

# Time

By Holly Lisle

Was up at six with the alarm this morning. Got dressed, came out, discovered that the cat boxes needed cleaning. That no one would have clothes if I didn't start a load of laundry. That dishes had to be done.

Did my resistance and aerobic workout. Sat down, checked the e-mail for any emergencies. None.

And look what time it is.

Writing has to come first on the list; except sometimes it can't. I have a long way to go today. And that's following yesterday, with a 500-word crash-and-burn when the headache took a turn for the nauseatingly intolerable, and I went to bed for hours in the middle of the day.

I'm tired. A lot of words, two deadlines, two books, and the fact that at the moment I'm not too happy with my last pages and not too sure if whether what I'm writing is any good or not, are taking some of the fun out of what should be a daily delight.

But enough bitching. Off to ISY.

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