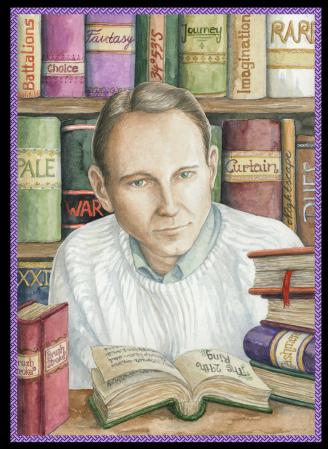
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# Welcome to A STORY I'M TELLING from Far Beyond the Threshold of Imagination!

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!

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

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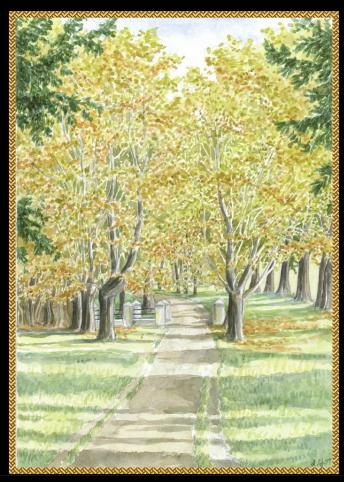
#### D.H. DALE

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

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

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### SUNRISE at the RIM of the WORLD -!

SSUING FORTH with the greatest of aplomb, the crown of but a single flaming red and white-hot golden star appears in the east—and then sweeps away the length and breadth of a glittering starlit sky.

Coal black heavens—once bejeweled with dazzling stars of sizzling blue sapphires, sparkling diamonds of



white and yellow, brilliant orange topazes, and scarlet rubies outwardly cool to the touch—are no more.

Along the single star's mighty arc, molten beads of gold burst forth, radiating outward along the entire trace of its grand and lustrous silhouette.

Seemingly near, yet from a place dichotomously distant

and obscure, this great sun—the closest in all the universe, and hub of its own vast planetary system—ascends majestically and unhurriedly from the mysterious abyss that lies somewhere on the edge of the far-flung horizon, beyond the towering majesty of peak after peak of the *Turta Mountains*, and the oft journeyed umber clay of *The Great Sea Trade Road*.

Casting its spellbinding image upon the cracked mirror of waves, swells and foaming caps scattered upon the otherwise placid surfaces of the northland's *Sea of Pearl*<sup>\*</sup> and the far south's bottomless *Cobalt Sea of Hadasan*\*—this great star literally rises up from the depths to

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take full and uncompromising command of all that it surveys.

Against this gripping backdrop, every flotilla with a seagoing flagship, peaceful merchantman or heavily armed man-of-war borne on the morning's lunar tide—whether *Amethystine Lavelark*—, *Hadasan Burgundium*— or *Darhan Camadelle*——finds its various elements casting a variety of long shadows and glowing stem-to-stern sunlit profiles toward the west from the multiplicity of their tall masts and billowing sails.

Shadowing the coasts and entrances to all the harbors is the maritime challenge to peaceful trade upon the seas and great rivers *In the Land of Granger's Birth*. This is any one of several privateer laden corsairs, each known as an *Ocherine Brackabrand*—with ferocious names purposely associated with the predatory denizens and killing machines of the deep, i.e., shark, orca, squid, octopus and ray.

There beyond the *Ancient City of the Amethyst* that hugs the shores of the high mountain *Lavender Lake*—whose crystal clear waters cascade over the precipice of *Violet Falls* and downward to fill the *Lavender Stream*—the nova bursts forth in unparalleled splendor upon the uplifted spirits, minds and hearts of all intelligent beings.

Likewise, the bright sky bathes a myriad of landscapes—from sandy seashores and rocky lakeshores...to the expansive East Darhan Steppe....to the Ancient and Towering Corridors of Jade. amongst The Rain Forest of the Designers.—all waiting patiently for the warmth and light that nurtures every form and species of flora and fauna upon the ground and above it.



Even the fauna that inhabit the aquatic world below the waves and in the subterranean fathoms—all find themselves drawn upward from otherwise sinister depths to the sun drenched shallows kissing the shores near the City of Mezeriaam\*, and licking the coastlines about the City of the Mist\*.

Witness the most far-flung, incomparable and unattainable destination of them all. Behold the spellbinding grandeur that is *Sunrise at the Rim of the World*<sup>1</sup>!

## From PEA to POD to FLOWERING VINE AMIDST on ENDLESS MEADOW

of blazing grandeur, the mighty star formally takes its ordained place upon a throne that is the eastern morning sky of red, gold and cerulean. From there, the ultimate vantage point, it unblinkingly watches over the oceans and the lands of the planet.

Yes, it is *In the Land of Granger's Birth*<sup>\*\*</sup> that the crucible of life and death performs its function for every natural creature, as well as all manner of unnatural and hideous creatures from the dark side.

As impressive as it is though, this life sustaining star is a mere shimmering speck when viewed from the individual perspectives of another half trillion points of light that dot and cluster about the heavens. Each is a brilliant azure, white, topaz, jacinth or scarlet flower blooming

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<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup>In 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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upon a cobalt black vine—its every hue, blush and tint determined by the intensity with which it burns toward its own inevitable demise.

Likewise, the firmament that is the single galaxy sheltering the planetary system that cradles the planet, nestles snugly amongst a myriad hundreds of billions of other similar heavenly sanctuaries. The trillions upon trillions of stars there assembled illuminate and sustain the seemingly cool and silver aura of an infinite universe that is utterly incomprehensible in its size, scope and purpose—except to *Noblessars*—and *Rugae*—perhaps. Even the *Shadowy Rugae*—who sometimes make visits to the dark side may from time to time grasp the boundlessness of it all as well.

Do the *Designers*<sup>2</sup> stand with arms folded in awful silence astride this unending cosmos? And if so, how often—if at all—do they fix their all knowing steel-gray gazes upon what surely can only be an infinitesimal planet?

Is this microcosm of life their best—or even perhaps only—experiment in creating all manner of creatures possessing the finite senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch?

Did the *Designers*<sup>\*\*</sup> intend that these living, breathing beings should conduct war to achieve peace—and that the hideous creatures who sometimes counsel with a *Shadowy Ruga*<sup>\*\*</sup> or two or three on the dark side should have no apparent soul?

Do the *Designers*<sup>\*\*</sup> exist in a fourth dimension, or perhaps a fifth, or even a sixth?



The answers to these and other profound and prickly questions are far beyond the knowledge and comprehension of mere mortals it seems. class.

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

YOUR STORYTELLER in MINIATURE"...

D.H. DALE"











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

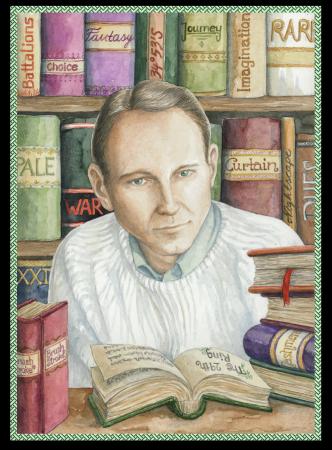
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