

MEPS

By Holly Lisle

Incidentally, (at least to you, though certainly not to me), our grown-up son is at MEPS today. That's the acronym for Military Entrance Processing Command. He's going Air Force. He's done a significant amount of work to get the opportunity to do this; from acquiring college credits, to losing a few pounds, to working out to get into good shape, to living in miserable conditions for the last seven months, to focusing himself on what he wanted and then making it happen.

He had an 0345 wakeup call this morning at the hotel where he and the other young men in his group were staying, to be in the lobby by 0430. If all goes well, tomorrow he'll do extra testing in order to try to qualify for the specialty of his choice, a branch of linguistics.

I'd like to say my writing focus today is right on target, but it isn't. I'm getting work done, but I have the phone on my desk as I work, and even though I know it will be hours yet, I keep waiting for it to ring.

Contents © Holly Lisle. <https://hollylisle.com> All Rights Reserved