

By Kay Gardiner and Ann Shayne

Living the Dream: Everybody's Got a Fantasy

Dear Problem Ladies:

Why, oh why, doesn't my husband understand my yarn thing? I mean, I understand his karate and motorcycle thing, don't I?? I don't expect you to solve this problem, but I figured I would throw it out there and maybe get a little sympathy.

Uneasy Rider

Dear Uneasy:

We hear ya, we're sympathetic, we know. We are nothing but sympathetic.

The other day, we were at the local sub shop, located right off I-24, halfway between Nashville and Atlanta, in other words: an interstate exit in the middle of nowhere.

These four guys came in. Our son said, "Hey Mom! Look! Power Rangers!" He was right: they were wearing these rubbery motorcycle suits with Suzuki blasted down the side, each suit color coded to match the wicked sweet motorcycles parked outside. Their motorcycle-specific boots left them with a limpy walk, sort of like they were recovering from tendonitis. One by one, they peeled back their rubbery skins to reveal their T-shirted physiques. (We imagine this would have been quite thrilling to see had they been, you know, not seriously middle aged.) There they were, hobbling up to the counter, rubbery suits dangling behind them, motorcycle boots clacking on the tile, and we thought: that is almost as weird as our knitting habit.

The most senior member of this quartet of Easy Riders clacked by our table on the way to the Coke machine, and for a moment, our eyes connected. He stopped for a second, as if he was going to say something, and we almost said something, too.

Here's the thing. Do you really, deep down, WANT your spouse to understand your love of knitting? Isn't that part of the joy of it — that it's all yours, a private passion, a mystery for him or her to look upon with awe and wonder? Not every joy has to be shared. We don't understand why an adult would want to clomp around a fast-food establishment in skin-tight red vinyl. But it kind of turns us on.



Knit Strong! Keep those cards and letters coming in to problemladies@twistcollective.com. Write a letter that Kay and Ann choose to answer in the winter issue and we'll send you a Twist Collective tape measure.