

The Phargol-Horn

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www.krystonia.net

e-mail: krystoniaclub@hotmail.com

The Traveling Companions

Krystonia has no shortage of individuals who consider themselves to be specialist in a particular area. Some who do not even have a specialty claim to have an area of expertise. They go as far as to add letters after their name. Spyke R.C.M. is one who does this. What does R.C.M. stand for, really cool musician. The real experts however let their deeds speak for themselves and titles are seldom used.

Turfen for one can help someone who is not enjoying peaceful sleep and perform a spell that lets them slumber like they have never known. Graffyn takes a contract reads it, rewrites it and cements the deal with amazing speed. Although the results are often slanted in his favor he claims the final draft to be fair and balanced. Where have I heard this before?

Hotpot F.C.E., finest chef ever, can take an assortment of leftovers and create a meal that is fit for a king or at least a wizard. If you don't believe me just ask him. He will definitely tell you. Who can tell a better story than Flayla? A few moments into her story the most out of control dragon is sitting quietly hanging onto her every word.

As you can see by these examples there are many that are truly masters. Unfortunately along with this come some large egos. I have found those who are best at what they do tend to crave little attention. One who comes to mind is Thesoloneus.

A master of many trades he travels throughout Krystonia. His weathered good looks and large hands are symbolic of both his hard work and proof of many years of toil.

He takes great pride in his deeds and yet not a word comes from his mouth that is self-serving. His voice is soft yet authoritative. When he tells you something you feel assured that it is correct. His movements are very fluid. This undoubtedly comes from his work habits. Watching him work you know that you are in the presence of a master.

The amount of work he can accomplish is amazing. Once working on a bridge project to span the Tibrik River he completed his section in the same time that it took seven trolls to do theirs. I know you are saying that this is not the best example but let me assure you I am not picking on the trolls. I am aware of their great bridge building.

Thes, as he is known, always has a plan before he starts a job. This saves him from making mistakes that will waste his time correcting. It doesn't hurt that he has only one mind directing his works, his own. Many a project has gone from gold to dust by having too many opinions and too little thought.

While I have spent much time paying proper dues to his work and reputation there is something else he is well known for, his companions. How they came together and his effort to help them shows he is more than just a great worker.

As I said Tres is not one to sit still. Once a job is completed he is on the move. Some say he is Shlerock the boot maker's best customer. He never has to go far to find work. Once he is spotted approaching a village word spreads quickly. There is a rush to see who can secure his services first. This has often resulted in a bidding war. To avoid this he will sneak into a village from an unexpected location. This allows him to get some rest and a good meal before he is approached. It was on one of these occasions that he found his traveling companions.

Treblehorn is a village on the far side of the Steppes. There is always a considerable amount of work there. This isn't to say that the inhabitants are lazy, just a little inept.

Tres took a round about route to enter the village. It led him through a very densely wooded area. As everyone does he kept a careful eye out for Mugrah's. These undesirables would rob anyone even a well-respected journeyman. They say that they even steal from each other.

Tres heard a small cracking sound that could easily have been the wind but was soon followed by another much louder snap. Then he heard voices. Becoming alarmed Tres slowly reached into his toolbox. He never looked for trouble but was not one to run from it either. Raising his hammer above his head he charged through the brush in the direction of the noises. If he were robbed the culprits would pay a high price indeed. Screaming as he ran he entered a small clearing. What he found was not what he expected. Shaking and clinging to each other in a large basket were two small dragons.

He stopped abruptly and lowered the hammer. They looked terrified. How would you react if you saw a screaming maniac many times your size running at you with a hammer in his hand? Probably the same as these two. They yelled their little heads off. Then acting out of pure survival they charged Tres wrapping their arms around his legs and biting at his ankles. He couldn't help but laugh. It felt more like nipping than biting. This was the icebreaker that was needed for everyone. The two youngsters let go and began to laugh also. They rolled over and over like two little brown boulders. He reached down, picked one up in each hand and hoisted them into the air. What cute little fellows?

Tres looked around but saw nothing else but a blanket. No matter how many questions he asked they would not speak. Why were they there alone? Who were their parents? Where was their home? The moon was starting to set and he needed to move into the village. This was no place to leave two unprotected dragons. They would be less than a mouthful for a hungry Hagga-Beast. Tres would take them with him.

As he entered the village Tres spotted an inn. There would be one problem. No inn was going to allow dragons inside. Dragons are not known for tidiness. He took out some of the tools from his box and slid them into his pockets. Tres placed the two dragons inside the box cautioning them to not make a peep.

As he opened the inn door all eyes were upon him. Then as if a gust of wind had lifted them

they all rushed to him. They had recognized their guest and the job proposals started to flow. Fix my roof, reset my fence, and build my new cottage were just a few of the comments he could make out. He raised his large open palmed hand above his head and the room fell silent. He told the crowd that he was hungry, tired and to please grant him until the morning at which time he would listen to their requests. As he spoke his toolbox abruptly shifted downward. Luckily no one questioned why.

The innkeeper offered Tres a free room. Undoubtedly he was hoping for a return favor. Say like maybe fixing his leaky water system. Tres refused and said he would gladly pay for the room. There was no way he wanted to be beholding to anyone. No favors taken or asked and no favors given made his work much easier.

When Tres got into the room he locked the door and opened his box. He assumed that the two dragons would be in a hurry to get out. To his surprise they were fast asleep. He left the box top open and let them stay as they were.

In the morning Tres rose early and as he left the inn a large group was already waiting for him. The requests started immediately. Once again he raised his hand and the crowd quieted. He placed his toolbox on the ground and removed his two companions. Tres asked if anyone knew these two. It was the first time the crowd had been speechless. He told them he could not start work until he located their family.

Tres went from shop to shop and home to home but with no luck. These two were not known to anyone. He didn't know where else to look. The next village was at least twelve miles away. They could never have traveled such a long distance on their own. He placed them back in his box and started taking requests for work.

Tres had a policy of not working in a village for more than three days before moving on. On the fourth day he prepared to leave. He had not been able to locate any family for the two dragons. Tres had become quite attached to them and found it amusing that whenever they could they jumped into his toolbox. It was like their home away from home.

In one last effort to find a proper home for his new friends he approached a town elder for advice. He was taken to an area just outside of the village. Tres was not pleased with what he saw. It was a community for all types of young inhabitants who had lost their homes. There were trolls, dragons, bobolls and many others. Worst of all he spotted Mughrahs. As the elder reached to take the two dragons from him Tres moved away. Once again removing some tools from his box he placed the two dragons inside. He smiled down at his new traveling companions. He would call them Hope and Faith two things a person should never be without.

I have never met Thesoloneous but I feel a great admiration for one who is so confident in his own being that he does not need to show arrogance whenever an opportunity arises.

Kephren

All the updates you could want brought to you by the most trusted name in updates: Spykster

After many years and pitfalls Krystonia should finally move into our new building this spring. We desperately need the room. My cave will be far right with hot and cold running steam. With this happening we will rearrange a few things for this year. After 18 years a little change might be interesting.

This year we will delay all new figurines being made until later in the year. All new figurines for 2005 will be introduced at one time.

The new club year will start in August instead of May. All club memberships that expire in May, June and July will be extended until August.

We are also looking at some exciting new club programs.

Retirements:

We say good-bye to styles #3945 **Shoof** and #765 **Hello** who have retired. As they drift into the sunlight we say so long. I would check with dealers for availability.

We try our best to give you a guide as to when figurines will sell out. Sometimes we get surprised and find additional stock. On the other hand we also will find that we think we have an item that turns out isn't there. Sort of like that gallon of milk you bought a few days ago that strangely disappeared.

The following styles are anticipated to sell out during 2005. Some will be gone very soon depending on requests.

3946 **Gulbar-Gul** will sink back into the river. You will know this by how much fresher the air will be. Too bad he was such a nice guy.

3947 **Grunchesta** has moved to south Carin Tor where her new hobbies are sunbathing and cross word puzzles.

3960 and 3961 **Oh My** and **One More Story**

These two made a great pair. They were originally designed to go with Zerus. One begs for another story while the other can't believe what he hears.

3983 **Fifteen Years** is a long time and a well-deserved break is in order.

3987 **The Astronomer** has set his sites on far away places.

Important note on fall figurines Rock Heads and Rock Heads Too.
Both of these styles are at lower than anticipated stock levels. You may want to add these to your collections sooner rather than later.