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BLOGGING ON THE SIDE SINCE 2009

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Wool and The Gang

by Ashley Weeks Cart

As you read yesterday, James and I are burning the midnight oil. Very literally. But that of course has not stopped my crafting compulsions. My fingers yearn to knit, y'all.

Did I honestly just write that? I did. And I meant it. Because I am an unabashed knitting nerd of late.

This weekend, after the kids were in bed and James was holed up reading applications, I turned to marathon episodes of "Private Practice" and a sweater kit from Wool and The Gang (they are my current obsession, btdubs). Why go to bed at 9pm like a wise and pro-active sleep-deprived adult when I could stay up knitting until midnight, right before the baby awakes for her first of many nightly feedings? Because reason and sleep deprivation do not coexist. Those two states cannot possibly exist in tandem. It defies logic, which is the hallmark of sleep deprivation.

The good news is that I have this cozy, bomb diggity sweater to show for my poor judgment (plus, I've never knit an adult-sized piece of clothing, so that's pretty ~~needy~~ cool). The bad news? I now have photo documentation confirming (as though it required confirmation) what a hideous process it is to grow out one's bangs AND that my roots are in desperate need of some blonde luvin'.

NOTED!





I pounded this project out in two days, thanks to the ginormous needles it required. Seriously, my biceps are killing it right now.





For whatever reason this sweater compels me to flex. It's something about the chunky sleeves that make me feel like a super strong football player. I'm totally channeling Tom Brady (because I love him (YES I DO!) and he's the only football player I can name off the top of my head. <Sigh> Way to let embarrassing confessions fly!).





If you're not a knitter, you can purchase a Ready to Wear version of this sweater [here](#).

Now, off to New Orleans! Alas, I did not pack this sweater because it is essentially the size of my suitcase. And, as I am traveling with the Reverse Peristalsis Extraordinaire (Miss Courtland Whaley herself), I did not want to be responsible for having to hand wash this shit in a hotel sink when it inevitably would get hosed with regurgitated milk. To be honest, I doubt it would even fit in a hotel sink. Size efficient, it is not. Awesome, however? Hell yes.

Photos: Courtesy of James W. Cart

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<http://blogalacart.com/2012/01/wool-and-the-gang/>