

The Phargol-Horn

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No Time to Waste

(Final chapter)

Unlike the skipping departure of Koozl, Zanzibar took off running as fast as his legs would let him when leaving the Obelisk. What a difference there is in these two. This lasted for quite some time but his pace eventually took its toll. He had to make camp early that night as he just plain ran out of energy. When he awoke the next morning he realized he needed to pace himself much more carefully.

You should realize that the meaning of the word pace like many others carries a different meaning to different people. To Zanzibar this meant more like a fast jog. Although he was not told the purpose of his mission he knew it was of the utmost importance.

The first part of his route much like Koozl's, was pretty uneventful. He actually found the scenery quite lovely. The hills were alive with the sounds of nature. To a young dragon who spends many hours wondering about the countryside this did not seem terribly different than what often filled his day. That was until he came to the river of Novus.

Zanzibar's only knowledge of this river was what he had learned of in his history class. Rumors had it that many strange creatures inhabited the river and its banks. Although he was more of a show me before I believe it dragon, he still felt a little nervous about what might be lurking in these waters.

Apparently he must have steered off course in his search for Shigger or he wouldn't even have had to deal with this river. The original route planned for him was over completely dry land. Zanzibar as is the case for all dragons knew that swimming was not exactly his strong suit. For the usually confident young dragon this was an awkward moment. He decided to do an experiment to help determine how to confront this river.

First he would try to find out how deep the river was. He looked for a small sharp rock. Then locating a vine hanging from a tree he sawed a long strand loose. Next he found a heavier larger rock. Zanzibar took the large rock and tied the vine securely around it. Holding the other end tightly in his hand he would toss the end that was tied to the rock into the middle of the river. Zanzibar would then try to determine how deep the river was by pulling the vine back to him and seeing how much of the vine was wet after deducting the distance from the shore from his toss distance. (I know you thought there would be no math.) Do you feel this would be accurate?

At the last minute he decided that to insure the vine did not slip from his hand he would tie that end around his waste. He drew his arm back and tossed the rock towards the center of the river. It hit with a loud splash and sunk quickly. The rope tightened and an unexpected surprise occurred. Zanzibar was pulled into the river.

The current was very brisk and Zanzibar immediately found himself moving quickly down the river. He fought to keep his head above the water. Occasionally he would be submerged completely underneath the water and during one on these times he discovered what was happening. When he had tossed the rock in the river instead of sinking completely to the bottom the vine had wrapped itself around a tree limb floating along the river.

Zanzibar was now a captive of whatever the limbs route was to be. His mind raced into panic mode mostly creating bad possibilities. What if he ran into a school of the dreaded river crawlers? Their sharp claws would make him easy prey. Oh no, shredded Zanzibar. It sounded like a morning food.

What if the log became tangled with other river debris? He had to find some way to get loose but the more he struggled the more the wet vine tightened around him.

His worse fear was about to be realized. Suddenly he was jerked in a downward motion. He could see through the water that the branch had now become lodged onto another larger object. It appeared to be part of a sunken boat. Zanzibar was pulled lower and lower as the vine wrapped itself around the object. He could no longer hold his breath and at that point he evidently passed out. Do not get discouraged for this was not to be Zanzibar's time.

A bright light hurt his eyes and the large blanket felt very heavy to him. He felt his heart skip a beat as a pair of large glowing eyes appeared above him. Then there came another set of eyes. Zanzibar glanced about. He appeared to be in a cave filled with these large eyed individuals. In a blast of what can only be described as verbal gibberish he tried to ask who they were, where he was and what had happened to the small backpack that he had carried. There was no answer.

Once again he tried to start a conversation but no answer came. How rude he thought, forgetting how grateful he should be to still be with the living. He wrestled out of the blanket and headed in the direction of a door. No one attempted to stop him.

He had to use all his strength to pull it open and to his surprise when the door opened he saw nothing but water in front of him. Yet not one drop flowed into the cave.

This was very puzzling. He turned and asked how this could be but again no answer. He then noticed that although they had big eyes the creatures had no ears, noses or mouths. As Zanzibar started to shut the door it flew out of his hands and slammed shut. The outward pressure from the inside of the cave was incredibly strong.

These odd creatures must have understood his urgency to leave as one took him by the hand and led him to a cocoon shaped pod. They motioned for him to lay down inside and laced it together around him. Ordinarily he would had put up a fight but Zanzibar saw no reason as he was outnumbered by 100 to 1. Anyway his heart was heavy as he knew his mission had failed. He had lost the scroll. Even if he hadn't it would have disintegrated when the water touched it.

Once loaded into the pod they carried it to a long tube where he was placed. His fear was now easing as he realized that if they meant him harm it would have already happened. They sealed the tube and attached an item that looked like an air hose to its bottom. Zanzibar could feel the pressure build inside. He looked at these strange creatures who had saved him from the river and winked one eye. They in turn did a series of different blinks with both eyes. This must have been how they communicated. The next thing he knew he was traveling up the tube at a great speed and then was airborne.

Zanzibar wrestled with the stitches of the pod and they finally came apart. He found himself laying on dry land. The pod had flown out quite hard and had bounced off several trees. Surprisingly he had no injuries, at least until he tripped over something causing him to fall on his tail. Incredibly it was his backpack. He was overjoyed. What were the chances of this happening?

He had no idea how the backpack got to this location. It was in good shape with the exception of some claw marks on its side. He tried to remember the last time that he saw it. When he had went to tie the vine around his waist he had set the backpack on the ground at his feet. Inside were his food rations along with the scroll and a few other items. This must have made it an attractive parcel for animals who lived in the area. As a matter of fact he had to chase off several on the early part of his journey. No creature could resist the smell of Grickles sponge cakes. He opened it carefully and his sigh of relief was all you needed to hear to know the results. The scroll was still there. The edges had been nibbled on but overall it was still intact.

Although Zanzibar's luck had not been good for a while it was about to take turn for the better.

"Hello there," came a voice from the river. It made Zanzibar jump right out of his tracks. He twirled to see who else would be in this remote area. It was Kralic. Once again Zanzibar had trouble matching his mouth to his brain. It took Kralic a few minutes to get him under control. When he did Zanzibar explained about his mission and search for Shigger.

Kralic and Shigger were great friends and Kralic had just seen Shigger a few weeks back. He informed Zanzibar that Shigger was headed into the badlands and wouldn't be able to be located for months. Zanzibar's jaw fell open with the news.

Kralic paused and asked to see the scroll. Zanzibar handed the scroll to Kralic. He read the question to himself. "Where does Kralic consider his home?" it read. "My raft," said Kralic. Immediately the secret message appeared on the scroll. Kralic read it closely. After he read it he dropped it into the river. The scroll desintegrated.

"I have good news for you" he said. Zanzibar walked over to Kralic who was still seated on his raft. Kralic lifted up the top of a chest that was sitting in its center. It was filled with crystal. Powerful crystals that he had been given by Shigger.

"Hop aboard, we have a mission to complete" Kralic said and off to the Obelisk they sailed. Zanzibar perched on its front as the lookout. It took three days and under the cover of night they carried the chest to the Obelisk where they were met by some very excited wizards. The Obelisk was back in business and most of Krystonia will never know how close it came to falling under N'Borg's vicious rule.

Kephren
The Recorder

Krystonia Turns 20!!!!!!!

We gave birth in 1987. Our childhood years were the late eighties and early nineties. Then we made it through puberty. Our teenage years were tough as we experienced many different changes. Now we enter adulthood.

If you look at our characters some reflect each of these areas. There is a quite a bit of difference in how we measure age. For instance birth is not an exact time. In the case of the dragons, an egg hatches at its own pleasure and just because you reach a hundred years does not mean you are old. I want to take a moment and reflect on some figurines that are a possible match to show our aging compared to theirs.

Birth-

In the dragons case it starts with an egg. Some that come to mind are Tokkel, All Mine, and A Big Yawn.

Childhood-

Culpy, Charcoal Cookie, Hulbert, Oh Sweet Dreams and Ah Hah come to mind. I will skip puberty for obvious reasons. No sane person goes there.

Teenage years-

These are numerous but a few are Shadra, Jumbly, Zanzibar and Pultzr.

Adulthood-

Klip, Zygmund, N' Leila and a young Azael are representative of this group.

There is one group we have left out. Let us say they are mature.

This group is led by Graffyn and a large pack of wizards. Grunch, Flayla and Gurneyfoot are few dragons of aged aspects.

One who we have not mentioned but we will pay dubious respect to in this group is N'Borg.

That is a little about us. How about you? What memories are tied between your families and Krystonia over the last twenty years? Drop us a line.

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