

The Phargol-Horn

Volume 24

Trouble with your neighbours? Overdue for a pay raise? Failed to read the small print on a contract. Served a meal which was only fit for sticking tiles to your bathroom wall? Fed up with being taken for a mug? Look no further! Help is at hand. For a very reasonable percentage you - yes, I really do mean you, my friend, could hire the services of Phyloneous Pook. Darling of the Downtrodden and persecutor of the Pompous to fight your case. Let me take the worry out of litigation. All you have to do is bank the cheque and after payment of my modest fee and out of pocket expenses, you're free to spend whatever's left! Sounds too good to be true? You bet it is! But then, so am I!

As a token of my honorable intentions and a quick introduction to the standard of service you can expect when you hire the best, I have agreed (subject to my retention of copyright and payment of the going author's rate) to offer some brief examples of my successes. Oh yes, my friend, I make no distinctions. The great and the small are all equal (providing they can pay). Right is right, wrong is wrong, but there's an awful lot of grey area in between which is negotiable.

Take the case of Gruppeldump Puckerpod (commonly known as Pod). Owing to her prodigious appetite, poor Pod was expelled from her home at an early age (following, it is alleged, an incident when she consumed the best part of the family dining table) and was left to wander Krystonia alone, picking up whatever discarded debris and forgotten food she was fortunate enough to come across. One day she happened to fetch up in a remote village where to say the least, the idea of entering the best kept village would have been laughable. Piles of refuse outside every door, discarded food in the gardens and the neat little cobbled alleyways (which the architect must have envisaged bright with flower tubs) choked with discarded furniture and broken toys. To any right-minded individual, it would have seemed repugnant, but to Pod's eye here was a banquet.

She wasted no time in setting about the mess, consuming the unwanted consumables at great speed. By the time most of the residents of this village awoke, several of the worst eyesores had already vanished inside ravenous Pod.

You might have thought the villagers thankful for the service, grateful to have seen the last of their unwanted garbage, but not so, so mean-spirited were they Pod was soon on the receiving end of a summons to appear before the traveling judge the next time he held court in the village.

Enter Phyloneous Pook! Representing Pod on a "no win, no fee" basis, I successfully turned the tables on those ungrateful villagers! After proving beyond all reasonable doubt that what Pod had eaten could safely be termed garbage, I then entered a counterclaim for her services as a licensed refuse disposal operation. As a result, Pod was permitted to eat her way through the rest of the rubbish and then send a bill for cleansing services to the village council. Thanks to my legal skill, there was now one tidy village and one fat and contented Pod (who went on to provide her services to several other villages in the locality). Unfortunately, Pod was so efficient she also ate my fee...

Cases of wrongful arrest is another area where I have had some considerable success. I recall one Rattigan Turnpike (whom I had previously prosecuted for fraud) calling upon my skills when he was taken

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into custody and charged on three separate counts of highway robbery. It was said that Rattigan held up innocent journeymen as they set camp for the night at a well-known intersection of two major trade routes by threatening to set loose an enraged swarm of five-banded stringers which he held captive in a cloth bag. It was alleged he made off with a selection of trade goods and their beasts of burden.

Under careful cross-examination by myself, the three witnesses all described the masked bandit as having long black hair, a dark beard and wearing a three cornered hat. As I pointed out to the jury, the accused had neither hat nor beard and such hair as he sported was short and reddish. (I admit to thinking his hair had been dark on our previous meeting).

Council for the prosecution attempted to undermine my defense by drawing attention to the pronounced bumps upon the defendant's hands an expert witness confirmed were caused by strings from the five-banded stringer. I confirmed this but pointed out that my client had recently taken up hives as a gentle pastime. The judge and jury were all allowed to taste samples of the honey provided and take six jars apiece home with them to share with friends.

It was a clear case of mistaken identity, and after a short recess, Rattigan Turnpike was acquitted of all charges and the journeyman ordered to pay compensation for malicious invention (myself having earlier proven they had each lost a considerable sum to my client in a game of whirlybottle).

Again, I had to forego my fee when it was discovered that the accused had left the courthouse without settling my bill, and further, had stolen the judge's means of transportation. Fortunately, having appreciated my performance in open court, I was engaged by the injured parties as a prosecution lawyer for when Rattigan is recaptured and brought for trial.

Finally, I must make mention of my greatest ever victory to date and one which is very close to my own heart in that it involved the long-suffering members of my own race. I refer, of course to the game known hereabouts as pookball.

Owing to a Pook's modest habit of curling up into a tight ball whenever challenged by an enemy, certain unscrupulous Krystonians had invented a game in which the unsuspecting pook was placed between two teams who then did their best to kick the poor creature into their opponents goal. Sad to say, this game gained in popularity until the top "players" were able to command huge appearance fees for kicking the pook before a large and hysterical crowd. The pook, with little choice in the matter, went home with bumps and bruises and was often so disoriented it took a full week before it could walk in a straight line.

After several complaints from mother pooks about the lack of respect for their offspring, I took the matter all the way to the High Court of Krystonian Rights.

Before a panel of judges (most of whom, I knew, were either retired players of the game or were active supporters) I revealed a catalogue of abuse and a litany of ingratitude. First, I succeeded in having the game banned completely and then, after several representations from the professional pookballs, negotiated new contracts for a pooks freedom of choice. The result was that only consenting pooks after their third moult could be used as pookballs. Even these could chose to walk off the field of play at any time if they felt that they were receiving unduly rough treatment. I can't tell you how gratifying it felt to see the pookball appearing in the cup final of the Pookball Super League walk off the field and refuse to return until the goal kicker apologized for a fifty yard kick!

So there you have it. If you need a lawyer in a hurry, call Phyloneous Pook! All major currency types or bills trade accepted. Stand up and fight for you rights!

Phyloneous Pook

TALLAC DANCES OF THE CHRONICLES...

There will only be three introductions for this fall. We thought this would give you a opportunity to catch up on the new characters from the spring.

Many of you will remember Tallac from book number one and his visit to the Shadi swamps. With a Hydro-Glyph on his shoulder he kicks up his heels. His braided beard and hair give him his own distinct look. Balancing a crystal on his toe he seems to be lost in the sweet music. Tallac will be limited to 15,000 pcs.

Two years ago we started a series of ornaments. These pieces can be hung or stood alone. Each one is dated on the bottom. This year we have a wizard giving a lecture to an apprentice. Titled Making A Point he is joined by a young dragon playing with a strange hat that he had found. All three figurines have wonderful detail and we are certain you will enjoy them.

WHO'S NEXT???

Many characters have not been created that are in our storylines. What character would you like to see next? Write your choice and why on a small postcard and send it to Krystonia Collectors Club, 738 Airport Blvd., Suite #5, Ann Arbor, MI 48108.

We will draw one postcard and that character will be created next. Also, the individual who sent in that postcard will win a special figurine. So put on your thinking caps and dig out those books and tell us what figurine you can't wait to see in your collection.

UPDATE ON RETIREMENTS...

We realize that it is often hard to remember all the different things that go on during the year. So we will try to give you a hand. This year some of our friends have retired. Also the two pieces that were made just for our tenth anniversary will retire at the end of the year. Now let's pay a one last tribute to this group.

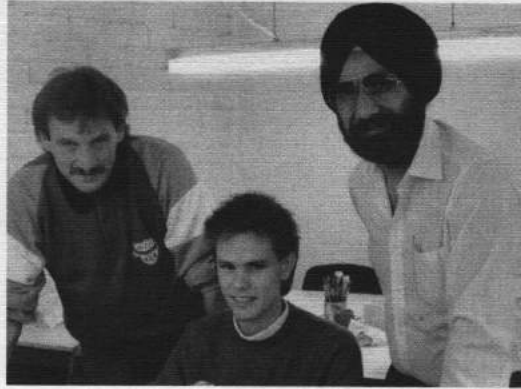
- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1103 - Stoope (sold out) | 702 - Scroll |
| 1114 - Enough is Enough | 703 - Large Bag |
| 1602 - Turfen | 704 - Small Bag |
| 2501 - Tulan | 708 - Rueggan's Workshop |
| 2601 - N'Tormet | 754 - Making A Point |
| 2801 - Gorph | 755 - Peakahoo |
| 2802 - Gorphyllia | |
| 3441 - Culpy | Fair Maiden |
| 3451 - Charcoal Cookie | 1001 - Safe Passage |
| 3932 - Gotcha | |



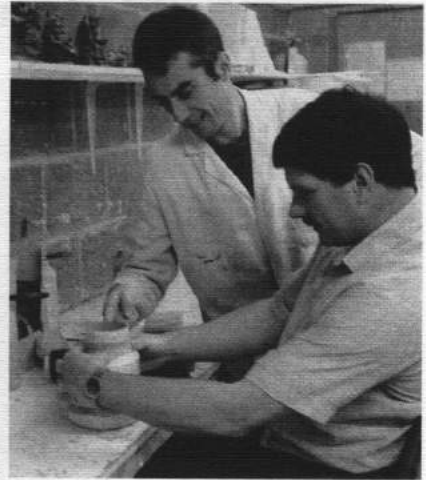
Tulan

HAPPY TENTH TO THE FACTORY!

Sometimes in all the excitement we forget the very important people who make our figurines. Located in Stoke-on-Trent England these master craftsmen provide the utmost in quality. Each person has their own specialty and without them we would not have our award-winning line. Keep up the great work!



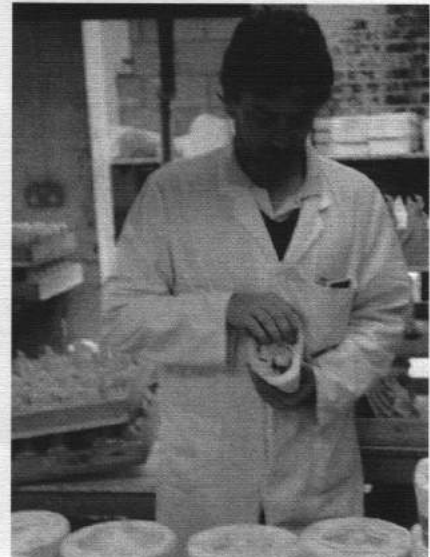
Left to right: Steve Roberts, Plant Manager; Phil Brvan, Painting Manager; Sam Chandok, MP, CEO.



Mold makers at work.



Accurate Base Gringing before felting.



Peeling a diaphragm mold.



Felting to remove mold lines.



Final Touch at the Quality Convol.

THE FAIR MAIDEN SERIES...

The third piece in this group has been released it is titled, Serenity.



Safe Passage

Next year the fourth and final piece will be introduced. We get a lot of questions about these figurines so I thought we should explain this group more thoroughly. The story behind these beautiful figurines is that the maidens are always to be protected. The animals that live in Teldor owe a great debt to the maidens. One incident involved a young dragon

who was ensnared by the neck during a rainstorm. When the rain subsided the wet vines while drying began to tighten. If a maiden had not wandered by the young dragon would have surely died. She cut the twine

from around his neck and freed him from disaster. To this day in a place where most creatures would disappear as they entered, the maidens are permanent in this land and they are always protected by its inhabitant.

Each figurine is limited to 1,000 pcs. and sits upon a wooden base with a numbered brass plaque. Faithful Companion the 1994 release is sold out. Safe Passage was the 1995 release and it is very close to selling out. Serenity has just recently been introduced. Orders are heavy and delivery has just started. The

final figurine has not yet been titled and will be released in mid-year 1997. No matter if you have one or all of these figurines they will be a most cherished part of your collection.



Faithful Companion



Serenity



EASTERN DRAGON TIME...

Many of you will be changing your clocks to reflect a time change. I believe this does not have to be done. I have just the solution for this so called time change. All you have to do is tie a bunch of ropes together, making sure the knots are tight. Tie one end to your tail the other end to your sun. Then fly as hard as you can in the opposite direction. This will pull your sun where ever you would like it. After six months just repeat the operation in the opposite direction. Now that I have solved your problem the fee will be three Charcoal Cookies.

Zanzibar

WATERBALLS, etc., etc., etc....

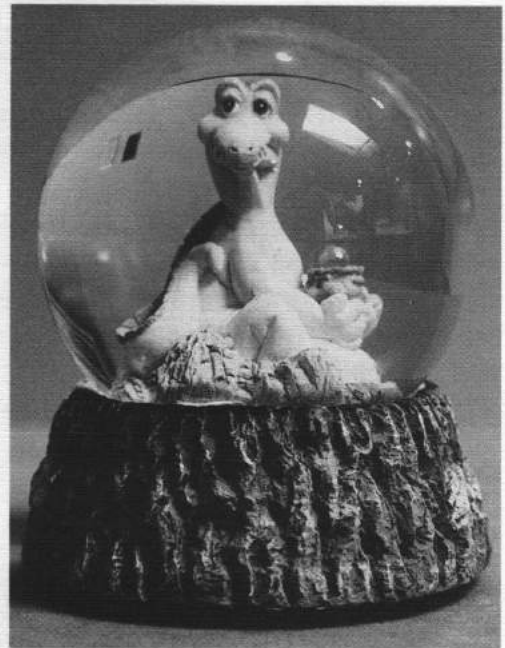
All Waterballs are now sold out. At the present time there are no new pieces planned. To all of you who took advantage of our members only waterball special we hope you enjoy the first group of musical Krystonia items ever produced.

Our two anniversary pieces Rueggan's Workshop and Gotcha have been great successes. Both are nearing sell out. Rueggan's Workshop was limited to 1,750 pcs. and Gotcha to its 1996 production. Now its time to start the next ten years. Get ready for the ride, its going to be a lot of fun.

Yes, we did change the box color. The new box color is white with brown writing. This box will take over from the gold and brown box. Our first boxes in the early years were white with a gold sticker.

Next year there will be only one redemption figurine. This year there were two to celebrate our anniversary. Make sure you don't forget to redeem for Holy Dragons and Quinzet. If you lose your certificates be sure to notify the club for replacements. This years gift "Frobbit" has turned out to be one of our most popular gifts ever. The

eight year starts on February 1, 1997.



DON'T FORGET THE PLAQUE SPECIAL...

You collectors sure know how to take advantage of a great deal. Your response to the plaque special has been tremendous. This special is available only in the U.S. and Canadian markets.

The special is as follows: Save your Krystonia receipts from **July 1st** through **November 31, 1996**. For each \$75 in receipts you may purchase one Krystonia plaque for \$9 U.S. or \$14 Canadian. You may choose up to 4 plaques per member.

All four styles are still available. They are:

- #8001 - Poffles
- #8002 - Triumph
- #8004 - Owhey
- #8006 - Graffyn on Grunch

Please make sure you let us know which plaque(s) you wish to receive when you send in your receipts. All plaques will be signed by a Krystonia Artist. Checks should be made out and mailed to the **Krystonia Collector's Club**. This is another benefit of being a member of one of the top collector's clubs in the world!

