



**GLEN
MUST DIE**

**The Holy
Knight's
Clamorous
Fate**

Brad Sewell

The Holy Knight's Clamorous Fate

Glen Must Die - Example Story

Brad Sewell



Impulsive Walrus Books LLC

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LORD MALTRINICUS,

Sir Glen, as you can see, is quite dead. I have managed to affix this letter, with no small harm to my hand, to his breastplate by means of glue, which I hope will not lose its integrity as he makes his way toward you. I shall now explain how I came by Sir Glen in hopes that you can assist me in making him a rightful, and less annoying, minion.

My tale begins, simply enough, with me minding my own business in my modest estate that overlooks the village of Nakarlen. Although we generally have an understanding between us to stay out of the other's way, I believe that I may have in some way angered the villagers on a recent expedition to claim a few bones from a pit where local butchers and tanners dispose of animal remains no longer suited for practical use. Unbeknownst to me, Nakarlen has had troubles with a string of murders over the span of several months, and I accidentally discovered one of the victims in this bone pile. Along with those other remains (constructed into manual laborers about my estate, as per your advice), this victim arose under my control, and I had no thought or reason to return him.

This victim proved to be quite a boon, still able to read and to follow other simple instructions beyond those I could give to creations cobbled together from animal skeletons. However, he had not yet reached such a state of decay as to become unrecognizable to the

citizenry. Some of the good people of Nakarlen saw me leaving the site of the bone pit with whom they believed to be a missing person and hurled foul insults upon me as I ascended into the hills of my estate. Believing that I would deign to descend into their village for kidnappings or murders, they collected enough money to hire a paladin from the Church of the Everlasting Hand.

Sir Glen is, I believe, a Holy Knight of the Falcon Order, as evidenced by engravings on his armor bearing both the Order's insignia and an inscription including his name. His arrival took several weeks, during which time I focused on training the villager from the bone pit. It is worth noting that word reached me of more murders during this time. I had not left my estate since my last excursion, but the fools of Nakarlen resolutely continued to blame me.

As autumn set upon the region, Sir Glen arrived at my estate. He was clad in gleaming white and silver armor from head to foot, carried a single-edged silver blade in his right hand and bore a shield with the crest of the Falcon Order upon his left arm. He arrived at the front entrance.

It took me some time to get to him, having been at the rear of my estate and having only been able to hear muffled shouts. I opened the gate to see him standing some distance away, perhaps two hundred feet but maybe as close as one hundred and fifty.

When he saw me, he again bellowed something toward me. I could not make out what he said (and apparently neither could his gods), so I cocked my head in such a way to angle my right ear toward him and cupped my hand around my ear in a motion for him to speak more loudly. I cannot say why, but that gesture enraged him. He sheathed his sword to his hip and stamped forward, removing his helmet so that he could shout to the heavens. What he shouted, Lord Maltrinicus,

was: "*Crystal Palace!*" That seemed to satisfy whatever aspect his magic sought, and so it appeared.

A light shone from the heavens upon him, coalescing into a series of large crystals about his person that slowly *sank into* his armor. The glow was resplendent at first, but it quickly faded into a paler aura about him. Dropping his helmet on the ground, he advanced upon me, redrawing his sword, which also was now bathed in that pale glow of his Crystal Palace spell.

To say I was shocked was an understatement, but I held true to your teachings, my lord. I scanned his person for a weakness as he approached, but it did not take very long. He had, of course, left his helmet behind in a fit of rage, and therefore his entire head was exposed. His approach became a proper charge: shield forward with sword held at a downward angle to his right as he rushed toward me.

In response, I raised my hands and quickly formed necrotic energy into a weaving of domination. "*Bondage of Shadow!*" I shouted. Black chains burst from the ground about him, but they burned away when they came in contact with his protected armor. However, when he was nearly upon me, I focused upon his face, and one of the chains lashed up from his rear and wrapped around his neck. Though he struggled, the chain found direct purchase against his flesh and began to worm its way into him. Black lines spread over his skin, and he collapsed to the ground in a heap.

I waited, unmoving, for several minutes at my entrance to make sure that he would not suddenly surge to his feet and continue his attack upon me. Satisfied that he was indeed incapacitated, I left for the outward path and shortly came to his body. Heavy though his armor appeared, I believed myself capable of moving him. However, when I touched his armor my skin burned and blistered. You see,

although he had died to my attack, his armor still held the blessings of his Crystal Palace.

I considered bringing about one of my other zombies, or maybe the amalgamation of animal bones I had constructed from Nakarlen's bone pit, or even the murder victim from the town, but I knew that attempting to move him would irrevocably damage any of those minions as well.

I squatted and sat before him, but then he stirred. I bounded backward, thinking that some protection had resurrected him to perfect health. But no, the Bondage of Shadow spell had taken root within him, killed him, and brought him back as an undead minion.

Sir, have you ever heard the screams a zombie makes when encased in holy armor? Well, I imagine you have, at this point, and I apologize for that. Sir Glen raised his hands to his head, but his gloves only burned his flesh further. He made as if to run, but my psychic connection held him in place. Still, he screamed. Zombies may not feel much, but they can most certainly feel pain from holy magic and spells, the same as you or myself. These were screams that I would not have thought human vocal chords capable of producing, but still he continued. I hoped the Crystal Palace enchantment would quickly end, but it persisted. And persists still, as you have discovered.

I was able to exert some control over him, but any task set upon him was befouled by his continued screams. The Crystal Palace spell, though I believe it is not permanent, certainly lasts longer than I would have thought possible from a Paladin's holy magic. I was unable to sleep that night and only fitfully the next.

The lights of Nakarlen burned much later as they awaited the return of Sir Glen, only to be met with echoing screams coming from the peaks. I feared they would think I was needlessly torturing their paladin and would soon send a mob upon my estate bearing, Torches

and pitchforks. Dogs, as well. Probably shovels if some were more given to beating me than stabbing me. Regardless, I generally mean no harm to the people of Nakarlen, and I would have been sorely saddened if I had to reduce their entire population to an army of ghouls.

Therefore, I have sent Sir Glen to you, Master, so that you might find some way to break the Crystal Palace enchantment.

Yours,

Baralion



BARALION,

Firstly, curse you for sending this Sir Glen to me.

Shall I tell you of my troubles in handling this Holy Knight of the Falcon Order? Oh, I certainly shall.

I heard his shouts some hours before he arrived at my citadel. Thinking him to be a common swamp ghastr, I dispatched a dozen zombies to descend into said swamp to exterminate him. You know that my work is of the highest quality, and losing each of them was a grievance. One by one, my minions fell before him, their psychic links rebounding back to my mind as each one fell.

Rightly concerned, I left my citadel and waited upon the bridge over my moat, waiting to see what might come bursting out of those woods. I ordered several other zombies to wait in reserve, as well as summoning animal chimera constructs and a pair of bone titans. I may

have eventually instructed you in the creation of bone titans, but now I begin to wonder if I shall.

Rather than rushing out to face him myself, I sent forward four of my zombies, two with spears and two with swords.

There are two things I must say to you at this point. The first is that I do not think you are aware of how lucky you were to ensnare Sir Glen as you did. The second is that I do not think you are aware of how powerful such a minion could be. Would that I could claim him as my own, but I shall get to that in a moment.

Although Sir Glen himself is basically a mindless zombie in a holy shell, parts of his training return when not in the presence of the one holding his bonds. Your Command for him to travel to me presented no conflict to what remains of his mind or previous countenance, but his innate longing to destroy any creature born of shadow or necromancy is overpowering when not in his master's—your—presence.

This is compounded by the fact that the Crystal Palace spell in particular provides direction to one's armor to defeat their enemies, meaning that *anyone* in that armor would become at least a capable fighter, and Sir Glen had already risen well beyond the ranks of common soldiers. The Falcon Order in particular prides itself on swordsmanship as much as whatever other virtues paladins of their order seek.

It should be noted as well that Sir Glen retrieved his blade at some point. Whether you sent him with it for whatever reason, or if he simply picked it up once you pushed him out the front of your own estate, he retrieved the sword. I do not know. Let us both be thankful he did not again don his helmet, as well.

Some measure of his training returned, and he blitzed toward the four approaching zombies. Where they shuffled around and into each other, Sir Glen raced to them and dispatched them all in a series of

fluid motions, with the fourth one decapitated before the body of the first had hit the ground.

And yes, Sir Glen screamed the entire time, a tortured being within a suit of armor that he has neither the intelligence nor the fine dexterity to remove. The spell and armor provide combat prowess but apparently not the focus or fine dexterity needed to remove plate and chain. This is something I intend to focus on in the future, thanks to you.

I motioned for my minions then to stay behind as I left my bridge and crossed into the clearing between my citadel and the swamp from which Sir Glen had emerged. As if possessed by holy fury, he raced toward me, as you described, with shield held to the front and sword angled downward to his right side. When he was in range, he lunged toward me, but I was able to shift through the shadows and reappear some distance to his rear. He staggered, but he regained his footing and rushed me once again. Each time, I was able to twist my way through the shadows and avoid his attacks, but he never lost his determination or stamina.

As we danced through that battle, I tried several attacks. Basic shadow lances bounced harmlessly from his armor, and I did not dare strike at his head for fear of damaging what might yet become an elite minion. Grasping hands reached from the earth and burst into flames each time they found purchase on his greaves. No diseases worked against him in any measurable way. Psychic horror attacks had no more effect than they would have had against any normal zombie. I even tried Bondage of Shadow myself, but the chains, as you yourself stated, melted away when coming into contact with his armor, and even wrapping one around his head now does no harm to him as he is already under someone else's control.

While I do not think he could have brought harm upon me, I likewise knew that any attacks I made against him would either bounce

harmlessly from his armor or irreparably damage his head and brain. I instead used one final twisting of shadow to return to my bridge, and I watched as he again found me and advanced toward me.

I considered sending two of the chimeras out as interceptors, but I doubted that the end result would be much different than against the simple zombies. Instead, I gave the bone titans leave to defeat him with brute force. Both bore wooden clubs the size of tree trunks, some eight to ten feet in length and as thick as a man. One of the titans swatted Sir Glen in the chest with a sickening crunch, and the other stamped a heavy foot upon him with all of its weight when Sir Glen staggered and fell. Although the club was largely unharmed, the second bone titan is now waiting for me to finish fashioning the bodies of the four fallen zombies into a new foot. It was not until he was incapacitated in such a way that I was able to finally retrieve the letter you had somehow managed to paste to his breastplate.

Baralion, I am using a considerable amount of power in returning Sir Glen to you for now with this letter stuffed as carefully as I could manage into his gauntlet. He is still mostly intact, but he drags his left leg in such a way that I believe the bones to either be pulverized or that the leg is completely unattached. I believe this will heal or regenerate over time, but I do not know the extent of the injury as I cannot properly inspect it without doing much harm to myself.

My advice is to simply wait it out. Yes, this Crystal Palace enchantment has lasted longer than it should have by now, but holy enchantments will fade far before most shadow enchantments. Still, it is peculiar. Keep him separated and restrained until such time as the enchantment fails. Shove something in his mouth and see if that stops the screaming.

I know that I opened this letter with a curse toward you, but I think that writing this has tempered my mood. Slightly. I know that you are

trying, and that you have been a fine pupil in the past. I only ask that you have patience in these (and in all) matters. The enchantment will fade, given enough time.

Lord Maltrinicus



LORD MALTRINICUS,

I tried to do as you suggested, but to little avail. Sir Glen was compliant enough toward psychic urging, and I was able to lead him into the cellar of my estate. I was able to fashion a leather band with a cinch, much like a belt, and I had Sir Glen bite down upon that strap. At that point, I pulled it together as tightly as I could. At the time, Sir Glen's screams became a loud gargling. It was still a nuisance to me personally, but I doubted that the muffled screams would draw the ire of the people of Nakarlen any more than they already had.

Some time passed, and I could still hear his wails coming from the cellar. This was well and good, as I am the only living creature at my estate, and I was able to plug my ears with cotton when it was time for me to bed down for the night.

Days passed, and the enchantment still remained active. When I would venture into the cellar to check on any progress, the armor was still visibly glowing. Although the holy glow was annoying in itself on principle, I no longer needed to light a candle or lantern to go into the cellar for supplies, so at least that much can be marked as a convenience.

In those days, his crushed leg did heal, as you predicted that it would. This is markedly slower than the regeneration seen in my other zombie minions, but they also are not regenerating in such proximity to holy armor. Sir Glen was again able to stand and move about the cellar, and he eventually regained full range of motion in the limb. Still, I kept him secluded in an effort to not alert the townspeople and so that I might again be able to sleep without plugs of cotton in my ears.

It was during the fifth day, however, that the screaming resumed. Through his constant gargling and gnashing, he was able to wear through the leather strap with his molars. This was late at night and roused me from my sleep, even with the cotton plugs. I rushed to the cellar doors, flung them open, and the screaming erupted forth louder than ever before. I tried mental commands for silence to no avail, and the broken leather strap was then too small to bridge the span of his mouth. I panicked and hurried back upstairs to look over the bluffs above Nakarlen, and saw lights springing forth in the village below.

I set a few of my zombies into the cellar to dig a grave into the dirt floor, thinking that I could simply bury the paladin if a leather strap would not silence him. He stood in the corner, screaming the whole time, but a distraction came before the pit was completed.

I exited the cellar upon hearing a clamor and walked to the front of my estate. Upon my arrival, I noticed a crowd of no less than a hundred villagers, nervous but angry. They shook lanterns and rattled pitchforks, and, yes, even a few shovels. I tried to calm the townsfolk, but there were too many. Several dogs bayed from the depths of the crowd, barely heard above the clamor. No sooner could I get a few words out before someone would interrupt me with an accusation or a condemnation, and once someone in the back even shouted inexplicably that they had a mortgage. Not knowing what else to do, I asked

them what they wanted, as quickly as I could manage between their interruptions.

That took them aback and set them to a short conference. Upon reaching a conclusion, the de facto leader looked to me and said that the village wanted the return of Larris Miller. I told them that I did not know the name of anyone in the village, and the mob leader informed me that Larris Miller was the person I had accidentally taken when sifting through the bone pile.

“Oh, is that all?” I asked. I still had Mr. Miller nearby, and he left his spot in digging the grave in the cellar. He climbed the steps, and I sent him into the middle of the crowd, which fanned apart to give him a wide berth. I ordered him to wave, which he did, and then I severed my link with him, causing him to collapse in a heap amongst them. Someone screamed, which I suppose was to be expected, and I was frankly surprised that more did not follow suit.

“And... And we want the other folk you killed!” the leader shouted, followed by a chorus of agreement from those behind.

I raised my hands for silence, and all, save Sir Glen, finally acquiesced. “I never killed anyone in Nakarlen,” I began. “In fact, if anything, I definitely *unkilled* Mr. Miller. I understand you lot have had a string of murders in the past several months, and I swear upon my title of Necromancer Second Class that I have killed none of them.”

“You lie!” their leader said, again to a chorus of agreement.

I sighed and crooked a finger toward the body of Larris Miller. As you know, it is a detestable feeling to rekindle a psychic link with a zombie who has been severed, but it took well enough. Larris Miller sat up on the ground slack-jawed as a ring formed around him. “Mr. Miller!” I yelled. “Who slew you?”

He looked about the crowd and pointed a finger at a shocked villager. “’Twas Herel Almoth, the candlemaker,” he croaked. I again

severed the psychic link and Larris Miller again collapsed to the ground.

“It weren’t me!” the man yelled.

“Well, I certainly don’t know your name or the name of anyone else in your village,” I replied. The crowd turned to regard Herel Almoth, and confusion slowly morphed into comprehension among them. I supposed they had put most of the parts of their mystery together and bringing them to an end suddenly slammed other parts and theories into place.

“It weren’t me!” the man yelled again as a few of the villagers strong-armed him and began to drag him away from the crowd.

“Now, is there anything else?” I asked.

They paused and conferred for a moment before the leader said, more meekly this time, “Church is asking what happened to Sir Glen, and we can’t give them an answer.”

I sighed and had one of my zombies open the cellar door, removing that barrier, ineffective as it was, between us and Sir Glen’s cries. “I would absolutely love to be rid of the man,” I said. “Will you be so kind as to take him from my possession?”

The villagers looked to their feet and began to shuffle away, some saying that they ought to help with the arrest of the candlemaker. In the end, only the leader and I stood in the clearing as the others had left my grounds. He gave me one last look before he turned away and said, “We could use some peace and quiet as well,” before leaving like the others.

I ordered the other zombies to stop Sir Glen’s burial. He was still screaming the whole time and perhaps still is, but I am going to paste another letter to his breastplate and return him to you, my lord. I am making sure that he does not leave with his sword this time. Any help that you have to provide in this matter is greatly appreciated.

Yours,
Baralion



BARALION,

This time, I knew what to expect when I heard the screaming coming from the swamps. Again, I summoned a handful of zombies and other various minions, along with my bone titans to the front of my citadel. When Sir Glen came through the copse of trees into the opening, he espied me and began to run in a single assault. Although I never wished to see this screaming monstrosity on my property again, I will thank you for depriving him use of his sword this time.

Since the last time you had sent him here, I had researched various means of dealing with such a creature. As necromancers, it is ordinarily difficult for us to get blessed materials to study, but I did manage to find some clues. I was able to learn that certain species of fungi can be controlled by a necromancer, and that fungi are not affected by holy protections. In my swamp is a root network spanning acres, and I was able to gain some control over these roots by means of maneuvering and anchoring those fungi.

So when Sir Glen ran toward me, many tendrils of living roots and vines shot forth, encasing his body and trapping him in place. Still, he screamed, but he was at least of no harm to me or any of my minions.

I approached him and saw that, while the holy protections of Crystal Palace had weakened slightly, it would still take months to

completely dissipate. I do not know how he gained such a powerful spell, but it is almost as if it was designed so that the strengths given to the paladin would still somehow create as much consternation as possible to a victorious necromancer, as it has certainly been a thorn in both our sides now.

With Sir Glen so restrained, I could finally study him in earnest. Peering into the top of his breastplate—now much more spacious than when he was alive—I saw that the flesh within was actively burning in holy fire, but that the fire was weak enough that it was not outpacing his regenerative capabilities. I, perhaps foolishly, reached forth and touched the armor, only to burn myself. It was to be expected, but some part of me had to know.

I was able to take your letter, however, and I stood with him screaming nearby as I read over it. It seems to me that you are set on keeping Sir Glen as a minion, for which I cannot blame you; it is certainly a mark of pride to maintain an undead paladin in your employ. I admit that I would attempt much the same if I were in your position.

It also seems you have made some headway with the villagers of nearby Nakarlen. It is enviable for one of our order to be left alone when in such proximity to towns and villages. I think that they are otherwise willing to leave you to your own devices so long as you do not harm them and are able to maintain peace on your end. I also believe that they are going to now use you to solve murders and other crimes, but I have no advice on that and must leave you to your own discretion.

Here is what I have done, as you should now be able to see, assuming that Sir Glen is able to return to you.

I ordered a bone titan to remove his head. Even as a necromancer, that was something that I wish I had not remained to watch. That sound will keep me awake more than Sir Glen's screams ever could.

Upon removal of the head, he finally ceased his endless screams. His body also stopped smoldering in the armor, as separation of the head removed its properties as zombie flesh, making it simply an otherwise unremarkable corpse. I will leave this body and its armor encased in vines and will claim them as my own once Crystal Palace has faded from it. I will not be returning them to you, as I am collecting both the body and the armor as payment for helping you in this matter.

I am writing this letter and will put it in Sir Glen's mouth and return him to you. Although the swamp is precarious, he should be able to roll through it with ease.

As for the head, that is yours. Enjoy your own zombie paladin head. Do with it as you will. I imagine Sir Glen can now make an excellent doorstop or paperweight.

And for the love and hate of all that is unholy and holy, never let him anywhere near his helmet.

Lord Matrinicus

HELP US CREATE SOMETHING something unforgettable that Glen will cherish forever, and sign up to know when *Glen Must Die* anthology launches on Kickstarter!

<https://www.kickstarter.com/projects/estherjones/glen-must-die?ref=xgsm65>

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With stories by master storyteller Paul Jenkins, Alma Alexander, Rob Nisbet, Patrick Swenson, Eytan Kollin, Edd Vick & Manny Frishberg, and 16 other critically acclaimed authors! Plus backers can help us decide what art and special touches go in the final book!

Need to know what this is all about, before you get involved?

Well, see, it all started when we met Paul Jenkins for over a cider at a very special convention and....

Every group of friends has that one guy.

You know the one. The scapegoat. The whipping boy. The person who becomes the butt of all jokes.

And revels in it.

The one who feels undeniably closer to everyone when crude and sometimes profane insults get tossed their way.

Even famous comic book authors like Paul Jenkins (Creator of The Sentry and Wolverine: Origin) have such a friend. As you might

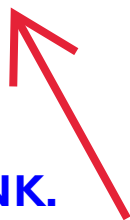
guess from the title of this project, that man is named Glen. That's Paul's good mate. Paul describes him as "the standard of cockwombles against which all future cockwombles shall be measured."

For such a cockwomble, sometimes you need to go a bit above and beyond. That's where we're gonna need your help. We're putting together a collection of stories in which Glen dies. Usually badly. Sometimes often. Always spectacularly.

Glen is beaten to death in a parking lot, blown apart by a solar flare, turned undead and encased in holy armor for eternal torture, cloned to be killed repeatedly, eaten by Lovecraftian entities, subjected to tests by aliens, zapped by robots, and killed off in any number of other ways.

For a man who views abuse as a love language, there is no greater act of friendship than broadcasting to the world the many deaths you envision for him. So come and help us help Paul roast his most beloved, professional-level f*** muggle of a friend by making a book that is one-part inside joke, one-part hilarious insult, and 100% lovingly crafted.

<https://www.kickstarter.com/projects/estherjones/glen-must-die?ref=xgsm65>



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 CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHY:** EYTAN KOLLIN

List of authors included in the Glen Must Die Anthology

