

BAM! Sound of Schedule Crashing

written by Holly

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My work schedule has just exploded into shrapnel, ash, and smoking ruin. As of last Monday, I won't be able to write in the morning, when the house is quiet. Or at night, when the house is quiet. My work schedule has been slammed straight into midday, when the kidlet is up, homeschooling is in progress, and the Million-Question Parade has now been routed from the kitchen, where it didn't bother anyone, straight through my office.

I remind myself that I used to have my desk in the living room, where I wrote while the two older kids did homework, watched movies, and argued endlessly. I know that I **can** do this. I just don't remember how.

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