

# Forgot Something

By Holly Lisle

So I wake up in the middle of the night – and I mean WIDE awake, all over awake, get up and go run five miles awake – because the subconscious, busy with dreams, suddenly pauses for News from Our Sponser, who inserts the absolutely correct notice that I have left out a major part of the proposal I just sent off to my editor and my agent.

I'm correcting that this morning before having Fun With Math.

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