

The Phargol-Horn

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The Dragon Master

It is indeed an honor. The Dragon Master was coming to town. It has been many years since we had seen him, having to settle for only hearing stories of his events. His reputation as one of the most magnificent illusionist is well deserved. They say he can control even the most savage beast with the simple wave of his hand. His magic stirs the imagination in all of us.

The Dragon Master dictates all the terms for his appearances and even a mild deviation can be cause for cancellation. He arrives on a flowing magic carpet that when it touch's the ground there is not a sound to be heard. A special tent is set up that no light or eyes are able to penetrate. A table of the finest delicacies of the region is placed inside. Never is there allowed to be two of the same item or an empty spot. The tastiest of nectars are provided flowing from ornate vessels. Soothing music is to be played outside his tent from the moment he arrives until the time of his departure. As you can see his love for the finer things is obvious.

He says he holds little value for material objects yet his attire speaks differently. His robes are of many colors and the finest material. The dragons embroidered into his cap and apron immediately announce who he is. Even his flying carpet looks as if it has never seen a harsh day.

His fee to attend is small. One wrapped parcel of food per person. These usually consist of herbal delights, baked goods or exotic brews. Everyone creates their best recipe with the hope that others will hear of its incredible taste. After the show is over they are wrapped so he may take them with him. These gifts give him the liberty to travel where he wishes and have no need to search for provisions.

He designates who his audience will be. For this appearance it will be the dragons of Carin Tor. They are thrilled to say the least.

In Carin Tor there are two ways to get word around. One is to tell Zanzibar, the other is to post a notice on the delivery office door. This time the latter has been chosen. It read:

By the last glistening of the day as the twin moons appear magic will surround all those who attend a special presentation. The Dragon Master will perform magic, cast spells and recite incantations. To attend you must be a dragon and reside in Carin Tor. Identification will be checked and any trying to sneak in will be dealt with in the harshest of terms. Admittance fee is one wrapped delicacy. The presentation will take place in the clearing of Candlenook. Entry will be at the third bush left of the Hagas tree. Late arrivals will be admitted only when a session is not in progress and applause has been completed. Many dream of such an invitation but few are chosen. Be prepared for the wonder of a lifetime.

The only noise louder than the buzzing of excitement was the clanking of heads as many rushed to read the notice. This would give the dragons something to brag about. How jealous the wizards will be.

Candlenook is not a large place so it was important that the dragons of Carin Tor made sure they would be able to keep imposters out. Being in a secluded area it could be hard to find. It was probably chosen by the Dragon Master for this reason. This way there would be no surprises.

Since identification was required there had to be a way to tell who could attend. A special dye was mixed to which a large roll of material was dipped. There was little chance that this color had been ever created before due to its multitude of colors and its sheer ugliness. The excess liquid was then dumped on the ground after its use. Small strips 3" wide by 6" long were cut from the material, ninety eight pieces in total.

On the morning of the show every dragon was to line up in front of Grunch's cave. There they would have one of the strips tied to their tail. A sample of the cloth would be given to Gaavel who would be at Candlenook handling admittance. If the strip of cloth on the dragon's tail matched his sample it would be removed and they would be allowed to enter.

Groosh was put in charge so there would some order. The dragons started lining up the previous night. Few problems occurred with the exception of someone trying to sneak in line. One dragon was turned away. He had renounced his citizenship long ago. It was N'Grall. As they stood paw to paw you could see the heat from their nostrils. N'Grall looking about noticed that he was badly outnumbered and this would be a battle best fought another day. He flew away leaving a trail of smoke behind him.

The following morning it looked as though every dragon in Carin Tor was lined up in front of Grunch's cave. It was obvious that there were way more than ninety eight dragons. Not only did they have only so many strips of cloth but only a certain amount could fit in the clearing of Candlenook. Needless to say there was going to be some disappointment.

As Grunch left his cave he climbed upon a rock and looked out at the crowd. He either had too many dragons or too few strips of paper depending on how you looked at it. As quickly as his fears had mounted they disappeared. As the dragons looked at each other something wonderful happened. The more mature dragons begin to step aside. Some had seen the Dragon Master before and would love to have seen him again but their hearts took over. The line became much shorter and there were enough ribbons for all. One by one they had the ribbons tied to their tales. Jumbly was the last to receive a ribbon. He was so excited he must have turned a hundred dragon wheels. It made him so tired that he went off to take a quick nap.

Candlenook was quite a distance and not very easy to find. Groosh had the dragon's link arms and off they went. They snaked around the trees, over the hills, and through the streams. At last they were there. It was a good thing they were so tightly controlled or who knows how many would have wondered off. Their ribbons were checked by Graavel and then admitted. Shadra looked for Jumbly. He was nowhere in sight.

When Jumbly awoke he was alone. Looking around quickly he knew something was wrong. Panicking he ran into the woods in the general direction where he assumed Candlenook was.

Krystonia is a land of ever changing climates and in the blink of an eye it can go from being bright and beautiful to dark and rainy. Some blame this on the many spells cast by N'Borg but for whatever the reason it was a usual occurrence. As the white flakes filled the air and the temperature started to plummet Jumbly started looking for a safe haven.

He saw a cave at the top of a hill. Shivering from the cold he hoped the storm would not last long. After entering the cave to his surprise he realized he was not alone.

His companion was a wizard he had seen before at the Obelisk. Obviously he was a man of few words as all he seemed to do was occasionally stick his arm out of the cave to check the weather. Jumbly started to tell the wizard of his situation and how he did not want to miss the show. The wizard listened compassionately. As an apprentice he had been to Candlenook many times. He would guide him there. As the weather lifted they were on their way.

Back at the show Shadra was demanding that someone go back and check on Jumbly. She was pushier than usual, if you can imagine that. The last time she had seen him he was asleep. She feared he had not joined in the procession.

Groosh and Spyke were quite tired from the trek to Candlenook. Part of the fatigue was from trying to keep ninety seven young dragons from wondering off. They didn't know how they would muster the strength to backtrack.

The Dragon Master could not miss hearing all the commotion. He had a solution. He would loan them his magic carpet. Groosh thought cool, but Spyke was not so excited. The idea of being up there and not in control seemed a little freaky to him. His philosophy was if items were meant to fly they would have wings.

With some reservations he climbed upon the magic carpet with Groosh and Graavel. Off they flew. Groosh stood looking over the area ahead. Graavel grabbed a blanket as it gets quite cool so high up. What Spyke had feared came to reality. Lying on his back he could barely peek over to see the ground below.

They carefully surveyed the ground below but to no avail. As darkness set in they returned to the event area. Disappointed they climbed off the carpet to report their findings. They were pleasantly surprised with what they saw. There set Jumbly next to Shadra enjoying the wonderful entertainment.

Next edition: the Dragon Master Performs



Who's who?

You ever have trouble putting a name with a face? How about matching a person with a description? Good luck!

- #3995 **Safe Haven** Jumbly is surprised by a sudden blizzard. He is not the only one as a wizard also has found a safe haven. Checking the weather they are both anxious to be on their way.
- #3996 **The Dragon Master** He is an extraordinary magician but his powers go much beyond that. The simple wave of a hand may conquer an adversary. It is an honor to see him work.
- #3997 **Wide Awake** There is very little chance that anyone will fall asleep when the Dragon Master is performing.
- #3998 **Krizzella** What a special night, a magic show and a gift from Koozl. He modeled it after his best friend.
- #3999 **Griffin** How he sits in this position for so long is amazing. He has not moved a muscle.
- #4004 **Dazzled** She is fascinated. Her eyes miss nothing.
- #4005 **What Fun** Although no one can see him Poffles has crashed the party. Being able to be invisible does have certain advantages.

