

# The Phargol-Horn

Volume 67

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## A Recap/ Ploot and the Wizards Council

What a truly strange course of events. Things have not gone the way anyone had anticipated. Over the past several newsletters I have been sharing with you the details of all that took place.

I do not know about you but sometimes without a bit of a refresher my mind does not always keep details in the proper order they happened, if at all. What was meant to go here or maybe there can end up not even close to where it is meant to be. Let us take a moment to review a very brief capsule what led us to where the Literacy Project now stands.

A cup of hot tea also would be most pleasant. Now if I can just find the special herb tea Wodema dropped off we can get started.

Humbly yours,

*Kephren*

The Literacy Project was a wonderful idea that was designed to reach out to all those who had never enjoyed the benefit of being able to read.

Reammon's first recruit was his bother Reymon. Reymon was someone who could be trusted and had great abilities. Albertha, their mother, raised her sons to be hard workers.

They put much effort into this labor of love. Dee and Bree the young dragon assistants were very helpful. Youth and lots of energy was what they brought to the project. After finally getting Grunch's approval Reammon received even more help from the dragons of Carin Tor. Grunch at first seemed more concerned about his own community. Eventually he came around to see Reammon's bigger vision for all of Krystonia.

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Grunch even agreed to loan the Literacy Project some of his flying corps to deliver flyers to nearby places. But Reammon wanted to reach out more.

Reammon asked his old friend Master Wizard Salander to help take flyers into harder to reach locations. His flying carpet would let him travel into even the most remote areas. Joining Sal in this task would be Dee and Bree's cousin, Pree. Together Sal and Pree departed to do what they thought would be an easy and enjoyable mission.

Sal and Pree encountered various groups as they spread the good word of the Literacy Project. They even ran into a friendly group of Mughrahs. Not many had met Mughrahs without either being robbed or involved in fisticuffs.

What turned their mission in a totally new direction was a strange black birdlike creature that landed on their carpet. They would later learn he was known as Beldorf. Beldorf came from Krak N'Borg. This alone was cause for concern

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The creature's presence out of nowhere was surprising enough but the stories he told were almost beyond belief. His knowledge of the dark lands was extensive.

He spoke in great detail of failed uprisings inside Krak N'Borg and of the punishment that was dealt to the mighty Honji leader Gorgon. Beldorf also spoke of the so called pale ones who were being held captive at the Krak. It became obvious that he too felt like a captive.

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As darkness fell Sal and Pree sought out a good place to rest. Sal with all this new information felt it was imperative that he pass it on to the Wizards Council as soon as possible. He decided to attempt to send an air gram. As he attempted to do this he was attacked by a dread Hagga-Beast. Pree came to his rescue when he used his old sling skills to chase the beast away. When his air gram failed Sal knew they must make every effort to quickly return to the Obelisk.

Meanwhile back at the Krak, Beldorf, the black bird, had returned. Unfortunately his trip and what he thought was a private conversation had been found out by the evil N'Chakk and hench dragon N'Grall. He found himself in the Krak's torture chamber being questioned. Beldorf spoke little as he knew it would do him no good.

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Reammon continued his work on the Literacy Project. Dee and Bree collected many more items than anticipated. Much of it unusable. It appeared that some inhabitants had used the collection period to clean out their caves. After seeing this Reammon decide he needed a much more organized approach. So he put together a manual covering the many different facets of the operation. He had just finished as a knocking Sal appeared at his door.

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Sal told Reammon about what had happened and the strange visit from the bird. They were joined by Reymon and immediately went to the Obelisk.

Graffyn and Haapf called an emergency meeting of the Wizards Council. The blue meeting light beamed from the top of the Obelisk alerting the wizards to the proceedings. The wizards listened carefully to every word. They were amazed by

story and that hostages were being held in the Krak N'Borg. There was more curiosity about the pale hostage's then surprise that N'Borg would hold someone against their will.

With such short notice they decided to send out a small intelligence party while a larger plan was formulated. Graffyn, Groosh and Ploot would join Sal and Pree on his carpet and set out immediately. No one realized that they also had a secret traveler who had chosen to join them.

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Poffles was soon discovered as a stowaway. They had little choice but to let him stay. Later his power to become invisible might prove of some value.

The wizards at the Obelisk discussed further action. All options were on the table including the launching of an attack.

The intelligence party carefully made their way toward the Krak. Keeping their mission secret was an absolute necessity. If discovered they would be in great jeopardy.

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The group continued their carpet ride towards the Krak N'Borg. As they moved closer to the Krak no resistance was encountered. It was puzzling how this could be? The Krak was usually protected by N'Grall's flying dragons.

After being stopped by an invisible barrier they found a way to get to enter the Krak. Pree was to stay at one spot. Wondering about inside, it was amazing what they discovered. It gave them surprising insight into the lives of the Krak's inhabitants. A hidden cavern was even discovered. Coming from inside strange noises were heard.

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It was decided that Graffyn and Groosh would stay behind at the Krak. Sal, Pree and Poffles would return to the Obelisk to report that the Krak seemed to be abandoned. Poffles snuck off the carpet and headed back to the cavern to join Graffyn and Groosh.

Graffyn and Groosh decided to explore the cavern. What was inside was both frightening and beautiful.

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Sal and Pree continued their trip back to the Obelisk but came under attack from an unknown source. Their carpet was badly damaged by mysterious fire balls. Shadows across their carpet gave Sal a good idea who may be behind them. After being forced to land they made what repairs they could. Sal's carpet now had a look all its own.

Graffyn and Groosh were busy investigating inside the cavern. It was not going as smoothly as they had wished. Poffles made his appearance. Now they were three against what could be thousands. Reality was starting to sink in.

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I hope this was helpful for you. It sure helped me. By referring to your newsletters you will have much more detail and I must admit much more enjoyment.

Now with a clear head let me continue to translate the scrolls. I'm interested to see what happens. With so many twists I not sure what will happen next.

*Kephten*

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## **Plot and the Wizards Council**

With all that was going on it was not hard to imagine that you could lose track of something. This something actually was Ploot.

A small Hydro-Glyph to some would not be of much importance. They are not well known by many. Their existence outside their swamp was a bit unusual. They loved to stay there, play their music and were great host.

Their music and delicious nectars are known to make the most agitated individual become as calm as a sleeping baby dragon. You may ask why Ploot would even be on this delicate and dangerous journey. Think back to what I just stated. The Hydro- Glyphs are quite mystical. It is not unusual for someone to fall into a trance like state after being in their presence. Once you awaken from it you not only feel refreshed but often have no recollection of what has taken place. Do not assume that the wizards were not thinking clearly when they asked Ploot to join them? I think Ploot was part of a well thought out strategy.

Some say watching the Wizard Council in session is like nothing you will see anywhere else. They talk and talk and talk some more. This would all be fine if anyone was listening. I do mean anyone. You will observe two wizards speaking directly to each other that have no idea what each has said. It is like the ego Olympics.

Luckily written into the by-laws is a clause that disallows the casting of spells. This was put in years ago when a very angry Master Wizard Klump cast a spell that he meant to go over the head of Master Wizard Becum. His aim was off and it struck him dead on in the nose. Becum's nose started to swell and did not stop for several minutes. When it did, it projected out several feet. The weight pulled Becum forward onto the floor. At this point Klump was heard to say that this would make Becum keep his nose out of other peoples business. If Becum could have got up it would have started another fight.

Klump was encouraged by the other wizards to reverse the spell. There was one problem. No known spell to do this would work. To this day you hear Becum whenever he comes your way. It's hard to miss the noise from the squeaky wheels of the cart that carries his nose. With all this said there still had to be a plan put together to help the hostages. What it will be.....

**To be continued.....**