

In A Quiet House

By Holly Lisle

Over the last couple of days, we moved Becky into her own place, then shifted things around here to make use of what had been her room. Mark is still visiting with relatives. I'm working at getting my feet back under me, realizing that things have changed for keeps this time; I'm getting up early, concentrating on revisions for **Gods Old and Dark**, and coming to terms with having my daughter accessible only by phone for a while.

The revisions are finally rolling well again. I'm impatient to get them done and to get going on **Talyn**. This last couple of weeks has been a strange, uncomfortable twist in a road that has already been pretty rough these last few years. And I'm reminded again that life **is** change, and that the only time we don't experience change is once we're dead. It's always easier to roll with the punches when I remind myself of that.

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