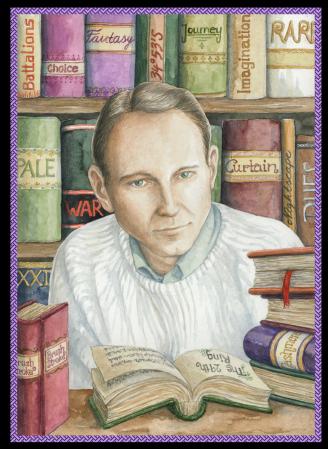
The SHORT STORY AFICIONADO PRESENTS



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



y, Romance and Adventure.

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-

D.H. DALE'S" WAYFARER of the 29th RING

A Miniature Story from Stories We Are Tellingfor the Miniature Library of the Short Story Aficionado

FAR BEYOND the 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!

Dean 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

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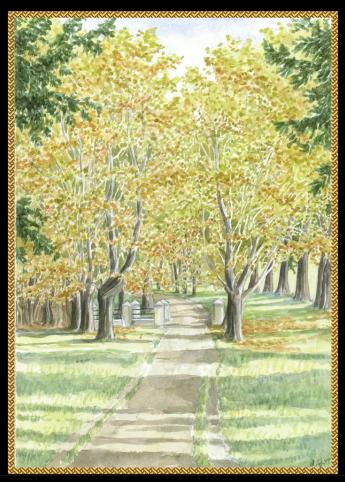
D.H. DALE

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

| mage of an original watercolor by Anke Eissmann — 2008

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FAR BEYOND & NO THRESHOLD OF IMAGINATION ABIT OF MYSTERY, ROMANCE and ADVENTURE

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Those MIGHTY PLEATS and WRINKLES

HE GRAND SPIRES of the Turta Mountains rise abruptly from the soft and thickly carpeted floors of a majestic world of emerald and crimson.

These summits reach far above even the lofty dark green canopies that shelter all of the knowledge and wisdom contained within the realm of the great rain forests—known as the Ancient and Towering Corridors of Jade⁻¹.



As to TIMBER and STONE

T A HEIGHT of some thirty ordinary farmhouses of the dell, should they be stacked one above the other—the great trees *In the Land of Granger's Birth*—dwarf all manner of living being, even those of the dark side.

Be that as it may, these jade giants of the forests find themselves subordinate in the overall scheme of things—this, when compared to steepled *Turta Mountain* peaks that at the very least, point skyward to where they are tenfold the height of the flanking rain forests.

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¹The Crimson Glade™ — Ancient and Towering Corridors of Jade™ is an 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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Even so, the single mountain range and its inhabitants *In the Land of Granger's Birth* simply cannot exist without the benefits provided by several statuesque and ancient rain forests—each individual tree having been planted by the giant *Terrestrial Architect*—at the direction of the *Designers*—.

Naturally, the converse of the close and dependent relationship as to timber and stone is also true—and quite well known throughout the realm as well!

At the root of this rapport are the differences between east and west, as well as the similarities thereof. Both the forests and the mountains act together to create clouds and rain—water therefrom being the ingestible life's blood of every living thing!

Additionally, these three-hundred foot colossi are the battlements that individually and severally defend against the deadly effects of an unseen exhalation—converting that hurtful element into that which can be inhaled. This is the inhalable life's blood of every living thing!

Of the EAST and WEST

BOVE EYE LEVEL and found deep in the surrounding lavender wave of mist on both the east and west of the *Turta*-range, is a denser haze masking an arduous skyward ascent.

Any traveler who seeks to find his way to and from the eastern and western lands *In the Land of Granger's Birth*—, generally finds himself on one of two well engineered but sometimes treacherous roads.

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The northern route goes through the Ocherine passage along *The Great Mountain Road*, descending either into the *West Darhan Steppe* or the *East Darhan Steppe* through the *North Darhan Saddle*.

The southern route goes through the Amethystine passage along *The Great Sea Trade Road*, descending from the *South Darhan Saddle* into either the western lands *Battle Plain of Uvus Nuur* or the *Aquamarine Forest* of the east. Of course, there are many uncharted trails that lead to many mysterious places.

UNCHARTED TRAILS

VES, THERE IS A DARKER PASSAGE north

of the *Amethystine* lands and south of *Ocher*.

It is a yawning, subterranean water route² whose twin entrances are situated about half way up the almost vertical drop from the summits of the *Turta Mountain* range. Through this riskier passage are found the *Caverns of the Rose*.

There are nothing but uncharted trails to and from these caverns. Therefore, the way in from either the east or the west is primarily by water.

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²In 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™.

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In order to reach this more or less shadowy route through the mountains, one can choose to navigate upstream from the *Sea of Pearl* to the north and east—by way of the *North Stream of the Rose*.

Likewise, from the south and west, one can also

navigate upstream to the caverns, but by way of the South Stream of the Rose.

This route begins at the juncture of the three great inland waterways of the western lands. This is the point at which the Batar River and Onon River combine to form the Veruun River, the latter then flowing to the south—and on to the unknown lands of Hadasan.



As to traversing the *Turta Mountain* range through the aforesaid *Caverns of the Rose*—whether navigating south or north is a dangerous course to take, for both streams end at towering waterfalls—the *Falls of the Pearl* to the east side of the caverns, and the *Falls of Uvus Nuur*—on the west side thereof.

WERE THERE EVER to be a GREAT FLOOD!

HE AFORESAID ONON RIVER finds itself deep *In the Land of Granger's Birth* after flowing along a zigzag route up from the south and west—where additional uncharted lands lie.

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The more direct water route through the western lands is that of the *Batar River*, which flows directly down from the north and west—and also from unfamiliar lands never to be incorporated *In the Land of Granger*'s *Birth*...3.

At more than one point along the *Onon River*'s series of hairpin curves, the eastern and then southern bank comes close to merging with the shoreline of the *Cobalt Sea*. The latter is also true of the banks along the *Veruun River*'s more direct route.

If some great environmental disaster were to gain sway and have undue influence over the seas—and were their levels to rise by any great extent—salt water would surely flow into the freshwater of both the *Onon River*—and the *Veruun River*—.

Thereby, the inhabitants of both the *City of the Mist* and the *Ancient City of Nuur* would become inundated—and likewise all of the roads from the south and west through northern *Hadasan*.

Such a flood would in essence cut off the southern route to the *Ancient City of the Amethyst*- from the western lands—except by way of the northern route through the mountain pass of the *North Darhan Saddle*-.

FAR ABOVE the LAVENDER MIST

MAGINE YOURSELF VERY HIGH UP, and far above not only the lavender mist, but exceeding the ele-

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vation of the aforesaid denser and hazier camouflage as well.

At that point, and in lieu of the steppes left thousands of feet below and now far behind—the magenta and gold of otherwise gray granite outcroppings manage to afford a 360-degree sweep that takes in the majestic, mirror-like golden and magenta *Rims of the World*.

Thus are tied together the geological underpinnings and topographical landscape beneath the daily cycle that is life's thus far everlasting pattern *In the Land of Granger's Birth*—.

Of MOUNTAINS and LAKES and WATER

OLLECTIVELY, the aforesaid range of rugged peaks likens itself to a long and dedicated column of decorated and brightly uniformed soldiers earnestly marching from northwest to southeast—they, sandwiched between competing east and west boundaries of the Darhan-steppes.

The start of that great march begins just southeast of *The Rim of the World*, at *Golden Mountain Lake* and its stunningly beautiful environs.

The area to the northwest is not one often traversed since times of old. Nor for the sake of those *In the Land of Granger's Birth*— have such exploration and journeys of rediscovery been deemed essential by the *Citizens of the Headship of the Realm*—.



This rain and spring fed mountain lake resides below the apex and within the two equal sides of an isosceles triangle lying terrestrially north of the *North Darhan Saddle*—and west of *Silver Falls*—. Within the lake's major waterfront city lie the *Archives at Ocher*—, always waiting and anticipating those who are hardy enough to make the shoreline journey of some one hundred or so miles along the *Upper Turta Road*—from *The Great Mountain Road*—.

After relentlessly traveling a distance of some eight hundred miles or so, the great march of the golden-amethyst mountain wall splits into a wishbone-shaped formation—flanking, encompassing and enveloping the shores of *Lavender Lake*—and likewise the *Ancient City of the Amethyst*—.

Like its sister water body to the northwest, The *Turta* range's southeastern lake is also fed by rainfall and underground springs emanating from within the mountains.

Both lakes send indispensable crystal clear water on down to lowland populations for drinking and irrigation—the latter particularly in the arid northeast.

Water is also needed to irrigate the southwestern fertile crescent, below the spectacular *Falls of Uvus Nuur* and the *South Stream of the Rose*...and north of the even more spectacular *Lavender Falls* and *Lavender Stream*. The crescent follows the rocky shore of the *Veruun River* as the latter flows through *Hadasan*—the river's steep banks thereby denying river water for farming purposes.

Within the *Ancient City of the Amethyst*, are those who gather and dwell contentedly—happily pursuing



love, family and life's vocations, avocations and mile-high distractions.

Indispensable to the city's citizenry is an economy dependent to a great extent upon trade with those in the lowlands—particularly the seaside and riverfront port cities, to wit—the western populations residing in the *City of Mezeriuum*; the *Ancient City of Nuur* and the *City of the Mist*—the latter situated on the north shore of the *Cobalt Sea*". In the east, only one great city remains since the *Great Conflict of Violence and Affliction*"—that of the *City of Mezeriaam*".

From Lavender Lake on, the stalwart mountain column passes into the unknown lands of southern Hadasan—paralleling an old and traditional water trade route. The mountains follow a topographically natural course that runs parallel to the meandering eastern bank of the south flowing Veruun River—.

DEAR MR. and MRS. READER" — WATCH for ADVENTURE XI.

YOUR STORYTELLER IN MINIATURE"...

D.H. DALE





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

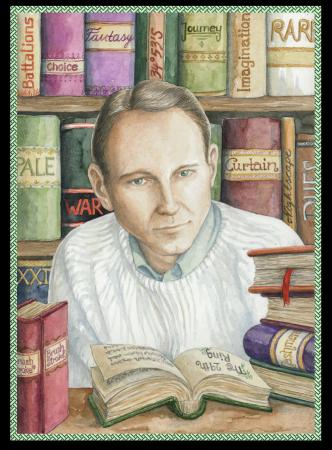
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