

CERTIFIED DREAMVALE



Coblin Da Goblin

A Dreamvale Story by Corbin Weinert

Home Planet: coblin land



- Super awesome
- Super mega cool
- And likes minion movies

[illegible]

Chaotic evil

Become The
galaxies Mr Olympia

Hitting legs

Backstory: Coblins whole life he was dedicated to becoming the galaxies mr olympia. Although he has one problem, hes petrified of hitting legs. This is because he tore a hamstring and now is to scared to ever do any leg workout again but what can he do to become mr Olympia.

Goblin Land



Gym rat



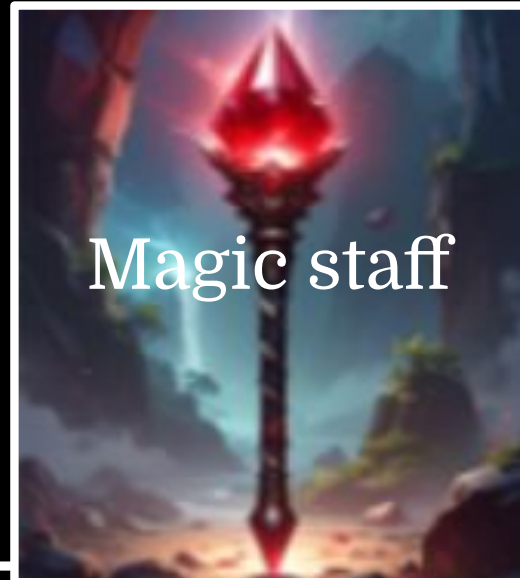
45 lbs Plate

Coordinates (x, y)	(11000, 16000)	Government Type	Diamond gym unc
Population	509876543456	Intergalactic Disposition	hostile
Terrain	Its a big gym	Primary Race(s)	goblin
Climate	Cool in some areas hot in others	Primary Resource/ Technology	Gold Plates of weight. They don't trade them because we cant let anyone have an advantage over us at mr olympia.
Size	2.0	Description	The Planet is a gym ruled by the boss man Unc everyone is training to become mr olympia. This makes a lot of competition. Everyone is constantly in the gym, sauna, or in the food court which helps get you macros and protein.
Planetary Wildlife	Gym rats. Rats that hog machines making it hard to achieve your goals. They are also really mean. Big gym guy but rat :)		

Staff of Tren



Neptune



Magic staff

Druvunus



Dark matter

Origin Story:

By finding materials from other planets. Upon our surface we found dark matter and a magic staff. My forging the two materials together we created a dark matter staff. We did this because we attempted to make a weapon if mass destruction

Appearance:

A gold shining color is the stem of the staff with a black shaft. The almost gold claw like shell protecting the black orb. In which emits a purple haze

● Roid Rage

The staff brings evil to the person holding it. Taking over their body almost like a zombie, being controlled by the staff.

◆ Bulking

Makes someone really big until they get to big and roll like a blueberry. Causing them to be obese forever and not being able to do basic tasks.

★ Geranium Extract

Blows up a persons head. Turning their blood into a black mold in which the staff absorbs almost like it is eating it.

Chapter 1



The world of Goblin Land was a peaceful but aggressive world. Especially for me, due to me being well on my way to being Mr Olympia of the entire Galaxy. On one hand, there was no war or money to argue about; on the other hand, everyone was always angry because of the excess steroids and trenbolone they had taken. This leads to many fights occurring.

Chapter 2



In this case, I was in one of those fights as one of the only other species “the gym rats” began to argue with me. And one thing leads to another with roid rage, and we start to run it. “Boom.” “Crash.” I knocked him out right outside of the sauna area, and with all the chaos of the fight, I tore a pec. This is devastating. Now I have so much to consider, I could lose everything, but that's not important right now. Now the old rat came out of the Sauna and found me with him lying on the ground right beside me. I tried to calm the situation down by saying, “It's not what it looks like,” but he nevertheless ran and reported me to the BPP, which is short for Bench Press Police. What could I do if the upcoming Mr Olympian is arrested? I would be a fool to sacrifice all of my hard work. So I did what any smart man would do: I ran with my small legs away to hide from the BPP.

After three days of hiding in the bathroom, I finally came out, and discreetly I went to my room and put on a mask and some fresh clothes to disguise myself. I have to get back into the gym, but how? With the BPP looking for me, I can't return. But I remembered I had an old friend whom was a ex Mr Olympia winner. He had a secret underground bunker in which had everything I needed to train for Mr Olympia.

Chapter 3



And so I set out to go through all the gyms and hallways until I reached the J64 hallway bathroom. Hesitantly, I open the door slowly and enter I enter the stall and press the oddly colored tile lined on the wall as if it were a sheep in a group of wolves. It opens a passage into the wall that goes deep into the earth. It felt like something I wasn't supposed to see. I was greeted by my old friend Larry. He led me around the humongous underground base through the house, around the pool, into the gym, and allowed me to take any of his food or supplements I needed. Larry became my trainer. And frankly, there is no better trainer, I mean, who has more experience than a ex Mr Olympia winner. So we began training 8 hours a day, 7 days a week. The split was a full-body split.

Chapter 4



The biggest challenge for me, though, was my legs; I was severely underdeveloped in the leg region, with stick-like legs, but my upper body was huge. Larry was the opposite; he had always trained his legs and had developed in the legs, which is his area of expertise. So I began to train more than normal, and over the course of a year, through trenbolone and training, I gained the huge legs I had always wanted. And in addition, I could not train chest because I had torn a pec while fighting that gym rat. So, meanwhile, when I was recovering, I was training legs. By doing this, it led me to having massive legs.

Chapter 5



The event approaches, it's the last two weeks, and I'm doing the final preparations in order to be the largest and most vascular on stage. But just one week before the event starts, John passes away due to heart failure. This is devastating news; my trainer, the person who is responsible for my success, is gone. I sit down, staring at my wall, thinking about all the time he spent hoping, and to think he'll never get to see me win, to see all the effort he put in finally pay off. But just as I think about giving it up, my mind says, "You must compete." And for some reason, all the sadness and anger in my heart turns into power; it's a feeling I have never felt before, an overwhelming urge that embraces me like that of a mother embracing their child. I go back to training, not for myself or my own selfish ways, but for the man who believed in me, who gave me everything. The competition is only 2 days away, and I'm already better than ever before. I packed my bags and headed to the stage for the sole purpose: to win. I make it to the event and tell them I'm John's son, and all of a sudden, it clicks. John gave me his son's name. I remember him telling me about how his son always wanted to be Mr. Olympia. Well, that was before he passed away with his mother in a devastating car crash. But it didn't... doing the final preparations to be the largest and most vascular on stage. But just one week before the event starts, John passes away due to heart failure. This is devastating news. My trainer, the person who is responsible for my success, is gone. I sit down, staring at my wall, thinking about all the time he spent, hoping, and thinking he'll never get to see me win. to see all the effort he put in finally pay off. But just as I think about giving it up. My mind says. "You must compete". And for some reason, all the sadness and anger in my heart turns into power; it's a feeling I have never felt before- an overwhelming urge to women and braces me like that of a mother embracing their child. I go back to training, not for myself or my own selfish ways, but for the man who believed in me, who gave me everything. The competitions are in only 2 days, and I'm already more than ever before. I packed my bags and headed to the stage for the sole purpose of winning. I make it to the event and tell them about John's son, and all of a sudden it clicks when John gave me his son's name. I remember him telling me about how his son always wanted to be Mr. Olympia. Well, that wasa before he passed away with his mother in a devastating car crash. But it didn't

Chapter 6



I made it to the event and told them I was John's son, and all of a sudden, it clicked while John gave me his son's name. I remembered him telling me how his son always wanted to be Mr. Olympia. Well, that was before he passed away with his mother in a devastating car crash. But it never hit me until now. All that time I was training like I was his son; it was because that's all his son ever wanted. I apologized for what felt like 10 minutes, but in reality, it was only 30 seconds. They were asking if I was okay; I nodded in agreement. I proceeded backstage and began to get ready in silence. That's when I pulled out a photo of John and said aloud, "I'm winning this for you."

John's son's name was called on stage, and I proceeded onto the stage and began to hit poses. After I finished, I walked off the stage and returned to the back, awaiting them to call off the winners. "Third place: Baron Lawrence." My heart dropped, fearing I would not win. "Second place: Jordan Phillips." I was sweating profusely as they began to call off the final name: "John Pack Jr.!" I won. I walked onto the stage as I received my award. No words could describe this moment. The feelings I felt were those of happiness, sadness, and many others. I left the event as soon as it was over and returned to where John's grave is, placing the trophy near his grave, saying, "You deserve this." I sat next to it for the next few hours in silence. After going back inside, I lay in my bed. After that night, I retired from bodybuilding and lived in the bunker for the rest of my days.

30 years later...

I woke up from another one of my naps, and I heard a knock at the entrance of the bunker. It was a young goblin. I let him in, and he began to tell me about how he aspired to be a bodybuilder and win Mr. Olympia. He didn't know where to start, so he sought out to be trained by the best of the best.