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Knit-Wit Or, The Thread Of The Story

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KNIT-WIT OR, THE THREAD OF THE STORY

Never had I seen Lisa without her knitting needles. Which, in fact, she manipulated with an utterly stunning skill. It was her single passion, her sole occupation.

How disquieting, the sight of that superbly, indecently sensual flesh forever engaged in such a woefully banal pursuit.

It took me several months to coax her to put down her needles and her knitting, if only for a moment.

I lured her toward the bed. I was just about—at long last—to undress her, when I noticed, buried between two of her blond locks, a bit of woolen thread. I pulled it.

For two hours I pulled it. When I got to the end I had quite unraveled Lisa, and there, in her place, I was holding in my hands an immense ball of wool.

From *Le Tricot* Translated from the French by **Norman R. Shapiro**