

So ... It Was A Dark and Stormy Night

By Holly Lisle

Tuesday we went out to take care of essential errands, and I was going to post something so that the screaming pig wasn't my last entry for the day. Only we ended up under a tornado warning while we were out, with the sky pouring rain like somebody upended an ocean and the clouds low and ugly greenish-black with that bruised look that lets you know you're in for some serious shit.

The wind was ferocious, and we got home to find that most of the skirting around the house had blown down/ around/ away, and the broadband cable lay on the ground in loops and coils, leaving us without Internet.

We just got it back.

It's been a rough couple of days, writing-wise. I'm still struggling with the proposal, though I think I might have it done to my satisfaction today. I have yet to start the nitty-gritty of revision on HAWKSPAR, and the panic of having the full weight of that still hanging over my head is becoming oppressive. I also have an eight-page teaser for the work-for-hire that I just found out has to be on my editor's desk on 5/15 – that will have to be worked in.

I'm stressed. But I'll get this done.

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