

Style and Grace ... and Pain

By Holly Lisle

I have a history of spectacular pratfalls at inopportune times.

Last night, in a move that emphasized once again how right my mother was not to name me Grace, I got my right foot caught in my pants leg while I was getting changed. I lost my balance, and with nothing to brace myself on, I thought I was going to crash land. Got my foot free just in time to keep from killing myself (or at least ending up dramatically bruised), but in doing so I twisted and threw my back way, way out.

Oh, the pain. So I have an unlooked for day off today.

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