





*Princess of Darkness –  
Inferno Vengeance*

(EN + D)



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## *About the Authors*

*Stephan Thiemons*, born 1971 in Merode, Germany, educated as a Coppersmith and International Welding Engineer who write short stories in the style of Magic Realism, based on his profession about his travels who leads him to all continents. He is author of the book series '*Querweltein Unterwegs*'. So far 10 books are published, in German, English and Chinese languages.

*Christian Banpao* born 2005 in Bangkok, Thailand, is an oil painter whose work vividly captures the emotions he pours into each brushstroke. His paintings weave stories imbued with deep meaning, inviting viewers to uncover the narratives hidden within the canvas. Inspired by the complexities of the human experience, Christian's paintings capture the subtle interplay of color, texture, and form to evoke profound emotional responses. Each stroke of his brush carries intentionality, imbuing his canvases with a sense of movement and life that invites viewers to connect with his art on a deeply personal level.

His commitment to exploring the depth of emotion through oil painting continues to define his journey as an artist, pushing boundaries and inspiring reflection in those who engage with his work.



## *Dedication*

*For Waltrud and Thongplew*

*For two very strong woman*



***Princess of Darkness – Inferno Vengeance (EN)***

*The transformation of an object into a painting and its story:  
a declaration of love.*



As far back as I can remember, one experience has always fascinated me in particular. A transformation that occurred neither regularly nor frequently – but when it did, it was a revelation of pure magic. With a lifelong effect. Once experienced, never forgotten. Whenever an object – abracadabra – turned into a story. Invisible to others. Alive, loud inside me. An alchemical process. Unintentional and unpredictable. Uncontrollable in its progress. Sometimes creeping, sometimes sudden. But never boring. It happens both in my private life and in my professional world. Lived forward, but only understood in retrospect.

For example, back in the 1980s, when I, as a clueless apprentice, clamped my very first rod electrode into the welding pliers, nodded to lower the hood – and suddenly everything around me went dark. It was surprising and unfamiliar, as if I had suddenly gone blind. Blocked out and isolated from my surroundings. Completely on my own. Unsure and helpless, groping around in pitch darkness, searching for orientation. Like a blind man tapping his stick on the street, I tapped the coated rod electrode tip on the steel plate. Perceiving only the metallic clicking ... In a flash, the arc ignited! Close to the tinted glass of my welding helmet. In the center of a brightly shining shower of sparks,

the metal liquefied, while my hand, protected from the radiant heat by a thick leather glove and trembling with excitement and inexperience, conjured up a weld seam on the sheet metal: Overstimulation! Meanwhile, the melting rod electrode (the object) – abracadabra – turned into a magic wand (into a story) and transformed me, the previously clueless apprentice, into the very first sorcerer's apprentice at the *Carl Canzler* copper smithy in Düren. Incidentally, this was several decades before *Harry Potter* came to Hogwarts.

Another example of transformation occurred around twenty-five years later, during my business trip to Thailand. Not far from the Map Tha Phut industrial area, at *DSI* in Chonburi. Not to be confused with the Thai law enforcement agency of the same name, *DSI*, the *Department of Special Investigations*. Admittedly, I fell victim to this very obvious risk of confusion at the time. But that is another exciting story, which has already been told in detail elsewhere. Incidentally, this is the reason why, after 34 years of loyal service to *Buss SMS Canzler*, I changed careers – abracadabra – back to my roots, to welding technology, to a revolutionary technology that turned me – abracadabra – into a modern Jedi knight. But before I digress and lose myself in the vastness of the welding technology universe, let's quickly return to the year 2024, to Thailand, to the *DSI* workshop – and

the transformation that took place there at that time. When, right in front of my eyes, I swear it's true, the laser welders busy repairing a rotor with welding technology –abracadabra – transformed into modern Jedi knights. Like the Jedi in *George Lucas'* universe, they fought to preserve the good force within the Thai industrial world with their laser welding machines and, thanks to their unbeatable technology, they won by successfully repairing the numerous cracks in a metal rotor weighing several tons using pulsating light and its speed. Quick and painless: within just a few milliseconds and without the metal feeling the heat acting on it. From the perspective of classic welding technology, which uses electric current as an energy source, it's hard to believe, but true: photons, the elementary particles of the electromagnetic radiation, racing at 300,000 kilometers per second, melting the surface of the metal.

Such incredible-sounding but true stories of transformation give me the happy feeling that magic is in the air even in places where no one would expect it: in our everyday industrial working lives. That is precisely why these wonderful stories belong to the narrative category of “*Professional Facts & Fantastic Fictions.*” And to prevent them from dissolving into the welding fumes that cloud our refined senses in our everyday working lives and evaporating never to be seen again, I have written

some of them down. In the style of magical realism, where the boundary between reality and my imagination, which accompanies me even during working hours, becomes blurred —like a river that flows into the sea and becomes inseparable from it.

Directly related to both my professional and private life is the following recent transformation of an object into a story. Once again, an unpredictable, magical experience. The title provides a first indication: *'Princess of Darkness – Inferno Vengeance'*. Behind it is a painting created in Thailand in the summer months of 2024: oil on canvas, measuring 50x40 centimeters, portrait format. Painted by my partner's son. 18 years old, interested in art and talented. His name is Christian.

I feel sincere admiration for his talent as a painter, which goes far beyond the recognition feigned for the sake of maintaining family harmony. Nevertheless, I must admit that my feelings did not classify his previous works as 'paintings.' Such works can be found in museums around the world: in the Louvre in Paris, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, as I, a well-traveled coppersmith and after-work art lover, believed I knew. Apart from that, it cannot be ruled out that my previous lack of interest was perhaps due to my limited perspective. Until then, I had only seen the flat surface of the canvas in my passing: a woman in a black dress

in front of a wall of fire. I didn't know the title of the work or any other details that might have aroused my interest. Hung by Christian in the living room of our house, I perceived it as a decorative object, but one that didn't really appeal to me, let alone move me. I was fully aware that my dull reaction was honest, but it did not do justice to Christian's artistic work. Nevertheless, this cool feeling towards the object remained and prevailed in me. Even the hot and humid Thai weather could not change that. On the contrary, the feeling of peculiar coldness returned. In a way, it even felt good. When I came in sweaty from my evening run around the lake, I walked through the living room, past the decorative object that radiated cool refreshment for a moment and went to the kitchen to get something refreshing to drink.

Until that evening, when I met Christian, once again drenched in sweat on the outside and heated up on the inside. I had the impression that he was waiting for me. Sitting at the kitchen table, doing nothing. Only the fan, running at full speed and swirling the air, provided any movement. Christian seemed distant. Focused and determined, as it were, when he informed me of his plans in a matter-of-fact tone.

"I'm going to sell my painting."

“Aha,” I replied tersely, without looking at him. I took a glass of mineral water, put it to my lips, tipped it back, swallowed, and watched the water level sink, quickly disappearing completely in my mouth: like the lake in our community drying up in fast motion during the dry season, I thought, which I walk around every evening, worried about the fish, which must be sweating profusely in the 40-degree Thai climate.

“On the internet,” I heard Christian say, which I interpreted as him ruling me out as a potential buyer. Or rather, wanting to rule me out completely. Probably as a defiant reaction to my cool indifference. I couldn't blame him.

I put the empty glass on the kitchen table, suppressed the urge to burp, and asked with genuine interest.

“At what price?”

A moment later, I heard the doubt of my mocking subconscious: *You won't find anyone who'll spend money on something like that anyway.* But instead of throwing that nastiness back at him, I decided to give in to the bubbling in my stomach and burp loudly and freely.

“7,000 baht,” Christian said confidently, unimpressed, his youthful, soft features transforming into the expression of a hardened businessman who has no doubt about the value of his merchandise.

“You really think you’ll find someone out there who will pay the equivalent of almost 200 euros for an unknown work by an unknown artist?” I blurted out. Rash and disrespectful. Probably prompted by my inner hot flash. Christian reacted with blunt defensiveness, staring blankly across the kitchen table and remaining silent.

“Your *painting* doesn't even have a name,” I continued with provocatively exaggerated emphasis. Followed by a mocking smile that opened up a seemingly unbridgeable chasm between us.

Without saying a word, Christian abruptly stood up and left the kitchen. The atmosphere was frosty, despite the Thai heat.

What neither he (Christian, not the fan) nor I could have guessed at that moment was that our argument would trigger a fantastic transformation. That of an object – abracadabra – into a painting and its story.

A few evenings later. A similar scene. My body sweaty from running in the hot and humid Thai weather. Internal heat. Chilled atmosphere in the kitchen. Christian sat at the table. Motionless, in a tense, stiff posture. Obviously waiting for me.

“Princess of Darkness,” he suddenly said, without looking at me. His voice sounded relaxed and confident. Followed by a skillfully placed dramatic pause. I gave him the time, space, and

effect of the ensuing silence, which quickly condensed into oppressive humidity despite the fan running at full speed. For once, I managed to say nothing, just to fill the hostility of the swelling emptiness with meaningless words.

“Infernal revenge,” he said after a tense moment, with diabolical emphasis. This time he looked at me with a steady gaze and half-closed eyes. His expression was unmistakable. *‘Everything has been said. My painting is finished. Ready for sale. But not to you!’* Beside this, he was testing my reaction.

From his changing posture, I concluded that Christian wanted to get up.

“The title of your painting confuses me,” I admitted honestly.

“What’s behind it?” I asked provocatively, feeling a burgeoning curiosity within me for the first time. Christian paused. He decided to remain seated. But he left my question unanswered. Once again, he let the silence speak for itself.

“Princess of Darkness – Infernal Revenge,” I repeated blandly and waited. In vain. Christian did not respond to my provocations. I tried again.

“What dark side does this beautiful and obviously strong woman hide?”

Christian remained silent.