

Onward, and Ouch

By Holly Lisle

Got 2300 good words today, though it took me about six hours to get them. Passed page 900, which was exciting.

And had my neck and upper back lock up on me. I know it's stress. I know the weight of this book plus the next three on short deadlines is an undercurrent that I don't often address. It seems to me that if I know it's stress, the damned back should just stop hurting. But it hasn't, and I can't turn my head, and sitting upright is an adventure in pain. I may be scarce for a few days, depending on how long it takes me to get this straightened out. I **have** to get the pages done. The boy and I have to do our homeschooling stuff. Anything else is gravy.

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