

The Disco Queen and the migraine cause a stall-out #WABWM

By Holly Lisle

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Not sure it's even going to be worth the bother trying today.

I have only 44 pages of write-in remaining.

However, yesterday, the Disco Queen upstairs decided to share her freaking musical selections with me at top volume for over four hours, from ten-thirty-ish until three. The constant, repetitive, inescapable (even while wearing a headset and listening to everything from Bach cello to white noise) thump, thump, thump of the damn bass through my ceiling brought on a migraine so bad not even I could work through it—and I've had a lot of practice lately working through migraines.

I still have it today.

My head is screaming, and I'm going to take some Tylenol and aspirin and see if I can get some of the edge off this. If I can, 44 pages of write-in is small.

If I can't, I may miss my deadline—because type-in on this sucker is gonna be a beast.

If you're playing Write A Book With Me, kick ass, write with joy.

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