

Things That Are Right In My World

By Holly Lisle

The Guitar God turns seven today.

The morning is cold enough to make hot chocolate and fat socks with grippy things on the soles worthwhile.

The Eric Clapton version of **Classical Gas** is online, in tab form, for free. Not for the Guitar God. For me. I'm mostly doing classical studies and trying like hell to lick **Fil¹/₂r Elise**, but ... c'mon. It's *Classical Gas*. I must.

The migraine has receded to a dull line of grey clouds at the back of my eyeballs – a distant storm from which I can still catch the occasional rumble of thunder and flash of lightning. But, babe, I can smell the ozone in the air, and the bastard is moving the other way.

It's a new day, and I only have eight scenes to still figure out.

Spenser the Cat is sitting on my shoulder purring as I write.

My guys love me, and I love them.

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Like ice cream headaches only bigger, the best thing about migraines is how good you feel when they're gone.

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