

Lo, the Chronicler of TREL has departed beyond the seas to the Blessed Realm, and the echoes of his songs are now fading faintly down the forest pathways. However I, the last Knight still sworn to the Quest, put hand to lute to tell the men of this forgetful age of the Last Days of TREL, and the last glorious adventures of the Knights of TREL –

The Great Pyramid Of TREL

The Great Blizzard

After the failure of Captain Christopher to find the Grail, the Gods were angry and blighted the whole land in a great blizzard. Mighty cruel were the frosts that battered the land, striking down both friend and foe alike. Even the Norse Invaders, the Sons of Eric, could take the cold no more, and they did enter their longships and returned to their far-off shores. Previously the enemies of Telcordia had pestered the land like flies gathered around an open wound, but now many vanished without trace. Not the least of these was the mighty empire UNUM TELC. Proud and cruel was its founder, Croesus, and the mightiest merchants in the land had flocked to his banner. As great was his rising, great too was his fall; and Croesus fled from the continent, closely guarding the remnants of this wealth -two crystal balls. He was pursued closely Packervs and Mvrokervs, who coveted his balls and wanted them in compensation for their losses.

Thanks to the foresight of the founders of TREL, its walls were high and thick and protected the Knights from the storm outside. At dusk one night, horns blew and the last fugitives from the storm came in – it was Lieutenant Militant. In the halcyon days of plenty, many merchants had set up camp near the walls of TREL, and tempted the Knights to join them with fresh cuts of meat offered by the fairest maidens. However these were but the deceits of the Enemy, and the Knights who approached were cast in irons and made to work as slaves. Militant managed to break free, and led a small company back to TREL.

As the sunset, Baron Hvgo ordered the gates of TREL to be shut and bound against the surrounding darkness. And the Knights looked at the gates; mighty strong they were, more fitting for a prison than a noble castle of virtue, and many wondered if the fortifications were to keep enemies out, or dissenting knights in. Others said they were to protect the mythical beast, the JaberGNOCy, from hunters who may try and slay it. Terrible indeed were the gates, shaped like the slavering maws of some fiendish monster, and many a Knight reported that should they be tardy in entering, the gates did slam down upon them, as if to crush and punish the slothful.

Then Baron Hvgo did an ordering of the stores and provisions of TREL, and then declared to the assembled Knights:

“LO, we do not have enough grain for us to last through the winter. Therefore each and every Knight of TREL shall go on holiday, as if it were Yule time.”

And the assembled Knights did reply in amazement:

“Sir, do you not know that at Yule an extra ration of food is given out to the Knights? And do we not consume the same amount of food, whether we be at rest or performing knightly

duties? And are we not currently in a dire battle for our very lives? How can we lay down weapons now?"

To which Baron Hvgo replied with much anger:

"Nay, you are but knaves. For in battle do you not pick up heavy sword and harness, and go charging forward and back as the battle flows and ebbs? And at Yule time, do you not stop all exertion and sit down in idleness?? And the granary that contains Yule time bonuses is different to the granary that contains your daily bread. And St Nicholas himself shall come and give you food should you want any."

Thus all the Knights put down their weapons and did holiday as if it were Yule time. At this time TREL faced its greatest peril; but by the greatest fortune the enemies of TREL did not realize the walls were unmanned.

To help the Knights, OMEGA MAN arrived at TREL, to aid them during the blizzard. Across the sea he came, with flaming red hair, and organized tournaments and games to occupy the Knights. However one day he took away the foods of which the Knights were greatly fond, and replaced them with a raw carrot and a limp lettuce. The Knights were outraged, for surely was it not their birthright to feast on fattened lamb and sweet mead, all mixed in with pig dripping?

But OMEGA MAN replied to them:

"Your ancestors did die young in glorious battle. But you shall not have the luxury of a youthful death. Nay, you shall grow old beyond the knowledge of mortal men, and sitting down staring at the sorcerous patterns of the WEB has made you soft and weak"

Many Knights journeyed far to the land of the JaberGNOCy, to view themselves in the Mirror of Merlin that did show men things as they really are. They were astounded to see the soft flesh fall out the gaps in their armour, and the ruddiness of their faces was more than Yule-time mirth. Thus many repented, but the wise know not if this was sufficient to avert the doom that is to come.

OMEGA MAN practiced what he preached and ate less and less, until he faded away completely. Many know not where he went, though some say his voice can be heard echoing throughout the screaming blizzards, crying "BOH", always crying...

"Better Off Healthy."

The Two Towers

In ancient times the Emperor of Telcordia raised a great tower in the centre of the realm. Great and terrible rose its battlements, and it took the toil and labour of many slaves to keep it functioning. The Black Tower it was called, and its evil presence spread throughout the land.

However Dickvs Minimvs did envy the Black Tower, and built his own tower in competition with it, Minus Rialtvs. Sheer were its walls, and though it was created to rival the Black

Tower, the wise noticed that it was but a hollow mockery of it, as a child may create something to flatter its parents.

These two towers competed with each other, and many Knights of TREL, bored and idle in the confines of the citadel of TREL heard their siren calls. For in the early days of TREL, mighty battles were fought, and many a footman could gain rapid promotion to fill the ranks of those that fell in battle. Now, if a man fell, the orders were that no one were to take his place. Or if the man were replaced, it was with a young sapling; without wrinkles, grey hairs and containing all of their original teeth – a far cry from the wise veterans who led TREL in earlier days.

It was even rumoured that this was arranged so that the Captains of TREL could eat the food that the fallen Knight would have consumed.

Many young Knights stood transfixed at the sight of the Towers, and then did wander off into the snow, most never to be seen again. Some travellers ventured near the towers, and returned with stories of how they observed a few of the former Knights of TREL. They were all but unrecognisable, as they were dressed in a strange manner, and did speak in a strange voice, and behaved as if they had no memory of the days they spent in TREL.

It was in this way the ranks of the Knights became thinner and thinner, and the wise wondered how they could withstand a serious siege.

The Inaugural TREL Horserace

At this time Baron Hvgo did leave the Citadel of TREL, and travelled to the New World. Some said that the weather was more temperate there, but others said that he went to learn of the wisdom of the sages that lived there.

Upon his return, he assembled the Revered College of Elders, and addressed them:

“Behold, I am a changed man. I shall no longer call out orders to you in battle from behind, but instead, I shall coach you to greater victory in battle. Now go forth and prepare a horse race, so that we may see who has the fastest steed”

So the throngs of TREL did descend upon the local racetrack, to observe the race. The favourite horse to win was FORWARD, and indeed, it did leap out the barrier first. But it could go no further, for beside the jockey on its back, there was the entire Revered College of Elders who did whip the horse furiously to make it go faster.

Soon the other horses ran past FORWARD, and the same stallion, CLIENT, sired them all. These horses ran a good way, but as they all looked the same, it became hard to see who was winning. And the Gnomes of Telcordia then did stop the race, to reorganize the seating arrangements of the jockeys. For with the winter privations, the girth of the Knights of TREL had diminished somewhat, and the gnomes did reckon that several Knights could sit on the same steed.

By this time FORWARD had collapsed, but everyone was hitting it harder, unable to fathom why it was not moving forward. Then a voice was heard high and loud.

“Verily, this race does sucketh”.

Baron Hvgo swung around, his broadsword drawn to strike down the infidel. But before him stood a maiden of TREL, and due to the Laws of Chivalry he put away the falchion.

She accosted the College about their cruelty to dumb animals, and they did confer amongst themselves, and then said;

“Forsooth, next race, we shall communicate ourselves better, so even the thickest Knights can understand what is happening in the process”.

And then one Elder did say;

“If thoust are so clever, how would you run the race then?”

To which she replied,

“The horses are so fine, and the jockeys dressed so colourfully, can we not just canter around the track, and have everyone finish at the same time?”

Baron Hvgo left in silence, and many Knights murmured amongst themselves. For whilst they did not like the race, they remembered the bone-crushing tendon-tearing training they put themselves through in previous tournaments. Many declared that it would have been better for them to take out crayons, pencils and watercolours, and draw nice pictures on paper, instead of performing the hard and rigorous training required for Knighthood.

The Great Pyramid of TREL

At this time Baron Hvgo ordered an assembly of TREL. And he did appear to them in a mighty curious manner. For he was surrounded by two Numidian slaves; and he was dressed in only a pair of blue shorts; and around his neck there hung a gold medallion; and he spoke in an inhuman voice, both strange and alien.

“VERILY, BEHOLD THE FUTURE! FOR WE SHALL BUILD OURSELVES A GREAT PYRAMID. SEE THE MODEL I HAVE MADE ALREADY. AND IN IT THERE SHALL BE A SACOPHAGUS. AND IN IT I SHALL BE RENEWED EVERYNIGHT. AND IN THE MORN I SHALL MAKE MIGHTY RA APPEAR IN THE SKY. AND BEHOLD THE MIGHTY CIRCULAR STARGATE, FOR THROUGH IT I SHALL LEAD THE ARMIES OF TREL TO FOREIGN WORLDS AND CONQUER THEM”

The Knights of TREL wondered at this revelation, and approached the Great Pyramid with trepidation, for it vibrated in an uneasy manner. And when they approached, the mighty brass doors opened, and a flood of brown liquid rushed out. The Knights did flee this liquid, for the smell of it was mighty strong, and they climbed to the highest towers to avoid the odour.

BUT LO! When they looked down they saw that wherever this brown fluid went, the flowers grew and the grass flourished. And the wise wondered what this could mean. And in closer inspection, they saw that the structure was not a pyramid, but in fact a ziggurat.

“It matters not”, some said, “whether it be a pyramid or ziggurat. All that matters is that we are on top of it. And that the brown smelly stuff is well below us, making the crops grow”.

The End of Eden

At this time, Adam and Eve did live inside the walls of TREL. Mighty sages they were, and scholars from around the world came to them to seek their advice. For their cunning arts could see patterns in chaos, and they could discern the meanings hidden the weavings of the ever-changing firmament.

Long they pondered matters, and they decided to leave the citadel of TREL, to seek the Grail elsewhere. For even if they knew not where it was, they certainly knew where it wasn't.

Thus the Knights sadly bade them farewell, for none who went out to search for the Grail had ever returned...

