

And Now I'm 43

written by Holly

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By Holly Lisle

It's Ludicrous 0'clock in the morning, I'm up with the sort of indigestion you don't get when you're *twenty-three*, I'm scrambling to catch up on the words that I didn't get yesterday, (can't lie down, sure can't sleep, might as well write), and I'm forty-three years old now.

Forty-two was a turn-around year for me; huge in a number of ways. After three years of struggling with a career in death-spiral and financial problems unlike any I've experienced before in my life, I got a new agent, sold four novels (including **Midnight Rain** – I'm STILL wired about that), saw one child grow up and move out, had another one turn eighteen, started homeschooling the third, and finally finally finally saw light in the tunnel that wasn't a damned train, but was, in fact, the end of the freaking tunnel.

Feeling way too much like Wile E. Coyote after yet another run-in with that roadrunner, I've dared to peek my head out of the tunnel mouth. I am, however, looking for the anvil.

But I'm eager to see what being forty-three will bring.

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