

It broke me, but I'm back.

By Holly Lisle

About 3:30-4ish on Friday, I just could not do another word. I'd made it less than halfway through the pages I had to get, but I was staring at the page in front of me, and the gears in my head were just going "click, click, click" and my fingers weren't moving.

Sometimes, no matter how much you don't want to, you have to listen to the body. So.

I shut down. Took of the rest of the day, took off all of Saturday, which I'd planned to do anyway, and slept in late this morning (9:30 AM). Now I'm back on what would have been my planned second day off. I'm going to finish Friday's pages, and come back tomorrow and be back on schedule.

But this is going to be really brief, because I have a long way to go. I have my office window open, though, and sunshine and a breeze in the mid-fifties (fahrenheit) are pouring in, and I feel, eh, moderately sane and confident today.

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