

Day Off, With Another Tomorrow

By Holly Lisle

Printed out HAWKSPAR this morning, hanging out with my guys while throwing paper into the hopper every 40 or so pages. 900 pages of book later, I am now almost out of toner, and damn near killed the printer. It was making gasping noises by the time I finished. Considering that I wrote the first draft in 2 1/2 months and by the time I was done, I was making the same noises, my sympathy is with the printer, poor thing.

So we were going to go see HITCH, but we got stuck in traffic and missed the start time. We went to see THE PACIFIER, starring Vin Diesel, instead. Which makes me think of the other day, when we went to see ROBOTS. I'm going to follow the old adage "If you don't have something nice to say, don't say anything," and simply move on.

Later tonight, I'm going to doodle on paper for a while and see if I can figure out a way to rewrite the Onyx proposal so that it's spooky, instead of straightforward. It isn't working if you include pictures.

For now, though, having already done my exercises (and more on that in a couple of days, when I know more, but for now I'll say that my initial reaction to my new program is highly favorable), and the dishes, and a lot of reading, I'm going to drag out the guitar and hurt Clapton and "Classical Gas" for a while.

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