

The Phargol-Horn

Volume 26

I have been asked by Turfen to write a short article concerning something for which I have earned no small reputation. Humor.

I expect if you were to mention the name of Haapf to almost any Krystonian, they would smile and probably define me with references to laughter, madcappery and practical jokes. Admittedly, you might be unlucky enough to meet one of the dour individuals who have been on the receiving end of one of my pranks but, as the saying goes, I can show them a window but I can't make them enjoy the view. Anyways, the point of this is that Turfen asked me to write the article because, he said, humor is a universal language understood by all. At the time I agreed with him but, having had time to think upon the matter, I am not so certain. Laughter effortlessly leaps over the hurdles of language, race and age. But humor? Perhaps not.

I recall an occasion when I came upon a group of trolles who were all laughing so hard I feared they might asphyxiate. They were utterly helpless, rolling about the ground, holding their sides and crying more tears than a whole bunch of mothers on the first day of school. All, that is, save one. He looked glum to say the least. And the glummer he looked, the more he scowled. And the more he scowled, the greater the convulsions of his companions became. Their laughter was so genuine, so infectious, that I soon found myself joining in even though I had no knowledge of the cause.

Being a diligent researcher (and a fundamentally nose-y individual) I could not leave until the trolles had recovered sufficiently to explain the source of such hilarity. It took me most of the way to supertime before I eventually coaxed any sort of meaningful explanation from them and, even then, it was delivered in short gasps punctuated by further outbreaks of mirth.

It transpired that the scowling trolle had hitherto been regarded as something of a virtuoso when it came to mallet-wielding; the sort of reputation which most male trolles aspire to from birth. And this particular trolle had so thoroughly deserved his status that, indeed, his original name had become completely forgotten. He was now known simply as Bonga – the name given to the largest and most powerful mallet in a trolle's toolbox.

Unfortunately for Bonga, his mother had chosen that particular morning to visit her son's cottage on the pretense of bringing a batch of sponge cakes for his lunch. Nothing extraordinary in this event and, indeed, Bonga's life would have been none the worse if his mother had not chosen to observe that her son, apart from assuming a different name from the one she had so painstakingly plucked out of a hat for him, now also favored his right hand when it came to picking up objects. As an infant trolle he had always preferred his left hand – a habit widely regarded in trolledom as signifying unusual mental ability.

So taken with this idea was Bonga, he had set out that morning determined to display his superior intellect by using his left hand to apply his famous mallet instead of his usual right. The outcome

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of this change in habits had subsequently resulted in Bonga repeatedly hitting himself between the eyes until severely concussed whilst simultaneously declaring himself to be the rarest (and most unlikely) miracle of creation, a trolle genius!

Apart from some small concern for Bonga's badly discolored forehead, I had to agree that this was funny. I almost started giggling again. But no, the trolles disagreed. What was so funny about a trolle hitting himself between the eyes with a mallet? A headache, a fly on the nose of the excessive growth of eyebrow hair were all perfectly legitimate and sensible reasons for such behavior. What was *really* funny was Bonga's mallet. It was a right handed mallet. How could any trolle be so stupid as to use a right handed mallet in his left hand! Now *that* was funny. So funny, the trolles began laughing themselves helpless all over again.

Then there are the Om ba Don. Integrity and devotion to duty, strength and bravery, these inhabitants of the high mountain passes possess such qualities in abundance and I respect them greatly for it. But humor?...

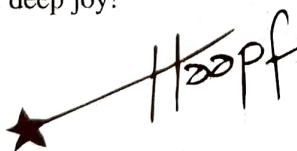
Did you know, the Om ba Don only know one joke? Really. Only one. In all the Clans of Om ba Don there exists but a single, solitary joke and this only gets told whenever there is a sizeable gathering. They tell the joke to each other using exactly the same words and without the slightest deviation from the Original Joke reputed to be written down somewhere in their secret archives. They never interrupt each other and try to steal the punchline. They don't even politely observe, "*Actually, I think I might have heard this one before...*" Strangest of all, they don't even laugh when The Joke is told! At least, not until the most senior Elder present formally enquires in serious tones, "*Have all those present now heard The Joke?*" at which point they all reply with equal gravity, "*The Joke has now passed between us.*" The Elder then declares – and this is as exciting as it gets – "*Let the laughter now commence!*" which prompts the Om ba Don to respond in unison with "*Ha! Ha! Ha!*" a regulation three times – two "*Ha's!*" being considered impolite and four "*Ha's!*" excessively liberal.

I expect at this point you will be hoping I will now proceed to recount The Joke. I would if I could but, as in most circumstances where the possibility of spontaneity and invention has been carefully excluded, the Om ba Don Joke is a carefully guarded secret. We are only permitted to know of its existence, not of its content. I have even begun to suspect that The Joke is really a clever piece of bluffery and may not actually exist at all!

Consider this, dear reader. Wouldn't there be something fundamentally hilarious in the prospect of an entire population going about their daily business believing in the existence of a joke that is really a myth engineered by a race renowned for having no sense of humor at all? Isn't that a marvelous joke in itself?

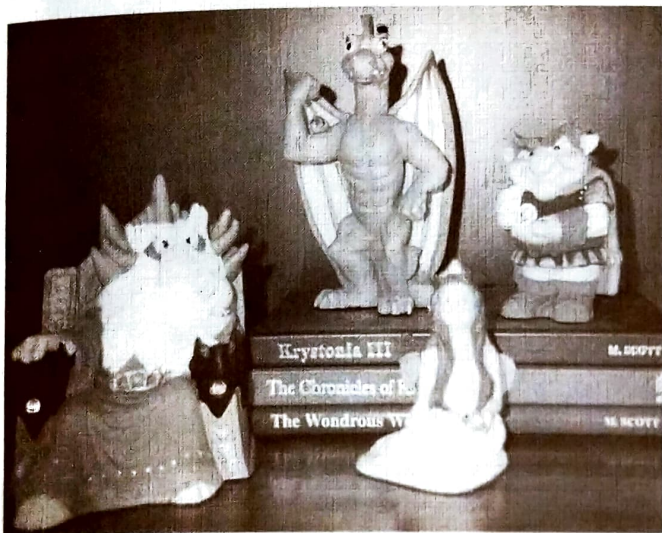
I am constantly amazed at the connection which exists between humor and philosophy. Just thinking about it makes me smile a great deal more often than it makes me frown. So wear a smile as a token of your intellectual superiority. Who knows, you might get one in return! You might even come to realize that nothing we ever say or do is really worth very much if it doesn't cause one...

I wish you deep joy!



Hoopf

WHAT DOES RETIRED REALLY MEAN?



Kaput, kalooe, gone, history, over, need I say more? These terms seem a little harsh don't they? I prefer the term permanently relaxed. But then how do I know they all relax. Say they are hyper or uptight! Man this is confusing! I mean maybe they don't even want to, or possibly they do. Shouldn't this be simple? Maybe for you but not for me, I give up! This is too much pressure! I got to get out of here!

See Ya,

Zanzibar

P.S. This spring retirements are 3601 Lg. Groosh, 1202 Sm. Myzer, 1093 Lg. N'Borg on

throne, and 3101 Vena. Next time we promise to use someone more under control to announce them.

RUBIN CHANDOK



Rubin

Who is this guy you have been seeing everywhere? After being behind the scenes for several years Rubin Chandok has come to the forefront. Rubin literally grew up with Krystonia, after all he is Pat's son. Rubin has been assisting in character development and was responsible for the idea of combining the fairies and characters on one piece. He will be joining Pat and Dave in the future creation of figurines and storylines.

Rubin brings with him a great amount of imagination and we

can't wait to turn him loose.

GREAT DISPLAY TIM

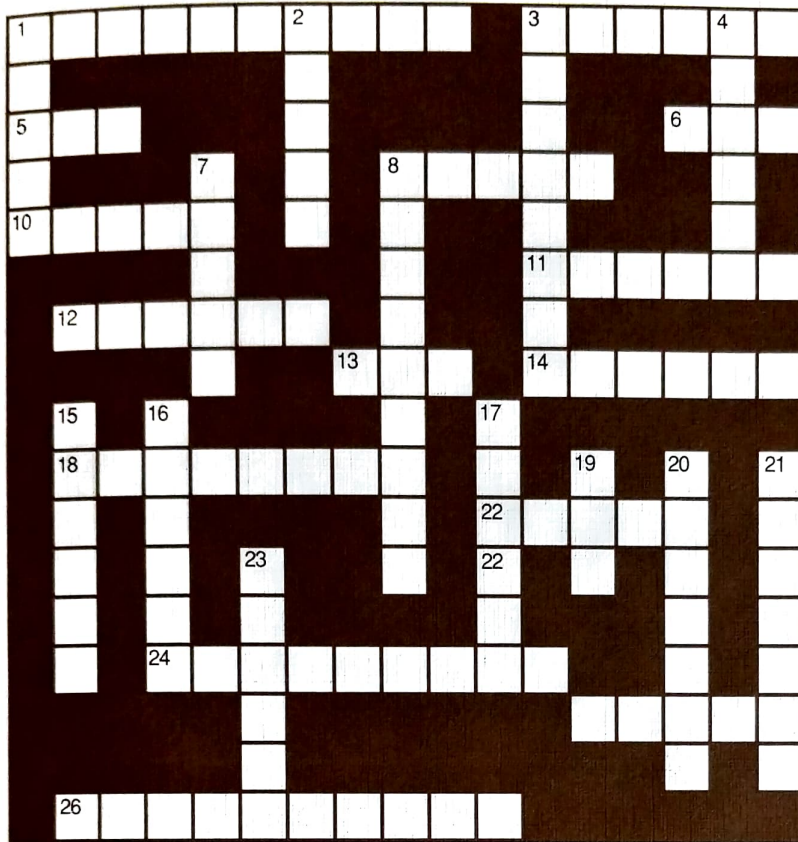
We just received pictures from Tim Coughlan showing how he displays his Krystonia. Quite impressive to say the least. One of our dealers, Canal Town, even helped him build it. Together they made an awesome cabinet. Tim has been collecting for several years and as you can see has a fantastic collection.

I will never forget the Krystonia scenes with flowing rivers or the seven foot mountains, but I never tire of seeing new displays. Thanks for sending in your photo Tim, it's obvious you show great pride in your collection.



Tim Coughlan's Collection

GRAFFYN'S CROSSWORD



It is time to dig out those crystals and look through those Krystonia books. Graffyn's Crossword is here! Stoope said it was as easy as swallowing charcoal cookies. Of course he didn't get any right. He must have swallowed his brain along with those cookies. After you get done make a copy and send it to Krystonia C.C. 125 W. Ellsworth Ann Arbor, MI 48108. Graffyn will check it for accuracy and drop it in his hat. Then he will draw a lucky winner to receive a free figurine. Good luck. I'm sure you will do better than Stoope.

ACROSS

- 1 A Very Large Snow Creature
- 3 A Boboll
- 5 One of the Poodahs
- 6 One of the Moons
- 8 Baby Dragon, Waiting for a Story
- 10 Dreams of Flying
- 11 The Second Moon
- 12 Wizardess
- 13 _____ Chandok
- 14 Wizard Who Looks at Moonlight
- 18 Great Emperor Dragon
- 22 A Girl from Plumstock
- 24 Where the Evil Wizard Lives
- 25 Gloria Gang is a Red Gem _____
- 26 Lives in the Kazm Ori

DOWN

- 1 One of Klip's Dogs
- 2 _____ Stormslayer
- 3 Young Dragon Who's Optimistic
- 4 A Froggle
- 7 Likes to Hoard Krystals
- 8 Zanzibar Slept in Front of This
- 15 N'Leila Snord Jailer
- 16 Evil Wizard – Master of the Dark
- 17 Smart Dragon
- 19 The Other Twin
- 20 Shigger's One
- 21 Friend of Pompom
- 23 Dragon Nanny

NEW MEMBERS AND OLD

As the collectors club continues to grow it is time to refresh everyone's memory on how it works. This is especially important to the new members so you old-timers just bear with us.



Some of our past club gift and members only pieces.

Each year you join the club you will receive benefits for one year from the date your check is received. For example, a person that joins April 15th will receive benefits until April 15th 1998. The club annual dates are Feb. 1st to Jan. 31st. Anyone joining between these dates will receive a gift figurine, this year it is the Glowing Mashal. Every year you join you will receive a different gift. The gifts are never sold and are made strictly for our club members. At the end of the year the figurine is retired.

Throughout the year you will be mailed four newsletters. They are titled the Phargol Horn. At the beginning of each newsletter you are

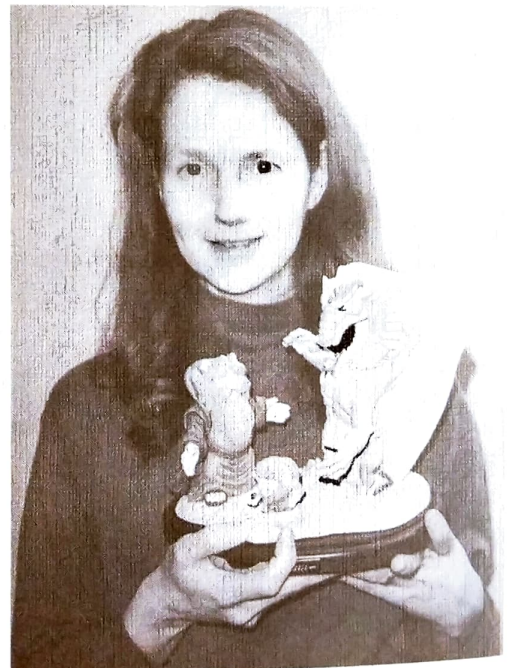
greeted by a Krystonia character. Inside you will find information about the world of Krystonia. Announcements, new introductions, and retirement news are just some of the items that will be covered. Don't forget to enter the contests that are inside. You might win free figurines. Your Krystonia C.C. card will entitle you to special benefits. One of the biggest benefits is that you are allowed to purchase figurines made just for club members. When you receive your club kit inside will be a redemption certificate. Only a person with this certificate can buy the figurine listed on it. This years piece is called Almost there. When you are ready to get your figure, take the certificate to your local Krystonia dealer. They will order it for you and notify you when it comes in. The Krystonia Collectors club is one of the largest and welcomes all new members, and we hope you enjoy your membership as many thousands of club members have.

SPEAKING OF WINNERS

The winner of "name a figurine you would like to see made" contest was Chris Anderson. Chris started collecting in 1990. Her fiance gave her Koozl as her first piece. It was the first in a collection that numbers over 50 pieces. They have been married for 5½ years. Maybe some of you guys should be buying Krystonia for your girlfriends.

Chris' prize was the classic moment figurine Enough is Enough. She wants us to make Gulbar-Gul, so be on the lookout next year. Congratulations Chris, enjoy your latest addition.

Chris Anderson and her prize Enough is Enough



KEPHREN IS SURROUNDED BY DRAGONBABIES

Flayla must be losing her mind. How can she possibly keep up with this bunch? Jasu has stubbed his toe on Grunchies blocks. Woby has taken up dragonwheeling and Lubyn is trying to find the right place for his diaper. They are a lot of work but Flayla tries not to complain. She loves each one dearly. We are sure you will also.

This fall finds the release of the first Timeless Treasure figurine. It is named The Recorder, Limited to 3,500 it portrays Kephren at his desk working by the light of a flickering candle. Although his years are many, his mind is still clear as a midsummer nights sky. Working to translate the latest batch of scrolls delivered by dragon transport, Kephren knows his job is important. Without him Krystonia's history may never be told. Only one Timeless Treasure figurine will be produced each year. The series will feature a Krystonia character in its natural habitat.



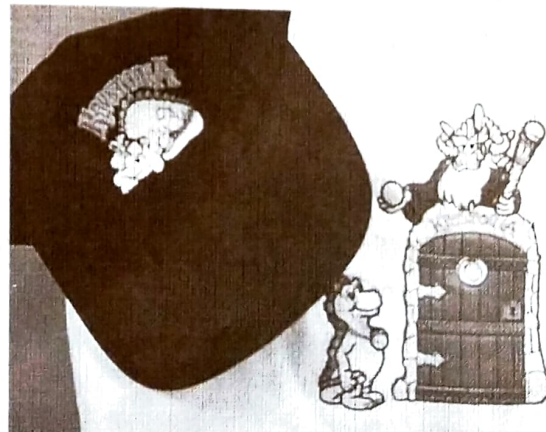
Be on the lookout for two new ornaments in your next newsletter. Last years were a great success and this years are just as wonderful.



Club Director Elena premiers first ever Krystonia garments.

SNAPPY DUDS!

My name is Trazor. For years I have traded with the Gadazorri. They came for my fine materials and quality craftsmanship. They love my embroidery and it has decorated many of their finest cloths. On a recent trip they had a very different request. They asked that I design a shirt and head cover for them. After many hours I decided that since Krystonia has two distinctly different personalities they should both be represented. But how could I show their separation? The gateway of course! N'Borg must be on one side representing evil, and Shadra on the other showing all that is good. The head cover would have Grumblypeg Grunch as he always feels the weight of Krystonia on his shoulders. I set my artisans to work and the results were most gratifying. I couldn't wait to see the reaction from the Gadazorri. Their expressions showed their pleasure. I asked who are these fine items for? For some very special people they replied, and off



to their vessels they went.

The Krystonia shirt and hat are only available through the Krystonia Collectors Club. They can be ordered by mailing a check payable to the Krystonia Collectors Club, 125 W. Ellsworth, Ann Arbor, MI 48108. Hats are one size fits all and the price is \$15.00. Krystonia shirts are \$22.00 for medium, large, and X-large and \$24.00 for XX-large. Canadian prices are \$20.00 for hats and \$30.00 for shirts plus taxes, and should be mailed to Krystonia Collectors Club, 1250 Terwillegar Ave., Oshawa, Ontario L1J 7A5. Please add \$3.00 shipping and handling per item to each location.