

# The Phargol-Horn

Volume 60

[www.krystonia.net](http://www.krystonia.net)

e-mail: [krystoniacub@hotmail.com](mailto:krystoniacub@hotmail.com)

## The Literacy Project (Part Four, Another Surprise)

After the creature's departure, Sal and Pree felt mentally drained. Not just by the long conversation with their unexpected guest but by their overloaded brains trying to digest the incredible information that they had just been exposed to. Sal knew that this was not something that he alone should deal with. He started searching for a place to land.

He spotted a small cave tucked between some large rocks. It was not a great place to maneuver into but Sal was concerned that they needed to find a location that gave them some security. If they were found by the creature whose watchful eye could they fall under.

Carpets are made of soft fabric and as such take the shape of whatever is below them. He glided it over the rocky slopes and through the entrance of the cave. Once inside he hovered looking for the smoothest surface available. The darkness made this difficult. Sal removed a crystal from his pouch and whispered a few charm words. The crystal's brilliance made the cave light bright as day. Quickly he spoke again and the crystal dimmed to provide the light similar to what a small lantern would provide. He would have preferred the brighter light but he needed not to be alerting anyone of their presence.

One distinct advantage of a flying carpet is that it can also be used as a sleeping mat. Its thick fabric provides a soft surface and it can also be pulled over to make a blanket. Sal looked at Pree and could see that the young dragon was completely exhausted. The day had been a bit much for a seasoned wizard and for a young dragon way more than it could handle. Pree was more than pleased when Sal suggested that Pree call it a night. After sharing a supper of a few roots from their supplies Pree crawled onto the blanket, did what would be called a dragon flop and was fast asleep in a matter of minutes. The only evidence that he was still in the cave was an occasional snore that sounded like someone had just stepped on his tail.

Sal set quietly for a considerable period of time pondering his predicament. He had many more questions in his head than answers. He needed to seek help. Who better to receive this from than the Wizards Council? He would send them an air gram. (Air grams are done by concentrating your thoughts through a line of crystals and directing it to a certain location. The process was created by Master Wizard Tomas Edelson.)

The distance from the cave to the Obelisk was great and attempting to send an air gram from the inside of a cave would add yet another obstacle to its success. He surveyed his pouch of crystals. Would they be powerful enough for him to be able to contact the Obelisk? There was no other choice. He would have to try.

Taking the crystals from his pouch he lined them in a row from largest to smallest. He stood behind where the smallest lay. Slowly Sal lowered himself to his knees. Leaning forward he cupped his hands around the smallest crystal. Softly he whispered, "Precious crystals accept my message that it may reach the ears of those at the Wizard's Council". The crystals turned a brilliant blue. This color signified that the crystal had accepted his voice and was trying to transmit his message. If they turned red it would mean that the message was being sent. Purple would indicate that the other party had received it. But the blue dimmed quickly. He repeated the exercise several times but each time the results were the same.

Sal had not planned to need much power of the crystal on this peaceful mission. As such he had brought only a small supply. He would have a much better chance of sending his message outside the cave without the interference of its walls.

Quietly he moved out the cave opening. Peering out at the massive rock formations surrounding him Sal looked for an appropriate place to try to send his message. After spotting a narrow trail that lead to a small plateau he went back inside, gathered the crystals and placed them in his pouch.

Pree was still fast asleep. This was good as Sal would need no distractions.

It didn't take long for Sal to realize that to reach the plateau would be harder than he had anticipated. The path to the plateau consisted mostly of loose gravel. Every step caused stone to scatter down the cliffs. From the time the stone started its downward journey to the time it stopped made Sal realize that a fall would cause much injury.

The plateau being so difficult to reach took much longer than Sal would have liked. He began to feel more and more exhausted, longing for the sleep that he was not going to have. With much perseverance he finally reaches the plateau.

Once again he removed the crystals from his pouch. Carefully he lined them in order of largest to smallest. Moving quickly since the night was fast fading he went to his knees and cupped his hand over the smallest crystal.

In the blink of an eye he found himself lying flat on his back. A large wing had knocked him there. The crystals that had once been lined so perfectly now found themselves bouncing along and down the side of the cliffs. He lurched sideways to try to retrieve them but it was too late. There would be no recovery. While this was a huge disappointment it paled in comparison to what Sal saw standing above him.

Few in Krystonia have ever seen a Hagga-Beast and even fewer would ever want to. A large head full of sharp teeth glared down at one terrified wizard. One swipe of his powerful clawed feet would tear Sal to shreds. Sal feared he was about to become the morning meal for this huge animal.

The Hagga moved forward. He reared up on his hind legs his large clawed front paws ready to strike. Then he flinched and a painful expression came across his face. It was followed by several more flinches. Each time the large beast jerked it would strike at a part of its body. The huge claws made large bloody gashes. It began to howl in pain. Whatever was going on it was obvious that the beast was in deep distress. The beast spread its massive wings. As quickly as it had appeared the Hagga lifted up and flew off into the clouds.

Sal heard a familiar voice coming from below him. It was Pree. Standing at the front of the cave was the young dragon inquiring as to his safety. He had a slingshot in one hand and numerous small sharp pebbles resting at his feet.

Pree had first been awoken by the noise of dislodged rocks rolling down the cliffs. As most youngsters would he turned over and went back to sleep. A second series of sounds had startled him awake. As the crystal bounced down the slopes most had exploded. This made Pree go outside to investigate what all the racket was.

When Pree heard the commotion above him he turned his attention to the plateau. He could not see Sal but the large Hagga-Beast was very visible. Pree feared for the worst. Maybe Sal had already been served up as the Hagga's breakfast. This fear was removed when he heard a voice say "Nice Hagga, Nice Beast."

Pree had participated in the Carin Tor's sling shot competition. He had placed in the top two percent for several years. He had only shot at clay Mughrahs in the past, never a living thing.

Finding pebbles in front of the cave was not a problem. They were everywhere. In rapid succession he loaded and launched them at the menacing beast. Almost all found their target. He was as relieved as Sal when he saw the Hagga take flight. He knew that the Hagga's stomach could easily expand to handle a small dragon along with a wizard.

The relief from his adversary's departure for Sal was short lived as he looked down at the now useless crystal. It was his only hope of contacting the wizards at the Obelisk. Time was of the essence. Sal feared that N'Borg would learn of his knowledge of the Pale Ones. Unfortunately his fears were well founded.

The creature, or Beldorf as he is known, returned to the Krak. He was very near exhaustion. This was no doubt a factor in what happened next. A large net, a devious laugh and much yelling is all Beldorf could remember as he regained consciousness tied upside down by his legs.

Sometimes a large fire is comforting but not when you are hanging over it. Even as he viewed them in his upside down state N'Chakk and N'Grall were recognized by their usual hateful looks. Beldorf tried to flap his wings but they did not move. They were strapped to his sides by rubber bands. Then the inquisition began.

"Beldorf, I see you have been off for a long period of time," stated N'Chakk.

"I believe I know where you were," piped in N'Grall.

"As do I", N'Chakk interjected.

"My scouts are always around you long beaked traitor and I have ears everywhere!" N'Grall said in an increasing loud voice.

"We believe you have revealed secrets that are never to leave these walls," N'Chakk said in a menacing tone.

The conversation went on and on but Beldorf did not speak. He was just too tired and anyway it would do him no good. Others had tried to defend themselves but none had succeeded. They had already made up their mind to his fate.

To be continued.....

## Things change so fast.....

In the last newsletter I told you that it looked like our current website, [www.krystonia.net](http://www.krystonia.net) would be down for a while.

You have to get lucky sometime and we did. Mike has been able to find the time to update the site. We are most pleased. However we will still be looking at new ways to increase our web presence.

Be sure to check your spam for replies and messages from the club. Some filters are not permitting our messages to get by.

## Have you redeemed for your club figurines?

With the changing landscape in the retail store world it has become increasingly difficult to be able to redeem for your club member figurines. As always you can do this through your dealer.

You may also redeem through the club. To do this all you have to do is send in your redemption certificate to the club along with a check or you may purchase by Visa or MasterCard. You may also order your figurines by calling 734-332-8773.

The 2006/2007 redemption figurines are the Literacy Project and The Hitchhiker. If you do not have your redemption cards the club will work with you to have them replaced.

## Still time to join the club and receive More Books!

The club still has a small amount of the More Books 2006/2007 club member gift figurine available. I would urge you to send in your application soon to ensure you will get one of these storybook figurines and keep your collection up to date.

After all we all can use More Books.

### Current club addresses:

**Krystonia Collector's Club**  
125 W. Ellsworth  
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48108  
U.S.A.  
734-332-8773  
[www.krystonia.net](http://www.krystonia.net)

**Krystonia Collector's Club**  
105 Townline Road E.  
Port Perry, Ontario L9L1B2  
Canada  
877-357-0005

**Have a relaxing summer!!!!!!!!!!**