

Following directions has always been high in my discipline makeup. Just do not ask my mother if my memory is believable. She will expound on my devious, discouraging department defying directions since Kindergarten days.

Following directions is how I make quilts, though. Find the pattern, read the instructions and follow the bullets. Wash all fabrics, press, cut this way and that way. And then sew the A's to the B's and the C's to the D's and then press the seams in opposite direction and sew the A and B units to the C and D units. Make 438 units.

Okay, the "make 438 units" delays me. Piecing a table runner instead of a Giant size quilt is quicker, easier. Perhaps, though, if I talk a friend in to making the same quilt at the same time it would be fun. Then we can be miserable together, piecing 438 units. It would still be a Misery Quilt, though.

So, yes, I can and have followed directions. Forget about that day in Kindergarten class when the teacher caught a student playing with her yo-yo during sing-along. She takes it away and asks, "Who else has a yo-yo"?

"She does," tattles Millie Mae. "She has a bright blue one. She wouldn't share."

That did it. Millie Mae is no friend. "Okay," says the teacher to me. "Put your yo-yo in my desk drawer. You will get it back when you go home."

I huff and I puff all the way to her desk. I follow her directions, though, going from point A to point B. Turning, I stomp back to the half circle, returning from point C to point D, sidestepping around my number one enemy and plop down.

Following directions is not always easy. When the teacher is called out of the room, she instructs us to remain on the floor in the half circle until she returns. I hem and haw. In a flash I scurry up to the desk, open the drawer and grab my cobalt yo-yo. I run out of the room as if a guilty conscience is chasing me. In the hallway where our coats are hung, I slip my yo-yo into my coat pocket and bolt back to my place in the half-circle. My yo-yo and me are safe and comfy.

"She took back her yo-yo," sings Miss Tattletale as she stands and swings her swirly dress back and forth. Her smile gets a huff and a puff from the teacher who looks at me.

Funny how she resembles my mother. Lana Russ