

The Phargol-Horn

Volume 54

www.krystonia.net

e-mail: krystoniaclub@hotmail.com

No Time to Waste

(Part Two)

Koozl and Zanzibar were the two dragons chosen to carry the secret messages. They were quickly summoned to the Obelisk. They both accepted. Even though the wizards could not share the reason for the mission it was an honor to be asked for their help.

A map was given to each detailing two completely different routes. Both routes were designed to end at the same place, Shigger. Although they were given little information about the mission, it was obvious from the wizards attitudes that it was of extreme importance that they succeed.

Zanzibar in his usual confident manner couldn't wait to get going. On the other hand a sense of nervousness was felt coming from Koozl, especially when the wizards suggest that he leave friend behind. He now bobbed from foot to foot and wrung his hands. It was too late for the wizards to choose another to fill his spot. Koozl was asked if he would be more at ease if he took someone with him on the journey. This person would not be told anything but that they were going on a trip. Poffles entered the room. A large smile came across Koozls face. They were good friends and their personalities were a good match.

A small amount of supplies was provided for the travelers. They had to travel light and fast. One of the reason these two were chosen were that they both knew how to scavenge from the land for their basic needs. Koozl learned this mostly in his travels with Grazi. Zanzibar considering himself quite the adventurer had over the years taught himself strong survival skills. After last minute instructions they were handed the secret scrolls, maps and a large serving of encouragement.

Koozl and Poffles could be seen skipping over the hills until they were out of sight. The wizards looked at each other wondering if they had made a mistake. Zanzibar on the other hand took off from the Obelisk like a bolt of lightning. It was hard to believe that his little legs could move that fast.

The first part of Koozl and Poffles trip was filled with a variety of landscape. It was quite pleasant. There were beautiful fields of flowers and rolling hills. It seemed more like a spring hike than a secret mission. After a while they did find themselves entering large forests and more severe terrain. As they traveled farther from their home, it began to sink in that was going to be no picnic.

Through it all they kept each other in high spirits by playing the game Whoseit. In this game you describe a person or a place by using three descriptive lines. Then the other gets two guesses.

These two being light hearted by nature had a great time doing this. For example Koozl would say well natured, feared for no reason and smells of rotting seaweed. Whom do you think this is? This

made the time pass very fast especially with them being alone and whether they mentioned it or not a little nervous. Or were they alone?

As night fell, they made camp. They built a small fire and opened their supplies. The first pouch they pulled out was marked "Hotpot's Stew." The instructions said to wave over a large bowl while saying "Good food, great cook, whose number ≠1, Hotpot." A large pop immediately followed and the air filled with smoke. As the air cleared, they looked down and the bowl was full of stew. Hotpot undoubtedly had enlisted the help of a wizard to make this work. They did not care. It was delicious. They had to chuckle thinking how the arrogant Hotpot probably wouldn't provide food if he couldn't take the credit for it. With their bellies full they each chose a side by the fire and off to sleep they went.

Koozl awoke to being roughly shaken by Poffles. At least that is what he thought. Rolling over he opened his eyes to a sight he never dreamed of seeing. It was Skarf and his mugrahs.

Koozl looked around fearing that Poffles had been caught but he was nowhere in sight. In a matter of moments Koozl was tied hand and foot and hoisted onto a long pole. Holy cow, were they going to cook him? Luckily this wasn't the case. They were going to take him somewhere. As they hauled him away, Koozl caught a glimpse of something laying still by the fire. It was Poffles now becoming visible. He had heard the mugrahs and zumped himself invisible. With a wink of his eye and a thumb up sign he moved into the woods and started to follow the group. He then zumped again and the only way Koozl knew he was following was by the moving of branches and occasional noise.

The mugrahs moved quickly as they could only think of one thing, the reward they would collect. They also were a little spooked for they too heard the unexplained noises in the brush. They would stop and look but see nothing. Just to spook them Poffles would pat his large feet up and down on the leaves rapidly to give the impression that someone big was chasing them. In the distance you could now see their destination. It was somewhere Koozl never wanted to visit.

Krak N' Borg is a very dark scary place. When you enter there is plenty of activity. Creatures of the likes that Koozl had never encountered wandered about and none too friendly looking either. One even approached them and started sniffing at Koozl. An argument in a language foreign to Koozl started between the mugrah's and this vile looking character. For a moment it appeared that there was going to be quite a fight but the approach of N'Chakk made this all disappear. He walked up to the Mugrahs with two of his Honji soldiers.

The Honji took Koozl from the pole and stood him upright. N'Chakk tossed a few small crystals at Skarf's feet and turned to walk away. It was obvious that the mugrahs felt the payment was too little. One grabbed a hold of N'Chakk's arm. In one smooth fluid movement N'Chaak turned raised his staff and shot a beam from its crystal severing the Mugrahs arm. Could this get any worse?

A group of snords swarmed on top of the stunned mugrah and in less than a minute nothing but bones were left where he once laid. Koozl seeing this did what most dragons would. He passed out.

He awoke to find himself in a cold dark cell. Scared and tired he really missed friend now. A very welcome event was starting to take place. It was Poffles becoming visible. If he couldn't have friend this was the next best thing. They heard footsteps coming down the long winding staircase. It was too dark to tell who it was at first. The jailer was in front and another being followed. In all

his grandeur it was N'Borg. No matter if you have feelings of good or bad about N'Borg he makes quite an entrance. His flowing robes are made of the finest materials. It made him seem to be floating in the air instead of walking. Koozls feeling of awe quickly returned to reality. As for Poffles he quickly zumped and became invisible once again.

The jailer swung the large steel gate open. N'Borg entered as if the world was his alone. The arrogance rolled off him as does sweat off a snords nose. N'Borg said nothing but stared down at the small dragon. He cared little about Koozls well being but only what he carried. Why would a dragon have a scroll? He approached Koozl slowly. Koozl sprang to his feet and put the scroll behind his back. N'Borg with a menacing scowl reach out his hand. Koozl leaned away. N'Borg's felt pressure at the back of his robe as if it was nailed to the ground. Yet when he looked nothing was there. Dragons have no magic power he thought, what foolishness is this.

With a strong tug he moved forward and grabbed the scroll. Quickly he opened it. The message inside read "Please pick up fresh basil for the gathering Saturday." N'Borg scratched his head and threw the scroll aside. He became furious as he turned to walk out of the cell pushing the jailer so hard that he fell to the ground dropping his keys. He would make Skarf pay dearly for wasting his time. The gate slammed shut behind him.

Koozl although shaken was relieved to see him leave. He saw the keys laying on the landing on the other side of the gate. If only he could retrieve them. Then an image appeared to him. It was Poffles. He had zumped himself and went out the gate behind N'Borg. He reached down picked up the keys and opened the gate. Koozl ran out of the gate. In his excitement he bumped into Poffles and the keys fell to the ground.

The metal striking stone echoed loudly. The jailer sitting at his table at the top of the stairs sprang to his feet clutching at his belt for the keys. They were gone. He ran down the stairs. Koozl was now in his site. Poffles was not. The jailer tripped, went flying over Koozl and landed head first into the cell. He was knocked completely out. What did he trip over? Poffles rose from the steps. Once again his power to zump had proved invaluable. They made their way up the stairs. Luckily the night was dark and the twin moons were hidden by clouds. Behind this darkness they made their escape.

Once safely outside of the view of anyone from the Krak they took a rest. Never had they been in such a dangerous situation. It was now that Koozl recapped his situation and the answer was clear. Koozl had been a decoy. How cruel he thought for the wizards to sacrifice his safety. He felt very let down. It was at this time that Poffles felt compelled to speak up. He had not been left out of the plan as much as Koozl was led to believe. Poffles was to protect Koozl and if they found themselves in a situation that they could not escape he was to make his way back to the Obelisk where a rescue party would be sent out.

This made Koozl feel much better. He couldn't wait to get back home to Carin Tor. Then his thoughts turned to his friend Zanzibar. He must have the real secret message. Hopefully he will get through or who knows what will happen to Krystonia.

End of part two of three

www.krystonia.net

We are working on the latest updates to the Krystonia web site. You will find many revisions this fall. I hope you like them. We will be updating the product, club and changing the dealer sections.

Four Seasons

(The new figurines are here.)

(Color brochure enclosed)

Our new dragons show a varied range of emotions. After they were completed, we noticed they appear to represent the four seasons. Let me start with Spring and Summer.

You may remember the retired Proposal and Acceptance figurines. We now move from the wedding stage to the anniversary. **Just For Me**, representing spring, is all she can say as she fills out her lovely bouquet. They are beautiful flowers from **Yours Truly**, summer, . What makes these flowers even more special is that they were picked from the forest of Cloom-Hy. You see Isgrid the troll lives there and unrealistically claims that everything that grows there as his own. To get caught picking them will in the least cause an argument and at the worst a bone jarring fight.

A **Fall Surprise** is in store for anyone who walks by these two. Let us see what season would this represent? One dragon is going to bury his companion inside a pile of leaves. Their beautiful color will maybe even coax someone to take a closer look. When someone goes by for any reason our other dragon will spring out of the leaves and scare the pookballs out of them. (The pooks have been very upset about this reference. They have been seen outside the office with signs that say "Pooks are Pookles too" and "Krystonia unfair to Pooks.")

We move onto the Winter season where we are unfortunately greeted with a **Big Yawn**. Most new arrivals show some excitement when they hatch from their eggs. Not this one. Ready for a winter hibernation seems more the mode here. It makes me sleepy to just looking at it.

So there you have it the Summer, Spring, Winter, and Fall of 2005. You may add then to your collection for one more season. Let's call it Christmas. The figurines should be in your dealers during October.

I almost forgot to mention the club figurines. The **Lookout** is the member only club figurine. There are two great redemption figurine's **Kralic's Raft** and **Secret Message**. I would say more about these but my guess is that you are learning a great deal from our lead stories.

Have a great holiday season!!!!!!