

ENTER, STAGE LEFT: (somewhat bleary-eyed, before dawn has even cracked)

By Holly Lisle

Verticality proved somewhat more challenging this morning – some nights it’s almost impossible to get to sleep, and I do remember days in earlier times when I was not precisely happy to hear the alarm clock’s bleat.

However, I’m up. Sorta. And the words await.

::blinking and rubbing eyes::

Let’s just see how this goes.

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