

# The Phargol-Horn

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## Secret Societies and True Magic

Let me take this opportunity to broaden your knowledge about a little discussed part of Krystonia, Secret Societies. Fascinating as some find them, I have never quite understood the big deal about being part of one.

First of all it is almost impossible for anything to be kept a secret here. If you were to go to the top of the Obelisk and yelled at the top of your lungs or told one individual it would have the same effect. Whatever was said would spread like wildfire. Everyone knows way to much about each others lives. With all this taken into account, Krystonia Secret Societies are alive and well.

Not only I but many others know of them. I have acquired quite a bit of knowledge about who belongs to them and how they operate. After reviewing my notes I would suggest instead of calling them Secret Societies maybe it would be more appropriate to call them "Groups that are too caught up in their own self importance". If you noticed the word secret is not even included. By now you probably are assuming that I have little respect for these so called Secret Societies. You would assume correctly. To me a secret has special value, a hidden trust, or an adventure that is locked away.

That is why I turn to an area that is much more prestigious, has great credibility and knows no limits, **Magic**. I know you are sitting on the edge of your chairs waiting to hear about this incredible art. Don't get it confused with spell casting. Spell casting is a learned trait while magic comes from your soul.

Now I will briefly speak of both subjects and you be the judge of which is more impressive Secret Societies or wonderful, fantastic **Magic**.

As always you will find me to be totally unbiased.

Respectfully yours,  
Stoope the Stupendous  
Master Magician

## Secret Societies

Most Secret Societies are known by initials. I chalk this up to either laziness or poor spelling ability. When I speak of one I will first give the abbreviated name. Then I will give the real name and tell a little about it. They always seem to have some future goal although I think this goal is only to have another meeting to keep the society going.

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## BBSCM

These letters stand for the Builders, Bakers and Sponge Cakes Makers.

Whatever their shortcomings, you can not find better builders than trolls. What they lack in smarts, they make up for in hard, precise work. A female troll while not much to look at can make a sponge cake that is the finest in Krystonia.

Their society is one of the most opaque. They hold their meetings under; you guessed it, a bridge. You can smell the fresh made sponge cakes from miles away. This makes their meetings hard to be kept a secret.

To be a member all you have to do is be a troll. The initiation process involves putting on a metal hat and having a large rock dropped on your head. If you survive, you are in. If not you are built a beautiful troll box to rest for eternity. I told you they do great work. Most trolls come through the initiation with only a slight bump on their head. However some trolls have been known to remove their hats to store extra sponge cakes. The timing is not always the best.

Future Plans: After having a rash of fatalities the rock drop membership is being reviewed. Some of the trolls have been using their hats to gather extra cakes. You can't hold your cake and wear it too.

## CTFD

Carin Tor Flying Dragons are exactly what it says. Naturally to join you must be able to fly. To do this wings are a definite necessity.

They hold their meetings in a small cave at the rear of Carin Tor. Groosh is the Grand Wingmaster. He has held this position for a long time. It is awarded to the fastest flying dragon.

This society has not been without its scandals.

N'Grall tried his best to sneak in but his allegiance to N'Borg made him persona non grata.

Jumbly made wooden wings and tried to strap them to his body. After climbing to the top of a ravine, he then projected himself forward. The flight was short, the fall ugly.

The society's biggest critic is of course Grunch. He can not tolerate being excluded from anything. As the sign about the cave says "no wings, no membership".

Future Plans: Change the selection of the Grand Wingmaster to another task. No one is ever going to beat Groosh when it comes to speed flying.

## MMK

This society is really a fluke. It has one member. Myzer's Marvelous Krystals grand master is Myzer. The membership chairman is Myzer. The membership fee is a barrel of Krystals. This is paid to Myzer by Myzer. All meetings are conducted in Myzer's cave. No outsiders are allowed to enter unless they are with Myzer.

Future Plans: None

## HGIF

If there is such a thing as a true secret society the Hydro-Glyphs In Flight may be it.

Not many venture into the Shadi-Swampi. Those who leave have wonderful tales of enchanting music, beautiful visions and sweet nectar filling their bellies.

No one knows where the Hydro-Glyphs hold their meetings. In a matter of moments none can be found and only the sounds of their instruments are heard. It is as if they have become invisible. An occasional giggle is heard as if saying that they are watching your every move and you are at their mercy. What sweet mercy it is.

Future Plans: To try to infiltrate Krak N'Borg and sow it with peaceful music and lovely scenes with the hope of overcoming the evil. (Good luck with that.)

## Real Magic

"Too Many Shadra's"

I have devoted more than enough time to the above and now I would like to really challenge your imaginations with something where the secrets are so deep and amazing that only the most talented can accomplish it. Get ready this is going to be really stupendous.

I am not usually one to blow my own horn. This expression perplexes me. I'm certainly not going to let any one else do it. It's my horn. What I mean to say is that I am much too modest to embellish my accomplishments.

When I started the Dragon Magicians of Extraordinary Greatness Society there were no members. At this point I am the only member. Do not think that this is because no one wanted to join. You must be very selective when you create an organization of this stature. An applicant must possess many traits.

Below are some of the requirements:

High integrity. One who exemplifies modest behavior while tolerating those of lesser ability. Proper character. Being able to help those who have lesser ability to be able to reach the high caliber in all efforts of a Master Magician.

Long snouts are known to be a sign of intelligence. None of those budgy looking faces. They give me the woolies.

And last but not least a strong feeling that others strive to be like you. After all you are to become a member of a group that celebrates being the best of the best.

With all this put forward I am sure it will be only a matter of time before the membership swells to unbelievable numbers. To help in the recruiting effort I have arranged a demonstration today. I am leaving for it now.

I have arranged to do my exhibition in Carin Tor's top clearing. This is where all major announcements are made. There are many wooden stoops and chairs about. This will allow for a large attendance. Posters were placed throughout Krystonia and my only concern is that there will be so many attend that fights may break out trying to get a better seat. The exhibit is set to begin in a few moments but to build anticipation I will delay slightly. It seems like some of the

posters must have fallen for many to not yet come.

Having waited for a while I now consider making my grand entrance but the paths to get here must be so congested that it is hard to move as I see only two dragons have arrived. I will wait a bit longer as to not cheat the latecomers out of masteries they are about see.

It has been quite a while past my original start time and I only have the clearing reserved for a certain length of time. Spyke and the Flaming Dragons have it reserved later and I certainly don't want to be here when his crowd starts showing up. They are quite rowdy and exhibit none of the high qualities that I am use to being surrounded by.

Time has come for me to dazzle the crowd. I walk out to a spattering of applause. I am sure there must be some confusion. Maybe Flayla is giving away free cookies. Or possibly Groosh is doing flying lessons. Whatever the reason I am sure there must something else huge going on at this time in another location.

The wind is gently blowing, causing my robe to flap lightly. I remove my magic turban and place it on my head. This is no regular head gear. Its red threads have been reinforced by gold fibers. I need an assistant. I survey the crowd. Either attendee will work. What I mean is , I must survey the crowd. I ask Shadra to step forward. She does so enthusiastically. Jumbly her brother seems disappointed. Disappointed, he should be in my paws.

I place a rope basket between my crossed legs and have Shadra stand in front of me. I waive my hands frantically around her. I recite the magical words and cast my mystery dust into the air

“All I see is in my mind”  
“What I ask for I will find”  
“Love of things big and tall”  
“But none more precious than those small”

At this point I accidently snorted the dust up my nose making it impossible for me to finish my words. After a few moments my head clears and I hear snickering from the audience or should I say Jumbly. I open one eye slowly. Then the other. Shadra is nowhere in sight. I look around furiously. Jumbly is now rolling over in laughter. I almost step on something. It is Shadra. A very small Shadra, very very small. Evidently when the last word I spoke was small that was where the magic ended. I had shrunk Shadra and there isn't just one but many small Shadra's.

I can hear many voices coming towards the clearing. It is Spyke's crowd. No one should see this. I scoop up the Shadra's and grab Jumbly by the hand. Off I go. Please be advised that enrollment in Dragon Masters of Extraordinaire Greatness Society has been temporarily suspended.

**Stoope the almost Stupendous**