

# We Have Gremlins

By Holly Lisle

**Into every biological existence of finite duration some metaphorical liquid precipitation must gravitate downward at a rapid rate of acceleration.**

Hi. I hope your Yule/Christmas/Hanukkah/Other Decemberish Holiday was wonderful, and that your New Year will kick ass. I apologize for my sudden vanishment; I found myself in a place without Internet or a computer where I was anticipating the existence of both, and while it has become clear to me that I really, really needed the rest (nor am I quite done with the resting, honestly), I had intended to do cool things during my vacation, like put up a holiday greeting and let folks know I was going to be away for a while. I had intended to answer e-mail. Stuff like that.

Life is full of surprises. And they do keep coming.

Metaphorical precipitation, you know.

I'm going to need some store beta testers – people of all levels of technical expertise, from “my mouse has one button, and that's enough” to “I dream in optimized machine code” to see if you can break my e-book store.

This process will take some time. What I wanted has turned out to be complex in surprising ways, and while it will be both cool and nifty when it's all together, the process of getting it all together has not exactly been “unpack software, install.” Margaret is still in the putting-everything-together stage, but we should be ready to go to beta in a few days.

We won't be ready to roll out on the 2nd of January. So publication of **Create A Character Clinic** (plus two other writing e-books by other writers, about which I'm tremendously

excited) will be delayed. We're setting the official roll-out date at January 20th, in the hopes that this will give us time to break everything that can be broken, and then fix it.

If you would like to beta-test, please sign up in comments. I'm not sure how many people Margaret will need, but I think "lots" was suggested.

If you can help us out, we thank you. We wave mystic passes over your lives, that unanticipated downward precipitation of the metaphorical variety will bypass you. We bow deeply.

(We might even do the Dance of Joy, but in my case at least, that will be done in private, because people make fun of me when I dance.)

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