



FEBRUARY'S COSY

**A
Knit
With Me
Story**

AN INTRODUCTION:

I have written many stories since I was a kid. Ask my mother about the four pages describing an apple...on a test where I was to write 3 to 5 sentences. She will laugh. The apple was just so interesting. I had so much to say. My mom would also tell you about my first great chapter book: Fred the Fish that Couldn't Swim. I skipped many an elementary school lunch to go to the library to type it. Mistakes were rectified with a bottle of something called Liquid White-Out. It took almost a semester to complete. Story telling was more than something I did. It was my imaginary friend I could play with each day.

As an adult I have sought to develop community, especially with lovers of knitting. I show them what I am making, where I live and tell them stories about my small part of this big, incredible world.

The following story is about a woman who likes to knit, and finds herself creating as her life happens. The story can offer you a bit more to do than just reading the words on the page, if you decide you would like to join in.

Tucked into this story is a knitting pattern, which Ebbie, our main character, is making and writing about as she does. The incessant journaling she inherits quite honestly from me. There are any number of notebooks, binders and even bound index cards with my thoughts and feelings about projects I have made, written out in vivid detail. Very few finished objects made their way to my online Ravelry project gallery, but almost each cast on made it to a paper record.

Notes on where I purchased yarn, what needles I chose, what was I thinking when deciding on the pattern, responses to what I am making all collected on paper. Bits of the yarn are taped beside skein labels. Most entries pre-date now fashionable washi tape. I'd grab blue painters tape, scotch tape and once in awhile silvery thick duct tape to secure my fiber sample supply log for posterity.

Ebbie doesn't go to the extent that I did, not yet anyway. But she definitely gives enough insight so you can replicate her cosy knit as you read. She will share everything from supplies required to what she actually used, to number of stitches to cast on and bind off and what method she thought best. To ensure you get the fullest understanding, the pattern segment she refers to is included at the end of each chapter.

*Creative designers work very hard to formulate beautiful patterns to replicate. It is important to note Ebbie is sharing with you **my pattern for you** and doesn't undermine the pattern copyright parameters.*

Enjoy the story, enjoy the knitting. If you would like to share this project with others, please point them to this story in it's entirety housed on the Encourage Better website: <https://encouragebetter.com>

FROM EBBIE'S JOURNAL: STARTING & MATERIALS NEEDED

**I bought the Bird's Egg color way and used 32 in circular needles. The pattern called for 5 skeins for Size 1, which is what I plan to knit, but I got one additional skein in case I wanted to make it longer. If I opt not to increase the length, I have a small project in mind this extra skein will be used for. That hat I just bound off would be fun to do again in this yarn!*

I had quite a hard time picking a color. If I hadn't gone with the Bird's Egg, I would have loved to use Clay. I kept picking it up only to put it down again to reach for Bird's Egg. So that is what I now have safely in my sack. The blue looks like calm water, gentle, clear and cool. That's what I want my knitting to make me feel right now.

The first ball I wound by hand this evening in my room here at the B&B. The

skein fit over the back of the red linen slip cover chair by the window. It was quite a lovely contrast, red linen, blue wool, soft grey sheer curtains. Soft drops of rain slid slowly down the window. If I had my umbrella swift and ball winder I would have been done in half the time, but I did rather enjoy the repetition of around, around, around, watching the ball build.

The pattern called for 6 stitch markers, but I have a few safety pins and always some waste yarn on hand. I did buy a new tapestry needle to seam up pieces when I finish. I like the bent tip of it, will it make a difference when seaming I wonder..

I have a progress marker, a wee little ceramic blue sock I was using for my airplane knitting. Not that I need a progress marker, but there is just something about that little sock that I enjoy. And there is something quite satisfying about getting lost in my knitting, only to discover I have knit so many rows!

Mrs. Holmgren had some wood ready in the fireplace with extra stacked beside, so I now have a place to be comfortable.

On to the swatching..

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It really was because she had looked cosy and content, happy with life, and even a bit mysterious that Ebbie had decided to get involved. She had no idea who the woman was, and she probably would never find out, but she did know enough to get started.

Ebbie was now in her fifth airport, with just one more to go, then she would be home.

She had mindlessly wandered the quiet streets of an unfamiliar downtown over a week ago. After a meeting earlier that morning, her brain couldn't settle. She needed time out of doors to quiet herself.

The sidewalks tried to take her places they thought would calm her, but they didn't know her like the moss-covered trails in the woods she called home. Ebbie followed them anyway. Concrete paths moved her along in front of restaurants with sweet and spicy scents mixing together, upscale clothing boutiques filled with lovely dresses that she would never have the occasion to wear, and home furnishing stores with items too big to carry-on and a bit too expensive to ship. She had been walking the better part of the afternoon and couldn't remember if she had

passed by the different storefronts before. Her mind had other things to do than pay attention to where her feet were taking her.

She decided to cross the street and search for the ice cream shop Mrs. Holmgren raved about earlier in the morning over breakfast. It was, after all, this delicious destination that had set Ebbie off from the B and B. She had been told the seventy-five-year-old ice cream parlor was a definite "must visit" and tucked in near the town center, still in the original location. Thinking the town center had to be a bit in, and away from the water, Ebbie readjusted her direction, turned right, and waited for the signal to cross. Funny that even as an adult, on an empty one lane cross street, she felt required to wait for the orange hand to disappear and be replaced by the small white pedestrian image. She always thought he looked like a creeping burglar with bad intentions, but still, she waited for him to give her permission to move.

Once he did, she crossed the street, repositioning the straps on the well-loved backpack she had slung over her left shoulder. Ebbie could pick up and go anywhere in under a minute. Everything she needed was usually in or near this bag. As long as her current knitting project wasn't out of control, Ebbie's life could fit inside this sack.

Or at least it could before...

Now she wasn't sure.

That lack of surety is what drew Ebbie to the nameless woman, for that woman was the literal face of Cosy.

Ebbie had crossed the street looking to find the place famous for homemade ice cream and instead stood in front of a green chalkboard easel with an invitation written simply: "OPEN! Come sniff the yarn."

So she did.

FROM EBBIE'S JOURNAL: SWATCHING

The swatch instructions were straightforward:

"12 sts and 21 rows for a 4 in/10cm square in pattern using US 10.5 needles."

I cast on 23 stitches and knit 30 rows. If I am taking the time to do this thing, I want it easy to read and big enough to measure in a variety of places. Plus, these little squares wind up under my coffee cup, clusters of jars on my desk, on the counter, wherever my life needs pops of fiber inserted. I know I've created enough swatches I could probably sew them together to make a crazy lap blanket.

The stitch pattern required for the swatch is one I always enjoy, a simple moss stitch.

Row 1: k1, [p1,k1] to end

Row 2 onwards is just repeating row 1.

A help to me is remembering that I need to work the opposite stitch of the stitch I see to keep me on track. See a knit, Ebbie? You know you need to purl. See a purl? Better make it a knit. Then I'm freed from relying on the pattern for a bit.

Initially, the swatch made me nervous. It seemed my numbers would be off.

After a good a soak and block, it was spot on, which is THE WIN for today that I needed.. and a reminder for me to follow through.

If I hadn't soaked and blocked, I wouldn't have a fair assessment of my gauge. But hurray, I'm good!

Now I can ball a few more skeins and get ready to cast on. I am getting quite into this balling by hand approach..