. Large swaths of Ibisians both large and small clamored around the regal entourage seeking guidance. Most stomach-turning of all, however, was the absence of Luma, an otherwise so-reliably-bright beacon even in times of darkness. Now it was not present at all.

I knew the two went hand in hand and that the absence of Luma consequently led to the dimming of reality. And this was just Ibis. There was no telling what effects Luma's going out might be having across the galaxies. The Heartbeat of the Universe was not a name given lightly.

We approached the elders mid-conversation, the seven leaders adorned in the seven colors of the rainbow.

"...without Luma, I fear the will of this threadbare reality will not last the night," spoke the ancient Ibisian Haboo, elected chancellor of the elders. He was hairless, missing an arm and an eye, and leaning for support on a marvelous piece of cloud bark. Robes of majestic purple and pink tones draped and coiled around his plump body with a hood rounding his head. "Ahh, laboo. We'd sent for you the moment Luma was extinguished."

I sidled up toward the elders through the throngs of Ibisians. "Dear elder, I'd come as quickly as I could. We were.. hung up by a separate discovery. What is the source of this catastrophe and what can be done?" Kaboo stood with deference, flanking laboo to the flank while Yume floated coolly over his right shoulder, smiling knowingly.



Chapter Six: The Heartbeat of Universe

Glaboo, the Elder in Green, spoke in turn, "Luma was born before the universe itself. The dependence of all reality resides in that flame. There is only so much it can permit.

"In recent years, while Ibis has remained peaceful and harmonious with those of its collective galaxy, the same can not be said for the universe as a whole. Entire star clusters have fallen into decay and order is all but nonexistent in many regions. The burden this has placed on Luma, the Fulcrum of the Knowledge, is non-negligent. Quite the opposite in fact."

A cold silence fell across Cloud Tower, a palette of colored robes wearing downcast gazes lacking hope.

All save for one, long-lashed, and pink-eyed cloud.

"Welllllll," giggled Yume. "You could always make a neeeewww flame. A bettttterr flame, a BIGGGERRR flame! Anything is possible in Dreeeaaaammvaaaaalleee!!!" She accented her final words, hopping up and down in the air excitedly, nodding conspicuously toward the Dreamvale portal I'd just emerged from behind us.

The gathered crowd seemed to notice the unaddled cloud just then and for the first time. It was Haboo who spoke first, seemingly unfazed in addressing the cloud before him, "And what, may I ask, is Dreamvale?"

"It's easier experienced than discussed," I replied.

And so it was that the elders, the ambassadors, and all the assembled Ibisians trailed behind me, entering the great unknown of Dreamvale for their first, though far from their last, time.

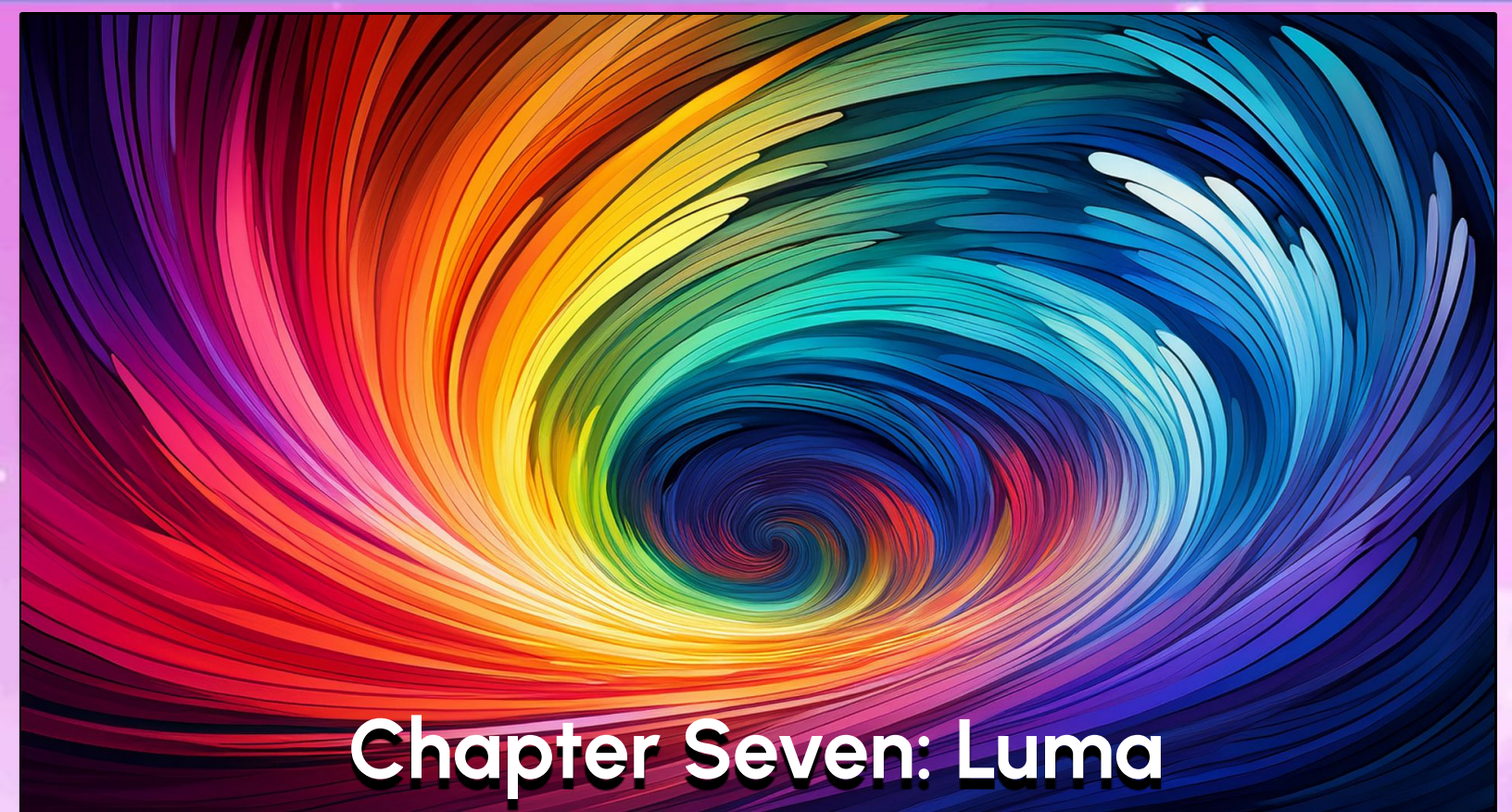


Chapter Seven: Luma

Ibisiens are natural creators, natural Dreamers. Our propensity for magic in the mortal realms is limited by little. So when my people entered Dreamvale where imagination lacks limitation entirely, well, the sight was truly something to behold.

From the moment we stepped foot into Dreamvale, the scene was already unlike anything I'd ever seen. Gone were the empty and aimless blue candle-lined pathways. They were replaced instead with something more akin to the sights from my earlier dream, only stretched even further beyond the bounds of what's possible: the colorful castles had returned, though now dwarfing the models I'd witnessed previously; exotic beasts swam, floated, teleported, slithered and shapeshifted across the endless landscape; Ibisiens, too, took on new names, new identities, forms and appearances, abandoning their bodies like an old suit of clothing.

Without explanation and indeed with great haste, we launched ourselves into the environment like kids in a candy shop. Even the elders, now immersed in the timelessness of Dreamvale, appeared to shed literal years off their lives, wrinkles vanishing and laughter rejoicing in a playful defiance of time. Amidst the wellspring of joy around us, the most dire and life-ending predicament of Luma's extinction seemed now to be mild and a thing of the past. But it wasn't and I knew it.



Chapter Seven: Luma

"My friends!" I shouted to the dizzying and widespread array of orbous bodies. Only Yume remained at my side, Kaboo once more entranced and immersed in the infinite possibilities that again lay before us. "I understand the most mesmerizing and intoxicating effects of the landscape you now find yourselves in. But we've come here now for a single purpose: to recreate that great light born even prior to the universe itself, Luma, so that our people may continue on, as well as all living creatures populating all galaxies everywhere."

As if snapping out of a trance, Haboo floated toward me, a spitting image of his son, whom he now resembled in both age and sprite.

He faced the others and grew ten times his regularl size, towering over even the rainbow towers which encompassed us. "Right then, we've got a job to do!" he shouted to the masses. "Let's build that flame!"

The cheers and 'hoorahs' of the Ibisian throng were only drowned out by the laboring of their imaginations. I watched as a new flame was furnished from the minds of my people. Thoughts zoomed through the air, appending to other thoughts and ideas in a wellspring of creativity. The most unexplained feature was the effortlessness of it all, the sincere lack of consternation, as if ideas were simply spilling forth, overflowing from a much deeper well.



Chapter Seven: Luma

This new flame was larger, louder, more terrifying in its brilliance than the Luma of before. I looked on as my people cast their dreams for the universe into each exhalation, breathing life into this most mystical, mysterious, and radical creation.

The elders constructed a hefty though ornately designed obsidian beacon-base on which the new flame would stand; Kaboo added stripes of purple to the spiraling flame; Yume simply giggled along, guiding us all through her laughter and charm.

When the design was done, and even before, we all knew it was a masterpiece. We knew with immediacy that the flame had not just been repaired, but given new life entirely. Though we would use the same name, this was no longer Luma. It was something far more.

For our final step, we built a trolley of cloud, which we squeezed beneath the named flame. Throwing my thunder cloak to the sky, I created a gust of wind so massive, both Lumas on its cloud-transport and Ibisians alike were *whooshed* toward the portal through which we'd entered earlier. I looked around me, my eyes wet with tears. Was this really happening? Could this all have just been a dream? Of course it could have. Of course it was.

And so we steered this big, magnificent dream back to Ibis where the universe desperately awaited its arrival.



Chapter Eight: The King of Ibis

3 days later

The new Luma burned proudly at the top of Cloud Tower, some twenty times the size it had been previously. The pink waterfall of Splendor sprouted forth with vitality and the cloud trees of Trickleetree Forest sprang back to life. Dreamvale had given us a second chance.

Cloud Tower had always served as the center of Ibisian affairs. In addition it would now serve as my new home as the first ever elected King of Ibis.

Wearing my newly entrusted crown, I now stood before Kaboo who looked particularly regal with his purple Moonstone necklace, colors swirling inside like a tiny galaxy, asserting his new position as the first ever Ambassador of Dream. Fanned out around us stood the elders, ambassadors, and people of Ibis.



Chapter Eight: The King of Ibis

"My friends," I shouted, "Today marks a new day. One in which the solutions we've always sought in our mission to sustain a universal peace rest readily at our fingertips." I motioned to the Dreamvale portal behind me. "Through Dreamvale we have saved this reality. But what's more, through Dreamvale we have been tasked with connecting even the most distant galaxies of thought together, creating a marvelous tomorrow devoid of the denigration of life and perpetuation of despair which led to Luma's extinction in the first place.

"Portals will be opened through the universe and adequate Ambassadors of Dream fit for the task of dream instruction selected. Through the power of dream, Luma and its life-light have returned. It is now our great honor and responsibility to share this gift with the rest of the universe. So," I paused here, eyeing the individuals in the crowd before me, allowing the moment to soak in. Yume smiled widely at my shoulder. "Without further ado, *Let us DREAM!!!!*"