

# The Phargol-Horn

Volume 34

## *Challon's Adventure Part IV*

It had been many years since I had visited the Obelisk. As I believe I had mentioned before I much prefer my privacy. Watching all the activity made me yearn to turn and return to the quiet of the mountains. The last time I was here was when the wizards were under attack by N'Borg and I had come to offer assistance. This time my mission was very much the same. I entered the Obelisk and was immediately approached by a young apprentice. I informed him that I had urgent news for the wizard's council. He led me to a chamber door and invited me to sit. After a few moments he returned and I was called into the chamber to tell of what I had observed. Placed around a large table were many old friends. Turfen, Graffyn, Shepf, Gilbran and the prankster Haapf were just a few of those in attendance. They motioned me to the center of the room and I began to speak. I told what I had observed in great detail. There was instant alarm for two reasons. First they had never heard of N'Grodan and secondly that N'Borg was involved. This always sent a sense of alarm to everyone. There however was some relief when I informed them that it appeared that N'Grodan was well off the course he had planned and would never meet up with N'Borg's forces.

What happened next was somewhere between chaos and hilarity. Everyone had a plan of attack. Some with merit but others down right ridiculous. There was great debate. One idea had a core of Hydro-Glyphs infiltrating the invading force and playing such sweet music that the forces would fall into a permanent sleep. Then gather up and haul them away to the far ends of Krystonia. This fell apart when one of the wizards pointed out that part of the rag-tag group I had described included some Hagga-Beasts and they would most likely eat the Glyphs before they could strike a note. Other ideas went from the standard surprise attack to another sending Haapf to talk with them. Many thought that after they observed some of his goofy practical jokes they would leave on their own. Haapf did not find this humorous at all.

The wizards knew they would have to act fast yet they did not have time to round up their allies. Deception would be their idea of choice. They must make it seem that they were more in numbers than they would be. They would execute their plan under the cover of night to conceal their small numbers. An odd list of items was to be needed. Six phargol horns, twelve multi-colored streamers and fifty pair of oversized boots.

Meanwhile N'Grodan and Gracko were hopelessly lost. Gracko knew this but there was no way he would or could tell his master. After all, it was his job to guide them and anyone finding out how poorly he had done it could cause his demise. It had been a miserable trip with many desertions. Further weakening their ranks was that they had to send even more of his guard to

find the deserters. What had once been a formidable force was no longer so frightening. As nightfall came they made their camp.

The camp was in a valley surrounded by tall trees. Very little would be visible from this site. The dragon scouts had no trouble locating the encampment and I was impressed with how quick they went into action. If you could have observed the meeting you would understand what I meant. The wizards did not want to inflict physical damage but to force a hasty retreat. They wanted there to be very little reason for revenge once they chased off their adversaries.

The wizards waited until night fell and everyone was either asleep in the camp or resting comfortably by the campfires. Waiting for a sign from Graffyn, the phargol horns were placed in the middle of a group of snow-sprites led by Poffles. At the wave of his arm they started to laugh uncontrollably into the horns. It was laughter but the noise became as if a thousand raving lunatics were chattering. It carried down into the encampment. You could see instant movement as the bewildered forces sprang to their feet. The noise was deafening. At that precise moment a flying squadron of dragons moving at incredibly fast speeds flew zigzagging through the encampment with streamers attached to their tails. As the moonlight bounced off the streamers it gave the illusion that lightning was everywhere. Then you could hear what sounded like all of Krystonia on the move. It was the stamping up and down of the oversized boots. Shepf had placed a dancing spell on these boots that made them go up and down by themselves at a very fast pace. It was actually quite comical from our vantage point but not to N'Grodén's forces. Their senses of sight and hearing were both under attack and now they feared they were about to be overrun by a huge force of raving whatever. Even N'Grodén was taken in. His troops began to scatter in all directions. It was impossible to control them. Someone yelled "The end is near, run for your lives." It appeared to be Gracko. The last I saw of Gracko there seemed to be a very angry wizard chasing him yelling that he was going to make him regret the day he left his egg. In a relatively short time the camp was deserted. Whatever could not be carried easily was left behind. To ensure they did not stop, the dragons flew after them with their streamers still glistening like lightening bolts. The plan had worked. The only disappointment was that the wizards would like to have known what N'Borg had in mind when he met with N'Grodén.

We returned to Obelisk in a joyous mood. Once again one of N'Borg's plots had gone down to defeat. As for me, I had been too long in this environment. In the middle of the festivities I crept away quietly. My duty was done and it was time for me to make my way home. This would very well be my last trip into what many would call civilization. So I leave you with this thought. There are mysteries that can be solved, and stories that can be told but when a wise man wants not to be found there is very little that can be done.

Good Bye,

Challon



## A QUESTION OR TWO OR THREE OR FOUR.....

It has been awhile since we have done this and evidently too long, since we have more inquiries than we can answer in this issue. We would like to take a moment and address some of the latest batch of questions. These are some of the ones we are being asked the most. I am having a self-proclaimed expert to assist me. You guessed it – Hottlepottle. Why me?

**Q.** What is the Wizards Council?

**A.** This is a group of dealers that should be able to assist you in all your Krystonia needs. This list will be added to and deducted from over time. They will also be given special figurines that can only be sold by them. The first of these figurines is called the Obelisk. This is a very detailed figurine of the place that contains the chamber where the wizards hold their meetings. It will be one of the most limited figurines we have ever produced and it is an important centerpiece for the Krystonia collection. It is sized to fit in with all sizes of the collection and will be limited to 1,000 pieces. Wizards Council stores tend to carry a good selection and most have been with Krystonia for many years. A listing of these dealers is available to you by request.

**Q.** Will there still be other dealers where I can Krystonia?

**A.** Yes, we will be publishing a list of authorized dealers soon. This will also be available by request and included in a future newsletter and on our web-site once up.

**Q.** Can a dealer who is not an authorized dealer be able to redeem my certificate for my members' only figurine?

**A.** Starting in March only authorized dealers will be able to order your redemption figurine for you. If you do not have one close by, you may mail it to an authorized dealer, or the Krystonia Collector Club and we will work with a dealer to get your figurine for you.

**Q.** Why do some of the figurines seem to be lighter in weight?

**A.** The better the cold cast porcelain that is used to make the figurine, the lighter the weight will be. You will probably notice also that the design of some of the figurines is much more open. This makes the designs more elaborate and we can leave more open area to make the looks more realistic. A good example of this is the Encounter. Notice that the wings are more widespread and the balloon is made separately and attached.

**Q.** Where is the web-site?

**A.** It will be up soon. You will be able to review new introductions, read the newsletter, join the club, and many other benefits.

**Q.** I would like to see more limited editions, when can we expect this will happen?

**A.** This is already happening. You will no longer see very many designs in the 15,000 limit or open edition range. Most figurines including those in the \$30.00 and below price area will be

limited to 10,000 pieces or less. Some editions will be only 2,500 pieces. This will mean that no longer will a figurine be on the market for a long amount of years before retiring. It will also mean that some characters will retire with shorter notice depending on how quickly you are purchasing them.

**Q.** Will you be re-introducing older characters from the stories?

**A.** Yes, but in totally new poses. This will allow us to keep the characters alive and at the same time give brand new looks to some of your favorites.

**Q.** Who is the best cook in all of Krystonia? Wait a minute, this is a loaded question. I really have my suspicions on this one, but I guess we have to answer it. Go ahead Hotpot, give it your best shot.

**A.** Modesty would prevent some people from answering this, but not me. I have never found a better chef than myself. Believe me I have looked near and far. I did, on one occasion, find someone that may have had potential but he had a terrible accident while cooking. While brewing a huge pot of Suganherb stew he found himself having to climb on top of a large boulder to be able to stir it. Unfortunately someone, I can't imagine who, had poured a rather slippery substance across its top. As he started to stir he lost his balance and became completely submerged. I tried to save him but I had put on a new gown that I had won at a cook-off and it would have been spoiled. Poor chap. I guess cooking every day was really killing him. Next question.

**Q.** Why did my club membership number change?

**A.** When our club computer crashed it would no longer let us transfer over from our saved disc. Each name had to be put back in manually. It assigned new numbers automatically and would not let us change them.

**Q.** I missed the ninth year of the club because I did not get my renewal in the mail. Can I still join?

**A.** Yes. When the club crashed some people may not have gotten their renewal in the mail. We made some extra pieces so we can still let those members join for the ninth year. Please send your request in as soon as possible while we have stock.

**Q.** What is going to be the gift for the eleventh year?

**A.** I don't want to let the proverbial cat out of the bag, but it is a pretty involved design that I think will be one of your favorites. It involves three characters and a bit of mischief.

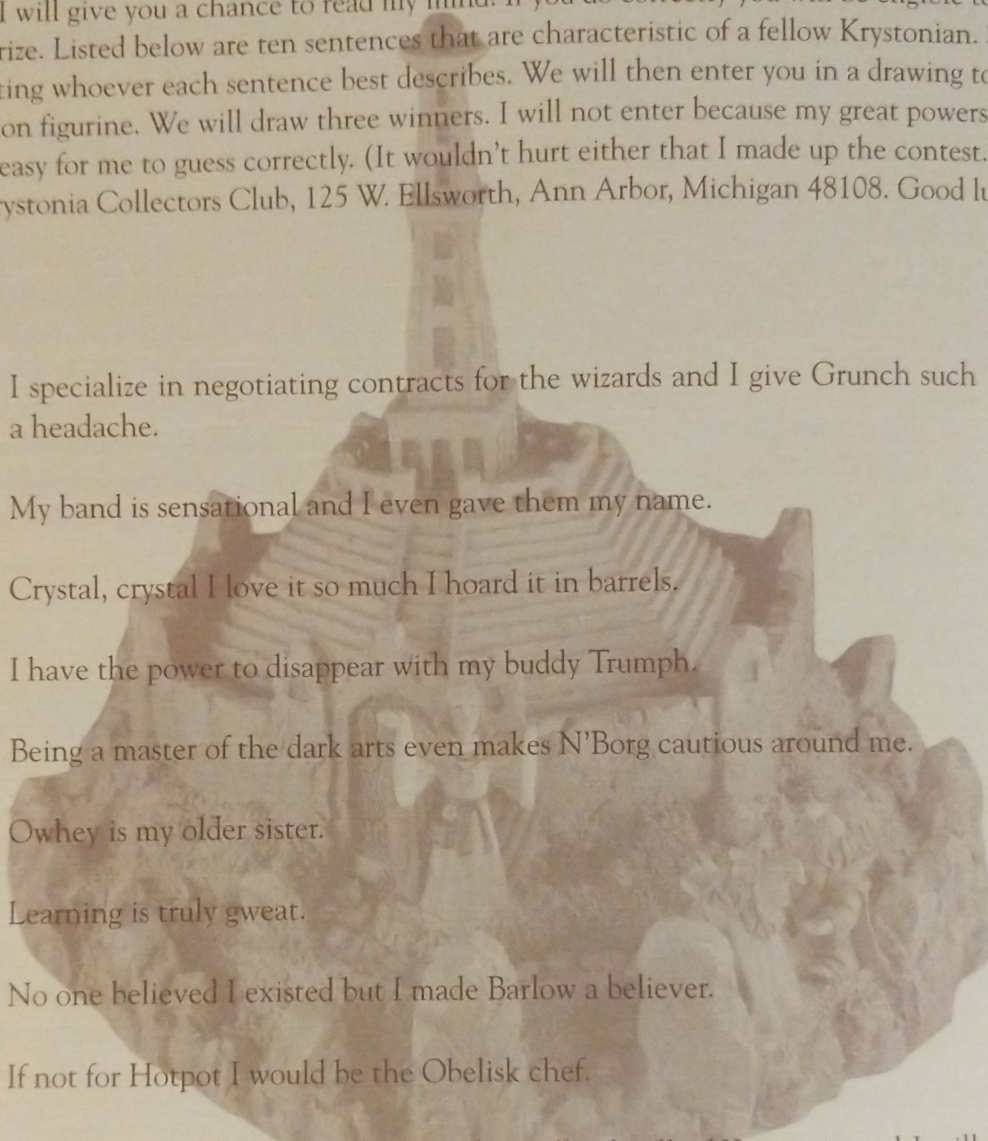
**Q.** Is it true that the only thing bigger than Hotpot's super large melting pot is his ego?

**A.** I will answer this for Hotpot. No, there is nothing bigger than his ego.

Please mail in your questions and we will answer them in an upcoming newsletter.

## WHO AM I?

Come one, come all and share in the spotlight with Stoope the Stupendous. I am a magician who truly knows it all. Among my many talents is telling the future. I once foretold that a great pain was about to befall me and behold within minutes I walked directly into a large boulder. Need I say more? Now I will give you a chance to read my mind. If you do correctly you will be eligible to win a wonderful prize. Listed below are ten sentences that are characteristic of a fellow Krystonian. Send a post card listing whoever each sentence best describes. We will then enter you in a drawing to win a limited edition figurine. We will draw three winners. I will not enter because my great powers would make it too easy for me to guess correctly. (It wouldn't hurt either that I made up the contest.) Send entries to Krystonia Collectors Club, 125 W. Ellsworth, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48108. Good luck.

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1. I specialize in negotiating contracts for the wizards and I give Grunch such a headache.
  2. My band is sensational and I even gave them my name.
  3. Crystal, crystal I love it so much I hoard it in barrels.
  4. I have the power to disappear with my buddy Triumph.
  5. Being a master of the dark arts even makes N'Borg cautious around me.
  6. Owhey is my older sister.
  7. Learning is truly gweat.
  8. No one believed I existed but I made Barlow a believer.
  9. If not for Hotpot I would be the Obelisk chef.
  10. Once I get rid of those pesky wizards I will rule all of Krystonia and I will cast the spell to have the winter of no end.

## LOOKING FORWARD TO TOMORROW

It all started with nineteen figurines and a book. Now almost fifteen years, four books, and over two hundred figurines later, Krystonia looks into the millennium. It seems very proper for a line created about a race living in the future. There have been good wizards and bad, happy dragons and sad. A large group of supporting creatures have been around too. Trolls, bobolls, myzers and snow creatures just to name a few. Battles have happened, love affairs bloomed and even magic acts have filled our stories. One clear message has always ringed true. It must be fun.

Along the way there have been mistakes and surprises. Where did Hottlepottle's utensil go? Why did Vena's hair color change and Boll retire so soon? What does Challon mean when he talks of joining Root? It must have fun and mystery with a little magic thrown in. The magic begins when a figurine finds a home. The fun is everywhere, in the stories, the characters and the collectors. As we prepare for the new millennium, we look back but also ahead to tomorrow. Together we travel a bridge that crosses from reality to fantasy and guides us as we discover even more mysteries about Krystonia in the year 2000 and beyond.

Have great holidays,  
Dave, Pat and Rubin

