

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

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Reader...

Taste a Bit of 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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SUNSET at the RIM of the WORLD-!

NO MATTER how regally supreme, even cosmic power and influence wane at a tempo matching that with which they wax. Naturally, the opposite could be said as well—with no vestige of either remaining on the well-worn and carefully balanced horizons of east and west.

And so, like the most marvelous of yellow roses that briefly blooms and then fades away, the all encompassing provider of life-giving golden light and warmth finds itself helplessly driven to benign neglect within the space of but a few short hours.



With humbled hubris, the nova-like extravaganza burns its way across the visible cosmos, and then descends over a faraway precipice beyond the *Turta Mountains*—and into the coldly ravenous belly of an evening sky that lies somewhere below the western horizon.

Lo yet again, the sometimes perplexing and always kaleidoscopic mirrorlike horizon continues to bid us a nightly deep purple reception.

It is a blossoming, flourishing and determinate inflorescence that lasts long enough to test any wanderer's patience and mindful strength—to project beyond the present to a future that doesn't just mimic and pose as the past.

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Rather, that traveler is granted yet another chance to put right what went wrong, to improve upon today the imperfections of yesterday.

Looking from the east where the cool lakes and highland cities of the *Turta Mountain Range*™ reside high above carpeted valley floors—witness the far-flung, incomparable and most unattainable destination of them all.

Behold the spellbinding grandeur that is *Sunset at the Rim of the World*™¹!

A WAYFARER'S ASSURED RETURN

FROM THE BRINK OF THE ABYSS that is *Sunset at the Rim of the World*™, a mottled and gossamer veil begins to silently fall—to surely cloak all of the landscape west of the highest of the peaks of the great *Turta Mountain Range*™. Seemingly all at once, daylight folds itself into twilight—thereafter slipping quietly into shadow.

Vibrant and crisply effervescent landscapes of kaleidoscopic hues, blushes, tints and bright whites at first fade—and then finally plunge into haziness and sallow shades of gray, amidst a harshly mixed blend of deep, musky purple and coal black.

That which is discerned in the light of day with simplicity's absence of difficulty, gives way to the alien and unfamiliar. The tranquility of yet another untroubled day passively submits to evening—and then vanishes into an impersonal, gloomy night.

¹In 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™.



Childlike recipients of that which is freely given by a caring and nurturing parent, find themselves deprived of the great gifts of warmth and light.

Swiftly and without ado, reflections emanating from moonlit and starlit silvery façades seek out the waiting eyes of all the beings and creatures of the night—curious or otherwise.

A night sky of lustrous anthracite expands across the heavens. It is a grand cosmos dazzlingly bejeweled with sizzling blue sapphires, sparkling diamonds of white and yellow, brilliant orange topazes, and scarlet rubies—all outwardly cool to the touch, if one could possibly imagine them as simply lying about in the upwardly turned palm of an outstretched hand.

Before long, the cumulative subconscious of intelligent and reasoning life is subliminally overtaken by the heavy-lidded anticipation of the great, wayfaring star's assured return on the morrow— from the chasm that transforms itself into *Sunrise at the Rim of the World™*.

The aforesaid intelligent life-forms are those who stand on two legs, and daily traverse the ancient cities, steppes, peaks, mountain passes, valleys, lakes, rivers, forests and other natural geographic wonders *In the Land of Granger's Birth™*.

Embraced thereby are all manner of surface inhabitants, i.e., *Firmamentals™*, *Manicons™*, *Angorans™*, *Noblessars™* and *Rugae™*. Said two-legged certainty is prompted not by some implausible overconfidence, but rather by the irrefutable nature of things, rooted in the primordial rhythm and tempo of the ages. Added thereto are wild and domestic animals, fish and fowl—great and small.

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The wayfaring star's departure and certain return engagement are part and parcel of a progressive succession only slightly altered by the seasons.

It is a chain of events whose influence thereon, the *Designers*™ and *Terrestrial Architect*™ have put outside the reach of all—to include even the most notable *Noblessar*™ and *Ruga*™ thinkers and ponderers from either north or south—and likewise from the *Dark Side of the Realm*™.

The DARK SIDE of the REALM!

NOT UNEXPECTEDLY and certainly for that matter not unnaturally, reflective nocturnal illuminations seldom fall upon and discover those eerie and alarming eyes that chill the spine of mortals and immortals to its innermost marrow!

Being addressed in this instant are those globular pods feverishly marbled with veins of brassy, boiling hot, liquid bronze!

When said terrifying and reproachful eyes of the night are so discerned, it is an entirely accidental and stumbling occurrence.

Within those ghoulish orbs are reflected the grisly union of the subversive wealth and unrepentant power of the underworld. This is the strength that leads to an evil, insatiable appetite for more of the same—while not excluding an avariciousness stemming from blood lust and a control that is privileged in nature.

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Said hunger knows no civilized bounds, or even the unenlightened limits that one would naturally expect from even the ill-fated and unlucky.

For it is the gruesome and hideous creatures in whose skulls these feverishly dilated and hungrily searching globes are implanted and grow—who inhabit the *Dark Side of the Realm™*.

And unless these ogres choose to be sought out by surface dwellers, they simply will not be found—except rarely by the most observant mortal or immortal.

Such soullessly evil creatures reside deep in the foul smelling and acidly hot bowels of the earth—far from that which can be illumined by any normal star.

If and when these grisly creatures journey to the surface of the terrestrial shell, they do so to feed upon flora and fauna growing wild...or upon the domestic plants and animals that surface dwellers nurture for their own consumption and survival—and which said nurturers trade across varied geographical and political boundaries.

The ghastly aspect of surface visits by beings from the *Dark Side of the Realm™* is that they unnaturally—if only infrequently—feed upon the nurturers rather than the nurtured!

Even more appalling is the documented fact that when their insatiate hunger becomes desperate and frenzied, these asexual beings are even known to consume their own ghastly pets—and one another on top of that!

Some say that these cannibalistic ways result from their being mentally deficient. Others say that the reason has more to do with inherent evil—and that no mere psy-



chological deficit could possibly mitigate such ghastly and grisly behavior.

DEAR MR. and MRS. READER™ —
WATCH for ADVENTURE VI.

YOUR STORYTELLER in MINIATURE™ ...

D.H. DALE™



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

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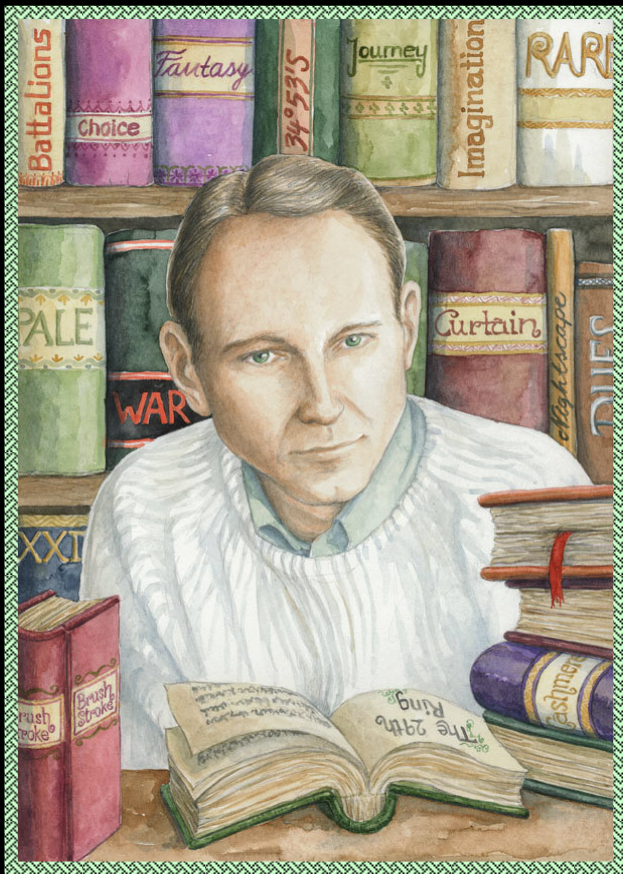
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