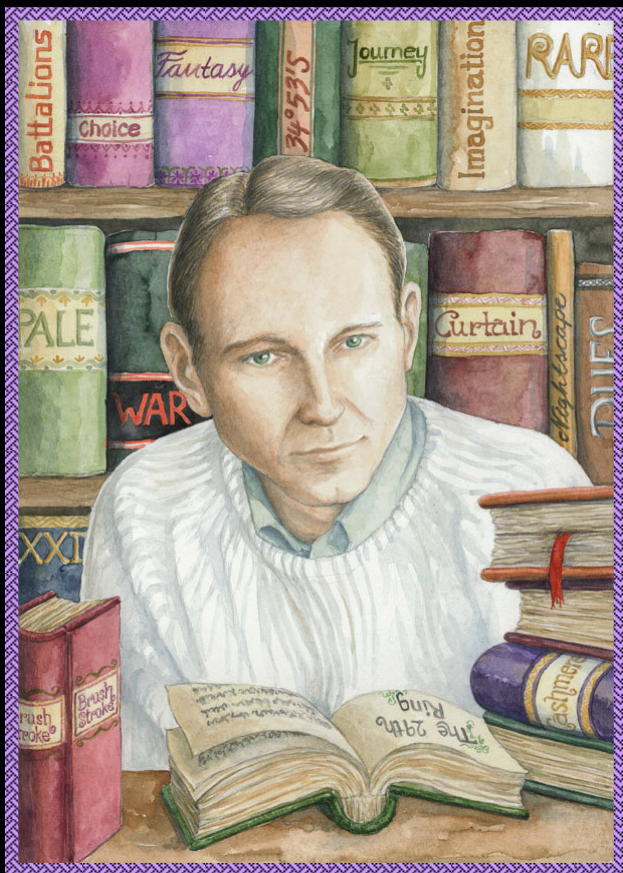


WAYFARER of the 29<sup>TH</sup> RING™ by D.H. DALE™  
 A MINIATURESTORY™ from STORIESWEARETELLING™ for the MINIATURELIBRARY™ of the SHORTSTORYAFICIONADO™

# The SHORT STORY AFICIONADO™ PRESENTS



## Th. MINIATURE LIBRARY The SHORT STORY AFICIONADO™

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 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 29<sup>th</sup> 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 29<sup>th</sup> 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 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 29<sup>th</sup> RING™

by

D.H. DALE™

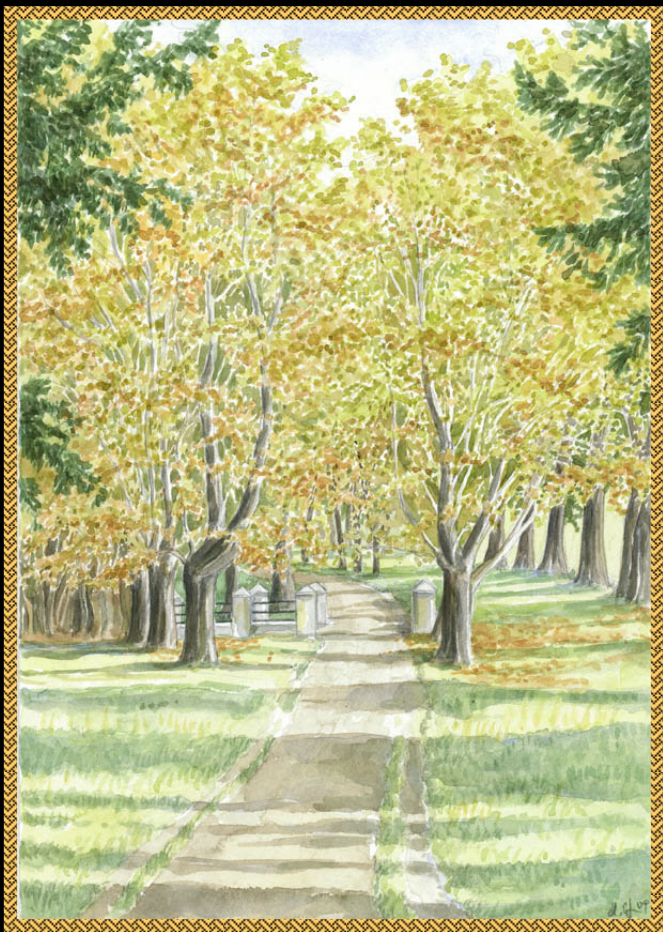
KNOLL on the BATTLE PLAIN of UVUS NUUR™  
WAYFARER and SAVIOR the HADASAN STALLION™

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FAR BEYOND the THRESHOLD of IMAGINATION™  
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## The Terrestrial Architect™ CRIMSON JADE at the CREATION™

IT JUST SO HAPPENS that there is a great hall lying somewhere in the far regions at the head, heart and hub of an openly attendant yet mysterious and undefined ebb and flow of cosmic activity.

This multifaceted and ancient edifice is believed to be situated about a myriad of well organized and inter-connecting corridors and main antechambers—beyond which is some number of supplemental apartments and perhaps lesser rooms.

Naturally, this is pure speculation.

How this great hall actually appears is beyond the mere mortal perception of ~~ter~~restrials forming the ancient population *In the Land of Granger's Birth™*—and for that matter, of even the extrasensory gifts of terrestrial immortals such as *Noblessars™* and *Rugae™*.

From a personal frame of reference, of course, all can offer only mere conjecture in this regard.

Even so, one with a really fertile imagination could very well hypothesize what lesser beings might be permitted to physically behold of this great hall—with at least three of our oftentimes not so robust senses, that is, those of sight, touch, and hearing.

In regard to the first of these physical senses—the great hall might be perceived as appearing with an impenetrable foundation of the hardest and most opaque ebony granite ever quarried, burnished, set down upon and embedded in rock—this, so dense and solid that it reaches

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down to, and just short of the molten core of a celestial body hurtling through space and time at unfathomable speed.

So, if actually standing within the majestic walls of this, the most marvelous of all halls, and looking all about us—we with mere mortal brains and attendant visual senses might perceive something altogether quite dazzling.

Reflected in our vulnerable and impressionable irises of emerald green, russet and ginger brown, cerulean blue, smoky gray, hazel-specked jade and lilac violet—might be standing before us an astonishing interior of the whitest, highly fired and translucent porcelain.

Therein also would be rare, exceedingly smooth and lustrous marble from the deepest and most inaccessible pits—all of it trimmed with the most intricate gilding of carefully beaten and translucent gold leaf.

Finally, we might find that virtually every one of our visual perceptions are crowned by delicate, sparkling crystal—whose subtle tone, ring and tenor might be perceived by our mortal sense of hearing as certainly among the most beautiful sounds that we have ever heard.

Yes, then! Highly polished black granite, translucent white porcelain, lustrous marble and beaten gold leaf fill our three senses as we behold and are engulfed by all that surrounds us—above our heads, at our feet, and simply everywhere!

As a matter of fact, our imagination could become so engaged that even the most sensitive organs of smell and taste could very well also become kindled to overflowing!

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We might also behold the roof of the great hall and its attendant structures as being covered in a green patina glaze defending a vast and seamless sheet of microbial crystalline copper from celestial bodies bombarding it at speeds beyond mortal comprehension.

In fact, the great edifice whose beauty and magnificence is being supposed here, is a vast, atrium whose domain is none other than the universe—far above the star-studded smoky panatelas and the righteously whirling and blazing pinwheels of an earthy yet cultured firmament.

In this greatest of all halls, one must now imagine an assemblage of many colossal thrones—their exact number not being readily discernible. Here they sit, amidst the spires and pinnacles of the temple's outermost and perpetually vaulted heavenly ceilings.



It is the time of earliest antiquity, and *The Designers™* who occupy and use these thrones momentarily look away from one another and pause in their mindful discourse.

Thereupon, they each look down with the most intense gaze of great compassion from their seats of extraterrestrial supremacy.

Leaning forward in unison from the backs of their thrones of celestial hierarchy—and with great brows so terribly furrowed as to solidify all thought, each *Designer™* intently raises one great eyebrow...forthwith extends a mighty arm...and empties that single great hand of a solitary, tiny, and therefore seemingly insignificant seed.

Collectively, these more than symbolic signs of what will someday come to be—at first flutter, and then

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increase their velocity in a downward spiral, reaching a momentum that can only be compared to that which exceeds anything anywhere.

Then, in a rapturous cataclysm, the *Terrestrial Architect*™ reaches up with one enchanted and fiery fist from his earthly sphere of influence amidst the fast falling seeds' sunny, wet and welcoming destination. There, far out into the stratosphere, the mighty maker and shaker grabs hold of what have become something akin to shooting stars—and then scatters them about the azure blue and billowy white of the chaos of tropospheric beauty.

By design, the planet whose troposphere is here-with disturbed, just happens to be the globe upon which is situated a patch of life, love and compassion—a stage designed for acting out the eternal battle of good against evil...*In the Land of Granger's Birth*™.



After a while, the white hot seeds grow warm and then cool to the touch, as they gradually descend—carried by the currents of strong winds, and then lovingly caressed by soft and reflective breezes—down, down, down to the surface of living, breathing and yes, anxiously awaiting valleys, mountaintops and shorelines of lakes, rivers and seas.

The *Terrestrial Architect*™ looks up, extends his sturdy arms, and with outstretched palms catches each little miracle—so that he might quickly deposit it in a large sack, and then later plant all that he has in the warm, moist soil of waiting valleys and mountains.

In two or three millennia, the resultant seedlings become saplings, and then grow up as a family of towering colossi to become the mighty stands of trees that continue



to occupy the eastern and western lowland valleys following the meander of the *Turta Mountains*™.

This single series of high summits separates east from west, thereby forming a line that arcs down from the land of the *Ocherine's*™ in the north, until it reaches the high fields of mountain lavender cultivated by *Amethystine*™ folk. It is here in the south where one finds the only mountaintop colossus—the great trees that form up *Lord Granger's*™ ancient, ancestral *Sapphire Forest*™.

Where the *Turta Mountain Range*™ actually begins and ends is unknown, and in all probability goes by some other name in the far-off and strange lands of the northwest, and of southern *Hadasan*™. As a matter of fact, these faraway places may as yet still be unchristened.

The great mountain and valley forests encompass an areas that boasts hundreds of thousands of magnificent woody perennials some 300 feet in height—with equally massive crimson red trunks, usually as much as 35 feet in diameter and in excess of 100 feet in circumference.

Each tree is deeply rooted in fertile forest floors that are carpeted with the most magnificent of ferns, flowers and other vegetation. Further, these broad, soft carpets are marbled with crystal clear brooks and rivulets whose untainted pristine sources are melting snow and natural underground springs. All of these tributaries are filtered by a plentiful array lifesaving wetlands, before continuing individual journeys that take them to each and every one of the realm's lakes, streams and rivers—both on the ground and below.

At maturity, emerald canopies and sunshades become potent oxygen producers—thereby consuming and

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literally devouring otherwise toxic air that would be debilitating to both mortals and immortals.

Next to water, wetlands and air itself—trees are the greatest boon to life *In the Land of Granger's Birth*™.

Altogether, these great forests are called the *Ancient and Towering Corridors of Jade*™—so tall and intertwined are they, that even their planter and guardian, the *Terrestrial Architect*™—a giant among men and women, some two-hundred feet tall—seeks out their cool shade in the midst of summer.

As a matter of fact, this forest giant risks the wrath of *The Designers*™, should even one of *The Towers of Crimson Jade*™ be cut from the place in which its seed was first so deliberately and carefully planted.

As for those of the *Headship, Heart, Foundation and Vulnerable of the Realm*™—they can also be held responsible for a cavalier attitude toward an invaluable natural resource that sustains the life of mortals and immortals.

On the other hand, those of soulless evil from *The Dark Side of the Realm*™—internal or external—do not live long no matter what. Therefore, they have no compunction whatsoever about defying even the supreme will of *The Designers*™.

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

*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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