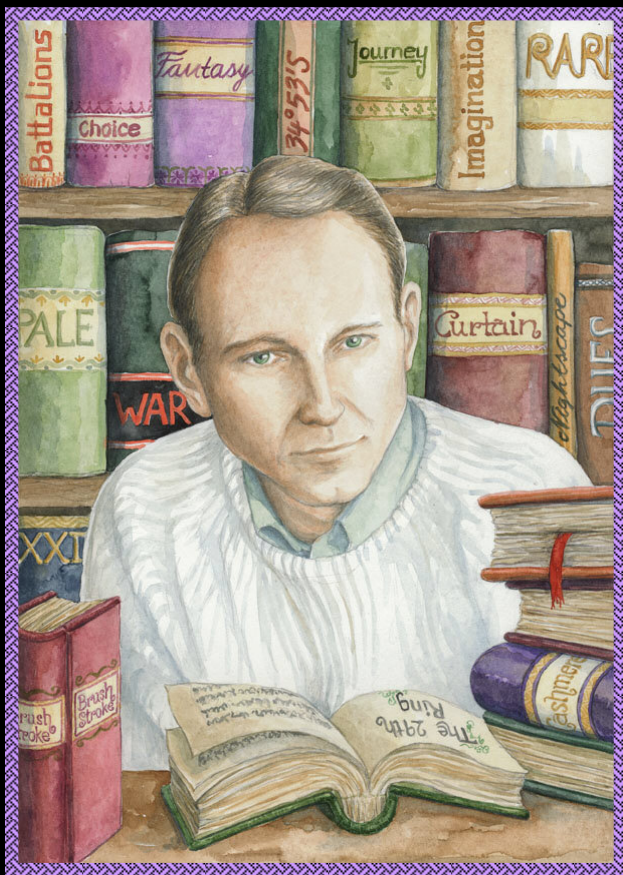


INTO MY IMAGINATION—AT THE BACK OF THE MIND— by D.H. DALE—
A MINIATURE STORY— from STORIES WE ARE TELLING— for the MINIATURE LIBRARY— of the SHORT STORY AFICIONADO—

The SHORT STORY AFICIONADO™ PRESENTS



THE MINIATURE LIBRARY THE SHORT STORY AFICIONADO™

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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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,

Romance and Adventure.

Major D.H. Dale™
Into My Imagination™

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

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Into My Imagination™

Having Evolved into the Quintessential
MINIATURE STORY™
a Bit of MYSTERY 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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Into My Imagination™

Join me now for *A Story I'm Telling*—
and experience *aBitof Mystery and Adventure*™
while journeying to the ethereal portal that lies
At the Back of My Mind™.

DHD GTG SSA™

WHOSE CONCERN IS IT ANYWAY?
Besides mine of course. Well, I guess that those
closest to me *might have* an interest—that is,
should have as well as *may have*. But the aforesaid
few may just boil down to being the sum total of those
who *could have* an interest in what lies beyond the thresh-
old *At the Back of My Mind*™.

And that doesn't mean in any way, shape or form
that I may somehow have suffered a hole in the back of my
head. No, I don't think that you are so cavalier as to think
something that bizarre.

After absorbing what I'm presently jotting down
between these two covers—there could be an additional
few who might discover that they have a short-lived and
terse curiosity of sorts. Such a brief concision is agreeable
to me, of course—as the threshold to the portal of my
imagination can only accommodate so many for so long
under any ordinary circumstance.

This, even though the melodic tones of *Clair de
Lune* are at hand to lend their strength to the portal's

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clearly exposed keyhole—such serene *Debussyan* music wafting delicately across the threshold from an all embracing yet unseen keyboard of melded ivories and ebones.

MORE to the POINT

BEFORE ONE CAN EVEN BEGIN to chance upon the veiled entrance to any disguised portal, there must first be a reason to search for it—an all-consuming motivation so to speak. So, you can forget the daydreaming that randomly casts your lot with castles in the air.

Rather, I'm referring to something that exists on a far, far greater scale. And only if you're up to the challenge of breaking from the real and ordinary, and escaping into another existence, into another world entirely—and perhaps even forever.

Think about it for a moment.

I have—for a very long time now.

In the course of doing so, I've come to the obvious conclusion that the world is prohibited by Mother Nature herself from coming to an end anytime within the next thousand millennia or so.

Therefore, there is ample time for repetitive generations to make the same series of global mistakes over and over again—without ever resolving anything much except reconfiguring the same old façade. This, even though the solutions to all that humankind faces are on the table—like playing cards whose true values and winning hands have been declared for all to see and use for the

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complete benefit of our blue-green planet, as it hurdles through the space and time continuum.

The problem I have had for decades then, is that I'm up to here with being acutely aware of the foregoing solutions—and then having to helplessly watch as those allocated the lion's share of *Wealth, Power, Privilege and Control*™ sit and squander virtually every opportunity for implementation.

And after all—my lifespan is as finite as finite can ever be. That is, sooner than later now, I will eventually depart this world—knowing that those closest to me are going to be forced to remain just as vulnerable in the future as they were in the past, and are at the present.

Said another way—this is simply unacceptable!

WHERE IMAGINATION DWELLS

IMAGINATION RESIDES NOT with the corporeal. Rather, it sustains itself on the far side of an ethereal gateway—the threshold of which lies *somewhere* beyond spirit and psyche. It is that very *somewhere* which I impatiently seek—even as it tugs at me, and habitually pulls me toward the safe haven of that selfsame beyond. All the while, a dissonant chorus of sorts reveals the intensity of my dislike for detour and delay. And so, my practiced and unruffled façade finds itself occasionally betrayed.

Notice that I did not specify heart and mind. Yet heart is in fact the core of spirit—as in compassion, cour-



age and love. Likewise, mindfulness spawns a keen awareness of wherever the psyche happens to spring forth.

Consequently—on my journey into imagination, I must leave my body behind and assume otherworldly form. This, in order to step from the shore of reality onto a ship whose deck is sturdy—its sails billowing with purpose. Its compass must guide me true, and the helm's course must be set and steadfast.

Whatever I find, it is essential that I be able to visualize it. Otherwise, I can't describe it. Therefore, the mind's eye is the key to my imaginary travel. Along the way, an indescribable rush splits the unearthly brain and floods the body from head to foot.

Yes, imagination!

Its function is one of daring—taking the one who pursues it to destinations steeped in mystery, romance and adventure.

So, one should put the world of stress, strain and competition on the bottom shelf!

After all, is the top shelf of self-preservation and self-fulfillment really so high that it requires one to spend a lifetime chafing under the yoke of others—they who are of a genre that is intellectually shortchanged, and therefore devoid of imagination?

Of course not!

Rather, the highest shelf lies only as high as I can actually reach—the point at which I can ascertain everything and everybody, as well as determine what is suitable and unsuitable.



FINAL YET ELUSIVE

I HAVE DROPPED ANCHOR HERE in the river of my imagination on more than one occasion. Naturally, this is where I'd rather be. But unfortunately, I have had to up and weigh anchor more than I would like.

Does that translate to purposely withdrawing from the final yet elusive destination that lies *At the Back of My Mind™*?

Well, when you finally reach your own similar destination, you may feel compelled to ask just such a question—but not of me, of course.

So, be cognizant of the image that stares out from the looking glass.

It is likely yours!

When you finally arrive at the foresaid destination, you should feel free to come to terms with the myriad of responses that dance wraithlike and in slow motion across the confines of your own psyche.

And when all of the foregoing actually comes to pass, it will be more than advisable to immediately sever your several relationships with the past, present and future. This, while you still have access to one of only a few remaining apparatuses that permit you to pursue time travel—that is, your own personal conscious awareness.

Remember this bit of personal reflection as well!

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Does it benefit you personally to always find yourself living on the edge—to always find yourself existing in a state of obliviousness?

Naturally, I'm referring to a state of suspended animation that profits neither yourself nor your imagination and those closest to you.

Shall I continue to elucidate?

No, I think not.

After all, you've now discovered your way through the forestial mist—and past the crystalline folds of the heavy curtain of falling snowflakes that accentuates it.¹



¹The freewheeling imagination and evocative storytelling of D.H. Dale™ crown otherwise commonplace themes with aBit of Mystery™—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 Miniature Story™ entitled Into My Imagination™. The storyteller's thread of events, like all praiseworthy accounts, is a manifestation of the routine yet exceptional practice of observing, analyzing and drawing heartfelt as well as compelling 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.

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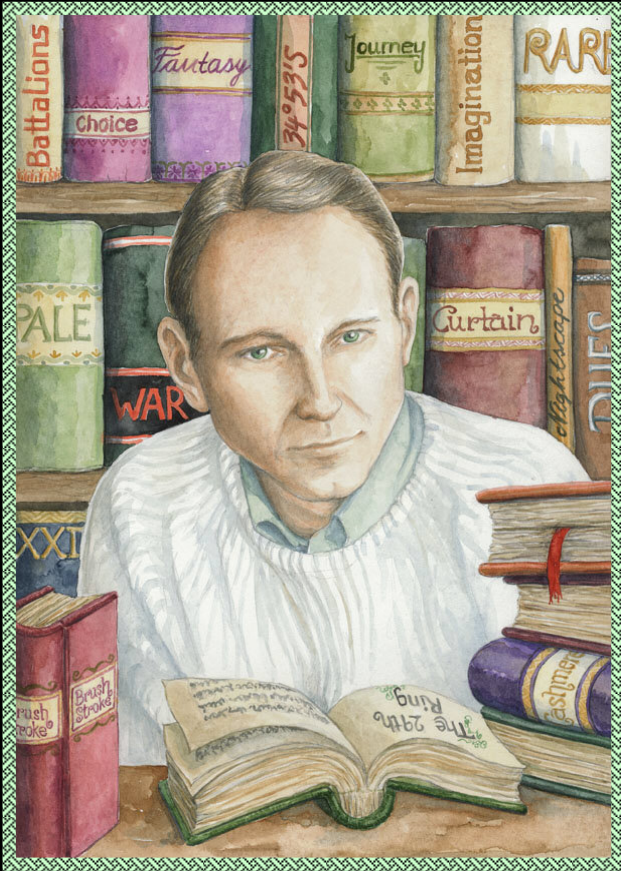
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YOURS in MINIATURE...

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