

The Phargol-Horn

Volume 31

Very seldom do you encounter someone entering Krystonia from the uncharted lands. Traveling these barren wastelands has been known to be more of a challenge than most can handle. So it was with great interest that I observed a rather large caravan trekking out of the desert sands. I know this had to be someone on a great mission or of little intelligence. For myself, just the thought of such a journey would more than test my nerve.

The ancient ruins that have been found there are beyond explanation. There are reports of travelers coming across heaps of crushed metallic items, which bore symbols. They could decipher only **COK**. The rest were undetectable, strange indeed. Enough already, instead of going on about something that I can only speculate about, let me return to what I can speak with certainty.

The caravan was a rather ragtag group with the exception of one who was being carried in a golden chair sitting atop two poles. He sat very erect and proud. His face was partially covered by a mask and his metal bracelets glistened in the bright light as if just polished to the highest degree. Several dragons were sculpted in his jewelry and the fabric of his gowns was of exceptional quality. You could tell he was in command. A small dragon flew along his feet and followed his every command. I decided to follow and wait for them to take their evening rest. As day became night I felt at ease to take a closer look.

The caravan was made up of many different races. I had heard of this type before. They were usually made up of conquered groups that were forced to act as servants. I do not profess to know all, but if I had never seen the likes of these creatures, I would imagine most of Krystonia had not either. I found a good place to get a closer look at this strange caravan and its leader. Unfortunately, as I knelt I had the misfortune to break a small twig.

The small dragon heard it and snapped around while making a hissing sound. I thought I was in great jeopardy of being found and I was going to pay the consequences for my curiosity. Then I heard the wizard's voice say, "Gracko get over here." The dragon hesitated and then with a low gliding motion moved with great speed to the wizard's side saying, "Yes N'Grodén." At least now I had their identities, N'Grodén and Gracko. They spoke in very low voices as if they had something of great secrecy to discuss. N'Grodén removed a scroll from inside his robe and slapped it across the palm of his hand. The more times he slapped it the louder he laughed until the sound became so diabolical that you would have thought that he was losing control of his senses. He was handing the parchment to Gracko when, once again, my twig gave way with a loud crack. Gracko's head snapped in my direction causing him not to notice that the scroll was being handed to him. It fell to

the ground. Luckily, N'Grodan had started heading out to check his night sentries and Gracko, being afraid to displease his master, scurried quickly behind him.

The scroll lay on the ground not 50 feet away and I felt compelled to know what was in it. I crawled quietly to reach it. I removed a crystal from my pouch. The soft glow provided the light for me to be able to read. The outside was marked **Urgent**. The words written below concerned me more – the name N'Borg. If my interest was strong before, it went up tenfold. Slowly I slid the ribbon off so as not to disturb the parchment. It read as follows:

My Blood Brother: It is now time for you to join me. The time for our master plan is right. For years those pesky wizards have stood in the way of my conquest of Krystonia. This time I cannot and will not fail. N'Chakk has captured the Maj-Dron leader, Shigger and I am now deciding his fate. This will weaken the wizards even further once we implement our plan. You must meet me immediately. Together our power will be unstoppable. This first stage of the plan is to...

Unfortunately, this is as far as I got. I could hear the sound of flapping wings coming toward me. They must have discovered that the scroll was missing by now and with great haste I slid the ribbon back over the scroll and dropped it on to the ground. Just as I reached my hiding place, Gracko swooped in and scooped up the scroll.

There was a large sigh of relief. Behind him was his master. As N'Grodan reached to take the scroll, his other hand swung down and struck Gracko knocking him almost to my hiding place. "If you would have lost this, you would have paid with your wings," he growled. He then took a crystal from his pocket raising it towards the sky. A long beam shot from it across the sky and was met at its peak by another coming from another direction. "Good, we are on schedule," he said as he turned and entered the most ornate of tents. Gracko followed and laid down at its opening as if to be on guard.

Feeling I had done all I could here, it was time for me to make my retreat. What I had learned here must be passed on immediately. The wizards have often sought me out for council, but this time I feel I must find them first. What I have stumbled across may have great consequences for all of Krystonia.

Challon



GOOD WIZARD, BAD WIZARD AND MORE...

Six new characters will be gracing your Krystonia dealer's shelf this spring. It appears, once again, our Krystonia citizens are finding many items left behind by the ancients. This time there is a CD player, a laptop computer, and some good books. If you read the opening story, you already know a little about N'Grodan and his henchdragon, Gracko. I hope Challon can reach the wizards in time. By the way, if you are waiting for a delivery from Misuus, good luck! (The next newsletter will include a color flyer.)



- 3950 **N'Grodan & Gracko** – N'Grodan has entered Krystonia with his henchdragon Gracko. He has been summoned by his blood brother N'Borg to help formulate plans to conquer Krystonia.
- 3954 **Challon** – Although this wiseman never joined the Council of Wizards, Challon is often sought out for advice.
- 3955 **Swingtime** – Once again, something that the ancients have left behind is being put to use. She finds that the strange sounds make her move in ways she never has before.
- 3956 **Smarty** – It is no wonder Pultzar has given her this nickname. Her snout always seems to be buried in a book or scroll.
- 3957 **Misuus** – Ikshar has recruited Misuus to help in his new job. His new motto is, “it will get there somehow, sometime, and maybe in one piece.”
- 3958 **Truly Amazing** – Once again another amazing contraption. Noises, colors and what are windows?

FINALLY, MORE WATERBALLS

It has been many years since Krystonia has introduced new waterballs. The others have long since been retired. You will love the detail on the new pieces and enjoy the story that each one tells. All are musical except Bubbly who said the music would interrupt her bath! (A color flyer will be in the next newsletter.)



- 9009 **Flayla's Magic** (*Waterball, plays Puff the Magic Dragon*) – Once again, Flayla captivates the young dragons of Krystonia with her story telling.
- 9010 **Maybe, Maybe Not** (*Waterball, plays Send in the Clowns*) – Tokkle debates staying in the safety of her egg, weary of Haaph's practical jokes.
- 9011 **N'Chakk's Revenge** (*Waterball, plays Bridge Over Troubled Waters*) – Tulan and his crew suffer under one of N'Chakk's spells.
- 9012 **Bubbly** (*Waterball, nonmusical*) – A young dragon enjoys a soothing bath.

GROZA WANTS YOU TO FIND KRYSTONIA

We are celebrating the tenth year of the Krystonia Collector's Club, so get ready for some fun! We want everyone to find their way to Krystonia and the new Club figurines should help.

The gift this year is *Which Way*. This young dragon is trying to find his way to Krystonia to visit the dragons of Carin-Tor. He has stopped to ask Groza which way to go. Groza, the troll, is busy putting up the Krystonia sign that the snow sprites keep taking down and hiding in the bushes.

Groza's figurine is titled *Krystonia This Way* and is the tenth year redemption figurine. Each figurine is independent, but when you put *Which Way* on *Krystonia This Way* it makes a cute scene.

You may ask if anyone would really trust a troll to give directions. After all, they are not known for their great intelligence. I guess we will find out in the next newsletter.



STORYTIME WINNERS!!!

We have randomly pulled two winners from our entries in the Storytime contest. Thank you for sending your literary masterpieces. There are some great imaginations out there. Each winner will receive a signed limited edition figurine. Without further ado here are the two lucky winners' entries:

There Is No Place Like Home

Phalen was a talon trimmer of the highest order. Especially in his own mind. After serving many years as the expert trimmer of dragon's talons he felt he was being taken for granted. In despair he felt he would leave Krystonia and never return. With no notice he headed out on his own. It took him very little time to become completely lost. This was a very different area, so unlike his home in

the base of the mountain that also housed the dragons. It was full of mysterious sounds and undetectable smells. The fear of the unknown caused a chill to run through him.

It was with great relief that he heard voices from the path ahead. I am saved, he said to himself. He ran towards the sound screaming "Hello, I am a friend." He ran directly into the oncoming entourage. Oh no, it's a pack of Bandors! These simple-brained but fierce creatures would eat anything. His moment of happiness turned to great fear. The last time he had a run into one of these they were finishing a meal of vile smelling who knows what (he didn't want to know either). What a predicament. Fast thinking was in order. He took out his talon shears and started hacking at small tree limbs. They stopped in their tracks amazed by the hideous looking instrument. Then he started to hack indiscriminately and wildly. As they stared at the destruction his manic fit had caused, he carefully crept into the dense brush. The next sound you heard was the sound of feet meeting the ground as Phalen, the not so great adventurer, ran as fast as he could to the safety of his Krystonian mountain.

There Is No Place Like Home

Keetah was a Duke of the highest order. Especially in his own mind. After serving many years as Duke of Lepardos he felt he was being taken for granted. In despair he felt he would leave Krystonia and never return. With no notice he headed out on his own. It took him very little time to become completely lost. This was a very different area to Keetah. It was full of jagarets and giant ele-panteras.

It was with great relief that he heard voices from the path ahead. I am saved, he said to himself. He ran towards the sounds screaming "help me." He ran directly into the oncoming entourage. Oh no, it's ele-panteras. The creatures would eat anything. His moment of happiness turned to great fear. The last time he had run into one of these they were eating a lepardos. What a predicament. Fast thinking was in order. He took out his flame-thrower and started to shoot. They stopped in their tracks amazed by the sight of fire. Then he started to growl wildly. As they stared at the balls of fire. Keetah carefully crept into the dense bush. The next sound you heard was the sound of feet meeting the ground as Keetah ran as fast as he could to the safety of Krystonia and home sweet home.