

# Domestic day

written by Holly

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By Holly Lisle

I felt sick all day today (edge of migraine, severe nausea), but it was a good day for not working. The evil washer and dryer, which have been a thorn in my side for a couple of years now, got replaced by the landlord with brand-new, high-capacity appliances. No more dryer chewing holes in the clothes and leaving black stripes all over them, no more washer screaming like a banshee during the entire wash cycle. They were old, they were vile – and now they're gone.

The kid-chick and I made a spy-reader (red cellophane glued between two cardboard frames, for those of you who never yearned to be spies when you were kids.) You write your message in light blue ink, draw all over it with dark red ink, and when you put the cellophane over the message, the writing magically reappears. Great fun, and a remarkable way to encourage a five-year-old to sit there reading – I mean, if you have a secret spy message, you pretty much have to sound it out until you know what your secret mission of the day is.

And I grocery-shopped, which because I don't have a car means going online. I love online grocery shopping, because I loathe live grocery shopping. I hate wandering through the aisles, I hate getting stuck behind the woman with one hundred coupons and a shrill voice who demands that the cashier was three cents off, I hate crowded aisles, and I really truly used to fantasize about mounting a flamethrower on the front of my shopping cart and improving the whole experience that way. The online grocery store was **made** for me.

As for feeling like crud, I'm hoping that I've kicked whatever this is by tomorrow – I'll do some heavy revision then.

Happy Valentine's Day, everyone.

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