

A Day in the Life of a Fiber Enthusiast...

Bethany Dailey

The shadows were still thick in the room, the moon's rays still stretching to dispel some of the darkness, when her eyes suddenly popped open. With a sharp intake of breath, she knew it had happened again. She had had another one of those dreams...dreams of fiber, and looms, and intricate designs... She reached over to flick on her reading light, grabbed her notebook which she always kept at her bedside for these exact moments, and started scribbling down layouts, and directions for the designs that could only have been given to her by some being that stayed just beyond the mists of her dreams. She knew she had to write them down as best as she could, right when the moment hit her, or they'd be lost forever...What was the purpose behind these dreams? Why her?

The moment was gone as all sense of reality came crashing in around her. Her alarm had gone off. It was time to meet the day...would she have time to play with her yarn today? Every time these dreams occurred, the yearning to grab her looms and stay in all day was so overwhelming, but life went on...

Robin McCoy

She rolled out of bed to take her shower and dress in her loom knitted sweater, socks, hat, and mittens to head out the door to work. It would have been a lot easier on her if she didn't work at the local yarn store, where she was tormented by fibers and yarns all day. They eerily called her name for hours. This could make her quite snappy if she paid attention to it long enough, so *she usually distracted herself* by busily set about helping customers, smiling, trying to be the most courteous and helpful person in the world until she could get home....to that notebook, *which is where most of her thoughts tended to linger.*

Terry

Knowing that she should already be dressed and out the door for work, she just could not get motivated. She kept looking at her loom that had this great pattern on it (by Bethany). OK, the loom won out. "I am staying home to finish this," she thought, as she picked up the loom and sat under the lamp. Maybe this would get her Fix...

Oh! But, I forgot about the children! They need to get up for school...

Stacie Wash

The morning rushed by with the tasks of getting the kids up, fed and out the door to catch the bus. Then she remembered that she took the day off without telling the family, to have her own down time. The house is empty and she runs to the bedroom to grab her notebook to look at her idea again...

Robin McCoy

..as she had an epiphany of an important element that she must add to her idea from the 'Design Goddess'. She must.....

Pat E.

...focus now. She feels the soft warmth of the yarn in her fingers and the longing to return to the NOTEBOOK gets stronger and stronger.

Robin McCoy

But, to complicate matters, the loom that she so desperately needs to use is all tied up with another project on it.

Terry

I can't change patterns in mid stream.....oh.....sure I can. Anything to get that loom in my hands....

Robin McCoy

She feverishly works to get all the stitches off of the loom with a strand of waste yarn while being very careful to not drop any stitches.

That done, she leans back in her chair, takes a deep breath then realizes that she does not have the yarn!

Hannah

Maybe she could try a different yarn. But what kind of yarn? Or, she could wait and keep looking, but if she waited she would drive herself crazy. Who ever knew something that is supposed to be relaxing could cause so much stress?!

Pat E.

Panic begins to set in. Retracing her earlier steps, she tries, without success, to find the yarn. Now what should she do? She begins to pace, loom in hand. Maybe...?

Hannah

She rushes out the door and puts the pedal to the medal to try to get to the local yarn store she works at before it closes...Which by the way is very soon.

Robin McCoy

She gets there 5 minutes before closing time to realize that they have just the amount of yarn that she figures she will need for pattern. OH! But she needs to grab an extra pack of cable needles as well. Those in hand, she makes a bee-line for the cash register, makes her purchase, and heads back home. At a traffic light she spots a lady wearing a hat with an interesting design.

Jenny Stark

The design on the hat speaks to her like nothing else ever has. She is suddenly immersed in thoughts of waterways and koi, lillies and turtles. Golden leaves float in tidepools that shimmer through her thoughts. An insistent honk behind her bursts the daydream but she knows she must capture it with yarn. She wants to paint out the entire scene in yarn. Alas, her notebook is on the nightstand at home.

Hannah

Hmm could that design be done on the looms? If so, it would be perfect for the project she was planning to make. This made her drive quite a bit faster to get home and try it out

Stacie Wash

She made it home, dropped the bag of yarn by her chair then fixed a wonderful caramel latte to help her relax. As she is about to pick up the notebook, yarn and loom, the kids walk in and want to know what's for dinner, since they have to be at baseball practice in 30 minutes.

Jenny Stark

Agony! Will she be able to remember every detail of this new design bursting inside her? The time needed to prepare dinner seems like an eternity!

Hannah

Urg! Why does it seem that every moment she tries to relax something gets in her way?

Pat E.

With a design in her head, she heads for the kitchen. She puts TV dinners in the oven, sets the timer and picks up the notebook again. Just as she is sitting down to put the design on paper, the sound of a buzzer takes her back to family needs.

Hannah

She gets up, *serves the children their dinners*, then she *hurries* to do the *breakfast* dishes. While she's doing that the kids decide to make her yarn into a "spider web"...

Jenny Stark

She could get angry and scold them for it, but she realizes that they are expressing great creativity. She gives them each a skein of yarn and tells them *that when they return, they may* make anything they can imagine.

Pat E

With the hopes of some time to herself as the kids go to practice, she picks the pen up once again. Now where was she?

Marianne Case

Spider web... that brings up an interesting idea... Where is that notebook? Finally, now that things have quieted down she sits with her notebook and makes a list of a few of the ideas she had today... the hat, the spider web shawl, and the original blanket edging that had come to her in a dream that morning.

Robin McCoy

She snatches up the loom, pick, and yarn, and casts onto her loom. The rows churn out before she even notices that she is knitting and purling away.

Pat E

Stitch after stitch. Row after row. Her thoughts wander from one thing to another. Loom-a-longs. Socks. Kitchen Towelettes. So many things to loom! She brings her thoughts back to her design and that notebook.

Stacie Wash

Then what does she hear? Is that RAIN?

Megan Dailey

Before long, she looks down at her knitting to see her progress...to her great horror and surprise, the project that had been taunting her all day was turning into one of her worst enemies...A DUCK of all things! Why a duck and how!??? Curses! That darn rain had made her remember that day when the duck attacked...darn rain!!!!

Jenny Stark

Ah, the duck! But she knows that she can solve this too. She busily sets about designing "Duck Dodgers" *to rectify the situation...*

Stacie Wash

Now the phone is ringing and one of the kids shouts "No Practice!" Goodness, *when it rains it pours!* Where is my notebook?

Pat E

She picks up the notebook and her pen. She opens the notebook and, what's this? The notebook is full! She scrambles to find some paper. Oh, no. There is not one shred of paper in the house.

Jenny Stark

This might be a setback for most, but she bears the heart of a crafter. Right there in her craft cupboard is some fabulous scraps of wrapping paper, carefully collected and neatly folded after the last birthday party. She writes out her inspirations and tucks the paper inside her notebook. She is proud of the cheerful color it brings to her idea journal.

Bethany Dailey

She sets her newly brightened notebook aside to rush into the rain drenched outdoors, to pick up her children from practice. When they return, they all peel out of their soggy garments, put on their PJ's and settle in for the evening with cups of hot chocolate to help warm them up. "Now to get back to my knitting", she happily sighs. She reminds her children about the colorful skeins of yarn she has given them earlier and rushes to her own yarn and awaiting looms.

Hmmmmmm....she begins her task, only to realize that the memories of the near fatal duck attack are just too close to home. She decides to quickly and without delay, unravel her unworthy adversary and send him back to the froggie pond where he belongs!!!

Hannah

Her kids run out of the playroom and come to show her their yarn creations...impressive indeed: a bowl of noodles with two knitting needles stick out of it, a braided rug, and a mummy-(the youngest had used the whole skein to wrap himself like a mummy!)

Hannah

Now that her nemesis is gone, she can again focus on her sheets of colorful wrapping paper covered with her designs, and her lovely yarn. This time she will pay closer attention to what is actually growing from under her loom!

Jenny Stark

Curious... As her mind was wandering and her fingers were flying, the most wondrous lace shawl had blossomed from her loom. She fingered the creation with wonder.

Stacie Wash

As she sat there with the shawl it hit her! Her mother-in-law's birthday was next week and the shawl was made in her favorite color.

Bethany Dailey

How amazing what surprises life holds, she wondered, as she admired her handiwork. She had never seen such beautiful lacework before...this must have been what she was lead to create from all those pages of her notebook. It finally made sense to her. The reason she was being aided by her "Design Goddess" through the mists of slumber, was so she would be able to provide this most precious gift to her Mother in Law...the gift of her own hands, love, and creativity.

Now onto that hat she saw while driving home...

Jenny Stark

And the hat was a logical place to start. She cast on her loom in a deep sea blue. Soon there were flecks of coral peeking through the stitches. On and on she stitched, creating a breathtaking seascape that she decided could only be called "Coral Capers".

Terry

Whooooooo, it is finished!!!!!! I knew I could finish it if I could stay home! Now to check the stash and to see what *else* I can start. Maybe I can get a good start...

Stephanie Lavan

on a matching sweater. How cute would that be, a matching sweater to go with the sea scape hat. Now where is that perfect blue?

Jenny Stark

The oceanic blue was nestled in a soft pile of the most beautiful kelp green yarn. Hoping the Design Goddess was smiling down on her, she charted the most intricate seaweed stockinette with chartreuse clown fish cavorting about in the tendrils of green. Sandy starfish would be worked up in crisp cabling and swimming sea turtles would grace the sleeves.

Stephanie Lavan

Engrossed with the delicate cabling and dainty sea turtles, she begins to think how adorable this sweater would be on her youngest child. It would be so simple

to reduce the pattern so the sweater would fit the 6 year old. Suddenly, she realized the house was quiet. Too quiet. The children! Where are the kids?!?

Jenny Stark

Oh! Disaster! The children have been playing in the kitchen. There is ketchup finger paintings and a large lake of worcestershire on the floor. She had to count to ten - ten times!

Hannah

She chased them all upstairs and they all listened knowing that when Mom was this mad it was not a good time to get into any more mischief. Rrrr! Why did some distraction *occur* every time she got into her knitting, to pull her away?

Dianne Carroll

She sat down in the chair. A toy made a noise under her arm. "Design Goddess," she thought, "take me away!" At that moment a beautiful apparition appeared before her draped in the finest yarn she had ever seen. Her halo was like unspun fiber with natural colors beaming above her beautiful head. There was yarn on every part of her body draped in an intricate design that only a goddess could create. Was this real, would the children be able to see her? She relished the thought that the Design Goddess had appeared before her.

Then the goddess spoke, so melodic, almost hypnotizing. "I am here to fulfill all your design dreams" she said. Just hold my hand. She held the goddess's hand, so soft, so magical and felt every creative thought she ever had flow like a river, all at once. "No, I have to get this down, I can't let this get away!" she thought. The goddess then said in her ethereal voice, "You don't need to write it down, it will always be with you. That is the magic I am bestowing upon you. You will never want for an idea or thought." She then disappeared as fast as she appeared.

Was it a dream, was it real, would the children have been able to see her? She then began to think of the sweater, hat and even the spider web in designs that were so unique that she was in awe of herself. Charts and designs began to just flow on the paper on her desk. "Oh this is just too good!" she thought.

Brandy

After finishing all of that, she thought she was finished *for the evening*, but then another design popped into her mind. She grabbed her notebook and went to work again.....

Jenny Stark

What good was a Seascape Sweater without a Sea foam Shawl? The shawl would need to be in a frothy lace and evoke the airy feel of sea foam.

Hannah

She raided her stash to try to find the perfect yarn for the shawl. She searched and searched until she found it. There it was nestled in the bottom of her box. She had bought it on sale a while ago and thought she would never use it. But now she realized buying it had paid off!

Many Thanks!

This wonderful fiber-filled tale is the culminating result of these very creative and talented ladies by way of a group story telling game played during the Gettin' It Pegged! First Blogiversary Party in July 2008. Their names are as follows, listed as they were provided during the game:

- Brandy
- Dianne Carroll
- Hannah
- Jackie A.
- Jenny Stark
- Marianne Case
- Megan Dailey
- Pat E.
- Robin McCoy
- Stacie Wash
- Stephanie Lavan
- Terry

...and myself, Bethany Dailey

This was such a fun and thrilling experience; to see the story growing bit by bit right before our eyes, not knowing from moment to moment where our heroin would end up next! Thank you ladies, for participating in this special project and for all your wonderful input. It has taken off with a life of its own, sprinkled with each and every one of your personalities throughout...what a treasure it has become!

Editor's Note: I have tried to keep most of the entries intact, but occasionally, for the sake of continuity, some of the posts were rearranged and any words that needed to be added for clarity and flow have been noted in italics.