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 $Way farer \ of \ the \ 29^{\text{th}} \ Ring* \ by \ D.H. \ Dale* A \ Miniature Story* \ from \ Stories We Are Telling* \ for \ the \ Miniature Library* \ of \ the \ Short Story Africionado* \ Story \ Story \ Africant \ Story \ Stor$ 

### 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<sup>.</sup> 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 aBitof Myster-

y, Romance and Adventure<sup>.</sup>.

# 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 BIT of MYSTERY, ROMANCE and ADVENTURE

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Wayfarer of the 29<sup>th</sup> Ring" by D.H. Dale" A MiniatureStory" from StoriesWeAreTelling" for the MiniatureLibrary" of the ShortStoryAficionado"



Having Evolved into the Quintessential MINIATURE STORY" aBitof MYSTERY, ROMANCE amd 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 he 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 Ocherto 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 Surviva and Surveyt at the Dire of the World I

WAYFARER of the 29th RING

Ьу

### D.H. DALE

KNOLL ON tHO BATTLE PLAIN OF UVUS NUUR WAYFARER and SAVIOR the HADASAN STALLION

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### The WAYFARER ARGOSY -

THAS BEEN STATED OFTEN and in many languages, that virtually all that is first-rate – all that is beneficial – generally takes a tripartite form. Naturally, each man and woman is entitled to personally embrace an individual interpretation of what constitutes that which is positive and favorable – whether the nature of it is eternal, or merely fleeting and then lost to the obscurity of infinity.

In similitude, *Wayfarer*<sup>--</sup> often likens any abundant supply of good fortune to the aura of circumstance surrounding a trade flotilla of three oceangoing ships—any such small fleet having safely returned from afar, after running the twin gauntlet of nature and marauding privateers. This, while traversing the bottomless *Cobalt Sea of Hadasan*<sup>--</sup> and yet once again reaching safe harbor at the *City of the Mist*<sup>--</sup>—where the *Onon-Veruun Road*<sup>--</sup> finds its end and its beginning at a treacherously rocky water's edge.

This wayfaring argosy's leader and navigator commands a tall flagship called an *Amethystine Lavelark*—in whose shadow is a wide and usually heavily laden merchantman dedicated to the sea by its builders as a *Hadasan Burgundium*—.

Within the merchant ship are three holds containing cargo and ballast. All are dependent upon one another for trim from bow-to-stern, port-to-starboard and masthead-to-keel—and thus equilibrium, clear sailing and good fortune!

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Always alternately flanking and bringing up the rear of both the flagship and merchantman are found the tall masts and billowing sails of a bristling man-of-war. This impregnable naval ship is wholly designed to defend against those who might wish to overwhelm the small flotilla and take its merchant ship and costly cargo as a prize of plunder – thereby spoiling and ultimately denying the fruits thereof to those who need it the most *In the Land of Granger's Birth*-.

Thus, this heavily armed *Darhan Camadelle*<sup>~</sup> is prepared to fend off any and all attacks by a predatory, privateer laden corsair commonly known as an *Ocherine Brackabrand*<sup>~</sup>.

Wayfarer's- view of beneficence then, is perfectly clear in his mind. This is so, whether such tripartite form be of the similitude just described – or a devotional trinity; a soldier's oath as to duty, honor and loyalty to fight, protect and defend; governmental checks and balances, i.e., executive, legislative and judicial; or even some overt and covert combination of the three system sciences, i.e., political, economic and military.

Likewise visualized within *Wayfarer's*- mind, heart and spirit is liberty's personal trio – as alluded to in the soldier's two groups of foundational principles, one as to allegiance and the other as to action. This personal and private trio is composed of one's freedoms to venerate someone or something in the spiritual order; to fully express oneself; and to seek out and possess as much knowledge as to spirit, mind and heart as one may choose, and be able to absorb.

As initially described, each assemblage of three can be likened to a small yet mighty fleet of ships, each trans-

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porting and protecting precious cargo sorely needed at the final port of call.

It is not so much the number of ships involved, as it is their quality and the superior utility of what lies in their holds—a cargo ready to save the day for those at a

port of debarkation just over the horizon, and somewhere within the boundaries dictated by *Sunrise and Sunset at the Rim of the World*<sup>-1</sup>.

Likewise, there is the converse to said trios, a reversal of fortune so to speak—which is in no way, shape or form is good or meant to be.

All of the aforesaid is so *In the Land of Granger's Birth*.



*Wayfarer*<sup>--</sup>, the *Dark Champion of the Amethyst*<sup>--</sup> and philosopher soldier, also knows full well the practical as well as delicate details of the beneficial threesome – that he believes is destined to possibly reverse the present political, economic and military ruination of the realm. In other words, he clearly sees the solutions incorporated therein, as well as their implementation.

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<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>In the Land of Granger's Birth<sup>w</sup> — Sunrise and Sunset at the Rim of the World<sup>w</sup> is an image of an original watercolor by Anke Eissmann - 2010, out of the Imagination and Mind's Eye of the Short Story Africionado<sup>w</sup>.

This invaluable tripod-supported beneficence, he refers to as *The Wayfarer Argosy*—whether in simile, symbolism or warm and real to the touch.

Unfortunately, the preceding is perilously ignored by most, to the point of being next to invisible—and misunderstood by the few who prefer (or not) to find themselves walking in the shadows instead of the light.

*Wayfarer*<sup>•</sup> is fully cognizant of this hazardous state of affairs. As a matter of fact, he is acutely aware of the "won't" ignorami, as well as the "can't" ignorami—the former *refusing* to see what is in front of them, and the latter seemingly pathetically *helpless* to see anything at all.

The Dark Champion of the Amethyst- knows that the most dangerous type of ignorance is the purposeful one – the *refusal* practiced mainly by those in privileged class, or by those privileged few who are not presently in control of the political, economic and military apparatus of government and trade. Amazingly, these "won't" ignorami simply *reject* problems and the impending danger that accompanies them.

These are the *Citizens of the Headship of the Realm* – most of whom are immersed in simple, everyday, run-of-the-mill greed, i.e., the ostensibly innocent avarice that compounds upon itself, until those who practice it simply implode amidst the true innocents who are totally blind-sided by it all.

Such common avarice typically camouflages itself behind a façade of counterfeit complexity—that is, a simplicity that is purposely hidden within a convoluted web of elaborately contrived prevarication and premeditation.

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Likewise, *Wayfarer*- is aware that the directionless ignorant, the "can't" ignorami, can be just as dangerous, if not more so-that is, those who fall into the well worn category formed around the truism that ignorance succumbs to bliss...after common sense is assaulted by a barrage of propaganda's misinformation and half truths. This all leads directly to the condition *Wayfarer*- refers to as "blissfully drowning" – being oblivious to the pain normally in attendance at the moment of death.

This precariously idyllic condition afflicts the majority of the population – that is, those of the merchant and working classes. Said another way, this group of inhabitants constitutes the extended family of the realm. These are the *Citizens of the Heart and Foundation of the Realm*. They are helplessly immersed in their ignorance, and simply cannot visualize how to save themselves and the realm – just yet!

In the end, it is the *Citizens of the Vulnerable of the Realm*— the true innocents—who fall victim to the wayward and intractable transgressions of those farther up the icy and therefore slippery slope of society's mountain.

Because of poverty and disability, these are the weak and disenfranchised—those who have literally fallen flat on their faces, after slipping silently and unnoticed past every societal net devised to catch them.

For the vulnerable, there is no political, material and economic sanctuary from that which is internal: upper class avarice, as well as middle and working class bliss – and from that which is external: that and those seeking to invade upward or across the realm's physical and political boundaries.



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Sometime after the conclusion of the *Great Conflict* of Violence and Affliction, it seems that the most valuable document in the land was mislaid or perhaps stolen although never believed to be lost. In the meantime, its multifarious and multifaceted provisions have simply been ignored, by simply bypassing them. After all, they are too strong to be destroyed outright—but without a champion to fight for them, are easily disregarded.

These near sacred provisions are the one-of-a-kind foundational principles of the realm, entitled *The People's Key to the Realm*<sup>\*</sup> – *The Charter of Irrevocable Freedoms, Rights and Privileges*<sup>\*</sup>.

*The Wayfarer Argosy*<sup>~</sup> has a familiar ring to it, by way of its tripartite structure—having given documentary birth to the *Freedoms*, *Rights and Privileges*<sup>~</sup> of the realm.



The first solution of *The Wayfarer Argosy*<sup>\*\*</sup> is rooted in the *political sanctuary* of the realm.

It is simple, really.

Do not establish laws that are in direct conflict with the *Freedoms*, *Rights and Privileges*. contained in *The Charter*.—and repeal existing laws that have been in conflict since the time of the *Great Conflict of Violence and Affliction*.

*Wayfarer* knows after all, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of great pain. He is also agonizingly

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sensitive to the sacrifice of life and limb, sight, hearing and physical and mental health by *The Best and Finest of Us*—at the direction of the privileged class, in order to cover for the latter's grievous errors and heinous sins.



The second of the obvious yet seemingly invisible solutions is rooted in the *material sanctuary* of the realm. Of crucial significance and importance, therefore, is that the military forces *In the Land of Granger's Birth*- remain within the borders of the realm.

Counterinsurgencies outside the borders of the realm are literally unwinnable. The supply of insurgents is never ending. Therefore the last man standing in the environment of an external counterinsurgency-versus-insurgency is the insurgent – not the counterinsurgent.

Why in the world then, *Wayfarer*<sup>--</sup> questions and argues – should *The Best and Finest of the Realm*<sup>--</sup> risk and sacrifice their lives and limbs, sight, hearing and physical and mental health on behalf of a losing proposition?

In his mind, the internal response is, "It should not and shall not be this way."

The wealthy class of the realm know this full well. Even so, during the *Great Conflict of Violence and Affliction*<sup>--</sup> the privileged few refused to let go of a devastating and unwinnable political gambit—one from which their person, property and social status came away practically un-



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scathed, leaving them to learn little or nothing from the devastating experience suffered by the remainder of the realm.



The third of the solutions is rooted in the *economic sanctuary* of the realm.

While necessary to finance the realm's infrastructure and governing apparatus, taxes on the merchant middle class must be kept at no more than one tenth of individual incomes and profits from small enterprises.

On the other hand, taxes on the privileged class must be no less than seven tenths of individual income and profits.

The line between the two must be set at the point where the amount taxed at one tenth allows for the incentive of a reasonable standard of living, while still providing the revenue reasonably necessary to administer the realm.

For the past quarter of a century, *Lord Granger*-knows full well that unnecessarily low taxes on the already wealthy privileged class, and unreasonably high taxes on the now struggling merchant class have led to an economic and societal erosion that has nearly bankrupted the realm – politically, economically and militarily!

The key to the seven to one ratio in taxation is merely a matter of fairness, balance and common sense.



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Without the heart and foundation of the realm, there can be no headship. That is, without middle class production and consumption, there can be no upper class wealth—and thus no upper class!

After all, the wealth of the realm is generated not so much from the top of the pyramid by the capital of the wealthy—as it is by labor and the capital of small enterprise, from the base up through the middle of the pyramid, respectively.

When the middle class prospers, consumes and grows, the window of upward mobility opens for the working class at the foundation to move into the middle class at the heart of the realm—and for the vulnerable of the realm to move into the working class.

In the process, the members of the minority privileged class of the realm are entitled to receive a reasonable return on their capital—which should always be taxed at a higher rate than that of the middle class's labor and small enterprise capital.

The merchant middle class needs all of the individual income and profits from small enterprise commerce that it can garner for the purpose of consumption and reinvestment—and for the creation of wealth shared in by the wealthy upper class.

## 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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