

# Reinventing Myself

By Holly Lisle

Last Thursday I got the news that the Onyx proposal wasn't going to fly. There was more news, and it wasn't good. I couldn't even bring myself to post the least bad of the news until Friday.

At the age of forty-four, having been doing this professionally for the past fourteen years and with twenty-five sold books to my name, I find myself facing the prospect of starting over yet again.

It isn't a certainty yet. Miracles happen, don't they? LAST GIRL DANCING could soar. So could TALYN.

But it's better, I think, to face the possibility of dark days ahead and start planning, to figure out how to weather the storm, than to sit there watching it swirling out in the Atlantic, telling yourself it can't hit you. It can.

There are stages of grief, and you go through them, and I chose, for the most part, to go through them alone except for a handful of close friends, which is why you haven't seen much of me the past few days.

I'd thought it would probably be a few more days, in fact, which is why I let my smug and purring cat sit on the front page. At least one of us could be happy.

But last night I pulled out an exquisite notebook, given to me by a dear friend. I'd been saving it for something special. I decided that within its covers I'd figure out how to reinvent myself. And the ongoing process is turning out to be much more interesting than I would have imagined, and much more fun (if occasionally self-indulgent). I've copied a few pages, and may copy a few more from time to time, depending on how personal

the content becomes.

Comments open by intent.

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