

God, I'm sick

By Holly Lisle

Everyone else's bugs finally caught up with me. I've been passed out on the couch with a fever for the last six hours; my attempts at work this morning resulted in about a 500 word net gain and a decision to go back to bed at seven after getting up at five, and a real gratitude that I built the schedule with padding.

I've been up for about ten minutes just to check on things on the site and read my e-mail, and I've had enough. I'm going back to my hole now.

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