

Shelter in Place, Day 32: Karin Bonheim

You'd think a witch who specialized in knot magic would be a whiz at sewing facemasks.

But I never really got the hang of our aunt's sewing machine. The bobbin won't stop tangling, and I'm starting to take it personally.

But I *have* perfected the folded-bandana mask. Fold into rectangle, fold and fold again, pull ends through two hairbands, pull ends back through each other, add a twist of knot magic, and voila. (Thank you, internet videos).

I even found some filters to put inside them. They make the masks a lot stuffier, but I'm assuming they're more effective too.

At least Nick was impressed.

Since all Emmie wants to do with her mask is rip it off, she's stuck at home for the duration. There's only so much you can explain about aerosol particles to a toddler.

I wove magical protection into our masks for good measure, but the spell protects against *magical* attack. I'm not sure how it does against viruses.

Wearing my mask to the supermarket for the first time felt... odd. It didn't help when the checker sniped my mask wasn't 100% protection against the virus. Yeah, I *know* that. But indignation in the time of coronavirus is a waste of energy, so I let it go. Besides, I'll take *any* extra percent protection, on top of hand washing and maintaining social distance.

And I'm still wearing my mask outside, even if I do look like I'm about to knock over a stagecoach.

-Karin Bonheim, Doyle Witch

