

The Phargol-Horn

Volume 7

I, Moplos, send greetings to all friends of The Great Design and bid you welcome to this edition of The Phargol-Horn.

To begin, I must apologize if you find my style a little clumsy, but the Clans of the Om-ba-Don are more comfortable with a Clayda Axe than with a pen. My good friend, Kephren, has agreed to read through my humble offering and make any corrections he thinks are needed. I hope he did not have to spend too long on the spellings.

Winter has come to the mountains and all the Clans have retired to their Tarnholds. Already the snow is deep against the walls and the ice upon the Tarnhold lakes is thick enough for a fully-laden Om-ba-Don (or a score of wizards) to walk safely upon. Yet, whilst others shiver in their beds and dream of Reawakening, amongst the Clans there is great excitement and anticipation. The time for The Games draws near, and soon we shall all journey into the high peaks and meet at the place called Olbaggon.

Rock-lifting, giant snowball hurling, arm-wrestling and caber-throwing are but a few of the trials of strength and stamina in which the Om-ba-Don Clan Champions will engage, roared on by the cheers of their kin, the blowing of horns and the beating of log drums. Competition is always fair but fierce for the honour and pride of their whole Clan — in my case, the Brekk-Darr — rests upon their shoulders, and great indeed are the celebrations of the Clan whose representative wins the right to wear the cape which singles him out as Champion of Champions. I had the honour to win the title on twenty successive occasions and, as a mark of my record, was allowed to keep the cape by the agreement of the Clan Elders. Yet, still, I admit to a pang of envy whenever a new Champion of Champions receives his. Knowing that I have coached the winner does give me considerable pride, but it is as nothing compared to the honour of one's own victory.

This brings me to the real purpose of this letter. It seems that Turfen has received many enquiries from the members of other races who wish to send a Champion of their own to take



part in the Games of Olbaggon, but who do not know how to proceed. Having spoken to the Arch Elder I can inform anyone who is interested that The Games are technically open to all comers. However, there are a few statistics which Turfen thought the prospective entrant might like to consider before making an official application.

1. The entrant must be able to make, aim and throw a standard competition snowball (diameter not less than two feet) from the gateway of Olbaggon to the midpoint of the competition arena (a distance of one hundred and fifty-two Om-ba-Don paces).
2. The starting weight of the rock-lifting competition is equal to roughly fifteen wizards (or seven and a half Gwillums).
3. Anyone unable to tie a knot in heavy gauge (three-inch diameter) metal is unlikely to do very well in the arm-wrestling event.
4. In the interests of safety, competitors for the Clayda Axe-hurling event should be able to demonstrate a good level of accuracy. (This rule was established after Sangtor the Shortsighted hurled a razor-sharp Clayda weighing twice as much as a baby dragon into the seating terraces).
5. Entrants for the Anyhold Wrestling should note that the current Champion recently carried his lame Gowdan pack-animal (plus baggage) from his Tarnhold to The Obelisk. After the animal received medical attention from Wodema, it was picked up and carried all the way home again.

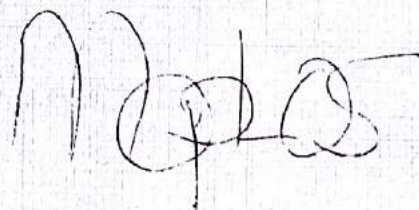
For those of you seriously thinking of entering The Games, I might add a few coaching tips which will enhance your performance and ensure that you are in peak physical condition.

Firstly, pay attention to your diet. I recommend a daily intake over winter of not less than four gallons of thickened broth, a sack of assorted root vegetables, one bale of greens and a half a bucket of chopped leaves. Charcoal cookies and sponge cakes should be eaten only sparingly, and Thorn-Ber is to be strictly avoided!

Next, I would propose rigid adherence to a fitness programme. To begin, some gentle tree-bending and boulder-heaving, followed by half a day's snowdrift-jogging should be sufficient — there's no point in tiring yourself out. Then, perhaps thirty days before The Games are due to open, begin more comprehensive training. In addition to the above, I would include a thousand press-ups (wearing a full backpack, of course) before breakfast and after supper. Wear weighted snowboots at all times to improve leg strength, and punch holes in sheet ice (the thicker the better) to toughen up the wrists. If you own, or can borrow, a well-trained team of pack-animals, I have found them to be worthy practice opposition for the tug o'war contest. Add one animal to the team every other day. When you can hold your own against a dozen you should be able to give most Om-ba-Don a worthwhile challenge.

I hope that you have found my advice useful, and look forward to welcoming you to Olbaggon in the near future.

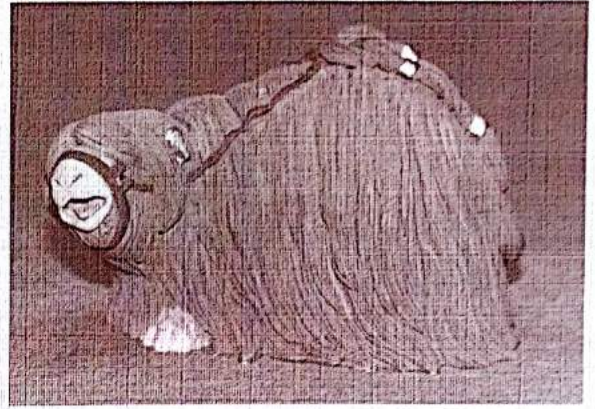
Yours in honour and strength,



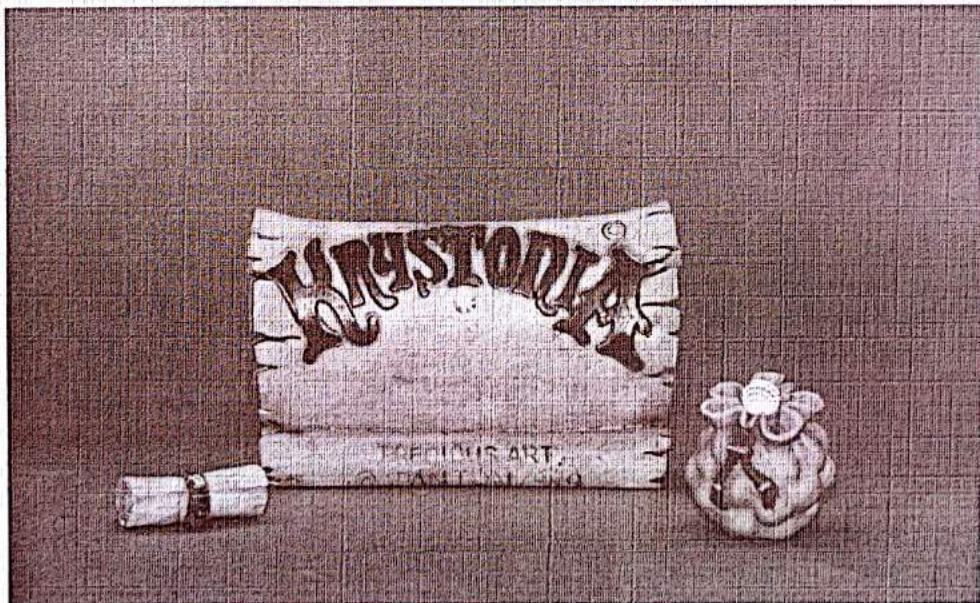
FALL INTROS '91



#3431 Zanzibar — Being a Grumblypeg dragon, he can not fly, but with a little help from Culpys blanket he'll try. Fall 1991 and Spring 1992 delivery.



#3701 — Being a Mahouhda can be frustrating, I crane my neck but can not see what is tied in my hair. Fall 1991 delivery.



THE FIRST OF THE ACCESSORIES

- #701 — Krystonia sign
- #702 — Krystonia scrolls
- #703 — Large bag of crystals
- #704 — Small bag of crystals (not pictured)

(Fall 1991 delivery)

COLLECTORS BIG AND SMALL

We're proud to have one of the most diverse collectors groups anywhere. We have lawyers, doctors, housewives, janitors, auto mechanics, investment bankers, and every other occupation you can think of. Age also seems to be no barrier, and we're extremely happy that so many young people have chosen us to be something to grow with. Pultzr is so excited that he has recorded all the names in one of his books. Make believe is something that we all grew up with and I hope we always have a little bit in us all.



One of our younger collectors; Taylor Anne surrounded by her companions.

SECONDARY MARKET!

This is a subject that we have received many letters on. The most often asked question is where to purchase retired figurines. Well, before we put the Mahouhda in front of the cart, let's explain what secondary market means. As most of you probably know we retire figurines every year. By retiring, we mean that a figurine in a certain style or size is no longer produced. When a figurine is retired, master molds used to produce that piece are destroyed. Stores are given a certain length of time to purchase retired figurines before stock runs out. After a figurine is retired, it becomes increasingly harder to find and the price rises. As an example let's use 1091-sm N'Borg. This figurine, when introduced, sold for \$50.00. If you can find one, it's now valued from \$175.00 to \$300.00. Some of you may even have this valued piece in your collection. Needless to say, it is best to purchase figurines in the year they are retiring. Collectors looking for retired figurines can send name and address along with piece desired to the Krystonian Collector's Club. We will then list their names and addresses in the next newsletter, as they can be contacted by a dealer or collector willing to sell that piece. The Krystonia Collector's Club will not be involved in any transactions, except as a referral service. Gurneyfoot has just hinted this retirement stuff is hitting awful close to home. We hope this will suffice until our next newsletter.



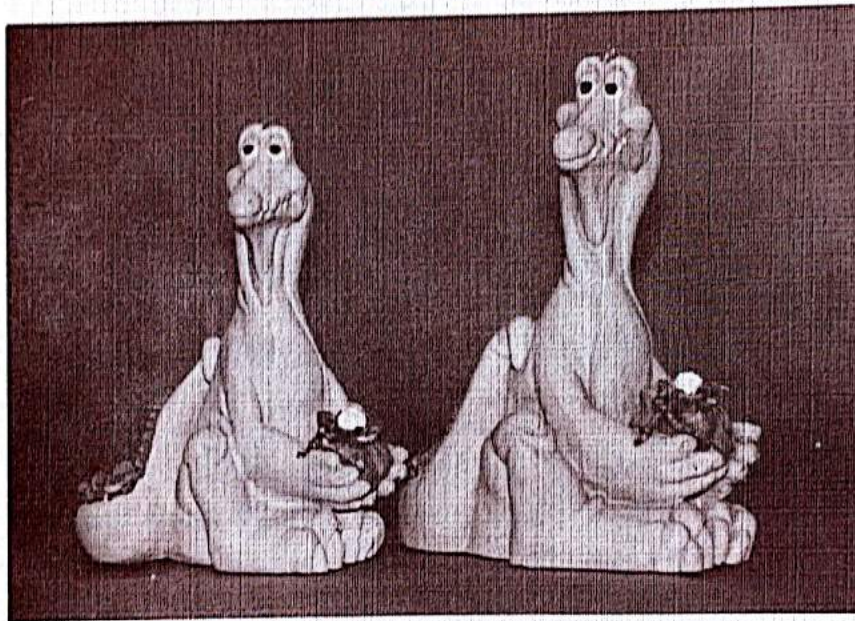
#1091S

CLUB MEMBERS' REMINDERS!

When you join the Krystonia Collector's Club you receive benefits for a year from the date you join. Anyone wishing to receive the second-year free gift of Kephrens chest and an opportunity to purchase Dragons Play must join before January 31, 1992. After that date they will be entered into the club's third year and receive that year's privileges. Dragons Play certificate can be redeemed until June 1, 1992.

Why Are These Different?

No this is not another of Haapf's tricks. Sometimes, for production reasons, we find it necessary to make a change in a character's styling. Some of you have noticed these as I witnessed at Young's in Ocean City, when a collector snatched up the Stoope style #1103 noticing that it was the earlier mold. Some figurines are designed with two stylings as in Grackene with her large feet showing and the other with her long skirt covering them. Some will never be made again. Remember when #1703-small Rueggan had a crystal in each hand instead of his book, and #1302-medium Wodema who originally had another crystal before she traded for a tasty apple. Keep a sharp lookout and you might stumble across some of these different designs.



Stoope #1103

FROM THE FACTORY:

Strike! Strike! I awoke in a sweat. What a dream or, should I say, a nightmare. I had visions of getting to the factory and finding no one there. I looked at the clock and it was only three o'clock in the morning but I couldn't get back to sleep. What could this all mean? Seven o'clock couldn't come soon enough. To say I was in a hurry is an understatement. When I got there all my worries became realities. I ran from area to area, NO PAINTERS! NO FETTLERS! NO MOLD MAKERS! NO NOBODY! I put my hands on my head yelling "strike! strike!". Suddenly the door flung open and in ran Graffyn. "What's all the yelling about?" he asked. "Strike!" I yelled. "No, Sunday" he said calmly. I followed him to the door, turned out the lights and walked home very quickly hoping no one heard all the noise I was making.