

Ketchup

written by Holly
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By Holly Lisle

Or catch up.

I spent Friday, Saturday, and Sunday with recurrences of the same headache I had Thursday, making for a decidedly unpleasant weekend overall. I can't be sure the damned thing won't be back today, so I'm hauling ass through the podcast (voted Podcast With Worst Sound EVER by an independent study—I'm so sorry), and with luck I'll get through it and get it posted today.

I forgot, as I forget after every project, that the week after I complete something, I am worthless for writing. So the fact that I made almost zero progress last week, on the heels of writing *Night Echoes* on hellish deadline, then turning around and doing the *Create A Culture Clinic* immediately afterward, should have come as no surprise. It does, though. Every single time. The words "week off" cannot find their way through the inescapable pounding of "Write! Write! Write!" that drums through my mind in military cadence. Only getting kicked in the head by a week of no progress reminds me that I need that week.

RECOMMENDATION: Go see *Stranger Than Fiction*. I'm astonished anyone had the nads to make the movie. It isn't a sequel; a remake; a Hollywood Message; or an immediately classifiable genre flick. It is, rather, a story, and a damned good one, with characters you find yourself liking, some humor, some sadness, some very fine writing brought out by very fine acting, and a rich and poignant ending. The fact that it stars actors I can't stand (Dustin Hoffman, Will Farrell, any Gyllenhaal) made it all the more amazing to me that it was so good. Farrell, freed from bondage to the execrable Molly

Shannon, demonstrated both talent and heart. Hoffman played his usual scumbag, but didn't turn his dialogue into an inaudible mess of mumbles, and the Gyllenhaal, while doing the "creepy, weird and grungy" act she and her brother have perfected, still managed to be likeable. I wouldn't want to eat anything she cooked, though. Emma Thompson was wonderful. Emma Thompson is always wonderful. I went to see the movie because she was in it, and because she played a writer. Everything else was a delightful surprise.

Young people in developing nations are happier than those in developed nations. Big surprise. Unhappy young people in developed nations need to discover three things in order to be happy:

- It's not all about you. It's not **ANY** about you.
- You do not have the right to be happy. You only have the right to pursue happiness.
- You will find happiness when you are working your ass off to help others find it. If you try to find happiness for yourself, you'll stay miserable for the rest of your life.

And finally, according to Yet Another Goofy Survey, my tarot card is the High Priestess.



You are The High Priestess

Science, Wisdom, Knowledge, Education.

The High Priestess is the card of knowledge, instinctual, supernatural, secret knowledge. She holds scrolls of arcane information that she might, or might not reveal to you. The moon crown on her head as well as the crescent by her foot indicates her willingness to illuminate what you otherwise might not see, reveal the secrets you need to know. The High Priestess is also associated with the moon however and can also indicate change or fluxuation, particularly when it comes to

your moods.

What Tarot Card are You?

Take the Test to Find Out.

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