

The Phargol-Horn

Volume 3

Dear Krystonian:

Many greetings. As official Wind-Summoner and Weather-Worker to The Council of Wizards, I, Shepf, am honoured to have been asked to write this edition of 'THE PHARGOL-HORN'.

The Doyen of The Krystellate Obelisk, Turfen, suggested that I might offer some helpful hints and advice on weather forecasting. It seems that he had received many letters complaining about the general reliability of Weather-Predictors elsewhere, and asked if I could do something to restore your faith in this ancient art.

As most of my Weather-Working relies upon knowledge of spells which are either closely guarded secrets, or contain words which are completely unpronounceable to the untrained, I thought it best to provide you with two Weather-Rhymes I learned as a child. They are simple to remember and, to this day, are used by many of the Krystonian travellers.



— THE WIND RHYME —

*When the South wind does blow,
We shall surely have snow.
When the West wind does rage,
It will rain for an age.
Should a North wind blow sure,
Then the frost will endure.
But when the wind's from the East,
Is the best time to feast.
Should any wind falter,
The weather will alter.*

Of course, you should remember that in the shelter of a forest or valley the wind may appear to be blowing from more than one direction at once. I have found that the Wind Rhyme applies best when the prevailing wind is strong and constant and you are standing on open ground.

Next is a general Weather-Rhyme which can be used anywhere. It is based largely upon knowledge of the behaviour of small creatures and plants, which seem to have an instinct for predicting changes in the weather.

— WEATHER RHYME —

*Should the flowers close at noon,
Thunder's sure to follow soon.
Smile when you're wet with dew,
The sun will dry your clothes right through.
Roosting birds before the night,
Go home and close your shutters tight.
The further moths are from the flame,
The nearer comes a fall of rain.
Find a serpent 'neath a stone,
Better that you'd stayed at home.
When the wind disturbs the leaves,
Run for shelter in the trees.
But if you see croakhoppers play,
Be sure of sunshine through the day.*

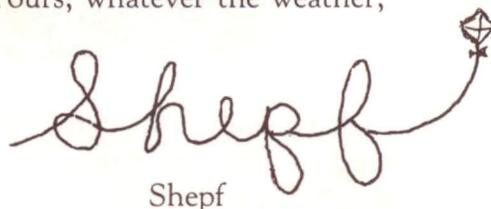
I think that you will find these useful whenever a short-term forecast is needed, and I can attest to their accuracy in **most** circumstances. They are not completely foolproof — nothing about Weather-Working ever is: even where strong magic is employed. Only yesterday, Haapf came to visit me and said he'd seen flowers closed, birds at roost and croakhoppers at play, all at the same time.

"That just goes to show what a load of rubbish these Weather-Rhymes of yours are!" he exclaimed.

Before I had a chance to reply, a lump of plaster fell from the ceiling and knocked him unconscious!

I look forward to my next opportunity to write for "THE PHARGOL-HORN," by which time I hope to have found one or two more tips for all you amateur Weather-Predictors.

May all your skies be blue!
Yours, whatever the weather,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Shepf". The signature is written in black ink and features a long, thin tail that loops around and ends in a small drawing of a diamond-shaped kite with a cross inside.

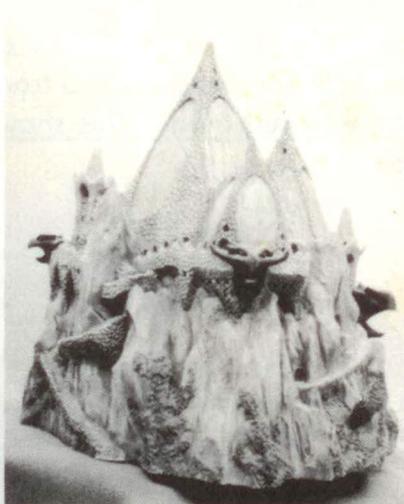
Shepf

New Retirements for 1990!

Joining last year's retirements (#1012 S. Graffyn/Grunch, #1091 S. N'Borg, #1701 L. Rueggan) are six new retirements for 1990. These retired pieces in styles and sizes indicated will no longer be produced by Krystonia. The master molds for these pieces will be destroyed at the collector shows in July and September of this year. The characters will be shipped to the stores as long as stock is available. However, there is no way for us to know exactly when we will run out. Some styles may be available as long as late fall, some may run out as early as September, October, or earlier. Anyone interested in purchasing retirements is advised to contact their local Krystonia dealer as soon as possible. And now, the six newest retirements (take a bow!):



#2201, Large N'Grall



#3001, Large Krak N'Borg



#1071, Owhey



#1101, Medium Stoope



#1152, Small Shepf

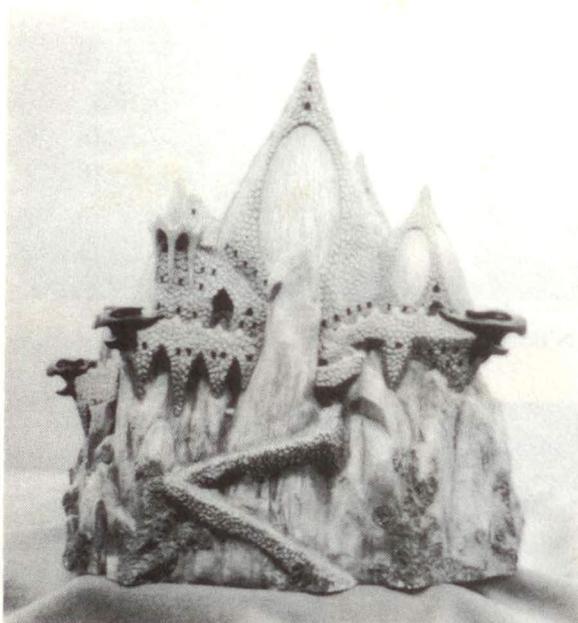


#1301, Large Wodema

Gron-Hayha

Excitement is building for the South Bend and White Plains collector's shows. The South Bend, Indiana show will be held at the Century Center July 13th and 14th from 9:00 to 5:00. Admission is \$5.00 for one day, and \$8.00 for two. The Krystonia display will be at booths #1303 and #1304. There will be a Krystonia seminar and slide show at 1:00 Friday and 12:00 Saturday. At each seminar there will be a door prize of a retired #1012 Graffyn/Grunch figurine. Master mold cutting ceremonies will be held at 3:00 on Friday and Saturday at the Krystonia booth. Many collectors attended last year and received pieces of the molds. N'Chakk, Wodema, Kephren and even Poffles will be in attendance. We hope to see you there!

The White Plains, New York collector's show will be held at the Westchester County Center on September 15th and 16th, from 9 to 5 on Saturday and from 11 to 4 on Sunday. Seminar times and booth numbers are not yet available for this show, we will have more detailed information in the next newsletter.



New Krystonia Snowballs!

There will be two new snowball introductions for the fall of 1990. #9007 Haapf will play 'Send in the clowns.' #9008 Krak N'Borg will play 'The long and winding road.' Both snowballs should be available at your local Krystonia dealer in September.

Owhey? Haapf? N'Borg?

What is the proper pronunciation for the Krystonia characters? Well, Krystonia is make-believe and we all have our own 'translations.' Who is to say who is right and who is wrong? Kephren, that's who! We have just received a communique and have been informed that it is time to 'set the record straight.' Below you will find Kephren's "Kommunique Korrecting and Klarifying Krystonian Kharacters":



| NAME | Pronunciation (CAPITAL letters are the accented syllables) |
|-------------------|---|
| Graffyn | GRAFF-in |
| Moplos | MOP-lohs |
| Mos | MAWSS |
| Groc | GROK |
| Crackene | grah-KEEN |
| Spyke | SPIKE |
| Owhey | OO-wee |
| Grumblypeg Grunch | GRUM-blee-PEG GRUHNCH |
| N'Borg | nuh-BORG |
| Stoope | STOOP |
| Shepf | shep-F (one syllable) |
| Myzer | MY-zer |
| Wodema | woe-DEE-mah |
| Poffles | PAA-fulls |
| Babul | BAH (like "bat") -bull |
| Trumph | TRUMP-f (One syllable) |
| Turfen | TUR-fin |
| Rueggan | ROO-ggen |
| Shigger | SHIG-er |
| Haapf | HAAP-f (One syllable) |
| N'Chakk | nuh-CHAK |
| N'Grall | nuh-GRAWLL |
| Grazzi | grah-ZEE |
| Tokkel | TOE-kul |
| Tulan | TOO-lin |
| N'Tormet | nuh-TOR-met |
| Kephren | KEFF-rin |
| Gorph | GORF |
| Gorphylia | gor-FEEL-yuh |
| Koozl | KOO-zull |
| Vena | VENN-uh |
| Shadra | SHAD-ruh |
| Jumbly | JUM-blee |
| Flayla | FLAY-luh |
| Krystonia | krih-STOHN-ee-uh |

From the factory

Everyone makes mistakes. Well, we just made a whopper! One day while I was busy putting the finishing touches on Grunch's new figurine (he isn't too happy about his "Toothache" piece, being an incident he'd care to forget), a report came that we had a bear loose in the factory! A bear loose!! You can imagine the panic. Gorphs were running everywhere, hiding under tables, chairs and the apprentices robes. The painters were so nervous that there was more paint on themselves than the figurines. With all the confusion I thought it best to organize a search party. After arming ourselves with fettling tools and whatever else we could find we started to check from place to place. The trolles were impossible to deal with, occasionally one would yell out at the top of his lungs, "BEAR!". This caused complete chaos as all the trolles would frantically swing their mops and brooms at whatever was in sight, usually another trolle! Finally, a cry rang out, "Here it is!". We all rushed towards the voice, ready for the encounter. As we arrived, I look around but saw nothing. Looking down, I spotted a small furry brown object, and I realized it wasn't a real bear after all! 'Now, where did this come from?' I wondered. I picked it up and turned to leave when a small hand snatched it from me and vanished around a corner. All I remember hearing was a small voice say, "Friend!" and hearing little footsteps disappear into the distance.

