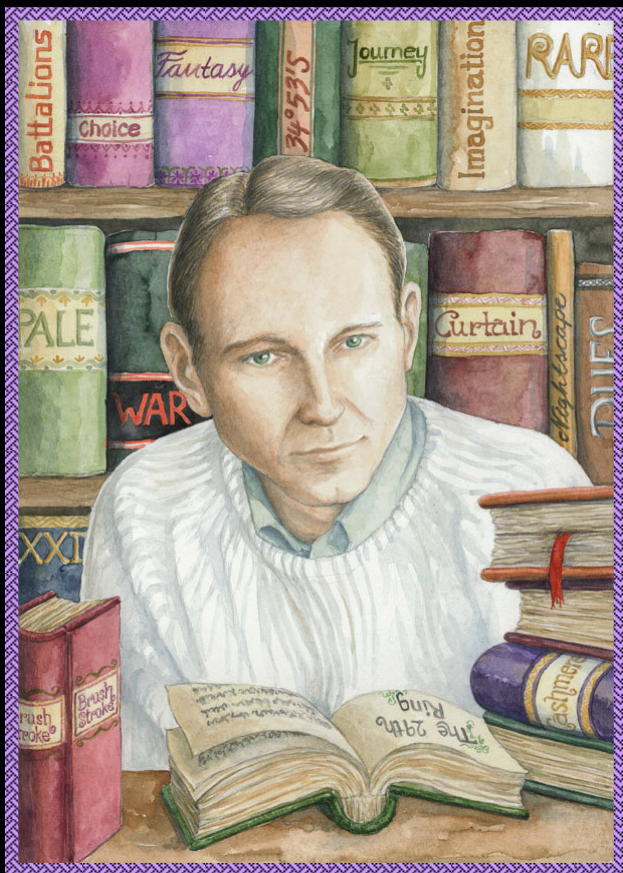


WAYFARER of the 29TH RING™ by D.H. DALE™
 A MINIATURESTORY™ from STORIESWEARETELLING™ for the MINIATURELIBRARY™ of the SHORTSTORYAFICIONADO™

The SHORT STORY AFICIONADO™ PRESENTS



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Image of an original watercolor by Anke Eissmann — 2009
 Out of the Imagination and Mind's Eye of 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 twilight 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 Bit of Mystery.

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 the THRESHOLD of IMAGINATION™
a Bit of MYSTERY, ROMANCE and ADVENTURE™

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Wayfarer of the 29th Ring™

Having Evolved into the Quintessential
MINIATURE STORY™
a Bit of 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 Best!

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 Steppe—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™ by D.H. Dale™

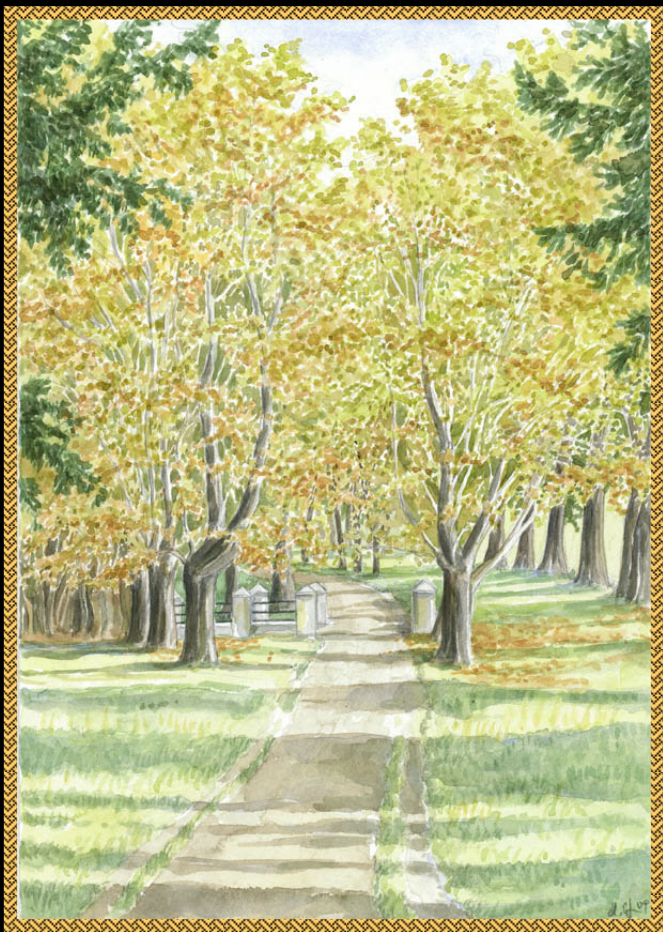
KNOLL on the BATTLE PLAIN of UVUS NUUR
WAYFARER and SAVIOR the HADASAN STALLION™

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FAR BEYOND the THRESHOLD of IMAGINATION™
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A Prologue of Perspective™ Wayfarer of the 29th Ring™

FAR, FAR OUT beyond the imagination of most—and floating as if suspended in an ocean-like atmosphere of vacuous hyperspace—there exist vast and irregularly shaped parallel universes.

Most generally described by many a confident star gazer as rough-hewn and eerily threadbare expanses—these *vast star laden stretches* can be more articulate, of course.

In fact, these firmaments can be the smoky panatelas of an urbane sky. Just as often, they are viewed as the blazing carnival pinwheels of a more earthy and worldly firmament.

If not connected physically, all such creations—emanating as they do, directly from the majestic drawing board of the *Designers*™—are at the very least involuntarily and even capriciously linked together by that solitary yet widespread thread of the fourth dimension, universally referred to as time.

After all, time is at the very root of the birth and creation of the enhanced volumetric cube, where four dimensions—rather than a mere three—so fatefully and carelessly spell out our spatiotemporal existence.

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Naturally, I'm addressing the earthly and celestial presence of the teller¹ of this wonderful tale—and yours and mine as well, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader*™.

Amidst a rare reflection of sorts then, it is the thoughtful few such as we four, who take that essential moment to recognize that everything so far described from within the aperture of *The 29th Ring*™ is—if truth be told—all just a confirmation of our own *great gift of human perspective*.

Yes, that which we so often only offhandedly—just cavalierly—refer to as the *indispensable illusion of depth and distance*!

MORE ABOUT TIME and SIMPLY the SPEED of it ALL!

A KIN TO THE TEMPO of cheek-to-cheek dancing, time can be slow and easy—as in real time. On the other hand, time can be as blisteringly fast as any series of random and ephemeral moments—similar in fact to the effects that one might experience from the most dizzyingly imaginable carnival ride!

Time might even be conceived by the conscious mind to be standing idly and tranquilly by—somehow

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 own.



evident, but as motionlessly still and unobtrusive as a contemplative pocket mouse.

EVERYTHING CHANGES! NOTHING REMAINS the SAME — EVER!

YOU CAN BE ASSURED that I am neither indulging in, nor attempting to submerge you in caveat lector, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader™*.

Even so, the enormity of all that I have thus far so briefly elaborated upon, is admittedly more than enough to take in—this, even though you may be even now, making no small effort to read between the very lines that are right here in front of you.

Before proceeding further in this conversation then, I think it perhaps wise to pause for just a few moments to reflect upon the "*change* all around us"—and then to spend a bit of time briefly reflecting upon even money's flip side of that same coin, i.e., what one might routinely refer to as "the *sameness* of it all."

Said another way, no matter how much we take our surroundings for granted—that is, the world as we see it and think we know it to be—our environs are eternally *changing* their physical appearance.

That is, the ground upon which we stand is *geologically shifting* "right before our very own eyes"—albeit in mostly very subtle ways.

For instance, when you wake up every morning and look out the breakfast nook's bay window at the back garden, *you may think* that you're seeing a familiarly tran-

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quilt landscape. Likewise, when you return to the location of your last vacation, *you might think* the scenic backdrop there to be just as serene as last you saw it.

However, what you see is *not* what you get, actually!

Just bear this in mind for a moment, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader™*. Our singularly pale blue globe is *hurdlng* through space at tremendous speed. Similarly, the ground we walk on everyday is *hurdlng* along as well—however inconspicuously.

Are we beings moving and changing, right along with our physical cocoon?

More to the point, are we keeping up with time as we know it? Or is it simply passing us by?

Such multifaceted  questions are those that but a bare few of us ever attempt to answer—and then, only over the course of an individual lifetime. And bear in mind that a single period of natural life on this planet is relatively brief in duration.

Why so few, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader™*? Simply because the vast majority of the world's nearly seven billion individuals can't bear to don their *thinking caps*. This is particularly the case when it comes down to conducting even an informal cerebral analysis and synthesis of the overtly complex, yet covertly plain theme of *human perspective!*

FROM the FOUNDATION UP

MOVING ON THEN, let's just build from the

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foundation up, shall we?

Now, imagine if you will, just a single one of the aforementioned analogous universes—each clustered about hundreds of trillions of stars!

Now add to your growing mental image if you will, an ever increasing number of these naturally luminous bodies—over and above the untold quantities that are as one might suspect, diminishing in magnitude as they age.

Said another way, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader™*, "fresh" stars are more than keeping pace with those that age and cataclysmically fade away—these, much like those rare nocturnal flowers which bloom at sundown, and then wilt come dawn.

The net result then, is that for all intents and purposes, newly formed stars are time and again unfailingly swelling the vast and far reaching frontiers of their collective universal confines—those earthy panatela-like images of the mind.

Thus, it never comes to pass that a star is reborn of itself, or reincarnated from one whose final demise is the result of the declarative and collective will of the heavenly *Designers™*.

RELATIVITY is in PLAY HERE

TAKING A SHORT BREATHER at this juncture, to think for a moment—it seems logical that you should be able to project your thoughts upward and outward into the far echelons and regions of hyperspace.

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This is the case, even though the remoteness thereof would actually be farther than the farthest extent of even your fondest imaginings!

You should give it your best shot anyway though, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader*™.

After all, when you get right down to it—it is at most, just a matter of your own individual illusion anyway.

You know, that *great gift of human perspective* that I've been touching on from time to time.

It might help if you were to form a picture of a single golden universe. Then for contrast's sake, you ought to become comfortable with the size of just a single one of the several silver galaxies stirred round and floating about therein.



And there is absolutely no doubt that quite a few of these galaxies abound!

While you're at it incidentally, try and think of applying a bit of high school mathematics along your visionary way.

Note that you won't need even *one* of Einstein's ten field equations mind you—just some good old dependable solid geometry!

The reference here is to the dimensions of length, breadth and depth of every untidily delineated expanse of star-spangled outer space. The individual lengths of all three of these volumetric dimensions are the most conveniently measured when applying the speed of light.

Naturally, light's electromagnetic radiation—whether visible to your eye or not—travels the vacuum of

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outer space at some 186,000 miles per second, or 670 million miles per hour! Note that light's invisible forms include those which occupy the red and violet ends of color's continuum.

Visualizing such a blisteringly fast rate as a unit of measure is still quite difficult though. Nevertheless, with some small amount of visual flexing within your mind's eye—the length of any galaxy can be perceived in miles.

Yes—You're working your way into it, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader*™!

Now, for the sake of simple relativity then—the dictates of the aforesaid *perspective* are such that your own personal galaxy's size be herein illustrated.

MORE ABOUT TIME

YOUR PERSONAL GALAXY'S assumed length of some 498 quadrillion miles—or 85,000 light years from end to end—would have to be multiplied many times over in an effort to project to the remotest reach of hyperspace that which is your mind's objective at this point in our all too brief discussion of *perspective*.

No doubt still though, it may continue to be difficult to fully comprehend all that which you are seeking.

So, reaching into our toolbox for a bit more relativity, let's say that by way of contrast, we find your world's moon to be a mere 249,000 miles from where you are presently standing—and where in short order you will be basking in its shimmering, silvery glow.

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Such a relatively short distance is a proverbial—and in this case—wildly understated drop in our impossible to overstate bucketful of space and time.

Yes, where you are and where you are imagining that you are, would require multiples of the equivalent of a trillion lunar round-trips—and assuredly a great many more than that.

If you could travel at the speed of 249,000 miles per hour, one round-trip to and from the moon would take you two hours, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader™*.

So, a trillion times to the moon and back would take on the order of two trillion hours—or roughly a quarter of a billion of your years, each containing 365 days of 24 hours each.

TIME SIMPLY WON'T STAND STILL — THOUGH YOUR SENSE of it CAN!

○NCE you sufficiently wrap your head round the super-farawayness of even a single quadrillion, your psychological state is conducive to making and then accepting the most interesting of observations.

The reach of hyperspace at the point from whence you are looking back with your *now* projected eyes over your *now* projected shoulder, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader™*—and in the direction of your physical self and surroundings *now* standing in the pale glow of shimmering moonlight—is quite remote.

It is so far-flung in fact, that when visualizing your own world from such an outlying distance—long pearl like

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necklaces of historical events become very densely compressed.

It is as if millions upon millions of recorded and unrecorded events are concurrent and virtually instantaneous.

In other words, known and unknown events unfolding over a thousand years—or even spanning the several millennia of the entire history of intelligent life—could rest comfortably on no more than a mere fraction of a symbolic pinhead of time.

To fully comprehend this, try to picture yourself embarking on the careful perusal of all of the aforementioned millions of events, say, sandwiched between two single historical occurrences—that is, between a simple beginning and a similarly straightforward end.

For the sake of argument, the beginning historical event could be a perilous event such as the despoilment, bloodbath, plunder and utter annihilation of the inhabitants and structures of some ancient city-state—this obliteration executed by the physical and spiritual forces of the indescribable evil that have existed since before the beginning of recorded time.

For the ending historical occurrence, we shall purposely choose the single insignificant event that signals the conclusion of the narrative at the end of the sentence that wraps up the very next paragraph.

Said another way, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader*™—during the accelerated course of your attempted perusal of time and events, recorded and unrecorded history do in fact pass so quickly that you are mightily privileged if you can comprehend just the first and last of the myriad broad-

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brush of events—say, the first fiery fissure in the walls of the aforementioned doomed city-state and its condemned inhabitants, and the last tiny black dot that is the forthcoming period right here at the tip of this diagonal arrow



It could be then, that you missed witnessing the beginning and the end, as well as the middle—this, because *your sense of time* may perceive it to be in point of fact *simply standing still!*

YOUR MIND'S EYE

NOW, look deeply within *your mind's eye* from such a far-away point in time and space—that is, from the point at which you projected your thoughts and self all those multiples of 85,000 light years (or vast stretches of 498 quadrillion miles) distant.

More emphatically put, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader*—focus more than you have ever focused in your life! Center your attention on bringing your mind back to the physical body from which you launched it no more than a just a few short minutes ago, i.e., the point at which you began reading *A Prologue of Perspective*.

A RUSHING RETREAT THROUGH SPACE and TIME

NOW ON THE MOVE, you will soon be making headway at what may be chimerically and appropriately referred to as a fantastic and unimaginable

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speed!

As you rapidly make your way back through the space-time continuum, your reflections wander back toward—and into—but a single one of the aforesaid parallel universes, i.e., the one in which you yourself reside and breathe and depend upon your wits and *perspective* to return to.

As your thoughts continue their *rushing retreat through time and space*—you find that they are bypassing galaxies of all shapes and virtually every size. These galaxies in turn contain a myriad of solar systems that you must sort through.

Each of these immense—yet still smallest in scale—of all cosmic structures encompasses its own sun and a variety of orbiting planets and their moons, all spinning on independent axes.



One of these solar systems is yours!

Sooner than you think, you are on your own imperceptibly rotating planet, and then seemingly stationary continent and country—finally arriving back home in your own soon to be silvery moonbeam drenched back garden.

At this point in fact, you are so focused, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader™*, that you hardly notice the slowing momentum of your own thoughts. The passing moments are finding their normal pace in real time yet once again.

You glance down at your wrist and discover that a minute reflects merely the routinely brief and barely perceptible sweep of the second hand around the circumference of the sapphire-like face of an ever faithful timepiece.

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Collectively, seconds have once more become minutes, and minutes have similarly turned to hours. Hours are yet again the basic building blocks of days, days of months, and months of years.

In a mere thoughtful instant, you find yourself standing atop the third warmest and most livable planet within your vast fathomable solar system—having bypassed ocean, continent and country along the path of your return.

The VIOLET BLUSH of TWILIGHT

TWILIGHT is approaching starlight, and you are standing feet apart and arms folded, looking skyward and anticipating an awesome and sparkling Autumn umbrella—its suspended and motionless ferrule to quite soon be the solitary lustrous glow of a rising, orbiting moon.

Almost imperceptibly then, the twinkling of night begins peeking out—manifest in the form of a thousand synchronized heavenly events.

A wondrous covering of stars is about to blanket and linger for hours over sleeping limbs and slumbering leaves, while enveloping the infinite heavens.

A scent and sense of urgency intrudes upon the air—pleasurable to all the palates of the senses!

Spurred by the crisp coolness of this chosen late Autumn evening then—and as *The Violet Blush of Twilight* fades to starlit night—hasten to enjoy pleasures enriched by the ambiance of the hearth.

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For although simple and straightforward, they are many and memorable, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader*!

You are shortly to enter into the midst of a fascinating and engaging dominion.

It is a land of hazy valleys and abruptly rising peaks. Here and there are soaring rain forests, in which dwell all sorts of magical creatures.

This is a comfortably delightful place borne of *aBitof Mystery, Romance and Adventure*™ — one which encompasses the unforgettable realm of *Stories We Are Telling*™ for the *Miniature Library*™ of the *Short Story Aficionado*™!

The ALPHABETICAL STOREHOUSE™

HERE in the quiet of the *Miniature Library*™, you shall discover a comfortable easy chair upholstered in crushed sapphire-blue velvet. There is also a matching tufted ottoman upon which to rest your legs and feet — should they be perceptively weary.

Adjacent thereto is a dark, reddish brown mahogany end table inlaid with the forbidden inscrutability of white ivory and the lavender reflection of an amethyst's misty and mysteriously shadowy purple.

Appropriately enough, this consortium of rich furnishings dwells quite comfortably beneath the soft radiance and glow emanating from the pale and somehow mysterious light of a tiffany-style, sapphire-blue, stained-glass reading lamp.

Most fittingly, your ensemble resides just opposite a glowing hearth, wherein is found the warmth of the

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ideal, welcoming blend of smoky ebony and gray, amidst smoldering gold and cherry-red aromatic embers.

As you settle in for the evening, allow your imagination to lift you up and whisk you down the narrow drive ahead, through its flanking gateposts—and to another place and time!

This is a rapturous place and time where heroes have little difficulty materializing out of the imagination and mind's eye of the storyteller—aided effusively by the pen and inkstand's free-flowing *Alphabetical Storehouse*™.

Following on the heels of the telling is a measured rainbow of pastels manifested through mixed and blended creations from the watercolorist's brush and palette.

So, hasten and get yourself inside before the twilight turns to night. There, before the welcoming embers of a glowing hearth, you may find an appropriate place for reading.

Now, slide down into that comfortable easy chair and relax with a hot mug of your favorite drink in hand—or even some mystifying potion should you desire it!

You are entering the *Miniature Story*™ whose covers you already suspect you have somehow cracked open—the account of which chronicles the journey of *Wayfarer*™ and the blue roan *Hadasan Stallion*™ blessed with the name of *Savior*™. Naturally, the pending journey's enchantment is enhanced by the air of excitement associated with what one can imagine is visible through the aperture of *The 29th Ring*™.

Off you go then "for real", *Mr. and Mrs. Reader*™—following after your imagination away and down the narrow drive—then past gateposts and round the bend ahead,

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to the unseen quarter that is *Far Beyond the Threshold of Imagination*™!

Are you now sensing what more than just a few ardent admirers of the written word also feel—that which turns scores of happily abridged attention spans into *Short Story Aficionados*™?

Yes?

Away with you then! It is into the world of unblemished dreams—if only for a few brief and transcendent moments in time, wherein you find yourself within the instant of *mood-created*.

A FLUTTERING FANTASIA

HOW NUMEROUS they have become, these sundry diminutive knolls of brightly colored fallen leaves, dotting as they do a rumpled back garden's dappled landscape.

It is a vista reflecting what has for more than a summer season become heaven's naturally expressive manifestation of the oft repeated mutually sympathetic rendezvous of the moment when gossamer sunbeams chase fragile raindrops.

All the while, this scene has alternately been touched by nature, and then nuanced and tweaked by the human desire for order and sustainment—the latter through the sweat of the brow.

Now in late Autumn, the curtain rises on a panorama of reality and unreality—momentarily merging

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wakefulness and dreams in *A Fluttering Fantasia*™ of red and gold aspen aerogrammes.

Mother Nature's soft, intermittent breezes—invisible yet conspicuous activities—send leaves of scarlet and ocher skyward in a seemingly unruly game of hide-and-seek.

Once aloft, these unwritten letters enjoy repeated flights upon atmospheric currents generated by random gusts of wind and softer, well ordered breezes. In the end, gravity prevails to guide them all to a series of soft landings.

Thus, nature persistently shapes and reshapes today's carefully organized handiwork into irregularly frayed, yet still well ordered and virtually weightless heaps and mounds.

And a long effort the  day has been too, having extended from first light until well past midday.

As a matter of fact—and as an affair even of fancy, the always moving hands of unstoppable time sweep across a shadowy yet familiarly omnipotent face. It is the not uncheerful visage that reflects and conveys a turning away from work and its attendant tools to a much more pleasurable and engaging pastime.

It is the countenance that looks out from the well-born, highly polished timepiece standing as a lone sentinel within the entrance hallway.

So, take the natural detour that goes in the direction of such diversionary pursuit—after having taken one last expected and therefore unavoidable glance backward, before closing the door on reality.

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Do not tarry long, however, on legs straddling the momentary brink of now from then—a threshold that sends the urgent message to quickly abandon the past for a fleeting and transitory present, leading to the uncertain bright light of the future.

As a firm yet cordial reminder of the sundry perils associated with being recalled by the past, as well as the therefore pressing need to refrain from lingering in decisional limbo—the whistle of the glass and brass-bottomed kettle is the urgent cue to reach up and bring down a deep mug of the future from the pantry shelf.

Therein, a generous portion of the velvet grind of the cacao bean quickly inundate any thought of the past. Any reflection from the bottom of the cup that might have a rescissory first claim on presence in the here and now is itself swiftly overwhelmed and revoked.



Steaming hot water thence churns its way to the mug's brim, immediately enlivening the room with a rich, deep aroma—all traces of the saving grace of dark chocolate instantly disappearing.

One purposeful sip of potential contentment finds a willing yet satiable desire to settle in, forego reality, and ascend to the summit of one's imagination!

A SINGULAR EVENT AWAITS YOU.

THIS is the sterling occasion awaiting you—that much sought after opportunity to assume a role unlike any you might actually portray in the day-to-day routine world.

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Today you can play an out-of-the-ordinary part in something quite magical and enchanting—from *Stories We Are Telling™* for the *Miniature Library™* of the *Short Story Aficionado™*.

Take part in *aBitof Mystery, Romance and Adventure™*—as your imagination wends its way into the *Turta Mountains™*, and then to the far north to witness the surprisingly romantic yet hostile nature of events surrounding the *Archives at Ocher™*.

From there, farther south you shall travel to where *The Manor House™*^{2,3} at *Hope's Amethyst™* stands and waits—ever patiently listening for the steady and familiar footfalls of a long absent master.

Hope and anticipation both have it that he may soon appear from out of the mist of *The Lavender Forest™*.



And as he wends his way through and around yet one final stand of the mightiest of trees—that very master finds that even he must rely on but the faint sound of fluttering gossamer wings for the accuracy of his direction. It is a mere whisper of a resonance—but one that is both heartwarming and fully appreciated, when the affectionately soft and multihued glows of finally come into full view.

²*The Manor House™* — *The Glowing Wings of Night™* is an image of an original watercolor by Anke Eissmann – 2010, out of the *Imagination and Mind's Eye of the Short Story Aficionado™*.

³Residing in Germany, Anke Eissmann is the illustrator for *Wayfarer of the 29th Ring™*. Her body of work in short films/animation; graphic design and illustration is reflected at anke.edoras-art.de.



It is at that long awaited and poignant moment — not one minute before nor after — that you may witness the *Spellbound Arrival™* of the *Master of the Manor™*!



And riveting it is, this thrilling and moving moment pegged to a final return home — this, after an unparalleled time of high risk for the collective life and limb of *Wayfarer™* and his band, stouthearted and true!

So!

Shall the curtain rise in rapt anticipation then?

We certainly think so!



We don't question it!

So, if *you* are of a similar intensity of expectation, *Mr. and Mrs. Reader™* — then observe and behold!

You are now on the verge of entering a matchless and fantastical domain!

Therein, you shall have the remarkable opportunity of bearing witness to the heady adventures of *Wayfarer™* as *Lord Granger™* and *Cassandra™* as *Lady Viamar™* — accompanied by their faithful equine companions, *Savior™* and *Indigo™*.

⁴*Spellbound Arrival™* — *Master of the Manor™* is an image of an original watercolor by Anke Eissmann — 2011, out of the Imagination and Mind's Eye of the Short Story Aficionado™.

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Together, all are under the protection of that enchanting quintet of woodland nymphs known affectionately as *Pumila™*, *Balsamea™*, *Persica™*, *Stellata™* and *Mariana™*.



And—all are lying just this side of both
Sunrise and Sunset at the Rim of the World™!⁵

DEAR MR. and MRS. READER™...
READ ON for the NEXT ADVENTUROUS
CHAPTER —

SUNRISE at the RIM of the WORLD!™
WAYFARER OF THE 29TH RING™

Your Producer in Miniature...
The Short Story Aficionado.

⁵In the Land of Granger's Birth™ — Sunrise and Sunset at the Rim of the World™ is an image of an original watercolor by Anke Eissmann – 2010, out of the Imagination and Mind's Eye of the Short Story Aficionado™.

⁶The 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@gttransglobal.com.





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

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 A MINIATURE STORY™ from STORIES WE ARE TELLING™ for the MINIATURE LIBRARY™ of the SHORT STORY AFICIONADO™

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