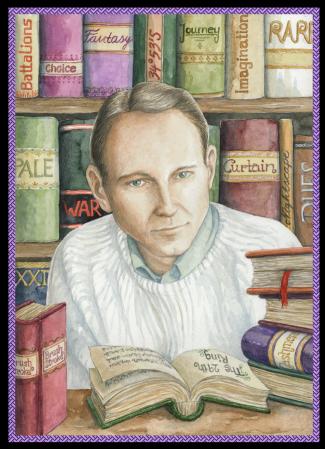
# The SHORT STORY AFICIONADO



### The Miniature Library The Short Story Aficionado

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# Welcome to A STORY I'M TELLING from Far Beyond the Threshold of Imagination!

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Reader...

Spurred by the crisp coolness of any chosen Autumn afternoon...and before the violet blush of twiliaht fades to starlit night—hasten to find a



comfortable easy chair...one where you may be warmed by the welcoming embers of a glowing hearth. From there, your imagination shall lift you up and whisk you down the narrow drive ahead—through the gateposts and beyond.

Once round the bend, you shall find yourself in a hitherto unseen quarter—as Far Beyond the Threshold of Imagination as you can ever hope to be!

It is there and then that you shall have the opportunity to reach out for one brief moment in time—to grasp the offer of an outstretched hand that is a Bitof Myster-

y, Romance and Adventure.

# D.H. Dale Wayfarer of the 29th Ring

A Miniature Story from Stories We Are Telling.
for the Miniature Library of the Short Story Aficionado

FAR BEYOND \* 1. THRESHOLD of IMAGINATION ABIT of MYSTERY, ROMANCE and ADVENTURE

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# Wayfarer of the 29th Ring

Having Evolved into the Quintessential

MINIATURE STORY

aBitof MYSTERY, ROMANCE and ADVENTURE
is Dedicated to

My FAMILY Then, Now and Always

My DARLING and DEVOTED WIFE
You of Starlit Nights Come and Gone

My Loving and FAITHFUL DAUGHTER
You're the Rest!

My BELOVED WIFE and ALLY
You in the Autumn Blush of All the Afternoons Yet to Come
having been the First to Cross Over the Threshold into the
MINIATURE LIBRARY

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# Welcome to A STORY I'M TELLING from Far Beyond the Threshold of Imagination!

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Reader...

Taste aBitof Mystery, Romance and Adventure! Wrap yourself in the cloak of imagination, and ascend ever higher into the enigmatic mist



clutching at the lavender and golden skirts of the Turta Mountains:—the Sea of Pearl and Darhan Stepper becoming mere memories of fast fading and far-off vistas. Journey the veiled paths of east and west—crossing the threshold of The Archives at Ocher to ponder the mysteries therein and long concealed!

Shy of summits rising abruptly out of lush, carpeted valleys harboring Ancient and Towering Corridors of Jade ... hold your breath for a moment, as you gaze out across the vast

Battle Plain of Uvus Nuur—at the kaleidoscopic and perplexing splendors that are Sunrise and Sunset at the Rim of the World!

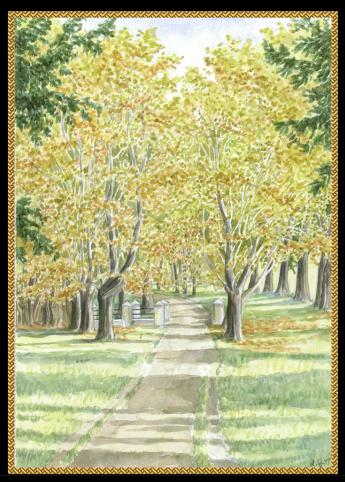
# Wayfarer of the 29th Ring

KNOLL on the BATTLE PLAIN of UVUS NUUR WAYFARER and SAVIOR the HADASAN STALLION

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# FAR BEYOND \* 1. THRESHOLD of IMAGINATION a BIT of MYSTERY, ROMANCE and ADVENTURE

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# The Teller Wayfarer of the 29th Ring

of a storyteller's globetrotting background meld seamlessly into a consummate view of the international big picture—an in-depth and wideranging perspective flowing from the *imagination and meticulous mind's eye* of *D.H. Dale*<sup>-1</sup>.

# From WHENCE a STORY'S CATALYST?

T A TENDER AGE for both, a strikingly beautiful mother and the childlike innocence of her youngest boy are too quickly lost in the harsh afterglow of a mature yet still young—and at that point in time, unkind and hurried postwar world!

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¹The freewheeling imagination and evocative storytelling of D.H. Dale™ crown otherwise commonplace themes with aBit of Mystery, Romance and Adventure™—a bejeweled and magical coronet not shackled by convention. Herein lies the work of a self-styled painter of the written word—the full kaleidoscope of hues, blushes, shades, tones and tints flowing from the storyteller's inkwell to parchment. It is upon these leaves of paper so unselfishly bestowed by some mighty tree—that the teller has penned this Miniature Story™ entitled Wayfarer of the 29th Ring™. The storyteller's thread of events, like all praiseworthy accounts, is a manifestation of the routine yet exceptional practice of observing, analyzing and drawing heartfelt as well as compelling conclusions. Inevitably, the finalities reflected in such reasoned judgments can be said to draw themselves up out of a shallow inkstone. After all, that vessel is the lone crucible in which the dry ink of deliberation is measured and mixed with just the right amount of imagination from the well of reflection—thereby maintaining the fragile flow of creativity that the pen can never completely manage on its

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While all around us, there is certainly no shortage of similar aftereffects for families that are wrenched by death and separation—does frequency by of itself mitigate such obviously callous and unfortunate providence?

No!

The subconscious origin of the teller's *imagination and mind's eye* gathers itself together somewhere between that very early awareness of reality—and subsequent travels and escapes to places of replenishment that only a child's mind can wander to.

The personal influence of said untimely and tragic event will not bring its full weight to bear on the teller until some decades later.

No, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader*—the full weight comes with the advent of what is certainly an adult's sometimes frequent contemplation of one's origin, life and purpose!

The root of storytelling itself takes sustenance during periods when the teller explores continental landscapes that are many thousands of miles from place of birth—and beyond the realm of extended family ties.

Beginning in childhood, these sojourns and interludes mark the beginning

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of a long voyage across geography—and through time, culture, mind and heart—such that the teller's wanderings are akin to the equivalent of any number of cancers and capricorns.

# BARELY at PEACE

HE EARLIEST of these forays into discovery finds the storyteller in continental locales where governments, peoples and economic, political and military war machines are barely at peace with one another.

It is the middle of the twentieth century—these western countries having traveled hardly a half dozen years out of netherworld of centuries-old paths whose life and property consuming webs can be traced directly back to the most catastrophic conflict in global history.

It is a worldwide conflagration that although seemingly sudden, is not altogether unexpected—the latter particularly so from the convergent viewpoints of the wealthy, powerful and privileged few. It is they who control economically driven societies—and who often and without remorse, use political, military and industrial mechanisms to achieve their moneymaking ends.



Consequently, it is also they who make possible the policies of sitting governments in the politically charged public sector—as well as in the corporate private sector motivated by the stand-alone nature of yields and returns on investment. Each conglomerate is then easily manipulated into a state of self-medication, that carries it down the omnivorous path of the profiteer.

It is the aforementioned privileged few who grow personally bored and frustrated—and likewise with one another. Almost invariably, their failed prescription and arrangement for fixed and morally binding societal mores leads away from discreet diplomatic order to reckless violence.

It is at this point, that the pusillanimous privileged class looks across the collective divide, and down the societal ladder at the middle and working classes — "And for what?" the teller ponders.

Why, for a surrendering of other than themselves, of course, i.e., a personal sacrifice directly predicated on the risk of one's life, limb, sight, hearing and mental and physical health—but not theirs, never theirs!

Therein lies the background for why the teller's then soon-to-be paternal parent is yanked up and borne away from

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an expectant spouse and out of a college classroom. But then, such a traumatic life experience generationally snatches up middle and working class teenagers and young men—and then deposits them in a military world of war, where boys become men overnight.

#### Or else!

As time progresses, the teller finds that like his father before him, he somehow ends up yielding a slice of his own life to the world of armed force.

Of course, owing to the naïveté of youth and inexperience, the teller doesn't realize that his personal forfeiture—like that of his parent—is on behalf of the iron-willed and influential few at the top of the ladder of self-preservation and wealth management!

### A RECOVERING ARCHIPELAGO

Vately agreed upon military billet is initially a by then peaceful postwar archipelago still bearing the terrible and yet to be healed scars emanating from some two decades previous.



It was during those very dark days and nights over a period of some three months, that naval, air and land forces of two great political, economic and military powers collided on the otherwise peaceful soil of far eastern shores.

The result of this horrifying clash of the gulliverian titans of their day and time, turns out to be the bloodiest and deadliest of the twentieth century's battlefield collisions—a mêlée that very nearly obliterates an island's lilliputian cities, farms and people.

In turn, the conflict leads directly to the near annihilation and unconditional surrender of a defeated power.

The number of dead and wounded, both military and civilian, number more than three hundred and fifty thousand—as the result of this one single confrontation in a combat theatre!

Yes, it is exceedingly violent and incredibly costly—"this business of war!"

# A SPLINTERED NATION

HE NEXT BACKDROP for the teller's private military pact with his country is an already splintered east-

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ern nation—at war with itself, and with imported and incompatible economic and political ideologies.

Its people are marred and its pristine landscapes spoiled by eight previous decades of western and eastern colonial exploitation—as well as by twenty years of bloodletting, deemed by its indigenous insurgent leaders to be the final step in a soon to end pursuance of national identity under one flag.

As with conventional war, its unconventional underside is exceedingly violent and incredibly costly over time—"this business of perpetual counterinsurgency!"

Even more so said unwinnable underside of war—because it is nothing more than a generationally reinvented and repolished academic classroom theory of generals and admirals who are usually inexperienced in ground warfare themselves.

Worse, it is a failed theory that is cavalierly engaged in by politicians who sit in their ivory-towerish offices and invoke mere resolutions that are unconstitutional at best. It is a flawed theory that is knowingly used by those of jaded ilk to cover their militarily amateurish backsides—this, when signing off in the shadows on flowery and fruitless, yet exceedingly deadly proclamations of "undeclared" war!



Elected officials are they who send boys and young men to sacrifice their lives and limbs, sight, hearing and mental and physical health on foreign battlefields. This, for something too often commonly referred to as national security by those seeking professional revalidation and reelection to their political seats that reside on the interior of the aforesaid ivory towers.

# The SUPERCILIOUS SEVEN

World of the 29th Ring\*!

The teller is of the opinion that all one really has to do is pay attention—however carefully and closely—to those residing within and without any of a myriad of grand and stately edifices. These, presently housing a broad range of similar views and outlooks that—however self-serving—are being regurgitated by *The Supercilious Seven*, to wit:

• The floors, wells, offices and *depleted treasuries* of *Big Government*, i.e., over

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politicized legislatures and heads of state—stretched excessively and unblinkingly toward the *extremities of left or right* by *Big Politics* and its uncompromising, indecisive political party power structures.

- The halls of *Big Legal*, i.e., politicized supreme courts—*justice being compromised* to the point of imbalance.
- The boardrooms, vaults and tote boards of *Big Business*, i.e., corporate private enterprise—where *profiteering*, bank *deposits* and risky capital *investments* are *indistinguishable* one from the other.
- The professorial platforms and daises of regional and national *Big Education*, i.e., colleges and universities where *isolated*, *overpaid and marly irrevocable tenure* is missing the point of real-world application.
- •The front pages of a globally diverse assortment of *Big Media*, i.e., politicized audio, video and print—*prostituting themselves* in a world of bias and innuendo.
- •The pulpits of a variety of world-wide *Big Religions*, i.e., eastern and western places of worship—where worshipers *conclude prayers*, only to find themselves later *spilling one another's blood* in direct contravention of the guidance promulgated by the selfsame gods of said religions.



### A MATTER of TIMING!

pecade or so after returning from what the teller personally comes to look upon as long and dedicated service to his country of birth—he finally begins what is to be his first story.

The timing, however, is somehow out of sync—and simply can't be assimilated into the fit that is necessary to the wardrobe of his imagination.

So, after but a few pages, pen is returned to inkstand, and chair pushed back—as the once again teller of dormant stories stands and walks out of the room of his *imagination and rend's eye*, in order to further engage and often joust with the real world.

D.H. Dale will not return to the pen and paper of the writing table for another decade and a half—at which time he will begin to multiply the inventory of realworld experience that is the foundation for his imagination.

It is just now after some four decades on a path well traveled—a byway that melds every kind of personal emotion, and geographic and cultural landscapes spanning the Americas, Europe, Asia and the Pacific Rim—that the teller is able to bring his thoughtful and deeply felt *imagination* 

Water Art

and mind's eye to the creation of this, the magical place that is *The World of the 29th Ring*...

Thereby, the storyteller makes good on delivery of an allegorical yet personal story chronicling both a real and enchanted everyman's immersion in the search for aBitof Mystery, Romance and Adventure\* for the shelves of the Miniature Library\*2 of the Short Story Aficionado\*.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Reader...

You are encouraged to peruse the next introductory passage whereby you are personally welcomed to the softly lit corridors of the Miniature Library by —

### The PRODUCER

Your Producer in Miniature...
The Short Story Aficionado

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<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup>The Short Story Aficionado™ is the producer of Wayfarer of the 29th Ring™ and other Miniature Stories™ from Stories We Are Telling™ for the Miniature Library™ of the Short Story Aficionado™. The Short Story Aficionado™ can be reached at producer@qttransqlobal.com.

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# SUNRISE and SUNSET at the RIM of the WORLD In the LAND of GRANGER'S BIRTH

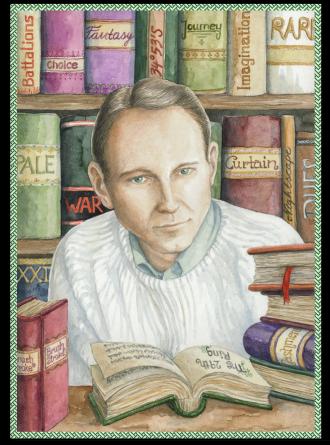
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