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Grilochs Revenge

by Sean Sayrs

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Background Information:

Before time began the clerics of Berhune and Griloch were of one religion called Pembar.

All was good in the religion. Towns flourished. Crops were always healthy and fruitful. Neighbors lived in total peace and harmony with one another. It wasn't odd to see two distant villages throw a festival in honor of the others founding day. There was no need for militias, town guards or the like. Bad things just did not happen. Morality and goodness ruled.

Times changed.

A powerful but peaceful cleric named Griloch told his family he was setting out on a long mission to discover the roots of the Pembar religion. Letters constantly flowed to the village telling of his wondrous findings on the heritage of the religion and how fulfilling his pilgrimage was. Soon after his letters changed in tone and mood. No longer was Griloch glorifying the virtues of the Pembar religion. Rather, he was belittling them.

Griloch began writing of a "higher, more potent religion" that would bring followers of worth to a sacred sainthood of which he would oversee. The town elders decreed him mad and sent out their highest, most virtuous clerics to bring this sad madman home to safety.

None of the twenty clerics ever returned.

The word of Griloch began to filter back to the once peaceful communities and the religion of Pembar was no more, as more and more clerics were lured to the promised sainthood of the new Griloch religion. One by one clerics went on pilgrimages to seek the holy leader. Griloch became increasingly tenacious and bold, now sending "recruiting parties" made up of clerics and fighting men to local towns and communities

to round up followers.

Fear and suspicion were now the norm in the villages. Men were recruited by scared local clerics as guards against the Griloch. Militias were formed by farmers and businessmen to hold off the recruiters.

The now aged former Pembar clerics followed the holy lead of a very noble and wise man of the cloth named Berhune. Berhune rallied what good was left in the villages and formed a new, peaceful religion based on the virtues and morals of the now defunct Pembar religion.

Then, literally, all hell broke loose. One fine spring morning all the Berhune communities were having a festival celebrating the upcoming planting. In the middle of the prayer of celebration the skies grew a greenish brown. Ominous clouds instantly formed where the sky had been clear and blue. Children ran to their mothers. Husbands clutched their shaking wives. The Berhune clerics prayed frantically. A face formed in the clouds. A face the eldest of the clerics recognized. Griloch. Some twisted, demonic visage of whom they once knew to be Griloch.

Grilochs' voice boomed and the rocks split asunder as he proclaimed, "You fools! You know not whom you worship. Your Berhune religion is weak and pointless. Peace and harmony. Hah! Power and glory reign supreme. I, Griloch, am the most powerful, all knowing god in the land. You will praise my glory or perish. I will prove my greatness now to you feeble, aged fools!"

A greenish brown hand a full thirty feet in width made of the hovering clouds formed above the peaceful celebration and scooped up five of the Berhune clerics. With a bone wrenching crunch the holy men were dead. Their broken remains tossed like seeds amongst the witnessing men, women and children of the village.

"If you do not pay due homage to me and decree I am the one true god I will once every seventh day return to you and repeat my demonstration until I have your complete and total devotion."

With a thunderous explosion and blinding flash the skies returned to normal. Griloch was gone. If it wasn't for the crushed bodies of the good clerics, the townspeople wondered if what they witnessed actually occurred. The Berhune clerics took immediate action. Traveling to the far reaches of the land, they gathered in secret the most powerful of the remaining clerics.

The carnage continued as promised. Once a week every week, five men, women or children perished at the hands of Griloch. He was not picky. Countless men, women and children lost their lives as Griloch grew in power.

The Berhune clerics had no choice. Forge the most powerful of weapons to stop Griloch or most certainly perish. With the most powerful clerics on hand along with the

most skilled forgers in the land, together they began chanting and forging. With each sigh of the bellows a cleric winced in pain, knowing his life would be forfeit in order for this weapon to be forged. Each bang of the forgers hammer took more out of the good clerics as their powers were transferred to the mighty weapon. Their efforts were not in vain. They created the Spear of Light. A weapon so mighty it cost the lives of a full fourteen Berhune clerics as they put their very essence into the spear.

But it had not been tested on Griloch. The few remaining Berhune clerics gathered together to drive Griloch out of their land, back to the place of evil from where he was borne. Griloch could not resist the gathering. He appeared as promised and the Berhune clerics brought out the Spear of Light. Griloch laughed. "This little stick will do nothing to me!" The hand formed and started down upon the clerics. As it approached the spear began to glow and hum. A bolt of crisp, pure white light leapt from the tip of the spear and shot towards the hand. The light separated the hand from the wrist of Griloch. The greenish brown hand fell to the earth as black acid, scorching forever the ground it landed on.

Griloch let out a scream, "No! You cannot stop me! No one can stop me. This is nothing but a minor annoyance. I promise you this. I will return to you and wreak an unthinkable vengeance upon you. When you are at your most peaceful I will return to enslave you and your families forever!" Griloch faded from view and the weekly carnage stopped. The Spear of Light was successful.

In the decades that followed no more was heard from Griloch although rumors persisted his religion was still practiced. Through the ages Griloch was eventually forgotten, brought back from time to time only in the form of stories told by elders. The Berhune religion became the religion of choice.

No one remembers what happened to the Spear of Light. Rumor suggests it was buried long ago with the last of the elder clerics as a celebration of the defeat of Griloch.

Four hundred years passed. The Berhune religion flourished with the Griloch religion seen as nothing but a cult. Then something changed. Reports began filtering back to the peaceful villages that the outlying towns were being raided by these unholy Griloch cults. Could it be that Griloch has returned?!

The new clerics of Berhune rifled through the ancient tomes and scrolls trying to uncover the location of the Spear of Light. They could not locate it. It is once again time to stop Griloch and his unholy minions of terror. It is your parties duty to find the Spear of Light and with it confront and destroy Griloch once and for all.

Registering Grilochs Revenge

Registration Fee: \$13

To register "Grilochs Revenge", fill out the order form in chapter 3 of the manual or you can fill one out online by by selecting "Print Order Form" under the apple menu.

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