

The Royal Baby Blanket Screw-Up...

Actually, it was a royal screw-up of the baby blanket I'm knitting for a friend's new grandbaby. It happened while I was vacationing at a cottage on Bass Lake – beautiful, relaxing and close to Casino Rama for the rainy day – and much as I'd love to blame it on my dogs, I can't.



What would I love to blame on the dogs, you ask? My partially unravelled knit baby-blanket-to-be. And how did it become unravelled? It wasn't easy, let me tell you, but I'm just that talented.

First, earlier in the day, I stopped midway through a row and didn't put stoppers on the needles.

Second I plopped down on the couch without noticing that the gorgeous baby blanket-to-be was there first.

So there I am, sitting on the couch with something under me. And then came my third mistake. Instead of looking to see what it was, I yanked. It didn't come right away so I yanked again. Really, who wouldn't? And then I looked. And then I screamed "*Oh sh*t. Oh no. What-the-heck?*". Because there was loose yarn everywhere, loose stitches and an almost empty circular needle. After jumping up and staring at this mess for about 10 minutes as if expecting it to miraculously fix itself, I did what any self-respecting knitter would do – I had a drink. And maybe another one too. At which point I went back to the couch only to discover that it was still there. Go

figure. So I sat down – this time beside the royally screwed-up baby blanket – and began the diagnosis. I was flummoxed. One-third of the blanket was ripped down 4 rows, and the other two-thirds was intact. After staring at it for about a half-hour, expecting the answer to pop up in a word-balloon, I gave up.

As I tell my knitting students...sometimes we just have to give up on the 'why' and move on to the 'how can I fix it'. I'm proud to say I finally took my own advice. In the end I ripped the whole thing down about 6 rows and then frogged another row (frogging, by the way, is the term for taking it apart stitch-by-stitch as in rip-it, rip-it, rip-it) to make sure I had all the stitches back on the needle. Oh – did I forget to mention that this is a lace pattern complete with yarnovers, slipped stitches and knit-2-togethers? All's well that ends well and was finally back to knitting, so proud of myself for meeting the challenge. That is, I was proud of myself until my daughter said to me "You really like knitting? I think I'd rather bang my head against a wall repeatedly for an hour than fix your



blanket stitch by stitch." Urrgggghhhh!

I forgive her though and even feel sorry for her... she's a non-knitter who doesn't know the joy of problem-solving and creating this gorgeous garment which will eventually be gifted with love. A one-of-a-kind with its own special story to tell.