

I walked into the family room just now, tea in hand, and ran a mental checklist of the things I needed to accomplish tonight, specifically the knitting. There weren't any.

I felt the most incredible sensation of freedom. I'm finished my Christmas knitting! I can knit anything. thing. I. want!

... I could kitchener Rob's bug sock and start on the second one.

... I could finish my mum's sock and kitchener that.

... I could wind up that skein of Wonderful Goodness and start a pair of plain socks.

... I could knit something that isn't even a sock!

... I could do anything!

Now that my computer is on I kind of feel like I should work on my December Daily pages (I've got days one and two finished but the rest are just ideas) but I'm not sure I will. The idea of knitting is just too tempting. My fingers itch. I'm going to play with yarn.



*Rob's bug sock #1. Almost, but not quite, finished.*