Fabito’s Fabulous Class

 Fabito’s studio/classroom was empty and devoid of any other students. I guess class was a bit of a stretch. The studio was small, only a few large tables littered the floor. Several mannequins of different body types lined most of the walls. The farthest one from me, held a staircase to a second floor balcony that lined Fabito’s office. Beside me stood several long rolls of fabric of all sorts of materials, textures, and colors. Farther to my right stood the viewing stage and its mirrors.

 I heard the door to his office slamming. With a pained groan, he stormed down the stairs. Just before taking the last step onto the landing, he stopped and straightened himself, preparing for the class he was supposed to teach.

 When he turned his head up towards me, his eyes lit up behind those mismatched circular and square glasses. “Ryker! Fabito sees that your new clothes fit you quite well! What brings you to Fabito’s studio today?”

 “Well, I have a class with you to learn about sewing and fashion.” My voice failed me, coming out meek and small, despite my large stature.

 “Oh yes, Fabito’s class.” He looked around at the otherwise empty studio. “It seems Fabito only has an apprentice to teach. Let’s get to the brass tacks. What does Ryker want get out of this apprenticeship?” He leaned closer to me, his notebook and pencil out and ready for my next words.

 “Well, I want to learn how to make interesting and unique clothing that will let me become a tailor, like you, while also bringing the outfits I have in my mind’s eye to life!”

 Fabito nodded as he scribbled down his notes. “And what do you know about sewing and the art of fashion so far?” I looked down at the floor and my bare paws.

 “Not much, my mother taught me a few basic sewing techniques, so I’d be able to repair my own clothes when they got worn down. My drawing skills aren’t as good as yours, just enough to have a blocky version of what’s in my head on the page.”

 He nodded and pulled out several pieces of scrap fabric from one of the drawers attached to the working tables. He beckoned for me to take a seat beside him as he demonstrated. “Fabito will begin with stitches, particularly by hand. Grab some fabric, needles and thread from the drawers here and we’ll get started.” I grabbed what he asked and set them on the table in front of me. He smiled, “Very good,” he folded the piece of fabric in half and quickly plunged the needle through the fabric and made a short ark before plunging it back through the fabric. “This is the running stitch. Fabito believes that this is the stitch your mother taught you?” I nodded. “Lovely, this is a simple stitch that most people understand. It is great for mending, but not as useful for clothing.” I nodded as he snipped the thread and tied off the stitches he had made and waited for me to repeat the stitch on my own.

 Once I had finished, he nodded and started up a new stitch. “The backstitch is much more useful and powerful. This one is used in much more clothing due to it’s greater durability.” I watched as the stitches slowly looped over on themselves creating this rolling line of thread in the fabric.

 We repeated this cycle for the slip stitch, blanket stitch, and the cross stitch. Before I knew, we both had fabric scraps with a number of different stitches tied into it. Fabito then took out a new piece of fabric and sat himself in front of the sewing machine. From there, he taught me the zigzag and forward/backward stitches.

 “Fabito is impressed! You are learning well! It’s time for a quiz!” I shuddered in my seat. “It is not a pencil and paper quiz. Instead, you will be given some time to make a series of small items using some of the stitches Fabito just taught you!” He scribbled onto a page in his notebook and ripped it out. “These are the items Fabito would like you to make with the hand stitches Fabito taught you today. You will have thirty minutes to do this, you may use the large fabric squares next to the rolls. Pins and chalk are in the drawers near the fabric scraps.”

 He turned towards the stage and sat down, beginning to doodle in his journal again as I began my quiz. I decided to start with the running stitch project, simply sealing folded over fabric in a square shape. I grabbed a several fabric squares and one cross stitching board.

 I quickly stitched the first square on all four sides and moved onto the back stitch project. It was moreso a line in order to replicate a more simplistic version of the stitching on the ends of t-shirts.

 Once I finished the small panel of fabric, I moved onto the slip stitch. I folded the fabric over to make a hem and performed the stitch across the fabric. The blanket stitch was more involved. I decided to take two fabric squares and pin them together before performing the blanket stitch, creating something of a quilt square.

 I finally ended with the cross stitch where I wrote my initials of RR on the board, before filling it in with stitches in a thread similar to my primary fur color. Now that I was done with the stitching projects, I brought them over to Fabito who inspected them and nodded in approval at my proof of skill.

 “There is nothing else Fabito needs to teach you today. You may go if you wish.” I nodded before looking at the pendant Fynn had given me.

 I stopped. “Hey, Fabito? Do you think I’d be able to make something simple for my boyfriend?”

 Fabito perked up from his spot at the stage. “Yes, what did Ryker have in mind?”

 “I was thinking of something like an apron. He likes to bake.”

 “Yes, that should be simple enough…” He trailed off as he rummaged through a large filing cabinet. He soon pulled out a massive piece of paper. “This is one of the full-size apron patterns Fabito developed during the first few months of Intramorph’s experiment. This one should do nicely for your wolf boyfriend!”

 The pattern was fairly simple, having no distinct details, aside from simple pockets. Fabito grabbed a smaller cross stitching grid and handed it to me. “You can use this to stitch his name and sew it into the apron like a patch. Fabito will help you make it an exquisite piece he will want to wear whenever he bakes!”

 I nodded and the two of us got to work, tracing the pattern onto some large tracing paper before cutting the copy out and pinning it to the fabric we wanted to use. We decided to keep it simply, by using a dark grey fabric and a pale blue trim for the edges and laces. I sewed together the apron while he worked on stitching Fynn’s name onto the cross stitching board.

 We soon finished and were ready to sew the newly made and simplistic patch onto the main piece of the apron. Once we were done, we folded it up neatly and wrapped it up in brown paper and tied it up with string. It looked very old fashioned the way we had wrapped it, but it somehow remained elegant in its presentation.

 I took the parcle and put it into my bag before waving goodbye to Fabito. I checked the room and noticed, it was time for dinner!