

How I Celebrated Yesterday

By Holly Lisle

After getting a fair amount of writing done, I went out with my guys and we scouted MIDNIGHT RAIN, and picked up a copy of USA TODAY. The ad was cool – though even my conservative estimates of traffic the ad could generate were clearly way too high. Seeing the book prominently displayed with multiple copies out in both local stores was fantastic.

And I signed and gave a couple of my authors' copies to my local booksellers. Reminded myself again why I am a writer, not a public person: I get very shy in real life. I have a tendency to wish the ground would open up and swallow me when confronted by actual people demonstrating actual enthusiasm for something I did. Online, no one can see you blush.

And the little guy's seventh birthday is coming up. I've been teaching him guitar, and he's turned out to be dedicated, passionate, and a fast learner. So we bought him his own electric guitar for his birthday. (We are of the "one big present" school of thought in our house.) It's cool. It's red. And he looks like a very short Rock God playing it. In his mismatched jammies.

He already knew the first position major chords. He has just discovered ... power chords. He sounds pretty good, and I am proud.

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