

The Phargol-Horn

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The Hitchhiker (Part Two)

Reymon started to explore ways to spread the word about the Literacy Project. The distance he wanted to cover was quite large. Naturally the fastest way to do this would be by air. Once again he approached Grunch. This time he found the Grunch so many had warned him of.

Apparently Grunch had just come from a meeting with Graffyn to negotiate a new part to the wizard's delivery contract. As Reymon entered Grunch's cave he heard much conversation or at least talking.

He noticed that there was no one else in the room. Reymon could make out just about every other word. Words like trickster, advantage, disgusting and dwarf were being tossed around. Reymon stood in the corner waiting for the storm to blow over. He was just glad that the words he heard were not directed towards him. After a short while the room became quite.

"Mr. Grunch sir," Reymon spoke. Grunch swirled around his large tail almost knocking Reymon down.

"What do you want," Grunch barked. "Wasn't I enough help already?"

"Yes indeed you were but I would like to ask your very valued opinion," Reymon replied. He knew that a little sweet talk would go a long way towards coaxing this grumpy dragon.

Reymon went on to explain that he would like to request the help of the flying dragons to distribute flyers. This would be a great benefit and everyone would know who was responsible for the assistance, Grunch.

Grunch did something few had ever seen him do. A small smile went across his face. It almost looked painful and didn't last long.

Grunch would release ten dragons led by Groosh to drop flyers from the air. Reymon had hoped for more but had better not push. He knew that Grunch was taking on more deliveries for the wizards and he could not hurt their service especially when they were negotiating for new services. He returned to Reammon and told him of his progress.

Dropping flyers into dense areas would have some effect but it would certainly help to have more contact on the ground. They needed another source. Reammon's thoughts turned to his old friend Sal.

Sal is short for Salander. He was an interesting wizard who spent very little time at the Obelisk. He is known for his love of the outdoors and his great flying rugs. As luck would have it Sal happened to be at the Obelisk on one of his infrequent visits. Reymon went to call upon him.

Reymon explained to Sal about the Literacy Project. Sal thought it was a very worthwhile mission and he would be glad to offer his assistance.

Dee and Bree were to deliver a large amount of flyers to Sal the next morning. Sal would fly on one of his rugs with these flyers and choose areas that they could land and distribute them. To help him Dee and Bree's cousin Pree would help. (Do you not wonder if these dragons' parents could have used a little more time picking out names.)

It was a beautiful morning for a ride and Sal and Pree couldn't wait to get airborne. Sal removed a glowing crystal from his pouch. He placed it at the edge of the rug. He then spoke the following:

Crystal of power, crystal of might,
Lend us your strength to lead us to flight,
Give us the power that we need
To help more that they may learn to read

The carpet began to vibrate and then to ripple. It rose several feet from the ground. Sal and Pree loaded the flyers and climbed aboard. The rug gently started to rise until it was above the trees. With the wave of Sal's hand it moved forward.

Pree marveled at how easily Sal could navigate the rug. A nod of the head or the shrug of a shoulder would make the rug do amazing things. It dipped and swirled, raised and lowered. Pree giggled as his stomach tickled.

All was forgotten for a moment as the trip itself seemed to rival the mission in hand. But then they spotted an area that smoke could be seen rising from the top of huts.

They located a small clearing and landed. Several inhabitants came forward. Sal recognized them as Mugrahs. There are good Mugrahs and bad Mugrahs. They would soon know which group that they had encountered. If they tried to steal their rug they had the wrong ones.

Sal and Pree were in luck. They were offered food and drink. Best of all their message of the Literacy Project was very well received. The Mugrah's asked if books and scrolls could be brought back to them. Sal agreed to make a delivery and even bring along an instructor.

The two felt very good about their first encounter and looked forward to the next. Nothing makes success seem more possible than a past success.

As they moved above the trees once again they surveyed the ground below for their next stop. They spotted what looked like some occupied caves and both leaned over the back of the rug to get a better view.

They struggled to not fall off the flying rug as it bumped up and down violently. Turbulence was not an unusual occurrence but this seemed different. Sal remembered the time he mistakenly flew into a crystal shower. Not only did it shake the rug terribly but holes were burned through its fibers.

As the rug stabilized Sal and Pree turned forward. What they saw was a great surprise. A large black bird was seated at the other end. Neither had seen one of these up close but both knew what it was.

These birds were used by N'Borg as spies. Why was he here? Of what interest could the Literacy Project be to him?

Sal was more curious than scared. Pree was more scared than anything else. He had heard stories of small dragons being carried off by such birds. No one spoke for quite a while. The three seemed to be finding their way. Sal was not even sure the bird could speak but he did not need to wait long.

"I know your mission," said the bird in a high pitched voice.

"Why is it a concern of yours," replied Sal.

"You have something that I know of many that are in need of," the bird answered back.

"We carry nothing of value," replied Sal.

"Oh, But you do," came the response. "Do not be so sure you know all of Krystonia as well as the wizards assume they do."

"What do I have that you wish for?" Sal asked.

The reply was only one word. Knowledge. The bird went on to explain that behind the walls of Krak N'Borg reading was banned except for the honored few. To be caught reading would be a death sentence. The instruments of learning had to be snuck in. These instruments were books and scrolls and they knew of the Literacy Project. He too had a mission. It was

To be continued.....

Why Krystonia?

Looking back over the last twenty years of Krystonia one thought that comes to my mind is about collecting. Why do people collect a certain line versus another?

Many people collect. Some do not even realize it. Have you ever been to someone's home and noticed that they have a large amount of a certain type of items. It might be teapots, bells, knives or who knows what. You will ask them do you collect anything and many say no.

I honestly do not find this strange. Why a person is attracted to an item can have many reasons. Sometimes it could be a childhood experience or something that was passed on from another person. Only one reason seems obvious, they enjoy it.

Krystonia is an emotional line. We hear this all the time. It makes the collectors feel good. If this is the situation in your case we feel that all the work that has gone into Krystonia over the last twenty years has been well worth it.

Even in her youth Leila was an enchantress. Her mere presence could be intoxicating. Even Pooter who never leaves his cave is tempted by her charm.

Why Not?

Granted I may not be the most impartial person to address this issue but since I am overly pushy I would like to make a statement. Krystonia is the dragon's roar. The characters are great and so attractive. I can't believe that anyone wouldn't love to have a cute female dragon in their house.

Shadra

Ridiculous, why would anyone want to have most of these creatures in their home? Only one is worthy of such an honor, the noble N'Borg. He stands heads above all the rest. The others should all be boiled in oil and buried in the barren desert.

(N'Borg,) I mean someone else

Opinions are like armpits everybody has them. Although they do vary in how pleasant or unpleasant they can be. I once remember a wizard who...

Oops getting a little off subject here. I guess my point is the people who make the decision are you and that should never be confused. Have a great holiday season and Merry Christmas.

Kephren the Recorder