

Sharp Solace

by Angie

The sharp curved needle pulled the string through the ripped upholstery with practiced skill, closing the tear. Twenty Winterfest chairs later, Vincent's concentration failed and the needle dug into his right hand. He yelped.

The ancient chair covers would soon would be mostly string, he thought wryly, repairing another.

Another distracted thought later, the needle stabbed his thumb. He grunted in pain and sucked it. It was bleeding and now he'd had enough.

With a sigh, he rose stiffly from his padded knees. Wearily, he headed back to his chamber.

Catherine, waited for him there with her own special solace.