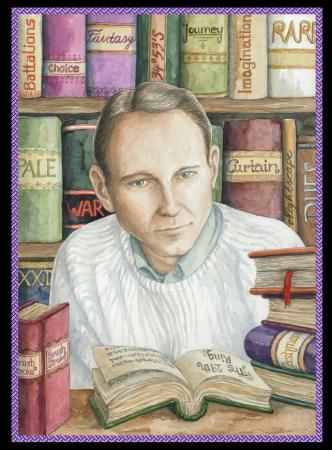
## The SHORT STORY AFICIONADO PRESENTS



#### 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. & Mrs. Reader ...

Spurred by the crisp coolness of any chosen Autumn evening...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—and 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—and grasp the offer of an outstretched hand that is a Bit of Mys-

tery, Romance & Adventure.

Major D.H. Dale Hadasan First Edition

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

FAR BEYOND + 1. THRESHOLD of IMAGINATION ABIT of MYSTERY, ROMANCE and ADVENTURE

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# Hadasan

Having Evolved into the Quintessential

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

HIDDEN im the MIST that TIME FORGOT The Place We Know We Want to Be

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FAR BEYOND the THRESHOLD of IMAGINATION aBIT of MYSTERY, ROMANCE and ADVENTURE

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# Hadasan

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Reader ...

Join me now for A Story I'm Telling, and discover aBitof Mystery and Adventure born of Hadasan—The Battle for the Rim of the World.

Yes, where all that was, is and ever shall be the quintessential underworld has its back to the brink of oblivion—and where it and its corrupted disciples, hangers-on & sycophants shall surely fall away helter-skelter and eternally incommunicado into the farthest reaches of the universe.

This, after being utterly defeated and forever after kept at bay by all that was, is and ever shall be the quintessential Security, Sovereignty, Prosperity & Supremacy that is Hadasan.

DHD GTTG SSA TO



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## Man of War

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#### HELLO MR. & MRS. READER!"

ELLO, MR. & MRS. READER™! Join me now for A Story I'm Telling™, and discover aBitof Mystery and Adventure™ born of Hadasan™—The Battle for the Rim of the World™.

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Yes, where all that was, is and ever shall be the *quintessential underworld* has its back to the *brink of oblivion*—and where it and its corrupted disciples, hangers-on & sycophants shall surely *fall away helter-skelter* and *eternally incommunicado* into the farthest reaches of the universe.

This, after being utterly defeated and forever after kept at bay by all that was, is and ever shall be the *quintessential Security, Sovereignty, Prosperity & Supremacy*<sup>TM</sup> that is  $Hadasan^{TM}$ .

#### IT'S on the TOP SHELF

ORE CAN BE DISCOVERED, Mr. & Mrs.

Reader™, when you delve into a certain rare collection of Miniature Stories™—one scarlet colored leather bound volume in particular, it lying high up on an out of the way and until now long forgotten and dusty shelf in the Miniature Library ™ of the Short Story Aficionado ™.

So, spurred by the crisp coolness of any chosen Autumn evening, 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*<sup> $\intercal$ </sup> – *Through the Gateposts and Beyond*<sup> $\intercal$ </sup>. Once round the bend, you shall find yourself in a hitherto unseen quarter – and as *Far Beyond the Threshold of Imagination*<sup> $\intercal$ </sup> as you can ever hope to be!

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It is there and then that you shall have the opportunity to reach out for one brief moment in time—and grasp the offer of an outstretched hand that is *aBitof Mystery, Romance and Adventure*<sup>TM</sup>.

#### COLOR is EVERYTHING

HINKING IN COLOR is certain to deter the satanic and near comatose nature of any black, gray & white world.

After all, it is the full kaleidoscope of hues, blushes, shades, tones and tints that warm the heart and spirit—and which keep the globe exciting and turning on its axis.

All the while, this storyteller keeps one eye on the past and one eye on the future. The future of the Sun, that is—and of the Earth and its path around it as the seasons faithfully come and go.

#### ONE STARLIT NIGHT

UTUMN AND SPRING are perhaps the most vibrant seasons of the year. First there are the falling leaves of red and gold. Then there are the blossoms of every conceivable blush.

On the other hand, Winter and Summer are not particularly pleasant. The former is cold and wet, and the latter hot and humid. This, even though they are just as es-

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sential to the survival of all manner of florae and faunae as Autumn and Spring.

All in all, *The Designers*™ must surely be *tuned in perfectly* to all there was, is and ever shall be.

As for this storyteller, I became *truly conscious* of the foregoing in a quiet and breathtaking moment one starlit night. This, when I happened to look up at the heavens of *The Designers* $^{\text{TM}}$ , and begin to ponder *their endless nature*.

#### The VERY QUINTESSENCE of EVIL

N THE GREAT LAND OF HADASAN™, the wise and thoughtful ruling lords know full well that the quintessential underworld seeks to promote its insidious agenda while infiltrating *Hadasan's™* great cities, villages, farming communities and *Crimson Jade™* forests—all the while relentlessly on the prowl.

It is *Hadasan's*™ young, naive and curious that the netherworld stalks and makes its appeal to, and whom it covets and seeks to corrupt—its recruiting tools being the lowest of the low.

The very quintessence of the underworld is pure evil—its agents rising to the surface and inhabiting the shadows and dark corners after the sun sets behind the *Turta Mountains*<sup>™</sup> at *The Rim of the World*<sup>™</sup>.

The netherworld's ultimate objective of course, is to return and remain on the surface unthreatened—and thereby revel as *Hadasan's*<sup>TM</sup> *National Economic Prosperity* and *National Military Supremacy* crumble from within—the *internal threat*.

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Thus, the door would be thrown open for  $Ha-dasan's^{\text{TM}}$  adversaries beyond *The Rim of the World*<sup>TM</sup> to overwhelm the country's *National Security* and thus its *National Sovereignty*—the *external threat*.

This, while the country's brutal and bloodthirsty enemies expend but a mere minimum of their own *Blood*, *Time & Money* $^{\text{TM}}$  to achieve their ghastly ends.

#### AGENTS of the UNDERWORLD

HE UNDERWORLD KNOWS that the surest way to get in touch with *Hadasan's™* youth, and in the process disguise and promote its sinister and twisted agenda, is to use as its emissaries communicative entertainers & politicians who were twisted and turned inside out in their own youth.

Such smiling stalkers and purveyors of evil are chosen because of their ability to get through to the young, naive and curious from behind cloak and veil.

That is, the underworld enshrouds its agents with subtly clever and confusing façades. Such innovative veneers continue to be fabricated from seemingly insignificant shards of willpower—the source of which somehow survived the netherworld's once upon a time annihilation at the hands of *The Designers* $^{\text{TM}}$ .

Although the name of that loathsome and wretched place is now relegated to the pages of a forgotten history, some that still remember its name whisper it from their foul mouths — *The Vale of Gomodo* $^{\text{TM}}$ !

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Those malodorous whisperers are descendants of the remnants of the population of  $Gomodo^{TM}$  that managed to escape the massive destruction of their perverse land by burrowing far underground—and thereafter remaining until their once human features deteriorated into something quite beyond the hideous.

These *Gomodos™* survive by consuming the raw flesh of their own—while also surfacing after dark to sniff out, rip and devour the flesh of unsuspecting faunae and even that of humankind. Oddly, *Gomodos™* are somehow soothed by the attractiveness of aboveground florae, but see it in a terribly distorted way.

Entertainers and politicians who are twisted and turned inside out are becoming more and more widespread as each day passes.

Quite frankly, the veiled yet abhorrent behavior & perversions and vices & corruption practiced and portrayed by the foregoing have never been more vile and abominable. Therefore, should any one of them be approached and questioned, their camouflaged responses must always be taken cum grano salis—that is, with a grain of salt.

There is a simple reason for such skepticism—one that can be summed up by wrongheaded responses from  $Gomodos^{TM}$  and those which they have turned around backwards.

The first of these is, "Gomodoesque™ behavior that one has been raised to believe abnormal is in fact normal."

The second is, "Hadasanesque™ behavior that one has been raised to believe normal is in fact abnormal."



Said perhaps more clearly, " $Gomodo^{TM}$  is not abnormal and  $Hadasan^{TM}$  is not normal." How utterly ludicrous—and yet cunning in a novel sort of way!

Yes, the foregoing are utterly backwards and wrongheaded—but *perfectly matched to confuse any youthful mark!* 

Think of your own children and grandchildren while perhaps momentarily lost in thought over what you are reading here, *Mr. & Mrs. Reader™*.

#### TWO GREAT LORDS MEET

T THE VERY EDGE of the forest of *Crimson Jade™*, in the country's hush-hush and heavily guarded *National War Room™*, two great lords meet to discuss and develop an emergency plan to once and for all rid *Hadasan™* of the latest in stalking and youthful recruiting that is apparently undergoing a resurgence out of the *Gomodo™* underworld.

The older of these gentlemen is the ruling prince of the *Ancient City of the Topaz*<sup>TM</sup>—while the younger of the two sovereigns wears the crown of the *Ancient City of the Sapphire*<sup>TM</sup>.

Each wears a princely ring that is a conduit for mysterious powers. A ring on the left hand indicates a time-honored marriage blessed by *The Designers™*—while a ring on the right indicates a widower of just such a traditionally blessed union.



#### FIGHTING THROUGH

T THIS POINT IN TIME, the two nobles have reached their own consensus as to the nature and urgency of the threat that *Hadasan™* faces—and how they think it should be dealt with. While vigilance against the *threat from without and within* has been practiced for centuries—it is the *threat from down under* that has unfortunately not received commensurate attention.

Their discussions now completed, the princes await the arrival of the greatest of the country's monarchs—he and his coruler being known throughout the land as the lord and lady of the forest of *Crimson Jade<sup>TM</sup>*, *Wayfarer<sup>TM</sup>*, *Lord Granger<sup>TM</sup>* and *Cassandra<sup>TM</sup>*, *Lady Viamar<sup>TM</sup>*.

Word has been received by messenger that they are fighting their way through  $Gomodo^{TM}$  war parties to the forest of  $Crimson\ Jade^{TM}$ —and ultimately to the  $National\ War\ Room^{TM}$ .

Fortunately,  $Way farer^{\text{TM}}$  possesses the  $29^{th}$   $Amethyst^{\text{TM}}$  and  $Cassandra^{\text{TM}}$  the  $29^{th}$  Blue  $Sapphire^{\text{TM}}$ —the most mysterious and magical of all the precious gems in  $Hadasan^{\text{TM}}$ . In addition, the five faeries are overwatching their travels from Hope's  $Amethyst^{\text{TM}}$ — $Cassandra^{\text{TM}}$  riding the battle horse,  $Indigo^{\text{TM}}$ , and  $Way farer^{\text{TM}}$  the great warhorse,  $Savior^{\text{TM}}$ .

Fortunately, both are expert archers with much experience in combat against  $Gomodos^{TM}$ . Any of the latter foolish enough to attempt and waylay either archer never survive—and why should they? After all  $Gomodos^{TM}$  have no value, they having bargained away their souls long ago.

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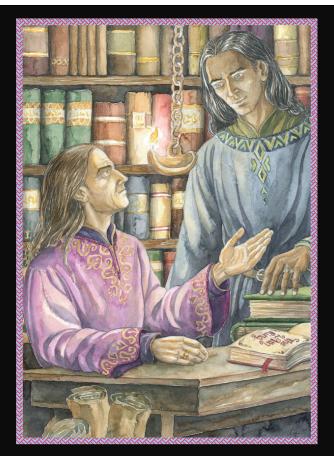


## Fighting Through!

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# The Great Lords

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## Topaz

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### Sapphire

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# Lavender Wave

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#### STAY TUNED!

TAY TUNED! There is more yet to come, Mr. & Mrs.  $Reader^{TM}$ .

#### ADIOS

DIOS! This storyteller¹ now closes with an invitation to return for aBitof Mystery, Romance and Adventure™—and yet another fiction and true-to-life kaleidoscope of hues, blushes, shades, tones and tints flowing from my shallow inkstone into a Miniature Story™ from Stories We Are Telling™ for the Miniature Library™ of the Short Story Aficionado™.

I'll be waiting right here in this small slice of paradise called the rural *Pacific Northwest*!

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<sup>&#</sup>x27;The freewheeling imagination and evocative storytelling of MAJOR D.H. DALE™ crown otherwise commonplace themes with aBitof Mystery, Romance and Adventure™—a bejeweled and magical coronet not shackled by convention. Herein lies the work of a self-styled painter of the written word—the full kaleidoscope of hues, blushes, shades, tones and tints flowing from the storyteller's inkwell to parchment. It is upon these leaves of paper so unselfishly bestowed by some mighty tree—that the teller has penned this Minature Story\* titled HALDASAN™—THE BATTLE FOR THE RIM OF THE WORLD™. The storyteller's thread of events, like all praiseworthy accounts, is a manifestation of the routine yet exceptional practice of observing, analyzing and drawing compelling as well as heartfelt conclusions. Inevitably, the finalities reflected in such reasoned judgments can be said to draw themselves up out of a shallow inkstone. After all, that vessel is the lone crucible in which the dry ink of deliberation is measured and mixed with just the right amount of imagination from the well of reflection—thereby maintaining the fragile flow of creativity that the pen can never completely manage on its own. Section 1997-2019 by GTTransGlobal™

# Your Storyteller in Miniature Major D.H. Dale. Hadasan First Edition DHD GTTG SSA.

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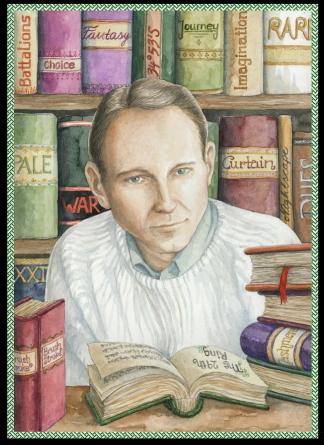
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## YOURS IN MINIATURE .... The SHORT STORY AFICIONADO



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