

[Allusions to death/dying] Snip, snip, snip. I'm becoming something new. I was a bolt of fabric, long and wonderful and wrapped many times around myself, hugging my own form. I had once been thread, a multitude of threads, and maybe even something else before that, but who can be expected to remember that far? Those threads were stretched tight and woven one over the other, again and again. Woven so tightly I became a taut impenetrable thing, not a hole to be seen. But now, I'm learning I am not as indestructible as I had thought. For one snap of those sharp knife-jaws and I am torn asunder. One could be worried at such a development. Perhaps I should be worried, but it has never been in my nature to let things get me down. Maybe it was that great long hug that I had given myself for so long that fortified me enough to let this thing happen and remain unworried. Whatever the reason, I am glad for it. For in my patience and courage I have found myself formed into a new shape. I have been cut away from the rest of my great length and now I am a number of much smaller pieces. The pieces come together with more thread, this time stitching my halves together. Gentle but deft hands work to make me what I am. I have some adornments added, including beautiful metal buttons. They hook into holes along my long straps at the top. I don't have the right words for what my new shape might be, so I will call it leggy-half-top. I am folded up and tossed into a box with a number of similar-looking designs that are made from that same bolt of fabric that I was once, but am no longer. Our threads have been severed, but I feel cozy with them stacked all around me. I don't see light again for a long time. Then my box-house is upturned and I, along with my twin designs that are not me but were once me, tumble out onto a chair. We are hung up in a tidy row inside a room whose walls are lined with other colorful items. This place is important, for it is here that I meet my people. A tall person and a small person are exploring the room, running their hands along the other designs that hang on the walls. The small one jumps excitedly when the tall one pulls me from my rack and holds me up. I learn my name then. Overalls. I may still privately call myself leggy-half-top. The tall person and the small person bring me to their home, and I have a tiny and lovely new room where I hang next to soft, vibrant creations in a rainbow of colors. It becomes clear that the small person is to be my best friend and I hers, for she and I spend more time together than any of my companions who reside in my room with me. Sometimes I am kept so busy with the small person that I don't see my room for long stretches of time. I have frequently been tossed on my floor-bed at nighttime only to be put to use again the following day. This is where the tall person comes in. She is a great curator and care-taker of all of the lovely items that live with me in the tiny room. We are a great team, the three of us. For my part, I keep the small person warm and mostly dry (except when she jumps us into puddles or goes sloshing through the stream). The small person is my adventure-gifter, taking me along on every great new exploration. And certainly, any adventurer worth their salt is bound to get some scuffs on the knees or dirt on their cuffs. That's where the tall person comes in. She's always washing both of us off, the small person and me. Now I will say that the small person's washing does seem to be a bit more pleasant than my own. She sits in a white tub with water and bubbles and toy boats. From my vantage point on the floor, it certainly looks fun. My washing happens inside a large, dark machine. Usually I'm thrown in with other garments. I am proud to say, I am always the filthiest. My first trip through this machine was traumatic, but I aim to be upbeat and I am used to it now. It's all part of our adventure lifestyle. Get messy, get clean, repeat. Today the small person cries. We've fallen off of her bike. She has a scraped knee, but what really has her upset is that I am injured too, a hole scratched right through my tough thread. It doesn't hurt me, just feels a bit more breezy than usual. The tall person knows just what to do, taking a yellow thread to the hole. She patches me up so that where there was once a hole, there is now a cheery flower. Oh, it suits me well. So much so that the next time a hole appears (snagged on the nail of a fence the small person had jumped over), we are both rather excited to see what the tall one will create to fix it. This time it's a blue butterfly. My small person and I go on many adventures and I wear every new patch that the tall person sews like a

badge of honor. Each one snatching a moment of memory and fastening it permanently to me. Each one a reminder that something broken can be transformed into something beautiful.