

PS

Posted on Apr 24, Posted by [Lois Lowry](#) Category [Uncategorized](#)

That previous short post was a good example of how weary one gets on a book tour. Somehow the outdated, chipped tile in a hotel bathroom takes on metaphoric significance. Of course any hotel would be a contrast to the opulence of my stay in Dallas, and certainly I wouldn't expect or even want such luxury every day. This (un-named) hotel has a certain funky charm, and clearly was once quite elegant. It's like the old lady you see whose lipstick is seeping into the wrinkles around her mouth. You can tell that she has good bones and breeding, but the bloom is gone and her silk blouse has stains under the arms.

Tomorrow I speak to 120 sixth-graders, then do an hour-long NPR interview, then a lecture at the Kansas City Public Library. By the end of the day I too will be chipped and peeling and seeping and stained.

The important thing is that there is a very comfortable bed in this room and I am right this minute going to fall into it.

Tags: Untagged