

The Dark Lord & The Seamstress



written by J.M. Frey ☞ illustrated by Jennifer Vendrig

The Dark Lord
and
The Seamstress

written by J.M. Frey

illustrated by Jennifer Vendrig

Text Copyright © 2014 J.M. Frey

Cover Illustration and Interior Artwork © 2014 Jennifer Vendrig

Cover Design and Interior Layout © 2014 Brienne Wright

www.jmfrey.net

All rights reserved. Reproduction or utilization of this work in any form, by any means now known or hereinafter invented, including, but not limited to, xerography, photocopying and record, and in any known storage and retrieval system, is forbidden without permission from the copyright holder.

ISBN-13: 978-1502478450

ISBN-10: 1502478455

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

From the Author:

For Brienne E. Wright, whose hard work and support has gone unsung for far too long.

From the Illustrator:

For my kids - may love find you, no matter how unconventional.

Once upon a time, oh yes,
So very long ago,
There was of course a lovely girl,
Who came to learn to sew.

Deft hand at knots and ties,
Fingers nimble on a seam,
Her fame spread far and even wide,
O'er every hill and stream.



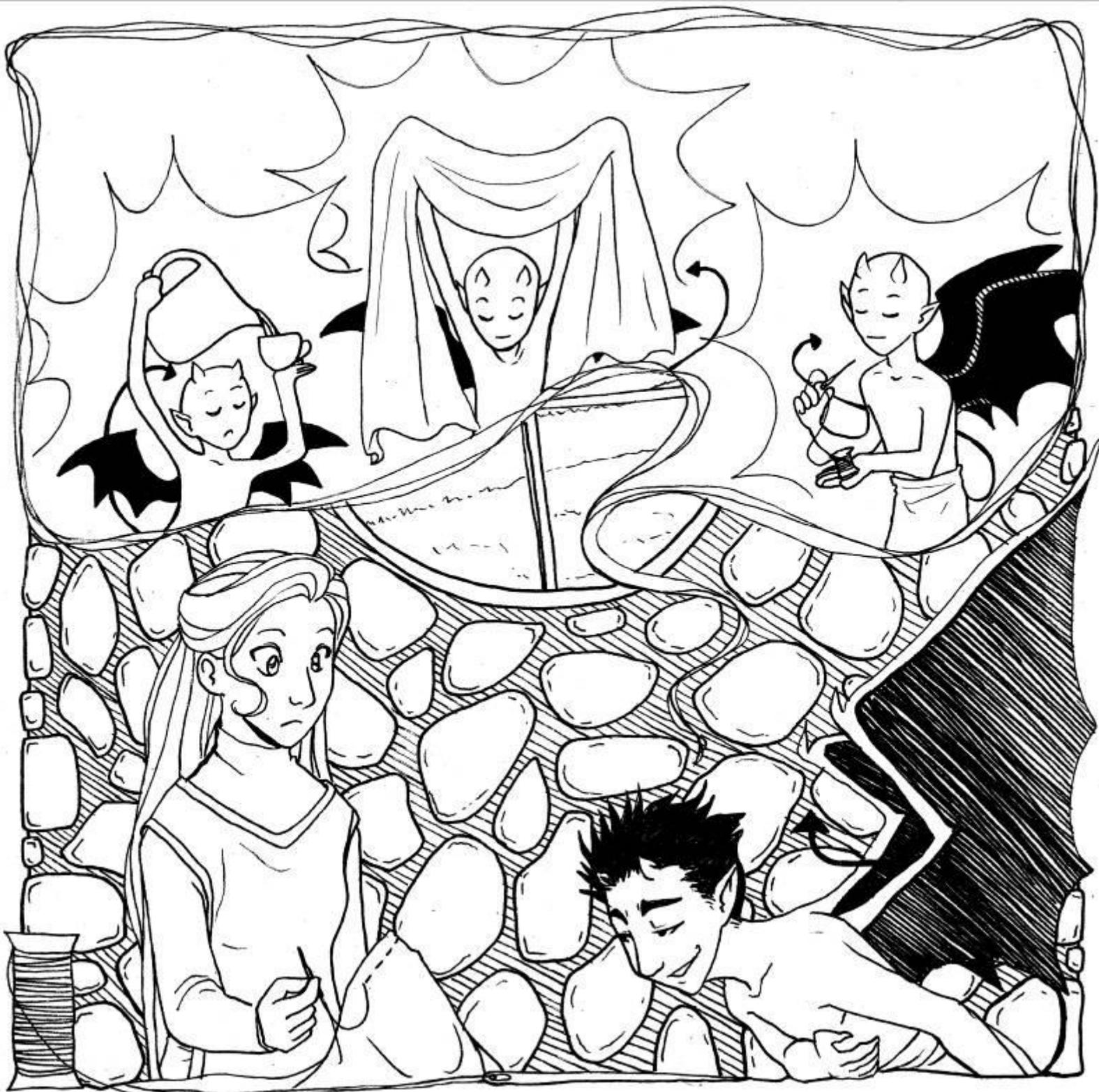
And as it goes, fair listener,
She learned to sew so well
That even the Dark Lord Himself
Heard of her talent, down in Hell.

Now the Dark Lord was a kindly fellow,
Not like He's drawn in books,
But He was old, and His style was too,
And He longed to change His looks.



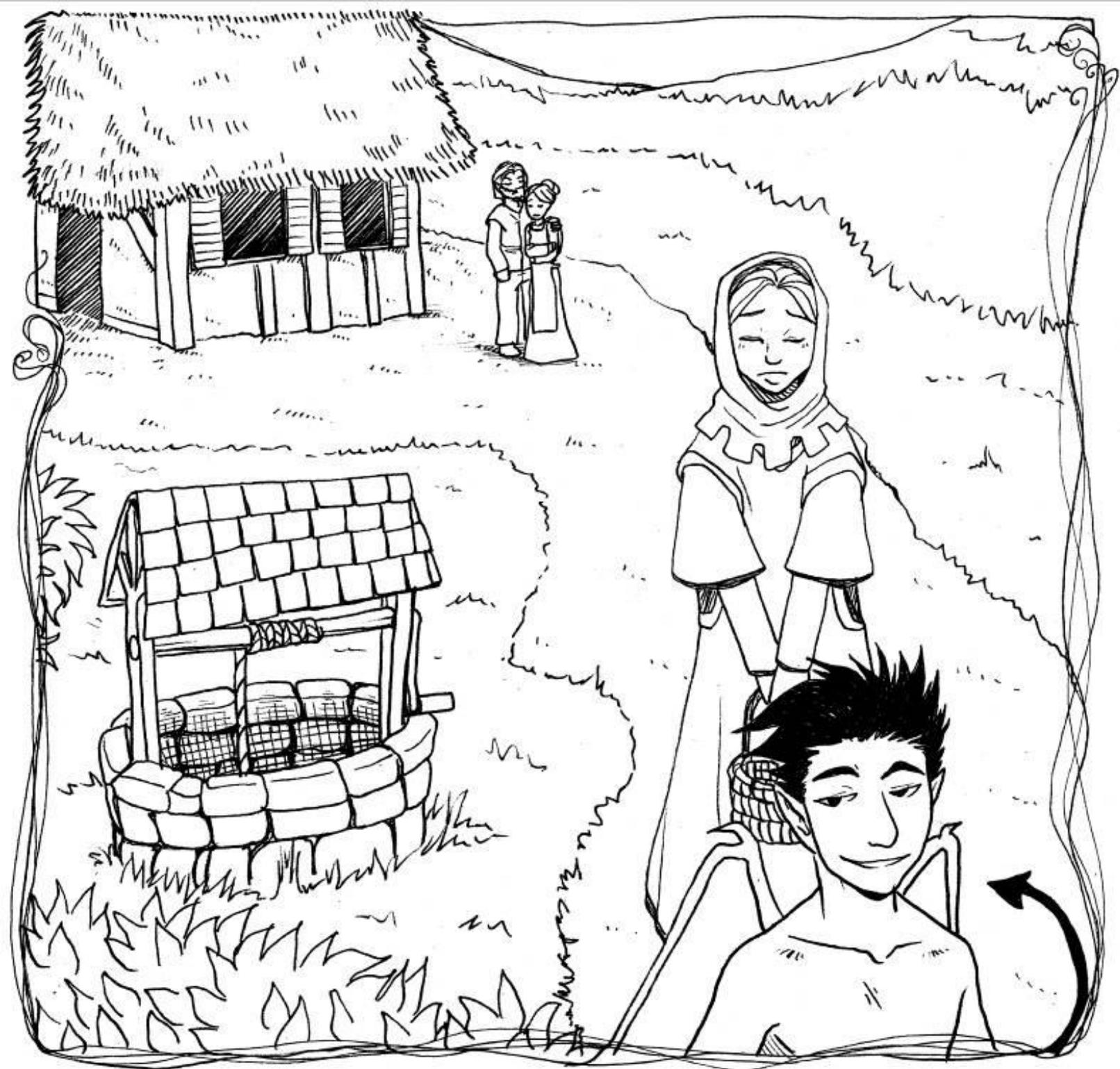
He sent a fiery imp up
For to ask the girl
If she would care to join Him,
Down where the sulfur curls.

He promised needles made of gold,
And threads of finest silk,
And devils to attend on her,
And pour her morning milk.



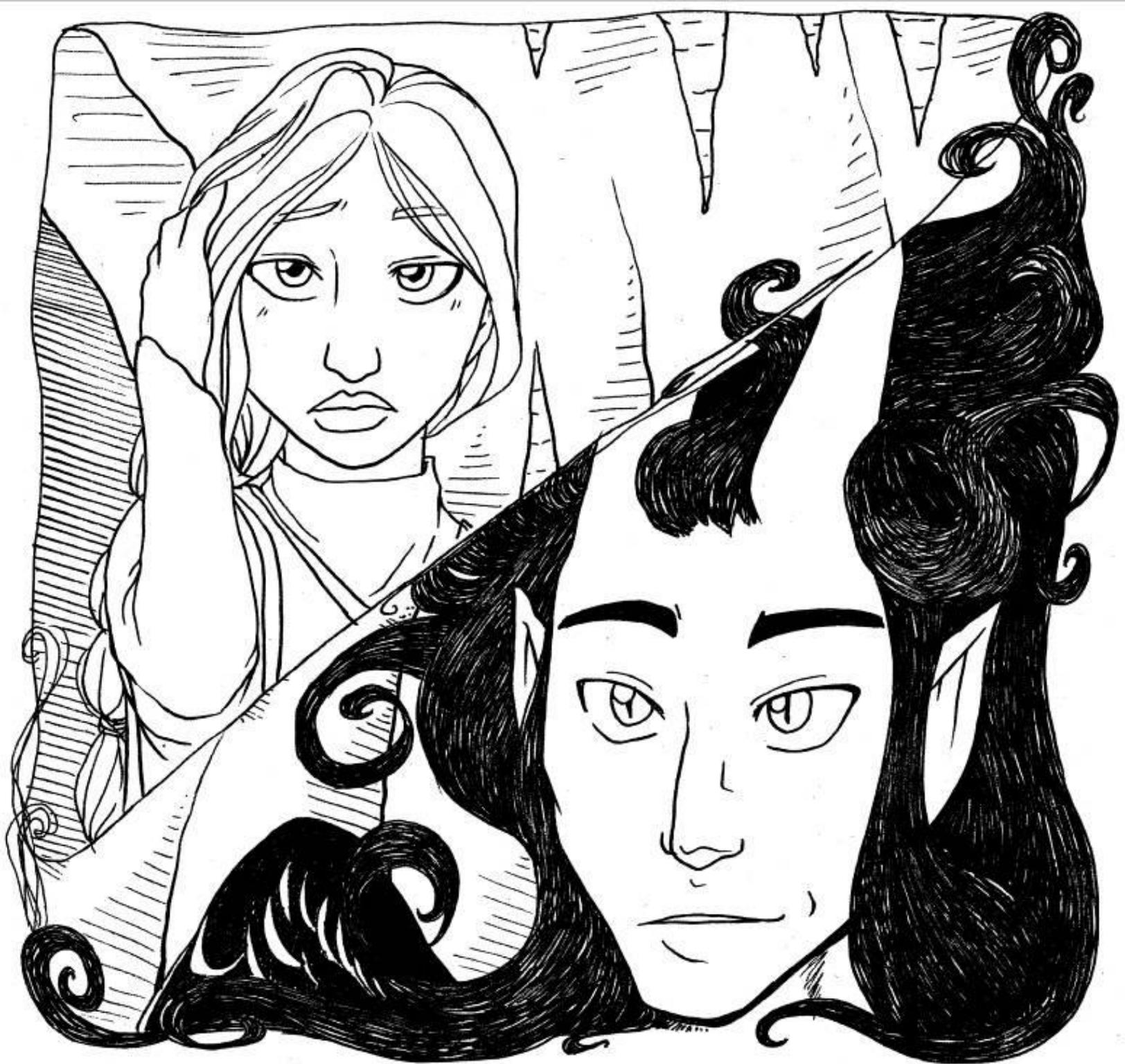
The lovely girl was wary,
But her family was quite poor,
And if she came, the Dark Lord said,
Fortune would find their door.

So she kissed her Mom and Father,
And packed herself a sack,
Followed the imp down the road to Hell,
And never once looked back.



Now, they said her special talent
Could not be outdone,
But of her stunning beauty,
The Dark Lord had heard none.

So when she came into His Hall,
That dark and brimstone cove,
With mind so bright and skin so smooth,
The Dark Lord fell in Love.



Hell was filled with much despair,
And sinners all lament.
Life and purity like hers
Had time in Hell ne'er spent.

He bowed and then she curtseyed,
And He rose to kiss her hand,
And vowed to himself right then
She'd be Queen of his queer land.



They sat and dined together,
And they talked an awful lot,
About the colours he should wear;
Of trousers, shirts, and frocks.

It was very close to cock's crow
When He saw her to her room,
And left alone His bride-to-be
To cut patterns in the gloom.



Now, our little seamstress was not slow,
Nor was she blind or laze,
And it was obvious to her blue eyes
That the Dark Lord was quite crazed.

He seemed to think Magenta Pink
Would suit His skin of red.
He also seemed to think that she
Ought join Him in a marriage bed.



So the lovely girl sat and sewed
And pondered as she went:
How to turn down Hell itself
When its Master's will was bent?

Then just before she fell asleep
Somewhere around noon-time,
She struck upon an answer
That seemed to suit just fine.





THEN what happens...?