

I'm off my game – had a bad writing day. 486 words.

By Holly Lisle

So here's the deal.

I have jury duty coming up next Monday. Have never done it before, but I didn't try to get out of it. I'm a citizen. This is part of what being a citizen means.

So if there's an upcoming trial scheduled during my period of service, (which I won't know until Sunday night), I will not be here next week.

If there is a trial, I'm going to go in to the courthouse, and I will take a notebook with me, and write in longhand in between whatever the process is that includes picking jurors, and do my best to work on the story, or if not the story, then on collateral worldbuilding.

Today, though, I've had a helluva time focusing.

I managed in spite of the upcoming potential chaos to my schedule to start out by reading through yesterday's words, deleting junk and getting new stuff – my daily process...

And I came out with a net gain of 486 words, which is better than nothing.

But my focus is off. I'm tired, I'm grumpy, I'm frazzled, and every once in a while, you have to look at the fact that you've been struggling and flailing and not getting anything you actually like, and you have to say, "Okay. I've had my ass in the chair since before 8 AM, and I have had nothing even resembling a breakthrough."

"Time to walk away."

If there is a trial and if I am chosen as a juror, I am anticipating NO WORDS next week.

AND if I am chosen, and the trial is big, there might one or several more weeks in which I won't be here, other than to let you know that I'm doing my civic duty, and to let you know when I hope to be back – **and then to tell you when I am back.**

I'll miss you while I'm gone.

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