

in which I engage in more selfish knitting

I'm back into knitting for me again, so I'm "back on the wagon."

See, here are some socks that I'm working on:



Yes, wild crazy colors, and so fun for the feet.

and I've started on a big project for me - a log cabin afghan. I'm estimating that I'll do 20 squares so that it ends up being about 42" by 52". A nice mindless knit that will use up worsted scraps! Fortunately, Isadora approves:

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And I had this totally interesting thing happen:



What? You say that you can't see anything? Let's take a closer look:

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They look different sizes, but they are not. The sock on the left was caught at the bottom of the laundry bin, and then was washed by hand with other socks with shampoo (the cheap Trader Joe's stuff). The sock on the right was put into the washing machine and dryer -- it's Regia, it can handle it.

The left sock is relaxed and happy, the fibers are soft and pliable. It feels nice. The sock on the right is tighter (the result of the dryer, my guess) and a little scratchier. Not hopeless or unwearable, but there is a difference. Quite a difference!