

Prologue

Opening Sequence

FADE IN on a series of corporate logos for Dastman's production companies. That part just always has to happen before the actual movie begins . . .

Fade to black.

In the total blackness, a lowercase letter D, black in color but burning with yellow fire, began to grow in size from nothing to engulfing the entire screen. Soon enough, everything was all black again.

“Ready or not, here I come!” I said, taking my hands off my eyes.

I was a little kid, still in elementary school. I was playing hide-and-seek with a friend. Quickly, I ran through the house. I turned the corners. I looked everywhere. The camera angle kept changing way too fast for you to possibly keep up with.

Then I found the door to my Dad's office room, open. I ran inside, suspecting that she was in here. Soon, I searched high and low with a flashlight. Then I stumbled upon the white cardboard box, with all of Dad's papers inside, that was labeled DO NOT TOUCH.

I looked at it, swallowing nervously. I went back to looking for my friend. “Donna? Donna?” I asked.

I kept on walking . . . but soon turned back to the small white box. Although I wasn't supposed to touch it, there was still that aura of mystery to it.

Soon enough, I was digging through the papers. First, I found cover letters with my Dad's name on them. Extreme close-up shots identified the name DEREK DARDON. I nodded my head. Shuffling through the papers, I read:

“Researching the planet's core.”

I frowned. Then my Dad's echoing voice came on, over the scene:

“Researching the planet's core . . . investigating the climate . . . the truth is that I don't believe in global warming. Yet, in the past three months, I have seen a significant and unexplainable increase in heat.”

“HEAT.”

“Scorching hot weather.”

“Wildfires that broke out in the northwest . . . may be connected . . .”

“Arctic regions have grown warmer.”

“Why??”

“How??”

“How could a planet see major climate change in only a few years?”

My fragile, little-kid eyes quivered in fear. But I kept reading.

“I have been laughed at for my theories regarding WHY. I have been called everything from a moron to a complete retard to outright crazy. Now I fear that my theories were correct. If these patterns keep up . . .”

The camera angle cut to an extreme close-up of my eyes.

“OUR PLANET IS HEADED TOWARD THE SUN.”

“DAD! Dad! Dad!” I yelled, running and running, with the camera perfectly keeping up with my insane running speed.

“What? What is it, my son?” my scientist Dad, wearing a white lab coat, asked.

“I just found these papers!” I said. “You wrote these! It's in your name!”

“What?? Son – what in the WORLD are you doing?? I told you NEVER to touch my papers!”

“But according to your papers, the-the-the-the planet's getting hot!”

“We are not discussing this.”

“How long were you planning on not disclosing any of this information with me??” I screamed at him.

He said not a word.

“How long do we have? Hmm?” I asked.

The tension was rising.

“HOW LONG??” I asked.

“Stop it, son! You're 6 years old!” he yelled. “Seriously!”

I ran away.

As I ran throughout the house, Donna dropped down from the ceiling and said “You are the worst hide-and-seek player *ever!*”

All she saw was the sight of me running out the back door, and continuing to run nonstop.

“What's wrong?” she asked, but she could already see that I would never give an answer to such a question.

The camera went back to me, running . . . running.

Chapter One

“8 Years Later”

Running. Running. Moving through the grass. Now I was 14 years old; still running all the same. Brown hair. Tall height. Kind of skinny.

I was dressed in my school gym outfit. A coach was blowing his whistle. “DARDON!” he yelled. “A little faster, Sluggo! Come on! Come on! Let's go, everyone. All of you!”

My name was Dastman Danger Dardon. My name became visible in white letters, with a curved arrow pointing to my name. After about five seconds, the letters and caption both faded away. Now I'd been living with all my knowledge for 8 years, the knowledge that my planet was doomed, that it was growing closer to the Sun, and yet it still was not quite there.

I looked up at the sky. Lots of manmade black clouds blocked my direct view of the Sun. “Funny,” I said to a girl. “I used to think the Sun was too bright in my eyes. Now, with these artificial clouds around . . . it's never too bright.”

“Yeah. The government puts the clouds out for the good of the planet - so they say,” she responded. “These chemtrails are supposed to block the solar radiation from being too harmful to us. But that's gonna be the downfall of Man.”

“Oh, is that what they're called? Chemtrails?” I asked.

“Look,” she said, pointing up to the sky. “You can see it right now.”

I looked up at the sky. A bird-shaped flying vehicle was flying through the sky, leaving behind itself a black artificial cloud which was left in the air. That flying vehicle was far away from the ground. There was nothing that could be done to stop it.

“Why do you think they find it so necessary to put these Sun-blocking clouds up there?” she asked.

“The . . . the planet is going closer to the Sun,” I admitted.

“Yeah.”

Even worse, I had gum on my shoe! “No! NO!” I screamed. “I don't want gum on my shoe!” It was a terrible day.

Late in the evening, I walked into the living room, holding my skateboard, to find my Dad passed out on the rocking chair, watching TV.

I cleaned up his food and drink, threw it out in the trash, used a dustpan and broom to sweep up the floor, and turned the TV off with the remote. “Huh? Dastman? Is that you?” Dad asked, waking up.

“Yeah. It's me,” I said. “Dastman Danger Dardon.”

14 years old. Still around. Still living with the knowledge of what would be happening to the planet, soon enough. Day after day, the end of the world continued to be delayed. For now, me, Mom, and Dad were all living in the small two-bedroom, two-bathroom house, where we'd been living for 2 years now.

Speaking of Mom, she walked in just then, looking stressed after work, as usual. “Ain’t it something?” she asked. “The planet is coming to an end.”

I sighed. “I know,” I said. I sat still, silent, at the kitchen’s counter. Sitting there, with my awkward posture, I reflected on how, sometimes, you can be 14 years old, and yet really so adult inside. You have to be, when life gets tough.

Now I noticed, for the first time, a tall, pointy metal rocketship in the living room, standing upright, its heavy weight supported by three pointy-shaped legs. “Ummm . . . what in the world is this thing?” I asked.

“Oh. I’ve been working on it for years,” he said. “I’ve just recently added the metal casing. You like it? I’ve been building my own rocketship.”

“That’s . . . nonsense,” I said, at first.

“Maybe so. But I’m convinced it would take at least the three of us away from here - to another planet - when that day of reckoning comes.”

That was an ugly thought, which I would rather not think about. Sooner or later, the day of reckoning always comes. In the meantime, I was just trying to enjoy my red-flavored soda.

“You think the three of us are going to escape this planet with a homemade rocket?” I asked.

“No . . . I *very* much think that,” Dad said back with a grin.

His crazy ideas usually worked out, though. Maybe his rocket really would work. I mean, hey, the planet was going into the Sun anyway, right?

“Where would we be going to, anyway?” I asked weakly.

“. . . To Earth,” he said. Now the camera angle began to look out the living room window, and float outside into the outdoors. Manmade black clouds covered most of the sky. The landscape was a beautiful sight of yellow fields of grass, with a little green; but how long would these beautiful sights last?

Looking up at the clouds, the opening credits began to play against a sequence of images of the clouds. Soon enough, the camera angle floated above them, and up into outer space, where the rest of the opening credits continued to play out.

Planet Dast had existed for a long time. Now it would be going into the Sun, and by now it would take mere days.

After a while, the day of reckoning, as they say, finally came. Yellow lava and magma boiled up past the surface of the planet Dast. The world began to melt. So Mom, Dad, and I all climbed inside the metal rocketship to save ourselves.

The flight across space was phenomenal. Very few people in the history of Dast could truthfully claim that they had been to outer space and back. Now, me and my parents were all in space, coursing through the solar system to find that planet, Earth.

In the old way of things, Dast was the fourth planet from the Sun. Now, as it continued to soar too close to the Sun, it would become obliterated completely, atmosphere and all, and Mars would become the fourth planet from the Sun.

Our journey from planet Dast to its neighbor planet, Earth, took entire hours. It was only enough to watch 2 episodes of TV. Then the rocketship entered Earth’s atmosphere, and this was when it all became like a video-game. The camera angle kept a fixed lock on the metal rocketship. It fell into the planet, with gravity, down into the clouds, and then to the oceans and continents below. It was my job to steer the steering wheel to cause the rocket to land somewhere safe. If I landed dangerously, game over.

“Try to land in the water,” Dad explained. “But near the land! Near it!”

I spun the wheel, and fired a big red button. “MAN THE TORPEDOES!” came the message on the big TV screen. Many torpedoes were fired.

“Whoaaaa!” I yelled, along with both my parents. The camera angle tilted to the right, as the entire rocketship had become tilted when I had fired those torpedoes on accident. All three people inside the rocket fell toward the right wall.

“That’s not what I meant to do,” I explained, quickly steering the wheel to the left. The wildly-flying rocketship began to stabilize.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to drive?” Dad asked.

“Positive. Positive,” I said.

I looked down below - or, rather, I looked at the big TV screen, with all its green symbols and markings over the live camera image of the ocean beneath me. The torpedoes were dropping into the ocean now. As the rocketship continued to descend, I tried to make it fall to a part of the water that was safe to land in, but now I had to avoid landing near the torpedoes, which would kill us all. Now I had to land us somewhere reasonably close to dry land.

“Enemy aircraft sighted. Permission to engage?” I heard a voice say.

“What on Dast is that?” I asked.

Two military X-17 Fighter Jets were quickly approaching. I grew nervous. “Man the torpedoes?” I asked.

“TORPEDO STOCK DEPLETED,” came the message on the big TV screen.

I groaned. “Man!” I yelled.

Outside the rocketship, the action was just beginning. Both military Fighter Jets, having witnessed me dropping my weapons, now engaged in authorized combat against me. They struck my rocketship with aerial gunfire, and soon it was falling down to the Earth below! I pressed a button, so that the monitor instead became a clear window to the outside: the ground was below us, and we were coming at it fast!

The ship continued to rotate many times as it fell. One by one, the three support prongs began to break away from the rocketship, plummeting with the rocket a short distance behind it. “Ah, that’s fine,” Dad said. “We don’t need those support prongs anyway.”

I grew nervous as I thought about the smash-landing that we were in store for. “Operator!” I yelled. “Initiate horizontal landing procedure!”

Beep, beep, beep! The rocket’s built-in software responded to my commands. We may have lost the support beams, I figured, but that would technically make it an inch or two easier to engage in the horizontal landing procedure. It was taking a minute to load, though. This & %*#ing Windows system.

Down below, the continents had grown large enough that I could see the biggest buildings in the city, their rooftops now only a few thousand feet below. Soon enough, we would all be hitting the ground with extreme impact. I didn’t want to think about it. Yet we kept getting closer. When would the rocket’s guidance systems take over??

The downward plunge soon curved into a diagonal travel. It gave me a feeling as though my body had been flying to the south, only to now take a twist to the south-west. The rocketship continued to fly this way, as all those buildings grew closer to us. We weren’t quite horizontal yet, but we were about halfway there. The rooftops were pretty close to us now - too close for comfort.

Up ahead was Central Park, New City. It was an area of green fields of grass, and many trees, but not so many buildings. I would have to land right there. As the rooftops drew closer, I

steered the rocketship, and ended up soaring right in between two tall buildings, then past them and into the open fields of Central Park.

The rocket traveled both horizontally and downward with gravity. The trees and grass would still be damaged by the impact of the rocketship, but it would not be nearly as bad as landing in all the other parts of the city.

The green ground below was coming still closer. The rocketship flew straight ahead, and soon the bottom side collided with the ground, and all the green grass began to part like ocean waves with piles of brown dirt flying up on both sides of the rocket. Brown dirt was thrown everywhere. An additional straight line of brown formed in the ground, behind the rocket.

I quickly took over the steering wheel. It was like a video-game now. The rocket continued to drive straight ahead, and that part I couldn't stop. But I steered left to miss hitting a tree, then right to miss another, then right again to get 5 coins.

After missing enough trees, I saw that the pathway ahead was clear and smooth sailing . . . until I would eventually hit a stone statue of a pineapple. The rocketship had already slowed down its moving speed, and now, finally, it slowed down to a complete stop just before hitting the statue.

The rocket had stopped completely. The smoke continued to rise.

I punched the door to make it fall off. I climbed out, then hit the ground and dizzily rolled around for a moment. Then I threw up. Dad was next to climb out of the rocket, followed by Mom, neither of them dizzy at all.

"We're all alive," I said to Dad.

"Yeah . . . but planet Dast is gone forever," he pointed out grimly. Then he turned away.

He was right. The planet I knew was gone, destroyed, forever. All I had left now was this other place, Earth.

"Do you think *anything* might . . . still remain?" I asked Dad, but it was kind of a hopeless question.

Just then, the meteor storm struck. I didn't understand it, at first. Looking up at the sky, all I saw was the oncoming onslaught of dozens of brown meteor rocks, raining down from the sky.

"What's that?" I asked Dad.

He took a moment to investigate the sight. "It looks like a meteor storm," he said. Now he understood. "Rocks in space have been following us here."

"What?? Why?"

"Because that's how gravity works. If a rocketship flies around in the vacuum of space, then the nearest meteors or rocks will follow it with gravity."

Those rocks had been following us for quite a while, then. Now they would be bombarding the Earth. It looked like a natural disaster, but little did anyone suspect that it was all the work of planet Dast. The full truth was complicated: this meteor storm was the accidental assault from a now-dead planet.

The meteor rocks were soon raining down upon the streets, smashing into buildings, windows, cars, and people. Just by flying in a rocketship, I had accidentally brought these rocks here. This was a disaster. People were likely to get killed.

We all needed a hero. There was nobody in sight.

Dad grabbed Mom by the arm, and I followed them both to a spot under an awning, just outside a restaurant. There, we waited for a while as the storm impacted the rest of the city. Nobody could fight this thing. We would just have to try to survive it. A very large green

meteor rock smashed against the ground, and slid across the street in pieces. Looking up, I saw the red trail of a red rock falling to the Earth. Soon enough, indeed, the red meteor hit the ground and smashed into pieces as well.

Some trip to Earth. If we could even survive this meteor storm, this was our new home, for the rest of our lives. Boy, how awkward it would be, once people understood all the damage we had done.

We waited for quite some time to be sure that the meteor storm was over. Then we walked down the street, and found a man crying out in pain, for he was trapped under a car that was up-side down on the sidewalk.

Neither one of us - me, Mom, nor Dad - could lift up a car, but all three of us at once were able to push it away, and off the guy, after I climbed inside and put it in Neutral and technically made everything *worse* for a second. After the three of us pushed the car off the guy, he rolled up his pant leg to reveal that his right leg was bleeding. So all three of us helped him up, and carried him to the hospital across the street.

After that, we looked around at the sight of the damaged areas off the edges of Central Park. We had survived the rocketship's descent to the ground. We had survived that strange storm of meteor rocks that had followed. Now what?

I walked around and starting picking the brown meteor rocks up off the ground. I had seen, before, that some were brown, but others were green, or red, but I figured it was all the same. The brown rocks had already cooled down a little. "What are these exactly?" I asked, holding them in my hands. "These were rocks from planet Dast, and they followed our ship here?"

"They are *pieces* of the dead planet," Dad said.

I looked at the brown rock in my hand. "A little piece of home," I said to myself. I sighed. I would keep this rock.

Walking around, I found a few more meteor rocks, all of which I wanted to collect, for my own personal reasons. After long enough, I had collected 8 of them, which I was holding by using the bottom of my shirt as a rock-pile holder. They all felt incredibly warm - too warm to touch on my bare skin. But I only had enough space for the brown ones.

"Now where do we go?" I asked Dad.

"Well . . . this is our new home," Dad said. "So we look for where we're gonna live."

I thought about that. "Maybe we should go back to the rocket first," I said. Thus began our next mission: the walk back to the landing site of the meteor. We knew the crash site once we got to it. All things considered, this rocket was not completely damaged: it was just the support prongs that had broken off. That was just needed to keep it standing upright in the living room or garage. Right now, it would likely not survive any flight to another planet, though.

"What do we do?" I asked. "Hide it?"

"Hmm. No. We wait for it to cool down. Then we fly it away somewhere, properly."

"What??" I asked. "There's no way that's gonna work!"

"It will. Just a mile or so. We may not have enough fuel to travel to another planet . . . but we can sure fly ourselves *away* from all this property damage."

"How do you know it would be safe?" I asked.

"Hmm," Dad said. "I'll have to step inside and input the coordinates myself, real quick."

So he climbed inside the rocketship and began programming a place, on Google Earth, for him to travel to, a distance he intended to be far less than 50 miles.

Dad stepped out of the rocketship. "Okay," he said. "Sorry it took me about 7 minutes, but . . ."

A man wrapped up tight in a coat was standing here, next to me and Mom. This strange man didn't seem to leave. Now he was looking at Dad. "Uhhh . . . yes?" Dad asked.

It was clear that Dad was rich, if he owned this rocketship. This led to the likely outcome of getting robbed. Now the stranger pulled a gun on Dad.

"Give me your money!!" he yelled. "Then I won't shoot you!"

"Stop!" I yelled. "Put that gun away!"

That was the last thing I said before the man gunned down both of my parents.

Right before my very eyes, the man searched both of their pockets for wallets, money, jewelry. They had very little. I didn't even know what to say after seeing all that happen.

"You're going to Hell!" I finally yelled.

"Make me!" he said, and he ran off. Now, all of a sudden, I was left completely alone. There had been three survivors of planet Dast, having come to Earth. Now I was the last one left.

Why had he done that to me? Why had he killed them? All he had wanted was money. What does this say about the human race? At least, for you miserable &\$*%ing Earth people. Bunch of lousy *\$&holes.

Now what?

I didn't know what else to do. So I just climbed inside the rocketship and departed to the place Dad had intended for all three of us to go. Soon enough, the metal thing took off in flight again. It only traveled 15.7 miles, before it engaged in the horizontal landing procedure. Now, finally, I would find the place he had led me to.

Except a really big black spider was suddenly here in the rocketship with me.

"What? NOOOOOOO!!" I screamed, and the camera angle changed to an exterior shot of the rocketship, shaking and rocking wildly, as the spider bit me.

However, nonetheless, the horizontal landing procedure commenced. "Initiate flea control!" I screamed, and immediately a carwash-like procedure of mechanical wires and hoses began to rain anti-flea chemicals across one wall of the rocket's interior. Although the spider was not a flea, I figured pest control was likely all the same. The spider ran away, in a panic. He was done here. But the damage done by that spider's bite was probably not.

The rocketship attempted a horizontal landing, but ended up crashing into some guy's roof. He was in the middle of sitting on a chair, reading a newspaper, when that just suddenly happened. He bolted up, eyes bulged open, as he said "Jesus Christ!"

A few seconds later, the ship's door fell off, letting out a bunch of smoke in all directions. I climbed out and said: "No, just me."

He *threw* his newspaper to the floor angrily, and stood to his feet. "Now just what is going on here??" he yelled.

His wife entered the room. She gasped, loudly. "Should I call the police?" she asked.

"NO! Wait!" I explained. "You see . . . I . . . I come from the planet Dast. But it just - got destroyed."

It took me a minute or two to get my whole story across. How I came from planet Dast. How it had been sucked into the Sun. How I had flown in a rocketship to planet Earth, along with my parents, to be one of the last three survivors of planet Dast's destruction. How two out of three of us had been gunned down, to leave me the last one left alive.

The married black couple felt a little bad for me. So they helped me with getting food and soda, and in getting myself clean. But they would have to do the right thing and take me to an orphanage, they explained, given the part of my story about my parents being killed.

“Look, kid, if you don’t have a Mommy or a Daddy, then you have to go to the orphanage. And that’s the law!” he explained to me.

I sighed. “You’re right, sir,” I said. “It’s just . . . so many twists, it’s hard for me, you know?”

“All right. Come on. Let’s get going,” Bill said, and he began to walk me to his car.

It was a long and difficult car ride. I had nothing now. No rocketship. No possessions. No parents. Nothing. Even the brown meteors had all dropped out inside the rocketship, which was now trashed. I had become completely alone in the world, and now I was being driven to an orphanage to start all over, yet again.

Everything took so incredibly long that they finally decided to just adopt me themselves. I could still never take back the tragedies - the death of my planet, the murder of my parents - but now I could at least make the most of this life I had found now. On the car ride back to their house, I knew that I had found a new home to grow up in. Although my *biological* parents were killed, I was no longer homeless, as I would live in the Brailleys’ house now, the same one my rocketship had crashed through.

Growing up there, I was now named Bob Brailley, of planet Earth.

Funny how the people in planet Earth and planet Dast looked the same. There was probably some kind of complicated scientific explanation for that, but I had no idea what, for right now. At age 14, I learned that I would live as Bob Brailley, in Earth - the one spoiled brat who got to get away from the destruction of the entire planet Dast.

Now I would grow up in Earth.

Chapter 2:

Dastman on Planet Earth

I was 14 years old when my planet blew up. I was 14 years old when I landed on Earth. I basically just stayed put and lived as Bob Brailley. It was clear that I was adopted, but not necessarily that my real parents were from planet Dast. Being that I looked like an Earthling, I could easily pass for one.

The brown meteor rocks were still inside my damaged rocketship. Little did I realize how important they were.

Two days after Bill and Barbara Brailley took me in, I realized that it was finally time to talk about the other issue - the spider bite. Inside that rocketship, a spider had bitten me. I just wasn't sure how to talk about this to my new parents. You know? So, I had just kept it a secret. Now, I realized, it was time to tell them.

Soon. I would ask the Internet first.

“What are spider bites like?” I typed into a search engine.

Thousands of photos were found - each one more graphic than the last. People were bitten; red; swollen; infected; soon enough, dead.

“Well, what about small spiders?”

Nope. Every photo was horrible, painful-looking spider bites.

“Are there any small spiders where the bites are not harmless?”

Indeed, I found small spiders, leaving major, horrible results for their human victims. Even the smallest bites left their victims paralyzed. Hmm.

“Parallel Dimension Spiders” - another result that had popped up caught my eye. I examined an all-purple species of spider. An all-red species.

“Hmm. Well,” I said, closing out of the Internet. “What could fix me???”

Humm . . . humm . . . those stupid brown meteor rocks just never stopped making their loud noise. They were giving off some kind of bright glow, while making that sound of a pulsating rhythm. I had kept these brown meteor rocks, saved from the inside of the rocketship, on a blue blanket on top of my dresser. I had neglected to collect the green or red ones. These brown rocks were still there. I touched one.

These meteor rocks had gone through outer space. They had touched the cosmic rays of deep space itself, bathed by them like a car going through a carwash of space. Now I grabbed one meteor rock with my right hand, clenching it tightly, feeling its energy in my hands. The last time I had felt the brown meteor rocks, near Central Park, they had felt comforting; warm; and somehow, in some bizarre way I could not explain, they felt powerful.

Now, clenching the meteor rock, I found that my veins were becoming greatly exaggerated. The camera angle changed to the inside of my body. My very DNA structure was changing, transforming, in a domino effect of cellular mutation - my body was strengthening.

All the normal red and blue strands of DNA become overtaken by yellow energy. Back to a normal camera angle, I stretched a few times, and yawned.

As the minutes went on, I found myself feeling increasingly afraid about the spider bite. With the Internet being little comfort, it was now time to finally tell my new adoptive parents. It was also probably time to call 911 and ask for an ambulance. I indeed told my parents, showed them my blackened arm, and arranged for an ambulance to come to my new address. I rode in the ambulance, with my adoptive parents following behind the vehicle in their car. I rode for some time, to get to the hospital, where my spider bite would be treated.

“Okay, well, whatever your problem was, it’s over now,” the doctor said to me. I had waited for over half an hour to get this guy back in my room, and now that was his answer.

“What? Really??” I asked. “I can go now?”

“Well, no, not quite yet; we need to get you checked out, but we have other things to tend to, with other patients, first - you understand. You’ll be free to go shortly enough.”

“Wait a minute. What happened with my bite?”

“What happened,” the doctor said, “is that you’ve apparently become cured 100%, for no reason at all.”

Huh. How about that.

And the best part is, nobody would be set off about figuring out my secret identity, because I wasn’t a superhero yet.

“Paging Doctor Lane, 3-5-2. Paging Doctor Lane, 3-5-2,” a voice said overhead.

“So I’m just . . . cured. Okay,” I said. “So can I leave now?”

“Well, hold on - we’ll get you signed out of here in a short while. Probably be about 20-30 minutes.”

In seconds, the doctor had left the room. I looked at the silly green hospital gown I was wearing. I sighed.

Soon, I was dressed like normal again. I looked at my left arm. My veins no longer looked exaggerated at *all*. I looked at my right arm. The same. Hmm.

Super strength. I picked up an entire hospital bed, and set it back down. But it looked like this *real life* laws of physics thing, where all the wires and stuff fell toward the floor.

Super speed. I ran around the room in circles, in mere seconds. Papers flew everywhere when I did so.

Healing. Indeed, this had to be another power of mine: an accelerated rate of regeneration and healing, to save me from the poisonous spider bite. For all I knew, the meteor rocks’ radiation were harmful, too - maybe they would give me liver cancer - if not for the healing power I had now developed.

After I finished getting changed into my regular clothes, I crawled out the open window and crawled across the walls outside, like a lizard. “Waaa-hoooo!” I yelled happily. I crawled all the way to the roof.

“Where did that kid just go?” I heard a woman’s voice say, as though she were standing right next to me.

I kept climbing farther up, until I had reached the rooftop. Up there, the Sun was shining brightly. I took a second to breathe. Soon enough, I felt recharged.

“Thank you, meteor rocks!” I yelled. They had given me special powers, giving me the edge I needed to be cured of that venomous spider bite.

I raised my right hand, and watched as black venom was spewed out of my bare arm. “Golly,” I said to myself, as the venom landed on the roof. “Venom?? I guess that’s my body working the poison out.”

I had indeed changed. I was rid of the spider bite’s poison. But those meteor rocks had done more than merely cure me: they had given me permanent powers. The origin story is complicated enough now; don’t worry, it’s almost done.

The stage that followed next was one of anxiety and overwhelm. I raced down the streets at 30 miles per hour, feeling flushed, not able to believe that I, and I alone, was in this situation. Nobody else had powers. Now, out of nowhere, only I did. This just wasn’t fair!! Why me?? All I wanted was to no longer be poisoned by that one stupid spider bite. And also to not have my parents shot at by that criminal. Was that so much to ask? Now, like it or not, this was my situation.

Finally, I slowed my running down to a stop, and slowed down my breathing. I knelt down to the ground, on my left knee.

Then, I focused, and concentrated, and flew right up into the air!

“Yyyyyy-aaaahh!” I yelled, flying up angrily with my right fist outstretched. I flew away from the ground, up toward the sky. For the first time in my life, I was flying.

What now? I had powers. I could fly. So I just flew until I got to . . . well, anywhere. Anywhere that was . . . away.

I found that flying around the city, over 600 feet above the ground, was very nice and relaxing. It really got me away from the hammering sound of thousands of people around me. Up here, it was nice and quiet. The people were far away, on the ground, and up here there was the silence that nobody knew about.

The birds were a lot louder up here. Obnoxiously loud. They communicated with each other, especially as I grew near. I looked at one flock of birds, and saw that I could now understand their language. My brain was reaching into their brains, and processing their intentions, and thoughts, and language, and translating it into white subtitle lettering for me to read.

“Alpha Bird to Bogey Six!” the leader of the pack yelled. “Hostile enemy approaching. Attack!”

“No!” another bird roared back. “The enemy is not hostile! He is only a flying animal like us!”

“Raaawr! Do not question me!” the leader yelled.

Quickly, I flew away. All they could see were my feet as I flew away from them.

“I never knew humans could fly,” the leader said. “Great. Great! Now I just know I’m gonna have nightmares about this . . .”

I flew off, smiling and happy and no longer caring a penny about my problems or anxiety. Now that I was away from the ground, I was no longer stuck with having to care what everyone else thought of me. It was great to get away from it all for a while. I stayed out for 4 hours before I decided to get back home.

When I got back home, my adoptive Mom was worried sick about me.

“I’m fine!” I said. “I learned how to fly! I just got done flying around for a while!”

“Don’t lie to me,” she said angrily.

So I flew up into the ceiling, my head crashing into the plaster. “See?” I asked.

“. . . You're not lying," she said.

I lowered myself gently to the floor, smiling. There was still white plaster on my head, from the damaged ceiling, which now had a circular hole in it. "I can fly," I said again.

"Kid, you go from dying from a spider bite, to performing miracles?"

"Perhaps it's magic," I explained. "Perhaps."

"When did this start?" Dad asked.

"After I touched those brown meteor rocks," I explained. "The meteor rocks which came from my old planet, Dast."

"Meteor rocks, huh?" he asked.

"Let's call it . . . Dastonite," I said. Dramatic music played for a moment.

Flying was a wonderful secret that I went right back to the next day, for another four hours of fun. For 4 hours, I flew around and explored the big city that seemed so far from home. I could fly. I could move at insane speed. I was the kid without fear . . . the kid without limits.

I was harmless. I wanted to rob or hurt nobody. I just wanted to jam out listening to music, while flying through every part of the city. Harlem. The Bronx. The Garment District. Hell's Kitchen, formerly known as Clinton. 3-Door City. Everywhere but home. Not that I hated home, or anything; I just wanted to see all of what was out there, in New City.

I heard a bird screaming, as though it were right next to my ear. I could hear all the birds. Looking up, I noticed several birds flapping their wings to fly, then putting their wings to the side to glide ahead effortlessly for a while. I flew the same way, exerting myself for a short time and then gliding along effortlessly for the rest.

With no wings, I just used my arms and legs to control my flight. This was enough. I was figuring out how it worked, on my own. Outstretching both arms would immediately cause me to slow down my flying speed a little bit. Keeping my arms and legs tightly together would increase my speed. At times, I would have to thrash around my left arm, and at times my right, and at times both, to steer and control my flight.

After a few minutes of flying, I had stopped bothering to keep looking at the time on my cell phone. After an hour and a half, I finally looked at my phone again, to now realize how long I had spent flying around. I was already getting better at it, far less sloppy than my first attempted flight.

I flew until I saw all the sights for myself. Central Park, where my rocketship had once landed. This was where I might have finished growing up, if not for that criminal. The Chrysler Building. The Empire State Building. TimesSquare, with that one road that goes ahead and branches off in two, into a Y shape.

Flying around TimesSquare, I looked at all the enormous TV screens I could see on the walls on all sides around me. Today, they were all focused on professional wrestling - "BLACK CLAW VS. SHEEP-MAN, LIVE FIGHT!" Ehh; I wasn't that into wrestling.

After checking out the TV screens, I looked back at my flight to find that I nearly smashed right into a flagpole from 50 feet off the ground. I swerved around it. Then I looked back down at the ground again, so far below me. Next, I flew straight to the roof of the building in between the Y of roads, and once I flew to the roof, I hovered in the air just above the rooftop and said "Flight off."

My feet hit the ground, smashing open a small hole in the roof, causing me to fall down and into the building below. I fell for about 250 feet before I hit the floor, sending a cloud of dust everywhere.

“Ohhhhh. Where the \$&#% am I?” I asked, holding my back. Actually, that was just out of instinct. Now that I thought about it, nothing really hurt. My street clothes were slightly damaged, but that was all. So I stopped appearing hurt. On second thought, I had just fallen 250 feet and lived. I had &%#* well better appear hurt.

So many people were clapping, and cheering, and taking photos at once that I couldn't be sure of just where I had landed. Where on Earth would my body land, where people were taking photographs?

A wrestling arena. Hundreds of people were here to witness a fight between two people in a ring. I had just landed right near one of the four corners of the wrestling arena - interrupting a televised match. Whoops. Now what?

I looked around me. Three news reporters were here to cover this fight. One was this cute blonde chick who looked to be in her early 20's or so. I kept checking her out. The Daily Paper reporter was sitting on a chair, wearing a dress. I kept looking at her, trying to look up her dress. But her legs were still folded. So I couldn't seem to get a good look up her dress, yet.

“Well, Tom, it isn't every day you see a kid fall down from the ceiling,” one announcer commented.

“Yeah, Brady, I just wish more kids would fall down from ceilings. You know?”

“I'm with ya, Tom, you know, there used to be an old saying about these things . . .”

I took a look inside the wrestling arena. Two men were in there, two professional fighters. One was wearing a black mask. The other was wearing a white sheep mask.

“Who DARES . . . to break open a hole . . . in MY building!!” the man in the black mask screamed.

“Ooooooh,” the entire audience started to say.

I tried to walk around, but I had grown dizzy, and the camera angle kept spinning around me in a full 360-degree rotation. I couldn't get far, right now.

“Fight! Him! Fight! Him! Fight! Him!” came the chantings of the audience members around me. I had assumed, at first, that they would all think I was pretty cool. How quickly did I realize that literally the entire crowd was against me.

“Do you wanna fight me, kid?!” the man in the black mask screamed angrily.

“N-no!!” I said.

“Yeah, what, why? Cause you scared you gonna get your &%\$ whooped??” he asked. “You scared you gonna LOSE?”

“Ooooooh,” came the audience's united chanting again.

“I won't do it. I won't fight you,” I said.

“Do it,” he ordered me.

“No. I refuse!”

“Are you . . . chicken?” he asked.

“That does it,” I said. Now I boldly stepped up into the arena to take him on.

I looked at two large TV screens hung up on the walls. They both showed the giant hole in the ceiling, from where I had crashed through it. There was proof - on live TV - that I, alone, had just damaged a building.

“Uhhhh. That wasn't me,” I said. “That was someone else.” I swallowed. I was *lying*. My face felt flushed.

I couldn't even hear my own voice at this point, over all the men and women who kept chanting: “Fight him! Fight him! Fight him!”

“Whoop his *\$&! WHOOP HIS *(%&ING &\$*!!!” a middle-aged housewife screamed.

“Get in there!” someone yelled, shoving me by the arm.

“No!” I yelled, but I accidentally cartwheel-leaped into the arena. The man in the white sheep mask was taking this time to slip away, between the arena’s ropes. Now, as he stepped out, I climbed in.

“I - I don’t want to fight you!” I yelled.

“Too bad!” he yelled, and he swung his mighty fists my way.

I tossed my head back, trying to avoid him. Then I stood back up, and stepped to the side, to miss a direct punch that had been aimed at his face. I missed five punches from him total, when I noticed a moment of silence in our fight. My turn to step in.

“Look, I - I’ll hit you *once*,” I said. So I punched him in the chest, and his body flew back through the air! The man landed on the floor, on his back, on the opposite side of the arena as where I had struck him.

The audience was too shocked to say anything for a couple seconds. And then I heard the crowd, 90% of the people applauding thunderously, 10% of the people booing. My ears picked up on every single word said by every single person.

“I can’t *stand* this kid, he’s always showing off.”

“I know, right? White kids are always showing off to everyone what they can do.”

Huh. I guess that was kind of true.

I looked back at the man in the black mask. He was still lying down on the floor. The referee knew that the fight wasn’t over yet. He gave the man with the black mask to the count of 3 to get back up. “GET UP! GET UP!” He blew his whistle. “One. Two. Come on, now. Uggggh. THREE!”

Ding-ding-ding! The bell went off. The match was over. He had lost.

The audience was cheering and applauding like never before - this time, in my favor. I looked all around me. This was my one great, shining moment. Now I could just bask in the greatness of it all.

“I’m still under 18, though,” I explained to the referee, so that this didn’t become a whole big thing later.

“Oh. Really?” he asked me.

Soon enough, I was walking out the front door, with him kicking me on the butt to send me out. “And come back when you can pay off the damage. We’ve got your address.”

It was true. They had made me write down my address before leaving, so that they could contact me about fixing the damage to the hole, that, all of a sudden, I had to pay for.

Who would have thought that having the ability to fly would be like that? This, it turned out, was the truth of being 14. After getting so many powers, and after accomplishing all that, I was being sent back home, just for being 14.

What a bummer. Since I was only 14, I couldn’t be a true wrestler.

3 Years Later . . .

“I want to be a pro wrestler,” I said to my adopted Dad.

“Absolutely not, you’re crazy,” he said back.

“But whyyyy nooooot??” I asked angrily.

“You are not a wrestler! No! That’s a dumb idea! You don’t need it.”

I lifted up a table, with a single hand.

“I get it. I know you have super-strength!” he yelled. “You don’t need to demonstrate that again! Now set it back down!”

I did as told. A glass vase fell, but a strand of spider-webbing caught the vase. I retracted my webbing back into my system, pulling the vase right into my hands.

“You see, that’s exactly what the problem is,” he said. “You want to go in and cheat the game.”

“Cheat the game??” I yelled. “The game is wrestling! I’m so sorry that I *am* the strongest! Because I *am* the strongest, Dad!! I *am* the strong-”

“SON WILL YOU SHUT UP AND LISTEN!!”

I took a second to say nothing at all.

“You being the strongest, you having powers - that’s exactly why you should not do this wrestling gig. See. Imagine you go into Las Vegas. Imagine you gamble at the casinos. But then imagine that you are the only one who can cheat the games - the only one who knows what card wins.”

Smiling, I nodded my head excitedly.

“See, that would just be no fair. I’ve raised you better than to sit there cheating and rigging the games. It ruins it for everyone. Come on. You wouldn’t like it if a carnival game was rigged, so you could never win, right? . . . Well, in this wrestling career of yours, that’s exactly what you would be doing to wrestling: rigging it so they can’t win. In fact, I say it takes a coward to fight someone that *doesn’t* have powers, when *you* yourself have powers.”

I sighed. “Well . . . all right. Yeah,” I said. “But what about . . . football? I could be the best football player ever. Or basketball.”

“Nahhh.”

“I could, Dad. Literally. I could do it. I could go out there . . .” Now the background began to fade to black, and the cameras started flashing from the crowd, the audience, in my daydreaming sequence. “I could win the season.”

“You would always win. Okay.” The daydreaming sequence faded away to become Dad again. “You could sit there and win every game of the season. Still not knowing if you, yourself, would have been good, bad, terrible, or medium, or *whatever* it would have been without the powers.”

I thought about that.

“Promise me you are not going to go there,” Dad said.

“. . . Fine,” I said. “I promise.”

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN you won’t do it??” I asked the man outside the basketball building the next day.

“I mean I won’t do it! You’re 17. Not 18. The law’s the law, kid.”

I sighed. “Fine,” I finally said. I dashed away, disappearing from sight in a second.

I dashed back home, where Dad had his arms folded. “Hello, son,” he said. “And where were *you*?”

“. . . Uhhh,” I said. “You know. The library.”

“Uh-huh. The library. Are you sure you weren’t . . . hmmm . . . at the basketball building?”

“. . . \$&%*!” I said, caught.

“Son, you can *not* just look for ways to scam the system like this. That is not what wrestling *or* football *or* basketball was made for! Do you understand me?”

“All right. All right. Fine,” I said.

Pretty much, if not for my adoptive parents, I would have just done nothing but misuse my powers, after I got them at age 14.

Now, at age 17, I queried: “Why do you care so much about whether or not I get into sports?”

“Because, son. I tried it myself, when I was 17.”

I gasped. He had never told me that before. Not in all 3 years.

“Oh yeah. Yeah. I tried it. Gave it my all. That was before the injury.”

Man! Another “before the injury” story! Basketball was a pretty creepy game for having half its players come out with a “before the injury” story. Maybe I *wasn't* right for the game.

As it was, I would have to wait until one more birthday to become a pro wrestler. Then, I would be guaranteed an easy way to cheat the system and make money. Then, they would all see: I would end up having a *lot* of money, which is pretty much what this story revolves around.

Chapter 3:

Misusing the System In An Effort To Make Money

Enough time passed that I did finally turn 18. Now, according to Earth laws, I was legally an adult. This was funny, to me. On planet Dast, the age of legal adulthood was 20, which was also the drinking age. Any girls being 19 years old in pornography were illegal, and banned, and downloading them was against the law. Here, in Earth, 18 was legally an adult. Whatever.

By the time I turned 18, I realized I'd had a good 4 years of time to practice and hone my powers. Now, for sure, I was ready to be a wrestler, and also ready for anything else ever.

I sat on the ledge of a building outside a window. I was sitting, perched, between two gargoyle statues. Then I leaped out into the city. It was similar to clinging onto the wall of a swimming pool, and kicking away to launch through the water: now I flew through the air, both fists raised ahead of me.

It was not hard to find the wrestling place at all. I just had to go to TimesSquare, the street with all the tall flagpoles, and the giant electronic TV screens, and find the part of the road that curved into a Y. And to think - that's what was inside that building. Now that I was 18, I came back, this time through the front door.

You know the @ symbol? It looks kind of like a lowercase A (a). My Dastman symbol looked just like the @ symbol, except with a lowercase D (d). This was the symbol that I wrote in black letters over my blank white t-shirt. Now I was ready to be a wrestler.

Since nobody was around, I turned 50% transparent and walked right through the walls, then solidified again. As you may have assumed, the process of cellular dispersement affected my clothes at the same time as myself, so that everything from my shoelaces to the contents of my pants' pockets walked through the wall and then re-solidified on the other end. Walking this way for a while, I arrived at the place where I would register my name for upcoming fights.

It was sort of like open-mic night at a comedy club, in a sense. Anybody could volunteer to wrestle. The winner would be getting a fat \$3,000 check. The check cashing store takes a small percentage, to cash a check for you, but, still, I would end up with the majority of that \$3,000 check.

Was I ready? I started cracking my knuckles. Of course I wasn't ready. But I stepped through the doors anyway.

DING-DING-DING! Now the camera had cut to a giant brass bell, as it rang to announce the end of a violent match. The camera slowly moved away from the bell to show a crowd of people in the audience, screaming in celebration, as their favorite guy, the Black Claw, won another match, and left another foe ruined.

"It's happened again!!" the fight's announcer screamed. Holding the Black Claw's hand up high, he yelled: THE WINNAAAH BY A KNOCKOUT . . . THE BLACK CLAW!"

I suddenly took notice of the *line* of people, going all the way outside, that the Black Claw had utterly ruined. Most of them were twisted out of shape. I gulped. Maybe this guy was a tough foe after all. Here I was, inside the building, waiting in line to fight him. It had been a long wait. Now, I was at the head of the line.

But I had all these powers. I would *have* to beat him. Right?

Now, for the first time, I had to wonder if wrestling was at all the field for me. Maybe it was not such an easy get-rich-quick scam after all.

"You're up!" someone yelled, pushing me into the ring. I gulped. The announcer, Wexler "the Cheater" Wimsington, was now up on stage, talking to the audience to get them excited for the show, because, unlike me, this guy had years of experience and he knew exactly what he was doing.

"IN THIS CORNER!" the Cheater screamed. "Weighing in at 200 pounds . . . long-time wrestler . . . returning champion . . . THE BLACK . . . CLAWWW!"

I was about to say. I wasn't 200 pounds.

A fog machine activated around the Black Claw as he walked about the arena, wearing a black hockey mask, with ten-inch metal scythe-like fingernails, holding a giant axe with both hands. The neon green and blue lights were flashing. They were certainly staging this fight scenario . . . but the Black Claw, even though he looked to be as old as his late 50's to early 60's, still looked . . . I don't know, just really creepy.

"And in *this* corner," the Cheater announced. Then he turned to me, and he whispered: "Hey. Kid. What's your name?"

"Dastman Danger Dardon."

". . . Kid, what is your stage name?"

"Oh. Uhh . . . the Kid From Planet Dast," I said boldly.

He looked at me for a second. His expression was frozen. Then he just shook his head.

"Presenting," he said into the microphone. "Weighing in at 90 pounds, the small, the wimpy, the inferior . . .

"DAAAAAAAAAAAAAST-MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN!"

Hey – hey, no! They got my name wrong! I thought.

"Hey – hey, *no!* You got my name wrong!" I said out loud.

"Just go in, kid," someone said impatiently, pushing me into the ring.

"But no, you got my name wrong!" Soon enough, I found myself climbing over the ropes to enter the arena. In mere seconds, I stood face-to-face with the Black Claw.

"Yer all mine now!!" he yelled.

He swung a fist at me. Slow-mo. In times of panic, my slow-motion power kicked itself in. Now I watched everything happen 4 times slower than it was supposed to. His fist was still coming at me, but slowly.

I couldn't move my body very fast at all. I just brought my head to the side, to miss his punch. He swung his fist and hit nothing but air. Then he swung his fist at me again, but I stepped away just in time to miss the second punch, and, soon enough, the third.

Slow-motion returned to a normal flow of time, and now I punched him once, twice, and three times to knock him far back, like in an arcade game, with my super-strength. He was now laying on the floor, and still sliding across it. But he rose to his feet and came at me, swinging his axe.

I swung at his axe with my own bright green axe, which sliced his axe in two, before disassembling itself into nothing. (Well, technically its atoms were just scattering apart.) Then I punched the guy again.

He punched me, causing me to hit one of the ropes of the arena. I turned around, to see the audience. The people in the audience were applauding now, roaring, standing up and making violent demands.

“Kill him! Kill him! KIIILL HIM!!” some lady was screaming.

“Cut his head off!!” another lady screamed.

I turned around to face the guy again. He came at me with a chair. I quickly turned on slow-mo, and created a large pair of bright green scissors which I used to cut the chair in two. Then, when that was done, he continued to swing the chair downward, only to be pulling two separated halves downward at once. Both halves hit my body, and I leaned forward and smashed my head into his head. Then I punched him in the chest. He staggered back.

Then I covered him from head to toe in the spider-like silky webbing, which covered him completely. I don’t know. It was just kind of an instinct.

“Look . . . will you let me go?” the guy finally asked.

I thought about it. Looking at him, it was clear that I had cheated, and won the fight. So I caused the webbing to transform its shape into a white glove, which gently set the man down on the floor.

“What . . . what in the world are you?” he asked me.

“I am Dastman,” I said proudly. Heavy metal music began to play. I was bad\$%& now.

I was the newest wrestler. I was the newest champion. I had actually taken down the reigning champion of this big-city federation. No way. There was just no way.

“Did you see that?? Did you see that?” one guy asked *on television*. “Nobody has ever . . . oh my God! Nobody has ever taken on the Black Claw and actually done it before!”

I just couldn’t believe this. I was the top wrestler. I looked at the reporters, and saw that same blonde chick, from the Daily Paper, wearing that dress, so I tried looking up it again, but she got uncomfortable and folded her legs different. After trying to look up her dress a little more, I walked out of the building and took a fast flight home.

These 20 pages are all I’ve got so far. As you can see, I’m still fleshing out the origin story. I’m continuing to revise and rewrite the rest of the book, so once I’m done, I’ll upload the whole book. The second book, *Dastman Returns*, will deal with him quitting for a while and coming back into it, while the third book will deal with parallel dimensions / universes / Earths, and a whole plethora of alternate re-tellings of the Dastman lore.