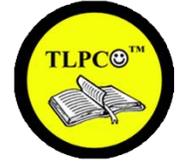


Copyright © 2016 by, **G.M.D**



All rights reserved.

Cover design by, **G.M.D**

Book design by, **G.M.D**

No part of this eBook may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means including information storage and retrieval systems and, this includes trademarks, designs or 3<sup>rd</sup> party distribution either in the United States of America or internationally without the prior written consent of the author or the publisher. The only exception is by a reviewer, who may quote short excerpts in a review.

This eBook is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Author, **G.M.D**

Website: <https://www.tlpcbooks.com>

Produced in the United States of America

Original Draft: Monday, May 30th, 2016

Publisher: **The Little People's Corner™**

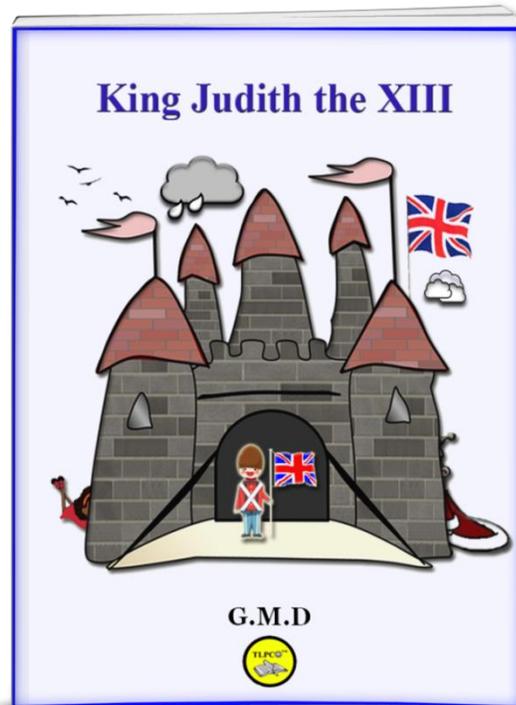
This intellectual property is registered and copyrighted by the United States Copyright Office. Txu 1-751-157-2016

**TLPC**☺™

# King Judith the XIII

Dear reader: It is customary within the walls of Dor that servants are not permitted to look directly into the eyes of the king when spoken to. The same is true upon his body. This behavior is considered disrespectful thus resulting in punishment. Work administered to the king must be with head bowed low out of respect. Failure to adhere to these guidelines can result in being escorted to the dungeon for Timeout in Confinement or more extreme measures deserving of the king. The king rules with iron fists and, among all the servants, one girl challenges his position and invariably takes the Throne. However, nothing comes easy behind the walls of Dor. 1574.

**Please note:** Although **King Judith the XIII** is a work of fiction, readers should be aware that certain passages provide *\*mature themes\** and *\*language\** that may not be suitable for some readers. This eBook address topics about institutional control over another including the reality of tragedy and death. Our young female heroin is resilient in the face of adversity but she is never placed in the position to take someone's life during her journey. *Narine*, is a unique, creative and intelligent young child who secures the Thorne of 1500's Dor, England within a fortnight. ☺





## I am King Judith the XIII

Situated at North Hill along the English countryside in the county of Dor, sits a castle behind stone walls. Therein occupies a king, his wife and several children. One young girl however, pursues an opportunity for change at her new residence; an environment borne of social circumstance handed down through generations of monarchy. Fiercely driven she and her mother are determined to make a difference.

At the will of King Judith the XIII, Narine, is considered nothing more than a servant to the whims of his desires. A desire driven by a will to build his empire to unimaginable heights of grandeur and opulence; and, with little concern for those who he considers mere peasants, a little girl of poor means, is determined to reverse this cycle of shame upon herself and her people.

Meanwhile, and with chin raised in exaltation, King Judith the XIII leans back in his marble embedded Turkish bath and lights a cigar. With one leg hanging over the edge, his weekly pedicure is administered by his servants whom exhibit hesitancy and disdain.

“Clip, clip, clip...” curved hook-like toenails fall heavy to the ground. It is apparent that his toenails are affected with fungus and are horribly stained in color; and, from the excruciating smell of athletes’ foot, jesters in hiding mock the horrendous smell that lingers at Court.

Weighing nearly 400 stones the king’s foundation cracks the bathtub mid-center giving way to dirty water that spills through. Several bloodhounds’ laps up the soap infected water. Although his servants aren’t allowed to comment on his condition, the king’s legs are riddled with plum size boils filled with yellowish-green pus. The pressure splits the flesh. The event creates a stir. The bloodhounds are at a lapping frenzy. Flickering ashes from his cigar the king burps to clear the airwaves followed by a fierce burst of gas from the arrears.

Nestled in the maid’s quarters meters away, Narine, near the point of choking, desperately tries to filter through the toxic air in route to the king. “Cough, cough, cough.” she struggles to breathe. “Are you ill, girl?!” shouts the king from the distance. Bracing himself he removes his leg from over the edge of the bath. Feeling ignored he yells aloud... “Child, am I being ignored?!” A moment passes... “Remove the nails from the floor, girl!” as he quickly surveys the room. Within seconds he catches the eye of a young male servant... “Edward, prepare to towel my wet feet dry.” After a brief moment the king leans forward to take a closer look at his female subject standing rigidly in the doorway. “Well, what are you waiting for, my child!?” the king questions.

