

*THE ADNAUSEUM by Ed Daviddings*

*Book One*

*from the Chronicle of the Knights of the Three by the Monk Jus Tspo Ofing:*

And it was in the first year of the reign of His Majestic Highness Bilklin Tun I, which was in the opening decades of the third century of the Realm, which in itself was at the end of the Second Millennium as reckoned by the great scribes of the West, that the Knights of the Three abided in the fair green valley called by some Linth Hickum, night unto the Gates of the Air; and there the Knights had many adventures, knwn and unknown.

The first of the Knights of the Three, called Don the Humble, labored hard each day, defending the halls of knowledge against the barbarians of the Sev Erna. To him was given dominion over the runes and sigils of wisdom.

The second of the Knights of the Three, Thomas the Wright, was given power to direct the course of mighty streams, to breathe the gift of motion itself into the enchanted vehicles of the land, to walk the night.

The third of the Knights of the Three, who is called Renfield-who-is-called-Dan, was gifted by the Gods with the ability to assume a cloak of invisibility, and to move about the land observing the Enemies of the Knights, and to report back his visions to his secret Master, whose secret name is not known even by the scribes, nor the Chroniclers, nor the other Knights of the Three, nor even Renfield-who-is-called-Dan himself, nor even even to the secret Master whose secret name is not known.

Many songs are sung of the doings of the Knights of the Three in this year. Songs are sung of the fantastic visions they produced, of the magnificent celebrations that the Knights offered for the heroes and demigods of the land, of the great journeys they made and the wonderful things they saw. Songs are sung, also, of the things that the Knights of the Three ate, and of the things they watched on their magic box which summons phantasms from far lands; these songs, however, are far less interesting than the other sorts of songs, and far less known to the bards and the tale-spinners of market, plain, and campfire.

Tragedy struck the Knights of the Three in this most fateful of all years. William Lord of the Manor of North Benfleet, father of Thomas the Wright, was this year summoned to commune with the Gods in the ever-bright halls of the Kingdom Beyond. Yet before the Moon had turned once again, the jealous Gods summoned the father of Renfield-who-is-called-Dan, who is sometimes called Dad. And so both these immortal champions departed the fields of the world, to dwell with the Gods for eternity. And the Knights of the Three were much saddened.

However, the Knights of the Three persevered against all adversary, and with their superior strength and knowledge, their wisdom and knowledge, and above all with their celebrated wit, they succeeded in coming together, in the closing days of that year (which is the year that the Chronicles talked about in the first paragraph), to send all of their friends and family the best of wishes for health, happiness, and heroics during this season and through the next year.