

The Joy of Finding Hidden Yarn

I really need to hide more yarn...

The most unbelievable thing happened this week. I did not find even one ball of hidden yarn when I cleaned out my office to magically transform it into a bedroom. Not one. The only thing I actually enjoy about moving, consolidating my possessions or cleaning out closets is the delight I feel when I find forgotten, but beautiful, yarn stashed away. It's inevitable – whether it's under the bed, tucked in an innocuous grocery bag or camouflaged in a briefcase – I always discover something. But this time, nothing. Not one skein, not one unfinished knitting project, not even an unraveled ball of yarn decorating the bottom of the closet. OK, so I did find an unfinished make-your-own-carpet which will one day hang on my wall. And there did seem to be so many loose patterns that it felt like my favourite patterns had been having triplets. And yes, I found some single knitting needles. Alas, I had finally given up on ever finding them and had just tossed their mates the day before. But none of that made up for my disappointment at the end of the day when, exhausted from watching my kids move my desk and other furniture, I sat down and realized that my stash was no different from when I had awoken that morning.

So what have I learned? When it comes to yarn, I clearly have not been inventive enough about tucking it away. I also clearly do not have enough of a stash if it hadn't spread into the office. Oh – that's great news! Off to buy more...