

# The Phargol-Horn

Volume 29

Greetings friends of Krystonia. I, Turfen, Doyen of The Krystellate Obelisk set quill to parchment as yet another cycle of the seasons draws to a close and our enchanted lands lie covered beneath advancing ice sheets and drifts of wind-driven snow.

I admit to finding little cheer in these short dark days compared to the long sunlit hours of other seasons. My candle gutters and spits alarmingly in the cold draught that howls and moans beneath my door. The creak of my joints and the ache in my bones seem determined to remind my body of every Birthing Day that has passed since the first one and the sounding of the breakfast gong seems to occur at precisely the same moment that my toes manage to regain some feeling from the previous day, despite my wearing several pairs of thick stockings. At such moments, I really do envy those creatures who crawl into their burrows, leaf-drifts and tree holes as the Harvest sun weakens and loses all connection with the cold world beyond until Reawakening calls them gently back to consciousness.

If I am honest, I suppose my mood has much to do with the collapse of Rueggan's warm water heating system which, when it functions as it should, keeps The Obelisk tolerably warm through the coldest periods. Unfortunately, it appears to have sensed that this particular Winter is one of the coldest ever recorded and has chosen to protest at the lack of maintenance it has received for three-quarters of the year by refusing to work for more than half the day before grinding to a hissing, spluttering halt. Even now, I can hear muffled clatters and bangs transmitted along the network of pipes as Rueggan attempts to beat the various pumps and boilers into action. Fortunately, I cannot hear the tirade of oaths and curses which will accompany each and every failure.

In comparison to the rest of The Obelisk, Hotpot's kitchen represents an oasis of warmth. Pots and cauldrons bubble and steam, ovens glow like furnaces and fry pans spit and sizzle on the hotplaces. No doubt this explains the sudden surge of popularity amongst the Apprentices for Hotpot's Basic Cookery classes and is the true motive behind many high-ranking spellcasters developing a passionate research interest in the links between nutrition and effective spell-making. As you might imagine, finding his kitchens occupied by all manner of Obelisk residents has done little for Hotpot's temper and there have been several forceful evictions every day. Many is the Apprentice who has crawled into the narrow space between oven bottom and floor to luxuriate in the tropical heat for a few blissful moments only to receive a blow from a heavy soup ladle or a sharp jab in the ribs from a toasting fork. One of the more enterprising Apprentices actually managed to escape detection for some time by hiding in a large lidded cauldron until the sound of snoring reverberating from within eventually gave him away. It has been reported to me that Hotpot transferred the cauldron to a hotplate and weighted down the lid with several large cooking stones...

*(continued on page 2)*

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Not all inhabitants of Krystonia are so indisposed by the winter weather. This applies especially to the snow-sprites (better known as bobolls) which inhabit the lower slopes of the Kappah mountains. Of these, undoubtedly the most well known are the two irrepressible partners in mischief, Poffles and Triumph. Despite their fondness for trouble causing and inappropriate behaviour, I cannot think of this pair without smiling – such is their zest and joy for life. So, for those of you who know little of them, and for those already well acquainted with their exploits as recorded in Kephren's chronicles, I shall conclude this newsletter with a short account of them and, hopefully, when I have finished, my heart will be a little warmer even if my feet are not!

Bobolls are the only creatures which possess the ability to 'zump' – that is, vanish with an audible pop from one place and appear, often some distance away, in another. This talent no doubt evolved as a defense mechanism helping them avoid capture but, these days, despite not having any real control over either the direction or distance of the zump, tends to be used to get them into and out of places where they should not be: namely Krak N'Borg and Myzer's cabin. However, on occasion they also use it for their own brand of mischievous entertainment. There have been several accounts of Apprentices paying good cookies to Poffles and Triumph for the thrill of a high-speed toboggan ride through the foothills, relying upon the skill of the snow-sprites to steer them clear of danger, only to find their pilot vanishing with a loud pop and a fit of giggles just as the toboggan crests a near vertical slope of sheer ice that ends in a wall of deep snow. Admittedly, this trick has never resulted in any major injury to the passenger, but it does illustrate how seriously Poffles and Triumph take responsibility.

There are times when the bobolls' creative mischief does actually work in the best interest of the Great Design. I can recall one instance when a marauding snord patrol has been harassing a small outlying settlement on a nightly basis, breaking into food stores, frightening beasts and terrifying children by squealing and snorting beneath windows and generally making everyone's life miserable. Poffles and triumph, hearing of this, collected all the settlement children together and set about building a small army of snow figures. Now, in ordinary circumstances, there would be nothing unusual in this – youngster's all across Krystonia and, I suspect, in other lands as well, are fond of building snow creatures outside their windows. But those built by Poffles and Triumph were no ordinary snow creatures. Their faces were contorted into wide snarls set with rows of vicious looking icicle teeth. Their eye sockets were fitted with shards of light-reflecting flint. Finally, the snow-sprites drilled a series of small holes, inserting pieces of hollow reed into each.

When the snords came grunting and squealing towards the settlement with another night of mischief and disturbance on their minds they were suddenly confronted by the sight of the ghostly army barring their way. Several were sufficiently disconcerted by the sight of sharp ice-teeth and eyes that glinted eerily in the moonlight to refuse to go any further. One or two of the braver snords made as if to charge against the snow army but were halted almost before they began when the fearsome-looking shape began to emit terrifying humming and moaning sounds. With a collective squeal of terror the snords turned trotter and ran, never to be seen again, leaving the wind to play its strange music through the hollow reeds...

Yours in the hope that sunshine fills all your days!



## THE YEAR IS JUST FLYING

Almost all of the first group of retirements announced in February are sold out from the factory. You should check with your local dealer if there are any figurines that you haven't picked up yet that are on your wish list.

It is now time to announce the second group of retirements for 1998.



#3928 - Ottho

What a fast year! They are #3421 - Twilyght; #3602 - Small Groosh; #3701 - Mahouhda; and #1111 - Okinawathe.



#3421 - Twilyght

Along with our announced retire-

ments we feel there is a group of figurines that you should be made aware of that will sell out on their own this fall (before we had wanted them to). These figurines are #3903 - All Mine; #3910 - Learning is Gweat;

#3911 - Oh Sweet Dreams; #3913 - Welcome To Krystonia; #3914 - Checkin It Out; #3915 - Schnoogles; #3916 - Ikshar; and #3928 - Ottho.

As we mentioned in our last newsletter, some figurines will sell out unexpectedly de-



#3916 - Ikshar



#1111 - Okinawathe



#3701 - Mahouhda Baby

pending on how fast orders come in. This has so far happened on four styles recently. They are #3933 - Waldurgan; #1115 - Storyteller; #4000 - The Recorder; and #3920 - Ah Hah.

Once again, I would check your dealers to see if they have stock in any of these styles. We will try our best to keep you advised of any others that sell out unexpectedly.

## STORYTIME

You are about to read a tale of great intrigue, fascination and utter nonsense. Wait a minute...how did that last phrase get in there? Oh well, I guess the truth does creep out sometimes.

This is more than a story. It is a contest and there are no wrong answers. As a matter of fact, you are going to help write it by filling in the blanks. After you are done – enter the contest – mail us a copy of your literary masterpiece! So ready or not, here we go!

### There Is No Place Like Home *(you choose a title or make your own)*

\_\_\_\_\_ was a \_\_\_\_\_ of the highest order. Especially in his own mind. After serving many years as \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_. It was full of \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_.

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 \_\_\_\_\_. He ran directly into the oncoming entourage. Oh no, it's \_\_\_\_\_. These \_\_\_\_\_ would eat anything. His moment of happiness turned to great fear. The last time he had run into one of these they were \_\_\_\_\_ a \_\_\_\_\_. What a predicament. Fast thinking was in order. He took out his \_\_\_\_\_ and started to \_\_\_\_\_. They stopped in their tracks amazed by the \_\_\_\_\_. Then he started to \_\_\_\_\_ wildly. As they stared at the \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ carefully crept into the dense brush. The next sound you heard was the sound of feet meeting the ground as \_\_\_\_\_ ran as fast as he could to the safety of \_\_\_\_\_.

*Send U.S. entries to:*

**Krystonia Collector's Club, 125 W. Ellsworth, Ann Arbor, MI 48108**

*Send Canadian entries to:*

**Krystonia Collector's Club, 1250 Terwillegar Ave., Oshawa, Ontario, L1J 7A5**

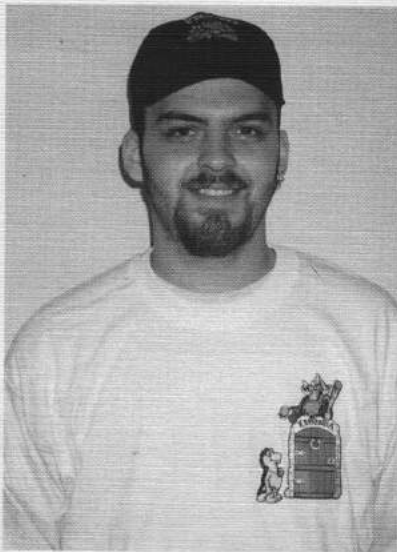
## THE BAHL ARRIVES

Who is the Bahl you may ask? Is she a figment of someone's imagination or does she really exist? These are questions that many in Krystonia would like to know the answer to. There is one thing that is for sure, the Bahl is the ninth year members only redemption figurine. She is accompanied on this piece by her henchdragon Blowhard. Blowhard is a true piece of work. He does any bidding that the Bahl may have, especially being the bellows for the Bahls steaming potions. As a matter of fact that's how he got the nickname Blowhard. It seems that whenever the Bahl is boiling a new concoction she never feels the fire is hot enough so she constantly yells blowhard. Need I say more. The gift figurine is the Bahls Cauldron. This pot has more than held some terrible mixtures, it also knows the ingredients of each one. You see, this is no ordinary pot.

Rumor has it that many years ago the Bahl had another dragon who helped her in her daily chores. One day in a fit of rage she turned him into the pot for displeasing her. She also did this so she would be able to keep her eye on him and keep her formulas safe from others ears. When you purchase the Bahl be sure to slip the Cauldron into its place so Blowhard will not meet the same fate.



## DIG OUT THOSE SHIRTS – SUMMER'S HERE!



It's warming up and time to dig out those Krystonia T-shirts and hats. At the recent collectible exposition in Edison, New Jersey, we were thrilled to see collectors wearing them into the booth. They looked pretty spiffy, if I say so myself. We saw even more at the Rosemont (Chicago) Collectible Expo held on June 27th and 28th. One question that came up was are the shirts and hats limited editions? I hadn't really thought of it but I guess you could call them special editions since they are only being produced for one run. It appears that some collectors are not wearing them but putting them with their collection for safe keeping. I understand, but we would love to see you wear them. So, here is the deal. For anyone purchasing a shirt or hat before August 30th we will pay for the postage and handling. That's a three-dollar savings on each item.

To place your U.S. order send a check to Krystonia Collectors Club, 125 W. Ellsworth, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48108. Send your Canadian order to Krystonia Collectors Club, 1250 Terwillegar Ave., Oshawa, Ontario L1J 7A5.

Hat sizes are one size fits all and shirts are medium, large, and extra large (the most popular size ordered).

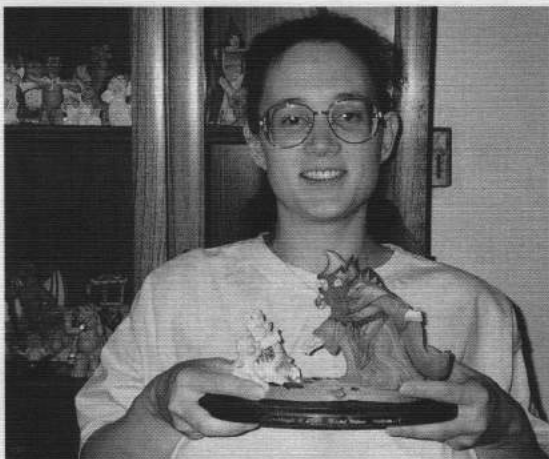
Cost for hats \$15.00 and shirts \$22.00 in the U.S.; for Canadian orders hats \$20 and shirts \$30 (plus taxes).



## WE HAVE WINNERS

It is great fun to award prizes to all you wonderful collectors. Thanks for entering the many contests. We have drawn winning entries for our latest contest and they are pictured with their prizes. Be sure to send in your stories from our STORYTIME contest in this issue. Maybe you will be one of our next winners.

Congratulations to **Kim (right)** on winning your retired **Maj-Dron Migration**. This was our second piece in the Classic Moment collection. Kim received her first figurine in 1990 for her graduation. She certainly has been busy since then. She has a mix of larger and smaller pieces to fill her cabinet and boy is it full. She says she has never won anything in her life and is very pleased that something she cherishes so much would be her first prize.



**Regina (left)** also says she has never won a contest. Her prize **Caught At Last** figurine will fit right in her collection. She says when she first started collecting all her pieces were going to be small sizes. Her first was Poffles. Well that didn't last for long as her figurines got bigger so did her

collection. Now with over a hundred figurines, everyone knows what she wants when a special occasion comes along. Her mom and husband also enjoy her collection. Mom even has her own collection.

**Sandy (right)** started collecting in 1989 and her first figure was the ever popular Poffles. When she saw Poffles she started laughing so it was an instant purchase. Her Krystonia collection has been making her smile ever since. Her collection now numbers eighty-plus figurines. Over the years Sandy says she has seen many collections but never had an urge to buy any until she found Krystonia. She intends to collect for many years to come.

