

Electing the Quilter's Best Friend Forevah!

A Skit by Eleanor Levie (EleanorLevie.com)

Bernina (Bernie) Put your foot down and quilt! Singing, "This girl is on fire!" OK, I'm not a Singer, nor am I a Pfaff or a Husquevarna either. I'm simply the best. You all know my personal brand, right? What am I? (Bernina!) That's right. You can call me Bernie, and I'm competing to be the quilter's BFF-- Best Friend Forevah. I'm a speed demon one day, a decorative diva the next. With me, *quilting* is therapy, and threads are the meds!

Kenmore (Ken): What is the difference between a sewing machine and a woman jogging? [act out a bosomy lady bouncing, and hold your chest to make it seem jiggling.] A sewing machine has only one bobbin'.

Bernie: Oh, Ken, you are such a featherweight. Even a Barbie doll quilter would think you a tool, a foolish purchase, tears for fears from Sears. Just look at my sleek body, my amazing feet. Press my buttons and I'm the most versatile thing in sew business.

Ginger, the Gingers Rotary Cutter – OMG, Olaf, I mean, Olfa, we should win for BFF. You and I really are the sharpest blades in the drawer evah.

Olfa: Ginger the Gingers, you are such a cut up! If you win, I feel a sharp twinge of victory, too.

Ginger and Olfa singing together: Roll, roll, roll your blade, gently, nice and clean. Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, cutting's quite the dream.

Olfa: Watch out, here come the blade brigade. We are rollin', [Ginger: rollin'!] rollin', [Ginger: rollin'!] rollin' down the right side. [Ginger: Right side of the ruler!] Rock and roll now.

Ginger: We will rock your patchwork, we will roll right over you. Look out! when we step out onto the red carpet, or the teal mat.

Matt: Go ahead, make all the cutting remarks you want, I can take it. I will lay down for you, lady quilter, I will self heal, you can totally depend on me, the grid to rid yourself of imperfections. With me, you don't have to Grid your teeth. I can stay by your side at the sewing machine, or be your great big boy laying prostrate, up on the cutting table. And oh, how I love a woman on top!

Square acrylic ruler: Excuse me, ladies? I'm the BFF to rule. Yeah, I'm a straight arrow guy, totally hetero and headed to row with the rotaries, on a crew team with the mat. You know it's hip to be square, and I help you square everything up. I wanna be your ruler, I wanna reign supreme. [singing to the tune of Phil Collins' True Colors]

I see your true corners
 Shining through
 I see your true corners
 And that's why I love you
 So don't be afraid to let them show
 Your true corners
 True corners are beautiful

That's right, ladies. You can corner the market with sewing supplies, but you're not a real quilter without picking up a quilter's ruler time after time. Vote for me, and have the Quilter's Ruler be your best friend!

Ginger: All of you with the fat quarters (looking folks up and down and around the butt), I will slice and dice you skinny. No rips, just nice clean strips.

Ken: Don't forget, you need me to make a strip set.

Olfa: Yeah, and me to cut that strip set into fine little units and blocks, quick as you please. Camera! Action! Roll it!

Jack, the Seam Ripper: [enters the scene with a fedora over one eye, snapping fingers and rapping:]

Pick me, Jack, the Seam Ripper,
 and I'll cut those nasty bitches, I mean stitches in the flash of an eye.
 As ye sew, so shall ye rip. Yo, yo, now flip the switch.
 For ripping out those stitches, you know that I'm your guy.
 Yo, I'm the Terminator, goin' 'Errors, see you later!'
 I'm the Eliminator of seams that go nowhere.
 I'm baaaad and yo, you know it. You need me and your patchwork shows it.
 I'll stay by your side; when you get lazy, baby, I'm ready for repair.
 No piecing's worth a panic, no havoc on the border, no quivering over the quilting, or failure in the finish.
 In fact, why doncha drop everything
 right now and give me 50,
 50 stitches to rip out, to pull out, nice and nifty.
 Then do it again, and again, and again, until you get it right.

Accept nothing but perfection, I'm willing to stay with you all night undoing what you been doing all day long. Yo, baby, I'm the ripster. A damn rip-roarin' hipster. Quite the quipster, a master of disaster. Just let it rrrrrriiiiiip.

Narrator: What do you say, Quilters? Are you happy to see Jack the Seam Ripper when you're working on a project? Or is he a sign of epic fail, little redo, or anything in between? What's your relationship with Jack the Seam Ripper, and how do you feel when he puts in an appearance? Bad news, you say?

Ah, Jack, I'm afraid you're not quite BFF material. Sorry, you're out.

Jack: Rrrrrr...

Narrator: Now, get a g-rrrip.

Thimble: Whether I'm a silver or ..."Goldfinger... I'm the one
The one for a quilt that's real
it doesn't count unless a bold finger
Quilts by hand, and offers a look deluxe...
Machine work sucks!

Needle: I hate to needle you, but I'm the sharp one in the bunch. Simply use a lot of spit for tiny droplets of blood, this always makes the quilt personal. Before Prozac, before Zoloft, before Xanax there was me, hand-stitching, hand-quilting, nice and slow, teeny tiny stitches, needle-turn appliqué stitches every 3 threads, quilting stitches 10 to the inch. Ahhh, so relaxing.

Freezer Paper: Did you say appliqué? Then you're calling for me, Freezer Paper. When you're ready to roll, I'm your BFF, and we go waaaaay back, mark my words. Come over and mark me, right on the matte side. Press me, darling, right on the shiny side, to all your fabrics. Come on, Lay Lady Lay. Lay across my madras background. I know all the right positions, and I can stick around as long as you want me. I am humble and I'm your handy man, and you can use me until you use me up. Admit it, you can't live without me.

Fusible web: Oh freezer paper, you are just so downscale, and you leave me cold. Call it a wrap and go back to the deep freeze where you belong. You are so yesterday, you're anti-diluvial. But me, I am fusible. I am a fusion of the now and the future. I've even got my own web, a site to be seen, and the peel away paper to back me up. I re-FUSE to be put up in competition beside this has-been. Why, girlfriend, I know you like living on the edge. You like it raw, right? Nothing to unravel, right? Maybe with a neat satin stitch or blanket stitch on the edge.

Iron—Psssssshht. None of you are anywhere in the game without me, the indispensable smoothie, Iron Man. Mr. Electric. I I I never get turned off around you, quilter. Just set me on your Big Board and I I I am hot, hot, hot. Don't even think about ironing those shirts of his; I'm saving all my love for you and your quilting, and things just might get a little steamy. Relax, I'm here to smooth out those wrinkles, lay everything out flat while I in-CREASE your piecing satisfaction. *Yeah, I know you have an an iphone, an ipad, and an ipod. But I, Iron Man, I take care of your pressing needs. I even come with an understudy who will grab the hot seat for all your fusible pressing. I can take the heat of this competition becuz I am an Iron, man. I'll say it flat out: Press on! Vote for me!*

Narrator: OK, folks, we need to have a quilt-off, to help determine the quilter's BFF. It's elimination time. I'm looking for a kinda now, kinda wow factor. So who's out? Who is totally passé, quilting history?

...I hear you. It's a trade off, but tradition has reigned for a long time, and it's time for some new blood to take the trophy. In this elimination round, Needle, thimble, and freezer paper, you are all out. Terribly sorry, your time will no doubt come around again as the Slow Stitching Movement gains a foothold. We're looking for fresh, modern, yet reliable, dependable Quilter's BFF. One who will show real effort in a pinch. In a sticky situation.

Fusible Web:--Oh, you want sticky situations? Just wait until I see that iron...

Narrator: That puts fusible into the refusenik category. And it's taking the gooked up iron with it.

We're left with Bernie the sewing machine and a rotary cutter, with Olfa and Gingers alternating for the role of BFF.

Matt: Wait, they're nothing without us. We are inseparable.

Acrylic ruler: Matt is right. You simply cannot have the rotary cutter on stage without us performing backup.

Narrator: OK, but we all recognize, you are not the stars, just the supporting actors. OK then. We have the rotary cutting team, and the heavy-duty sewing machine. Before we get to the voting, are there any other contestants for the show?

[Take suggestions, descriptions, reasons for BFF status] Well now, it's up to people's choice. Who will vote for Rotary cutting? Who for Machine Stitching?