

# The Phargol-Horn

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

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

## Sal returns, more discussion and Oops,

As we continue our story there were still three distinct parts that at some point will collide but up until now they each had a life all of their own.

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After being on their much longer than anticipated trip Sal and Pree were near exhaustion. The clouds were so thick and the sky so dark it seemed like their eyes could not see the tips of their noses. Sal loved his flying carpet and the trips he had taken represented many of his fondest memories. This trip however he longed to be done with. The thought of sometime in the near future resting on a feather filled bed with plump pillows was what kept him going. How much farther it was to the Obelisk, he had no idea.

Pree was fast asleep. When he volunteered to help on the Literacy Project he had no idea what would take place. For a young dragon it was first exciting, then scary and now like Sal he just wanted to return to the Obelisk. In his dream he sat at a table full of Flayla's charcoal cookies with an oversized glass of sweet nectar. His rest did not last long as suddenly he was jolted awake.

Sal almost fell off the carpet as it came to an abrupt halt. This was becoming a way to familiar occurrence. This felt similar to when the carpet had run into the protective wall that surrounded Krak N'Borg. What was very different this time was he could see nothing.

The carpet rested perfectly still as if someone was holding it in mid air. The middle was slightly raised and as the wind blew the carpet gently bobbed up and down. The supplies stacked in its center shifted with each movement. Sal and Pree watched them as they fell and drifted closer to the carpets edge. Earlier in their trip they would have ran to protect them. Now they were just too tired to make the effort. One pot tossed from side to side. With each movement it made its way closer to the carpets edge. A satchel rolled off the top of the pile.

"Which one do you think will fall first?" asked Sal.

"I'm not sure, but the wind seems to be blowing the satchel," replied Pree.

"You may be right," said Sal. "But my bet is on the pot."

It was hard to believe that this conversation was even taking place but this made their fatigue even more obvious. They were not overly concerned about why they were sitting in mid air with no clear reason. One positive was that the light of day was starting to shine and they would no longer be blind to everything around them. In the distance Sal could see a landscape that seemed familiar.

Free won the bet as the satchel found its way over the carpets edge first. Not by as many as a few seconds later the pot followed it. Then there was a loud thud below them and an angry voice was heard.

“They will pay for this once I find the prankster,” someone was heard to say.  
“It must be one of you young dragons, who else would dare attack a master wizard!”  
“Never have I bee so humiliated.”  
“I will turn your tails into spikes, and then you try to sit down.”  
“How about no charcoal cookies for, for like, like, for like forever.”  
“It is bad enough that you hit me in the head but being a coward and covering it first so I can not see you, that is an act of supreme cowardice.”  
“If I ever get out of here I will do, do, do lots to you.”

Obviously this was the ranting of someone with a bit of a mental concern. Sal and Pree looked at each other. In their state of mind they struggled to put all this together. Where were they? The voice came from below them. It was familiar. They crawled to the end of the carpet and peered over. What they saw brought them big smiles and much needed relief.

They were a long way from the ground and when they crawled to the end of the carpet it tipped in that direction. They had run aground or should I say aobelisk, if there is such a word. The carpet was resting on the top of the Obelisk right next to the large crystal that adorns it.

What they were looking down on was one mad wizard, his name, Haaph. At least the voice was Haaph's. It was hard to tell at first since he had a satchel covering his head. Next to him on the ground rested the pot that once resided on their carpet. Haaph had one hand on each side of his head and was still yelling. Even from where Sal and Pree lay they could see a bump starting to rise from the satchel. It was easy for them to guess what happened. As the satchel drifted downward it evidently opened up before landing and covering Haaph's head. The pot which fell next targeted the same place. What made the satchel difficult to remove? One reason was what was inside. Sal had stored their honey supply in it. Haaph was stuck like glue or should I say honey.

Haaph wiggled like a wizard processed. Sal and Pree watched for an extended period of time not making a sound. They were still a bit out of a sorts plus just the feeling of being back at the Obelisk gave them a feeling of relaxation. Finally the satchel started to loosen. It was surely a mess and Haaph was still quite upset but Sal decided to call down anyway.

“Hey down there,” yelled Sal. “Up here!”

Haaph twisted looking in one direction and then another. At last he did look up. He jumped back obviously surprised by what he saw. An odd sight it must have been. He did not expect to see a large carpet with a wizard and dragon leaning over the side staring down on him.

“Haaph is that really you?” yelled Sal.

“It sure is Sal, how did you get up there?” asked Haaph.

It was a long story and Sal was not going to share it while stuck on top of the Obelisk.

The issue at hand was how to get down. Haaph ran inside the Obelisk and soon a handful of wizards were gathered at its base.

There was a lot of finger pointing and curious looks and then what happened next was what wizards do best. There was much discussion. Sal could not hear what was being said. Just watching the action was very interesting.

One wizard had the largest measuring device Sal had ever seen. It was propped against the building. Naturally it did not come close to reaching the top. Its purpose was not clear. Next a large ladder was brought out. All that it accomplished was knocking several wizards to the ground as it swung wildly and made many others duck for cover.

The more they talked the less that happened and then one wizard suggested that they all go inside for tea and biscuits to discuss more options. Sal and Pree would have found this fine if not for their desire to reach the ground. They set back on the carpet residing to the fact that they may be stuck for a while.

Just as they started to relax a voice came, this time from above. Above them flapping his wings like a dragon processed was Spyke. Spyke was not known for his flying abilities. Where as Groosh and many other were as graceful as the wind, Spyke was what you would call flight challenged.

"Need a ride", he said

Sal ordinarily would have jumped at the offer but this was Spyke who some described as a bit reckless. Anyone who had ever attended one of Spyke and the Spyketones concerts would come away with this feeling.

Sal knew that if he waited for the wizards to come up with a plan it could be a very long wait indeed. Maybe it was worth a try.

Pree being much lighter would go first. Carefully he climbed onto Spykes back. Pree was so light that just the flapping of Spykes wings made him slide from side to side. In a few moments they were off. A special treat was thrown in as Spyke burst out into song. It was difficult to say which Pree enjoyed less the flight or the singing. Both were a bit scary but soon they were on the ground.

Spyke returned to retrieve Sal who had only one request. Please no singing. In no time he too was on the ground.

Pree was anxious to return home and Sal understood as he saw his helper make haste back to Carin Tor.

Sal although tired entered the Obelisk. He stood in the great hall as many a wizard walked right by him. Occasionally he would be told to stand aside that there was important business being discussed. Finally someone yelled that Sal had arrived at which time the place filled with cheers and Sal was hoisted on shoulders and carried to the front. After inquiring how he got down the wizards ask Sal to tell them what he had learned.

Clemense, Ari, Deplphus, Haaph, Rueggan, Shepf and many other wizards were all there. They listened to every word. Their differences were set aside at least for now.

They say silence is deafening. In this case it was also scary. Graffyn removed a bright crystal from his pocket. It immediately lit the room. Something flew across. It was a black half feathered creature. This creature looked much like the one Sal had described to the wizards

called the Hitchhiker.

“Have you met my friend Sal?” asked Graffyn.

“Indeed I have,” was the answer. “But I have very little time to discuss it, as I have more pressing information.” “You and your party are in great danger and must leave immediately.” “If not you will never make it back with your skins.” “As you can see by my many missing feathers torture is not new here.” “I have been observing you and saw you enter the sacred chambers.” “You did not even know where you were.”

“Did you not hear the chanting?” It is from N’Borg’s newest recruits.” “They are terrible creatures and they train to destroy all that challenge them.” “To fight here would spell doom for you and all of yours.” “Flee now!”

Groosh became quite alarmed. He would fight to the death. But Graffyn could sense that this creature spoke the truth and his warning genuine. He had felt for a while they were in over their heads. He spoke to the creature. “Even if we do leave, we have no transport.”

The bird continued. “Do you think I do not know this?” “I saw the carpet leave.” “Follow me, I know where N’Borg’s private transports are, but do it now for I must make leave.” “I will not beg you, it is your hides.” “They plan to attack the Obelisk soon so you have no time.”

Graffyn could think of no reason to stay and many reasons to leave. He was in charge and had to make the decision. As he stood Ploot appeared. The bird was right. What were an old wizard, one dragon, a Hydro-Glyph and one silly boboll going to be able to do. Certainly not rescue the hostages and fight N’Borg’s legions.

They hastily followed the creature to a far corner of the Krak. A large tarp covered an item. The creature whipped it back and the most beautiful carpet Graffyn had ever seen lay before him. At the end set a compartment filled with blazing crystals. With their power this carpet could move extremely fast.

Graffyn turned to speak to the creature but he was nowhere to be found. Graffyn asked Ploot, Poffles and Groosh to move onto the carpet. There would be no time for supplies as he believed the party was in greater danger than ever. He leaned over the crystal and whispered some charm words. It rose and he guided it to the hole where they had first entered the Krak and exited through it. He whispered another set of words and off they flew.

The crystals power was amazing. They had not a minute to spare. Graffyn looked back at the Krak. It no longer looked deserted. Lights illuminated everywhere and where they had left a large group of dragons now flew about. The dragons would be no match for this carpet. At this speed they could reach the Obelisk in a fraction of the time it took them to get to the Krak.

As they headed away the sky shook from the vibrations of a loud frightening cry.

**“You will pay for this as sure as I am N’Borg ruler of all that is evil and the nightmare that will never leave your mind!” “Krystonia will be mine.”**