



















Dæthe Bagger

Knit it out



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Lærke

Dad upset me. It's so stupid to upset a kid. At least, that's what I think. I'm not going to call him any more today. I'll ask Mum to call him. He keeps giving me stuff and then saying he never gets anything back.

If you can't be a rockstar, you can at least be a knitwear designer...



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Dear Dad,

All I ever wanted was to have contact with you, for us to be close, and for me to know I'm exactly the daughter you wanted. Because that way I wouldn't have to prove anything or be someone I'm not. I could just be who I am. Good or bad.

The reality is, you probably never gave yourself the opportunity to meet me. Maybe you were scared to find out who I am? Or scared that I might be something you don't understand or that you feel you can't live up to. Maybe parents are more scared of their kids not accepting them than the other way round? Maybe us parents know we'll never be good enough, no matter how hard we try?

I've just started writing the first few pages of this book, which is going to be about us two. It's been a terrible morning. Not one of my finest moments as a parent. I did what you did: all the things I never wanted to do. I'm now sitting at my computer crying, just like I used to when I read your long emails about all my failings as a daughter. Beside me is the mug I bought you, which I had intended to give you for Christmas. It says "Merry Christmas Grandad" and has a photo of Lulu on it, age one, sitting in the bath. The mug never reached you. Ten days after I ordered it, you died. But in actual fact, the mug is lying anyway. You weren't a grandad. Henning is one, and he's earned his right to the title.

But hey, that's not what this is about. I didn't want to upset you just before you died. Maybe that's been our problem all our lives: we never say the whole truth, just fragments of it, embroidered with the occasional white lie here and there.

On the table is my knitting, for #nofearkal, a knitting community about facing up to your fears and doing stuff anyway. As I write, I'm full of worries. I'm worried about writing this book. I worry about going through losing you again. I'm worried everyone might find out I'm as rubbish as you said I was. And I'm worried I might realise how rubbish I am myself.