

...but the fire is so delightful

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This is the kind of thing one doesn't want to read in the forecast:

Cloudy. Snow in the morning. Areas of blowing snow in the morning. Additional light snow accumulation. Highs around 9 above. North winds 15 to 25 mph with gusts up to 40 mph. Chance of snow 80 percent. Wind chill values as low as 27 below.

But there it is. The party I was to attend Friday night has been canceled because it is inland, 35 miles west, and the forecast there is even worse.

It is Maine. It is what it is.

I have neglected "work"...that is to say, *writing*....in recent weeks, first because of movie stuff, then travel, then Christmas. But now I am going to be housebound because of the weather for a few days, at least, and I am planning to revisit the manuscript in progress that has been unopened in too long. Usually when I have neglected work in progress for a while, it turns out to be a good thing; my subconscious, it seems, has been at work on it and maybe my conscious brain needed the break. So I am hoping that is true this time.

I am also hoping my power doesn't go off.

And I am hoping that the wintery stuff subsides later in January so that I can make a couple of planned trips...one to southern California! Warmth! Yay!

But for now: Hot tea. Fireplace. Manuscript. Purring cat. And...oh yes, music! I'll put on some

music.



Stay warm, everyone. Happy 2014.

Tags: Untagged