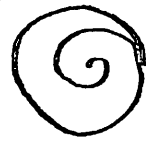




100%

Something

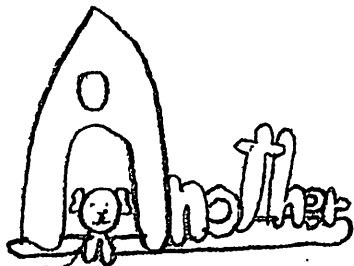
I like my perch



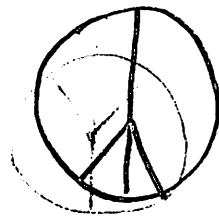
A+

Learned from

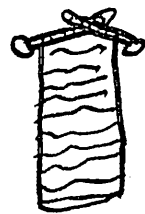
click
clack



Nice house huh?



By: Bella Oatmit



Knitting Army

Click, Clack, Clickety, Clack.

"Perfect, see you already have a section of scarf. You're doing amazing. Soon it might be as long as your needle if you keep up the pace."

"You mean soon I'll be as good as you?"

"Of course you will be, but you have to work hard."

I still remember this conversation. I

I learned to knit when I was six years old.

My aunt had taught me. My family had went to Chicago to visit my Aunt Cherry and Uncle Tim. I had wandered into my aunt's room, I loved her room.

Her walls were painted with the scene of a sunny beach, the rolling waves and the ladies tanning on their towels,

but I think the coolest thing about the room is the

ceiling, on the ceiling on the ceiling was a mural of drifting

clouds. It was transfixing! I had reached into a

bag that was laying on the bed, (I know it was the

wrong choice but I was pretty young and this deed

led to an amazing one) in the bag I found big

Chunky needles attached to a length of fabric. I fingered the fabric. I had seen my aunt, what she called, knitting before and I longed to be able to hear and feel the steady click, clack, clickity, clack.

"Do you want to learn to knit?" asked my aunt, she had just walked in. I jumped, she had startled me.

"Yes please!" I answered, delighted.

"After dinner." She said, then she walked in.

After dinner my aunt called me over to the sofa and pulled the supplies she had gathered before dinner out of a bag. She then did some crazy thing with the string, sort of looped it onto the needle, then she arranged my hands and tutored me through the movements. 3 minutes passed and by that time I already had a fabric the length of my pinky!

I've been knitting ever since then. That experience has changed my life forever. This hobby has changed my life forever because me and my dad started an organization called The Knitting Army. The Knitting Army is a group of people who come together and knit. When everyone comes they bring

a snack, I remember the last time we had a meeting someone brought rice krispie treats. They melted in my mouth, they were so good.

The main point of our group though is that after any of us knitters has finished the project we were working on, maybe a scarf, hat, or even a sweater, we put it in a big basket then in the winter we'll have a knitting sale behind my house (one of the walkways to Wash U is behind my house.) to the people who need or have forgotten their winter belongings. We also give them a pastry (by the way ^{SP} the pasteries are delicious). After the bake sale we'll go back to my house. We'll have hot chocolate, we'll roast marshmallows and eat pizza. While we're stuffing our faces we'll choose where we want to donate the money we've raised. And if we ever have a problem we all know that we can donate the money to heifer.com (we'll always agree on that donation.).

I started the knitting Army because I love to knit and I know I'm not the only

One who loves it. So I thought about ways I could turn a simple hobby into something that will (not could) save someone's life. I think another reason on how I came up with the ideas to make the Knitting Army was that I read a book to my little brother Anthony (we have our good times too.) called Give A Goat, that book inspired me and it gave me the idea because through that book I was knitting. So I think that's another reason why I started the Knitting Army.

I also want anyone who is reading this book to think of all the blessed things that fill your life and I know somewhere in that lump of thankfuls is 'books' and to think that this all started with a book. So to anyone reading this I recommend Give a Goat to YOU.

I think that if you have an idea that will help someone you should take on this challenge.

Last thing I think I have made an enormous improvement with my group because I started out

with 2 people and by know I have at least 20
people involved with the organization.

! The End !

Notes About the Author/

Bella DeArmitt

Hi my names Bella. Yes this story is true
and I hope you take this passage seriously because
I sure did. I'll let you know that later
Sometime in this year we will put together
a website.

Even as I was writing this book I could
hear the needles clicking and could feel the
chunky cool feeling of the needles in my hands.
Hope You Like The Book!