

Sept 09

# Cotton Spice

...for quilters looking for something else

Farewell

to

Cotton Spice Quilting Magazine

This is our  
last issue.

I hope you enjoy it.

## Letter From Karen -

This is my last letter as the editor of Cotton Spice.

You've probably noticed this is a pretty bare bones, generic looking issue! I'm also preparing an edition of Ruby Magazine for Women at the same time, and I guess I just don't have the Creativeness to stretch to 2 issues.

In this issue we say good-bye to Aunt Isabelle and Tara. Come and start reading the new story by Laura Day "Secrets About Love" now featured in Ruby Magazine for Women.

While Cotton Spice may be leaving us, the website will remain and you'll start seeing more and more patterns for sale in our Quilt Shop. This is something I've always wanted to do, but never had the time. I do now! :)

The BOM Challenge will continue, you'll still get some great quilt blocks from this project.

And who knows... maybe other things will pop up on the website! I get ideas all the time!

For now, I invite you to Ruby - a Magazine (eZine) for Women of all Ages. We have a full staff of 15 Editors:

- Cooking - Le-Teisha Robinon
- Homeschooling - Melissa Warren
- Friends - Vicki Barber

- Fun! (humor and puzzles - Beth Brubaker
- Paper Dolls and Coloring Pages - Rochelle Martin
- Music - Cala Martin
- "Secrets About Love" - Laura Day
- Gardening - Aunt Dots
- Flat Sydney Adventures - Margaret Bucklew
- Home - Amy Cavaness
- Ruby's Closet - Bridgett Stemplinger
- Devotions - Susan Peterman
- Hobbies - Karen Gass

And we also have Readers Stories and Poems, Readers Pictures, Fashions of the Era's, Contests, and our very own social networking site - Ruby Women - for subscribers only.

We have groups for nearly every department on Ruby Women, as well as group projects, charity projects and just plain fun :)

It's a private group, so you can enjoy it without fear of 'anyone' walking in, it's for subscribers only.

I hope you'll come and join us, we're having lots of fun and learning some great stuff about potpourri and belly dancing! Have I piqued your interest? :)

The Ruby Blog <http://magazineruby.wordpress.com> to find all the nitty gritty details and to Subscriber or purchase a single issue. (See the tabs up on top of the page)



Isabelle Reed paced her living room restlessly. She glanced at the clock and sighed when she saw it was a little past two a.m. Sleep had eluded her again, and now with her wedding only three days away, she'd made an emergency phone call to her niece, Tara. Isabelle glanced out the window every two minutes until she heard a car pull into her driveway. She quickly opened the door to let her niece in out of the chilly September night. She was dressed in a rumpled t-shirt and jeans. Her dark hair was pulled back into a ponytail, but her blue eyes were sparkling and alert as always.

"Aunt Isabelle what is the matter? You sounded so desperate on the phone?" Tara hugged her aunt before stepping through the mountain of boxes and packing paraphernalia. She sat on the couch and glanced around the room. Some items were packed and some were still sitting out undusted and in disarray. It looked as if a tornado had run circles through the room.

George lay on his white cushion in the corner and he looked as unhappy as his mistress. His head lay on his paws and his eyes were small slits. His orange tail lay quiet for once, silent from its bouncy exuberance. He yawned suddenly showing a row of healthy white teeth and then turned his back to the room and curled in a ball.

"Ever since I started packing George has gone down hill. He barely eats, doesn't watch birds from the windowsill, and all he does is sleep." Isabelle sank down into a chair in exhaustion and stared blankly at the wall.

"Isabelle you're marrying Walter in three days. This is just pre-wedding jitters. As soon as you walk down the aisle you'll forget all about this." Tara glanced around the room with a look of concern. "It looks like you desperately need help packing though." Tara shrugged at the clock, "Well I'm here, and I might as well help."

Isabelle nodded and left to make cups of hot chocolate. She returned and the two women sipped them silently before both kneeling on the floor and beginning to pack different items. Tara picked up a picture frame of a joint photo of herself and her fiancé Andrew, and one of her aunt and Walter. She carefully folded it in newspaper and packed it into a large empty box next to her. Isabelle was looked through a box of old photographs when she chuckled and pulled out a photo and passed it to Tara.

"It's you and your cousin Angela at age three playing in my back yard. How you two use to quarrel over the silliest things, who got the biggest cookies, who got the prettiest doll, and my favorite, who got an extra kiss at bedtime!"

Tara handed the photo back with a slight wrinkled nose. "She always provoked me at that age. You know how it was between us. I'm glad things have changed now, for the most part."

"Oh! Look at this one." Isabelle passed another picture to Tara with twinkling blue eyes. "It was taken of you and me the day of my luau when I won the lottery."

“Look, there is Mrs. Stevens in the background frowning at you.” Tara and Isabelle put their heads together of the picture. “Who would have thought she was planning your demise?”

Isabelle glanced around the room and a sad expression came over her face. She looked at Tara and said, “This house has a lot of good memories. I really hate to leave it.”

“Oh yes, lots of good memories.” Tara replied sarcastically. “You were almost murdered in it by your neighbor; your other neighbor kidnapped your cat. I was knocked unconscious by hoodlums and who knows what else will happen if you stay here.” Tara shook her head and then grabbed her aunt’s hand and held it. “Besides, Andrew and I postponed our wedding so we could have a double. I changed all my wedding colors to fit the September season, but I didn’t mind because I love you and so does Andrew.”

“I know and you both have been wonderful. I just can’t imagine moving into Walter’s mansion. That huge house, servants watching my every move, all those social functions.” Isabelle’s blue eyes filled with tears suddenly and Tara put her arm around her aunt. “I love Walter so much, but I don’t know if I can do it!”

Later the same day, Andrew and Tara arrived at his annual family reunion. It was held on the same date every year so no one would forget and the location was held at a pavilion at a local park. They entered holding hands and immediately were greeted by Andrew’s father, a retired detective. He shook Andrew’s hand and then kissed Tara on the cheek.

“How is it on the force?” Andrew’s father asked eagerly. Tara was amused and watched silently. Andrew’s father Rodney seemed to live voraciously through Andrew’s stories since he’d had a knee replacement and had to retire.

“It’s great, dad.” Andrew slipped his arm around Tara and smiled down at his bride-to-be. “I’m working on a new case now. An 87 year-old-woman claimed her grandson stole a very expensive pearl necklace. We were all ready to take him in when her caretaker showed up and told us she has Dementia and has been accusing her grandson for years. It turned out her pearl necklace was in the freezer, apparently that’s where most of the stuff turns up that she loses.”

“Like a giant jewelry case, except it doesn’t play music!” Rodney slapped his knee with a chuckle and then winced slightly. “Well, you better go visit with your Grandmother Martha. She’s been asking about you all afternoon.” Rodney lowered his voice and moved a step closer to Tara. “That woman could drive me to drink. I’ve heard enough purple stories to last me a lifetime.” Rodney shook his head in revulsion. “I use to dream in black and white, but since my surgery purple has been slowly creeping in. How do you tell your doctor you’re afflicted with purple mania?” Rodney shook his head and headed to get a beer.

“Poor dad,” Andrew shook his head with a smile, “Grandmother Martha can really get to you sometimes.”

“Andrew!” A shrill voice suddenly cut across the pavilion and the couple knew they had been spotted. She was sitting alone at a

picnic table with a glass of lemonade in front of her. She was wearing a tan dress with a short sleeve lavender sweater. She beckoned them over to her table and then patted the wooden bench next to her.

“How are you grandmother?” Andrew kissed the elderly woman on the cheek and she smiled brightly.

“I have a surprise for you two.” Grandmother Martha glanced rather slyly at Tara and then continued, “I have a wedding present all picked out and ready.”

“That is very sweet of your Grandmother. Are you going to give us a hint?” Andrew glanced at Tara and he smiled giving her a wink.

Grandmother Martha exclaimed indignantly, “Of course not!” Then she gave a smug smile, “You’ll have to wait and see after the wedding.”

Tara pulled Andrew away from his relative for a quiet moment as soon as she could. She had dark circles under her eyes from the long night she spent with Isabelle. Now she couldn’t keep her worries to herself any longer. After grabbing some food on paper plates, the couple wandered away from the pavilion and down a wooded path.

“Andrew, I’m worried about Aunt Isabelle. She called me last night at two a.m. worried about marrying Walter.”

“I would say that is natural considering your Aunt has lived on her own all her life. She is a very independent woman.” Andrew replied while biting into a piece of fried

chicken. A wooden bench appeared down the path and the couple sat down amongst the quiet trees and bird song. They took bites of their food considering the problem at hand.

“I think she is going to back out of the wedding.” Tara said suddenly and put her plate of food on her lap. Tears filled her eyes and she covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

Andrew watched her in shock for a moment before dropping his plate of food on the ground and reaching over to hold Tara. He stroked her dark hair he so admired and held her close. “What is really bothering you sweetheart?”

“Andrew we already postponed our wedding once, so we could all marry at the same time and make it a really special event. Now I just want to get married to you. I don’t want anything to ruin our wedding day!” Tara sobbed some more and leaned on Andrew’s chest. As she moved closer her plate of food slid down and fell beside Andrew’s leg covering his shorts in potato salad. Tara pulled back and the two looked down at the mess.

Tara glanced up at Andrew wondering if he was going to be mad, but all he did was shake his head and smile. “I cannot wait to marry you.” He murmured before giving his fiancé a passionate kiss.

Tara sat back all smiles now. She laughed and replied, “That’s the only reason I don’t want to marry you. After were married I’ll never hear you say those words again.” Andrew leaned forward and kissed Tara again. He stroked her cheek and whispered,

“After we’re married I’ll come up with something even better.”

Tara giggled and stood up grabbing Andrew’s hand. They held hands as they wandered back to the pavilion with Andrew leaving a trail of potato salad. He caught Tara’s hand just before they left the trees and pulled her close. “No matter what we are getting married on Saturday as planned. You just remember that.” Andrew kissed her cheek quickly and then they joined his family again.

The next evening Isabelle met Walter for a quiet dinner at their favorite Italian restaurant. Walter ordered a bottle of red wine and the house specialty spaghetti and meat balls. Isabelle ordered lasagna feeling like she needed a high carb dish to get her through the meal. She was unusually quiet throughout the evening, but Walter was bursting with enthusiasm for the upcoming wedding two days away.

“I’ve had my bedroom redecorated by a designer. It’s not so masculine now. I want you to feel at home.” Walter cut into the large meatball and chewed with enjoyment.

“Why didn’t you tell me? You never asked me what colors I liked.” Isabelle was feeling a little annoyed, but she tried not to show it. She kept cutting up her lasagna into small bite size pieces, but only eating a few of them.

“I left all the colors to her. I was never good at that sort of thing.” Walter paused watching Isabelle and then smiled. “Besides I wanted it to be a surprise.”

A big surprise it will be if the colors

clash with our wedding quilt, Isabelle thought pessimistically. She’d made an old fashioned wedding ring quilt done in greens and blues. She was very pleased with it and had been saving it to give to Walter as a wedding present.

“Is something wrong, dear?” Walter asked suddenly looking concerned. Isabelle calmly put down her utensils and looked Walter in the eye. “How many bedrooms does your house have in it?”

“Six.”

“How many bathrooms does it have?”

“Five.”

“How many living rooms, den, study, or whatever you want to call it?” Isabelle could feel herself getting angrier and angrier with each question and she didn’t know why.

“Four.”

“Exactly”! Isabelle slapped her napkin down and it rattled the silverware. “I have ONE bedroom, ONE bathroom, and ONE living room.” She exclaimed raising her voice higher and higher on the word one each time. “Did you ever think that I didn’t want to move into your big house with servants? Servants! That’s another thing!” By now Isabelle was standing over the table and her face was getting redder and redder. “I’ve never had anyone clean up after me or cook for me for one day of my life, and I’m not going to start now.” Isabelle’s sentence ended in a sob as she rushed out of the dining room. She asked to seating hostess to get her a taxi and she waited outside pacing back and forth until one

pulled up. She rode home silently feeling her misery quite acutely. All she could think about was getting home and throwing herself on her bed for a good cry.

Isabelle woke up the next morning with swollen eyes and puffy cheeks. Her crying session had lasted most of the night. Not until George curled up next to her, did she finally fall asleep out of sheer exhaustion. Now she got up slowly and stiffly and went to the kitchen to make a pot of coffee. George sat next to his bowl and eyed Isabelle until she poured him some dry cat food. George eyed it skeptically, but he had a feeling his mistress wasn't going to change her mind so he commenced eating. He usually was given wet cat food for breakfast, but Isabelle just didn't feel like going to all that trouble, so dry food he got.

The coffee was ready and she took a cup and sat in her cheery kitchen at the table and looked around the room. She loved this house, but did she really love it more than Walter? Was it worth spending the rest of her life alone just to retain her freedom? Isabelle knew what the real problem was. It was change. She hated it even more than George hated a trip to the vet. She liked things to stay as they always had, but this one time was it better? Or was she giving up the most exciting adventure she could ever had? More so than all the cases she'd worked on, all the clues she followed, all the criminals put away in jail.

The doorbell rang suddenly and Isabelle hurried to answer it. She thought it must be Tara meeting her to go get there nails done. She opened the door and was shocked to see Walter standing on the stoop holding a huge bouquet of white and red roses.

"May I come in?" Walter asked gazing into her eyes.

"Yes...Come in." Isabelle stuttered stepping aside to let him in. She noticed he wasn't wearing his usual suit, but a pair of blue jeans and a dark green polo shirt. Isabelle had seen him rarely casually dressed. Walter set the roses down on the couch and then took Isabelle's hands in his. He held them tightly and was about to speak, but Isabelle cut him off.

"I'm sorry!" She cried with tears glistening in her eyes. "I don't know why I got so upset, but I want to tell you that I've changed my mind. I'll move into your home without complaint...."

Walter silenced his fiancé with a deep kiss. Then he pulled back and looked down lovingly into her eyes. "I came here to tell you that I put my house on the market. I gave my staff two weeks notice and gave them all outstanding references. I sold my company and now I am as free as a bird." Isabelle covered her mouth her hands and gasped. "You did this all for me?" She gazed at him in amazement.

"I decided you were worth it." Walter stepped forward and kissed Isabelle again and it made her shiver.

Suddenly she stepped back and gave him a sly smile. "What would you have done if I had said no?"

"Hmm", Walter thought briefly, "Well I guess I would have bought the house next door to you and kept an eye on you." Isabelle and Walter broke into peel of laughter. They laughed so hard they held each

each other and then the laughs turned to contented sighs.

George came to investigate the giggling and was disgusted to see his mistress in the arms of a man. He sat down and watched the couple whispering to each other and laughing. Then he stood up on his legs and stretched. He turned his back on the lovers and trotted away. At least the tall man always brought him a treat. Today he guessed he was going to have to wait awhile for it so he left to take a nap.

The wedding took place as planned. The two happy couples both agreed this was the best day of their lives. After the ceremony some of the guests insisted their presents be opened. Isabelle gave Walter the wedding ring quilt and she could tell he was touched by it. Tara opened Isabelle wedding gift to her. It was the orange peel quilt she'd been working on for some time. Tara cried when she saw it and hugged her aunt. Grandmother Martha insisted Tara and Andrew open her gift before they left. It was

a large object covered with a sheet and a bow. Andrew whipped off the sheet and the couple stood in aghast. A large plaid purple couch sat before them. The reactions were as follows: Andrew's father Rodney choked on his drink, Isabelle gave a little shriek, Walter was dumbfounded into silence, and Grandmother Martha clapped her hands proudly.

As the couples ran out to their limousine waiting to take them on their separate honeymoons, Tara whispered to Andrew, "We can only hope Georgiana will have an accident on it." Tara giggled thinking of their little orange cat.

Andrew gave Tara a roguish look and replied, "As soon as we get back from the honeymoon I'll sprinkle some litter on the cushion. Maybe she will think she has a new litter box!" Andrew and Tara chuckled mischievously as they waved to their wedding guests and started their new life together, hopefully without the purple plaid couch.

And so, we also say Good Bye to Aunt Isabelle and Tara. They are both starting new lives and so are we!

But if you are now addicted to Laura's stories, you can follow her new one "Secrets About Love" with a new chapter in each issue of Ruby.

Thank you Laura for all the good times Aunt Isabelle and Tara had, and invited us to come along.

# You Did What?!?

Odd uses for tools  
(Quilting and otherwise)

One day I caught my husband using my quilting ruler for marking wooden planks in the basement. After I had snatched it back from his unconscious fingers (nobody touches my quilting stuff!), I started wondering what could you use tools for- other than their intended purpose. So I decided to go to a great source of information. The quilting forum on About.com.

These ladies (and a few gentlemen) were up to the challenge, and left me with an entire list of tools they used- and created- for quilting and non-quilting projects. The list was an interesting one!

A rotary cutter, for instance, not only works well on quilting fabric, but wallpaper as well! When your blade gets a little too worn to be used for fabric, it's still sharp enough to cut wallpaper, or mark a line on wood if you don't have a pencil handy. If it's really dull and you have a spare cutter, it also cuts some really nice pasta or pie dough- just clean the blade first. Don't use it for pizza though- the crust and sauce will damage your cutter!

A spring-loaded wooden clothespin can make a really nice pair of seam pressers- just remove the spring!

Do you have any tiny hair bands? The kind that are small enough to fit on your finger? Slip one of those over your bobbin to hold the thread in place! Try to match the color vs. the thread for easier finding.

Need a design wall? Get one of those felt-backed tablecloths at the dollar store. Then secure it on your wall with the back facing out and voilà- A design wall! It can even travel too- just roll it up with your blocks and scraps already on it and you're good to go!

Dental floss- it isn't just for teeth anymore! Use it to slip inside your bobbin case to clean out the dusty 'plaque'. If you have the fuzzy kind, that works even better.

A lazy susan makes a great sewing accessory- especially if you have quilting friends coming over to sew! Everyone has access to pins, scissors and anything else you would all use. Also good if you are a 'tabletop' quilter, and have to put everything away when you need to stop for dinner.

One lady even asked a local fast-food restaurant for an unused chicken bucket to put all her scraps in- And it's recyclable too!

Do you use stencils? Make a little powder pouncer with a square of fabric (this is a great way of getting rid of the cheapo fabrics that you can see through) and fill it with cornstarch. Then pounce away on your stencils! It brushes off, and washes out nicely.

Do you hate squaring things up? Call your local home improvement store (Home Depot, Lowes, etc.) to see if they carry Plexiglas. Buy a sheet that is on sale if possible, or get the thinnest Plexiglas they have. Then take it home and use a metal T-square (a long ruler with a bar across the top)

to mark the size blocks you want (remember to make the sizes with the seam allowances!) Then you need a utility knife to cut the Plexiglas on the lines, using the metal T-square as a guide. This process will cost a bit, but once you get your squares done, you never have to worry about wonky squares again- And in the long run, much cheaper than buying all those specialty rulers! If you don't feel confident enough to square the Plexiglas, have a friend or spouse do it for you.

Does that mean your specialty rulers are not good for anything else? Certainly not! The nice crisp edge makes your longer rulers perfect for tearing gift wrap if you lost your scissors (or in my case, when the kids snatched them); because the rulers are clear, they are excellent for marking wood. My husband showed me- after he recovered. Now we keep one of my old rulers with his tools!

This next tip might stir up some controversy, but your precious scissors can also be used for paper or wallpaper. I personally have seen no harm to my scissors when doing this, but others would highly disagree that any paper will dull your blade. This is a matter of opinion, so I leave that up to you- but I wanted to put it out there, nonetheless.

Another handy thing you can use if you sew with fleece is a pen cap. Yes, I said pen cap! You can 'dent' the fleece by pressing heavily with the pokey part of the cap without leaving a mark with a pencil or chalk. This works like a charm for me, because the edges of my fleece aren't finished most times, and I hate the idea of someone seeing a dark dot or line on my finished fleece project!

Want to make yo-yos? Use a mug or a small plate and you have the makings of

a yo-yo. Lay it out on your fabric and mark it, then baste the edges and pull towards the center and flatten out. Try different sizes to see which ones you like best. Don't just stick with one size- making assorted sizes creates interesting effects.

Don't have any interfacing for applique? Use a dryer sheet! Draw your pattern on it, and sew your fabric together with it (right side in). Then snip the seams outside on both fabric and interfacing to 1/4" and the interfacing on the inside to 1/4" of the seam, turn inside out, smoothing the outer edges. Then applique!

Use a sprayer filled with water and spritz your fabric before you iron. Your iron will steam the fabric without actually having to fill your iron! This is especially good when you don't use the steam setting on your iron often, and saves some wear and tear too.

Try to use your tools in other ways in and out of your quilting space and see what interesting ideas you can come up with. You never know what might become your next 'odd' tool!

I want to sincerely thank all the ladies at the Quilting Forum at About.com for providing many of these great tips - as well as being interviewed for many of my previous columns. You're the best!

I also want to thank you, Dear Readers, for giving me the opportunity to write for your enjoyment. It was a real pleasure to write for Cotton Spice! God bless, and may your days always be filled with color and joy.

Beth Brubaker

# Quilting Quirks

## The Case of the Missing Fabric

I was working on a quirky little lap quilt that I had designed one chilly winters' morning, keeping myself warm by wearing the most comfortable sweater I owned, and my favorite pair of fluffy bunny slippers. It was a simple quilt pattern; yet at the same time a challenge. I had deliberately chosen certain fabric scraps to make the design, so didn't have an inch to spare if something was cut wrong. I measured twice and cut once, making sure I had exactly what the pattern required. When I finished cutting, all was well with the world. I had exactly what I needed- no more, no less.

Being as careful with the layout of the design as well as the cutting, I made sure every piece had it's own place on the design wall- er, tabletop. It was going to be a work of art when finished, and I patted myself on the back, giving kudos for being such an inventive quilter.

At least until I got up to the last section of the quilt top. One little swatch of purple was missing!

I checked and rechecked my numbers- being a little nit-picky can have benefits you see, for I had written down just how many scraps of what colors I had- and I should have had all I needed! Maybe it fell on the floor?

On hands and knees I searched, poor bunny slippers acting as little dust mops on the wood floors as I sought out the missing piece. It was a good twenty minutes before I decided the bunnies (and my knees) had enough torture. No fabric. And that meant no quilt. I gazed disheartened at my now gray tinted bunny slippers. At least the floor had gotten dusted. I wracked my brain to figure out what had happened to my little purple fabric.

Did someone track it out of the room? Like me? I checked my bunnies and nothing was

hiding within their dusty faux fur- not even under the ears. Then I checked the hallway, stairs, living room, dining room, and even the kitchen! No little swatch of purple fabric anywhere. And I had already used that special color in the quilt, and any other purple just wouldn't look right. After three hours of frantic searching, (and wondering if aliens had invaded, taking one swatch from every quilter on the planet, just to drive us nuts) I stared bleakly into the reflective surface of the sewing room mirror.

I was doomed.

Wait a second. Something just didn't look right.

I looked harder at my reflection. Something was odd. Actually, it was something odd colored. Could it be? It was the right shape... and size...I reached towards my own image, only to notice the odd color was moving as well- so it wasn't stuck to the mirror by static.

So it had to be....me!

I ran my hands down the front of my sweater, and came upon a smooth spot, right around the belly button. Lo and behold, there was my precious little fabric! It stuck with me through the crawling, the moving of materials, the backtracking and the running all over the house. Right under my...ah...chest, where I simply could not see past those things, even if I'd had a crane. I didn't even know I had feet until a few years ago!

Ladies of moderate chest size, this is the downfall of being large- Don't be envious of those bigger than you- it took me almost half a day to find that darn scrap!

After that incident, anytime I'm missing a piece, the first thing I do is take a good long look in the mirror. Nine times out of ten, that is where my wayward fabrics can be found. Especially when wearing a sweater.

## Scrambled Words!

A R D H E O R T H T O F B O S W  
D I H A N T O N B R I A Y F A  
C I L T T H E W O

		!					

Unscramble the tiles to form a message!

Answers on last page

## Sudoku

	5			8				2
4			9			8		
1				3				6
				4				
9	2					7	3	
	6		2	5		1		9
						5		
		3		2	1	4		
8	7			6			9	

## Holiday Sewing!

E X O E E S F V P N O R P A C  
E Y N K C L Y S L Q B W V N A  
F D Y A C D R J A O L T Q L X  
N G R A D E E R C G I O R X Q  
B F A F P A W S E C R T E R N  
Q D D P A W E R M N C H D Q G  
R U I Z S B D B A B E R L D G  
B L I T M I R M T I X O O W V  
S K A L K P E I S C E W H K A  
X H Y B T N K T C Y R N T E H  
M P R V T D A O O B W P O F C  
I Y P S W J E E O T O F P C K  
T A B L E R U N N E R W J G Q  
T R I K S E E R T K U F L A G  
M H Y U M I T T E N S Y Q B T

APRON  
BAG  
FABRICBOWL  
HAT  
MITTENS  
ORNAMENTS  
PLACEMATS

POTHOLDER  
QUILT  
SCARF  
SLIPPERS  
TABLERUNNER  
THROW  
TOTE  
TREESKIRT

## Sudoku Answers

6	5	9	1	8	4	3	7	2
4	3	2	9	7	6	8	5	1
1	8	7	5	3	2	9	4	6
3	1	8	7	4	9	6	2	5
9	2	5	6	1	8	7	3	4
7	6	4	2	5	3	1	8	9
2	4	6	3	9	7	5	1	8
5	9	3	8	2	1	4	6	7
8	7	1	4	6	5	2	9	3

## Scrambled words answer

A YARD OF FABRIC IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO ON THE BOLT!