

Okay ... That Was No Fun At All

By Holly Lisle

Let me say first that this year's flu is rough. Bad. I don't think I've ever been that sick in my life.

Having said that, I don't want to talk about it anymore. I'm not 100% yet, but I'm up and moving, my eyes aren't swelled shut, I can breathe, and the fever is gone. So I'm going to see if I can get back on track.

Kid is at MEPS today and, all things being equal, will ship out for basic training today. There was a paperwork snafu yesterday or he would have been standing in line getting yelled at this morning, but it got straightened out and didn't proceed into the realm of fubar-dom. So he's looking forward to getting yelled at tomorrow. Considering he's been working toward this steadily for the last two years, I understand his excitement.

Heard back that LAST GIRL DANCING is going to ship with a good print run – significantly over 100,000 – which is phenomenal news considering all the grim I'd been hearing up until yesterday.

I need to come up with a new proposal for the next Onyx book, of course. (ba-dump-bump)

Going to have to rework my schedule to fit in an outline for the next book for Tor, too.

I've got a lot of words to do today, and I'm looking forward to doing them.

And I've missed being here. I'm glad to be back.

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