

The Phargol-Horn

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The Log Sitters

Krystonia is a land rich in many ways. One of these ways is it's inhabitants. They come in all sizes, shapes and looks. Reminds me of a bag of marbles I once had. Although they varied in every way they still were held together by the bag that contained them. Why do I mention marbles? I'm not sure, my mind seems to open itself to thoughts that have very little to do with what I started to talk about. I prefer to think that it adds color, others claim it only adds time.

Many Krystonian's are members of clans or diverse cultures. Some clans are quite different while others seem to differ in name only. The environment that surrounds them is most likely the reason for the way they are but for others it is difficult to explain. Whatever the reason it is a melting pot of personalities whose paths often cross. This is reflected in our story.

Okinowathe exited slowly from his mountain dwelling. It was cool on this particular morning. A fog surrounded him since the warm temperature of his body varied greatly from the cool mountain air. His tall strong body moved quite gracefully for someone so large. Okinowathe's body is mostly covered by long soft fur with the exception of a few small areas. The race that he comes from had at one time been considered extinct. Over the years there had been reported sightings but they could never be confirmed. Evidence of their existence would appear in large footsteps or loud noises that echoed throughout the valleys that reminded some of a wounded animal. These signs added even more to the mystery that surrounded the Okinowathe clan.

Over the years and after Barlow of the Om-ba-Don established a relationship with them the Okinowathe became less wary of other in Krystonian's. They became great allies of the Obelisk. You would assume that nothing scares these creatures because of their large size. They are very strong and can move a boulder with an ease that seems effortless. They had a side that no one expected. The phrase gentle giant comes to mind. Still it is best that you not raise their anger. Then you could see a firestorm that most are ill prepared for.

With all this said one thing stood out about Okinowathe. If he was your friend he was your friend and if he was your enemy he was your enemy.

The Flawgrintawd is almost never found above ground. He is among the most vicious of all creatures in Krystonia. You only need to ask Pooter to hear how evil he can be. Most never concern themselves about him since he is not very well known.

Sure they had heard stories about Koozl's visit to Pooter and how the two had to run for their

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lives. There is more of an attitude of out of site, out of mind. Plus it was more Pooter's problem than anybody else. Even in Krystonia there were those who only care about the plights of others if it could somehow effect them also.

Earthquakes are not a rare occurrence in Krystonia, though it has sometimes been hard to distinguish between an earthquake and a wizard's spell that has gone wrong. Many remember the time Shepf and Haapf almost blew the top of the Obelisk off when they mixed their new potions together without getting a proper approval from the council. The ground shook so hard that Grunch ran out of his cave yelling that the end was near. What end he spoke of most were not sure. Of course he yelled it with such authority that many believed him. Isn't it odd that those who cause the most alarm often have the least credibility to their actions.

On this day it was most certainly a real earthquake of a severe magnitude. It rattled a good portion of Krystonia for what seemed like hours although I am sure it was only moments. It was felt as far away as in the deserts where the sand seemed to roll in waves. In the underground caves and in Pooter's case tunnels the ground began to collapse. In some tunnels water flowed in through opening cracks. The creatures that made their home in these areas fled above ground or looked for other areas to find safety. Even the evil Flawgrintawd found his life was in jeopardy. He did have one advantage over many others. He could swim and swim he did.

Everybody likes the dragon Avion. What was there not to like? This dragons amiable attitude and happy smile are contagious. You only have to be in his presence to have your mood lifted. The Hydro-Glyphs found him to be great fun, especially Ploot.

If Avion had an area that some criticized it was that he could be a bit lazy. He loved to sit on a log and just talk the day away. This made him a little on the heavy side. This didn't bother Avion who thought himself robust others called him plump.

Avion had a favorite place where he would spend hours at a time just setting. It was a very quiet secluded pond. Ploot would often join him and they would laugh and for hours on end. Avion considered himself a great storyteller. As in the case of his weight there was a difference of opinion on this. Avion called them stories while others referred to them as tall tales. Often he would be joined on his log by others who were traveling by. On this day he was joined by Ploot and Okinowathe. Good thing, otherwise what I am writing of some would claim to be a tall tale instead of a story. It was a beautiful day. That was until the earthquake.

You may wonder why I had been writing about four different characters that seem to have no relationship to each other. In Krystonia nothing is certain and things can change in the blink of an eye or in this case the shaking of the ground. So I will continue.

The water rushed into the tunnels that the Flawgrintawd called home. He slithered from tunnel to tunnel but his exits were blocked. Even this evil creature was not sure that this may be his last day. Water was flowing in from the holes that had been created in the walls. He searched frantically. The water did not worry him but being trapped with no escape did. He saw no way out. Then the wall in front of him seemed to explode into a brown mist. The mud coated his body and

he struggled to move. Above him the ground gave way and he could see light. He thrust himself upward towards the light.

Over the years since his encounter with Barlow, Okinowathe had become much less shy about wandering from his mountain retreat. He had established a bit of a relationship with Avion.

Occasionally they would meet at his favorite pond. Their was not a lot of conversation when they met. Usually a lot of smiling and nodding of heads. Okinowathe's main way of communicating was more a series of grunts and hand motions. I am not sure Avion understood what he meant but they did seem to enjoy each others company. On this day the Hydro-Glyph Ploot had joined them.

The sudden jolt of the earths movement threw the small Hydro-Glyph towards the pond landing only a few feet in front of it. He had no idea how dangerous this would have been or what was lurking inside its now murky water. If not for Okinowathe's weight the log that the three were siting on could have flown into the air and maybe Avion would have taken an unintentional swim.

After a few moments the vibration from the land began to subside. The water in the pool however still moved in several different directions. The three log sitters leaned over slightly to watch the usually calm water as it continued to swirl long after all else seemed to settle back to normality.

A small green fin appeared out of the water. It moved from side to side across the pond. This amazed the three as never before outside of an occasional floating leaf or twig had they seem much in the water. The item did not follow the movement of the water but seemed to move of its own free will. They watched closely as a pair of eyes became visible then resubmerged. These were not friendly eyes.

Avion jerked back sharply. Ploot spread his wings and lifted himself up into the air. Okinowathe scratched his chin. It would be wrong to judge Okinowathe as stupid. This is done far too often when someone is extremely large. He stared intently as the creature swam about and studied its movement.

Avion by now was standing several yards behind the log and Ploot had taken root on his shoulder. Okinowathe rose to his feet and retreated behind the log. Avion was surprised to see Okinowathe move in a defensive motion. He was mistaken in this assumption.

The creature swam directly towards them. Okinowathe moved forward hoisting the heavy log above his head as if it were a twig. He cast it into the water and a large thud was heard as it found the top of the creature. The creature moved in a small circular motion and disappeared below the water. It was not seen again. Two deep sighs of relief were heard.

Our three log sitters are still sometimes observed together resting on a log. If you stop by you may hear of how Avion defeated the Flawgrintawd. Is it a great story and maybe to some a tall tale or maybe a little of both.

Arlo
(Kephren's brother)

A Sneak Preview

In the story that you just read you were reintroduced to a few of our creations from the past. Over the last twenty years we have created over two hundred different figurines. With this being our anniversary year. It seems like a good time to bring some of our old favorites back. While this will not be the case in all our anniversary figurines, several will be featured with a new story.

We have always tried to tell a story with each figurine. Sometimes it was an emotion. This was portrayed in figurines such as **My Hero**. We did give them an appropriate name but I'm not sure we had to on figurines like the **Proposal** and **Acceptance**. Even in **Tokkel** it was pretty easy to see what she felt as she emerged from her egg. One look at **All Mine** and you knew that she longed to go home again.

In other figurines we told a short story. **Grunch's Toothache**, **Ah Hah**, and **Teachers Pet** did this effectively. Did Grunch not look like his tooth was killing him? What a great oversized book **Ah Hah** had. Every teacher would love to see their **Teacher's Pet** carrying all those books to read.

With so much to tell and so little area the more involved figurines took over. Poffles and Triumph were in real trouble with N'Chakk when they were **Caught At Last**. Only **Flayla** could settle down the always on the go **Jumbly** by reading him a book. And how hard a **Maj-Dron Migration** must have been riding through the searing dessert on their mahouda's.

Take all the stories and many of the figurines and mix them together. This is a recipe for enjoyment and we hope you have had as much fun as we have. Twenty years is a long time but it sure doesn't seem like it been so long to me.

With All This Said.....

A new figurine has been created to be introduced this year that is designed around our first story. If you were going to make a figurine that would portray part of this story what would it look like. Put yourself in our shoes. What would you create if your were detailing a part of this story? There is no right or wrong in this case just what a person would create. This person being you.

Choose a part of the story, or the story as a whole. It is up to you. Make a drawing and send it to us. Each drawing will be entered into a contest and to win the Krystonia jacket that was worn at Krystonia artist personal appearances. It is the one and only jacket that we have ever made. All drawings will be put into a folder and one will be drawn out as a winner. Do not worry about your artistic talents. This contest is more about participation than being better than someone else.

A second award to win a Krystonia sweat shirt will also be done. This will be done based on the creativity of the drawings. The drawings will not be returned and become property of Krystonia.

To enter the contests send your drawings to:

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