

Well, it seems that the Dems have managed to give Ted Kennedy's senate seat to the Repubs, which means the death of health care reform. I really better sell that script, or find someone with insurance to marry me.

This bill did not go far enough, was not liberal enough for me, but at least it would have allowed me and 30 million other uninsured people to buy insurance, and kept the insurance drones from dropping me when I became ill.

I'm just sick to my stomach. If there were an afterlife I'm sure Ted's soul would be spinning.

On a writing note -- I had an interesting conversation with Daniel Abraham, Walter John Williams, Ty Frank and Sage Walker about formula versus style versus voice. I think I have some useful thoughts about the relevance of all three to writing, but I'm too dis-spirited to write it up right now.