

I dream of sleeping on a comfortable pillow.

I find that I cannot locate the correct bounce, the perfect punch pillow befitting my head. Searching from here to Portland to the Washington coast has been a waste of time. Looking in store shelves high and low covered with pillows, behind stacks of pillows and inside plastic covers filled with pillows is, without a doubt, a reason to nap. The perfect pillow for my head has yet to be fluffed.

Some pillows are too hard, some are too soft, yet, not a one is Just Right. Some are too big, some too small. I am finding that "Just Right" is only in fairytales.

It is a nightmare.

Trying to, nonchalantly, lie down my head on a selected pillow in a store is more than embarrassing when caught in the act. Perhaps that is the reason for the plastic bags covering each pillow for sale. How many people have been not as bashful in their search for the perfect pillow? Docs around the world have told many people to find their perfect pillow. Many do.

"Do you have a Memory mumble, mumble pillow at the cabin?" asks a quilter. Six of us quilters are at the cabin home of one of the quilters. We are on a Quilters Bee Retreat. "I cannot seem to sleep without one and I left my pillow at home," explains the grumpy quilter.

"What did she call that pillow?" I ask the quilter sharing my sewing table. "I didn't get the last two words." My friend shakes her head. "Couldn't hear her either," comes her answer.

However, the hostess did hear. "Oh, I think there is one or perhaps two somewhere around here," she answers. "They are on one of the seven beds."

I now find an opportunity to locate a perfect pillow. Mine makes me sneeze. If only I could have heard the last two words of Memory mumble, mumble I could purchase one of my own.

I run upstairs where I have a bunk. I punch the two pillows on the bed next to mine. Perhaps this is Sleepy's bed when he is here for a during rest time. Nope, pillows have no punch. Of course, my bed pillows definitely had no bounce to them, but not perfect. Still looking.

I couldn't really check on the bed where a sister quilter has stretched her quilt-in-progress. She is fiddling with a quilt block here, a quilt block there. Maybe I will kinda lie my head down on her pillows incognito, later. Oh, that's dopey.

Searching for the perfect pillow that fits Just Right could make a person a sort of Witch. Finding one will make my happy, though.

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