

The Phargol-Horn

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Sweet Music

I have only visited the Shadi-Sampi, the home of the Hydro Glyphs, on a few occasions. The reasons are fairly simple and I would like to share them with you. They may be of use to you if you ever decide to go there.

It is very difficult to travel across, as there is no trail to follow. One misstep and you will find yourself neck deep in quicksand or buried in a bog. Just seeing one of the many different slithering serpents that inhabits its waters sends shivers up my spine. If bitten the slow death that follows is spoken of in very unpleasant detail. As you can tell I was a bit nervous about the prospect of visiting again but this time I very much wanted to.

The first time I had visited I was in the company of Tallac and the Gadazorri. The Gadazorri are amazing seafarers and traders. They had gone to the Shadi to show beautiful bolts of cloth in hopes of trading with the Hydro Glyphs. I remember we had to switch to smaller boats to be able to make our way down the narrow streams after entering the wide opening from the sea. Even then it took strong arms and the great expertise of the oarsmen to allow us to slowly creep along.

This time I was dropped off at a designated area where a member of the Hydro Glyphs would meet me. Although I was a bit worried about the prospect of being left alone even for a short time the excitement of my visit overrode my concerns for my personal safety. The Hydro's are truly wonderful and their life so enchanting. Just being in their presence makes you feel fifty years younger. (You probably have noticed that I have abbreviated their name and home. I do not believe they would mind since their lifestyle is so laid back. Please do not take this as arrogant as I mean no disrespect.)

Two Gadazorri escorted me to my rendezvous. The trip there was very much as I remembered the first. Low hanging tree branches constantly banged against our skeats. An occasional serpent popped their head out of the water as we passed and just as quickly disappeared into the murky water. It was as if they were giving their approval to our passing. I fear to think what may have happened if they had decided that we were not welcome.

When I arrived at my destination it was illuminated by a familiar soft green light. It was the same light I remember from before. As in my first visit a feeling of calm overcame me. I was so

excited that I moved quickly to jump from the Skeat to dry land. A bit too quickly, as we were still quite a way from solid ground. As my foot left the Skeat I lost my balance and fell face first into the water. The water tasted like I can only imagine a troll's bath water. The trolls are not known to bathe regularly so maybe I am being a little unfair to the river water.

A long hooked pole attached itself to the back of my robe and lifted me into the air. Thankfully the Gadzorri had strong arms or I might have taken another dip. The last few yards to shore I looked like a flag flapping in the air. The moss that stuck to my beard gave me the look of a swamp creature.

A soft laughter could be heard coming from the trees ahead. Instead of being angry I burst out myself. I must have looked a mess. Music began to fill the air. The sound of harps, chimes, and violins in perfect pitch formed a symphony of serenity. A form entered through a mist. I could hardly see with my eyes still partially covered with muck. When I could focus I realized it was my old friend Boll, king of the Hydro Glyphs. Behind him stood the lovely queen Vena.

He had been most kind when I had visited in the past. As is their custom he offered me a cup of nectar. The tiny cup of nectar had the same effective it had on me so long ago. I immediately felt joyous and full of energy. My legs felt like that of a much younger wizard and my heart was full of joy. I danced; I sang and laughed until my sides hurt. To this day I do not know what the nectar contains. Whatever the content if it can bring that much peace I know of one evil wizard who it would do a world of good if he would just partake of it.

After regaining my composure I thanked Boll for the invitation. Never had an outsider been invited to a Hydro Glyph bonding ceremony and I was going to attend the event. How very exciting this was going to be.

Since it was now getting late and the moons were starting to drift into place I was put up by the Hydro Glyphs for the night. The ceremony was to be held at first light in the morning. My accommodations were not what I was used to.

A large woven mat hung suspended from a tree was my bed. It reminded me of a cocoon. You entered it by going to its top and sliding in. I climbed up the tree branches to position my entry. While it seemed very strange to me it was quite logical for them. In this position they would not damage their wings, as they could fold comfortably around them. When they rose in the morning they would untie the rope holding it together at the bottom and slowly slide out. Their wings would spread open before they hit the ground. This worked great if you have wings. For an old wizard with none the ground came much too fast and the thump made quite a sound.

I had packed my finest garments but it was no contest for what I was to witness. In the clearing my eyes were in for a tremendous treat. Both the males and females were dressed in breathtaking fabrics. Their gowns were fantastic. With their gentle features and beautiful outfits they were truly a sight to see. If this was any preview of what was to come I was in for a treat.

The music that was so frequently in the air went silent. This was a big disappointment as it is the most pleasing music I have ever encountered. My disappointment was short lived. The chimes started followed by the pipes. In perfect pitch the horns and harps came alive. Then two Hydro's drifted in from opposite directions finding their way beside a small pond. It amazed my how their wings made no noise as if they and the air were one.

The female set on a rock and placed her feet into the water. The male stood next to her. Another Hydro Glyph approached him with an embroidered pouch. Reaching inside the male removed an instrument. It was a violin made of the finest wood I had ever seen. Placing it on his shoulder he began to play. All other music stopped and the only sounds that could be heard were the sweet strings as the bow moved across them. As he played the females wings slowly began to spread and they began to flutter. She began to rise slightly from the rock. The crowd began to cheer. She continued to rise until she was directly above him. He put down the violin and reach up to join hands. His wings spread and they began to fly. They flew two circles above the cheering crowd and then disappeared among the beautiful greenery that surrounded us.

It was a beautiful ceremony but frankly I was not sure what had taken place and I sought out Boll for an explanation of what had happened. He said he would be more than happy to explain what each step meant. Since I had never witnessed any ceremonies outside of the Scampi I was curious on how they compared. I started to tell him about a troll wedding but when I got to the mud wrestling part he suggested that it may be best that we have this discussion another time. I must admit it did seem to tarnish the beauty of what I had just witnessed. Boll started to explain what I had just seen.

By flying in from opposite directions to meet each other the Hydro Glyphs had signified that their intentions were to be together. But that was not enough. By placing her feet in the water, which is not a solid surface, she was showing that she was willing to start anew. The music that he played was an original composition created by him just for the ceremony. It will never be played again. How the female Hydro Glyph receives it determines the intensity of her feelings for him. Her heart will dictate this. The music must find its way there. If he has done his best she will know it and her wings will spread and raise her from the rock. If she remains seated the relationship is not meant to be.

I was so honored to be the first non-Hydro Glyph to witness this ceremony and while quite short it had great beauty. I guess some things don't always have to take a great amount of time to have a lasting effect. A moment of beauty can last forever.

Rueggan

Six for Spring

If you read the feature story you will find out about **Sweet Music**. It is a salute to spring and the many weddings and engagements that occur. Yes, in Krystonia there are a vast amount of unions that take place. Each sect has their own customs and ways that they are united. Some are quite humorous while others are very sincere and proper.

The most outlandish are the trolls. Where arm pinning is a staple among many other contests. If the male wins the wedding is off. For most the beauty of the Hydro Glyphs ceremony is what they prefer to learn of. To each his own.

The theme of the other five introductions is the Nursery. It is a virtual madhouse. Kaos rules supreme. Flayla and her sisters run it. You will notice that most that go there have diapers, meaning they are quite young. In our next newsletter we will tell you all about it. For now we will introduce the new figurines. They are **Easy As ABC**, **Bang Chakalakka**, **Ride-em Dragon**, **Bearly Visible** and **Mercy Me**. (P.S. You will not see any more diapers in Krystonia for a while. Maybe never.)

The new figurines are at your local Krystonia dealer and view them at krystonia.net.

2004 Club Figurines

The Traveling Companions have it all, a wizard, a dragon and a story. These are surely the ingredients for fun. Add a lantern, another dragon and a toolbox and the story becomes even larger. Read on as it unfolds.

Wizards come in all shapes and types. Some are quite and seek to find their place. These are called wanderers. They like to make their home under the stars and are often referred to as wizards of all trades. One this way is Humul. That all changed one day.

While traveling through the forest of Klan he heard voices behind a clump of trees. Being afraid that it may be some Mugrah's looking to rob him he careful approached and looked behind them. To his surprise were only two small dragons. He started to leave but something did not seem right. There was no older dragon anywhere in sight. It was getting dark and the youngsters were obviously afraid. He decided to approach them. The look in their eyes showed great relief. He asked where their family was. They went on to explain that they had been separated during a terrible storm and had not seen them since in three days.

He couldn't very well leave. He decided to take them with him with the hope of finding their parents. Their little legs would never keep up so he let them hitch a ride in his toolbox. Since then they have been constant Traveling Companions.

When you renew your membership this year you will receive the toolbox. The Traveling Companions will be this year's redemption figurine. Packed with the Traveling Companions is a lantern. The lantern is a bonus figurine that you receive when you redeem.