

Writing at this ridiculous hour

By Holly Lisle

Brief update. We made it through Ivan just fine. We got a lot of rain, a lot of wind, and one tree limb down, but Frances was much harder on us.

I've had a few unwelcome days off following that – have been sick. Bleh. But this morning I have insomnia, which may be a way of making up for lost time. I'm going to see if I can make some headway on LAST GIRL DANCING; I'd like to complete about forty more pages of revision before daylight hits and I discover that, yeah, NOW I can sleep.

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