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The Stupidest Angel
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Seems like every year, when New Year's rolls around, I either have a book due, or I'm about to go on book tour. This year, I have both. Which means that all my resolutions are focused on getting my writing done each day, and getting in good enough shape to deal with six weeks of travel and public appearances without succumbing to some virulent flying-monkey flu. (We writers who aren't blessed with a preschool child who brings home every pathogen known to man tend to spend a year all by ourselves making clicky-noises in a room, during which time we develop the immune system of a bubble boy, then go out in public for weeks on end, eat crap food, get inadequate sleep, and let people cough and sneeze on us while we sign books. In my experience, all book tours end in illness, and one's physical condition before leaving home determines how far you get before it becomes the All Nyquil-

Mucus-palooza tour.) Therefore, here are my resolutions for 2006.

To keep my writing on schedule, I resolve . . . :

- Not to pretend I must defrag my hard drive every time I run into a difficult paragraph.
- To give up on Gilligan and the crew getting off the island. It's not going to happen this episode or the next. Gilligan is dead now. He's not going anywhere so I can turn off the TV and get to work.
- To write down what is in the refrigerator, so I won't have to go check every fifteen minutes during my writing day. I further resolve to actually believe that there wasn't a mini-Snickers bar behind the celery (that I just missed).
- To stop checking on what's up with those wacky kids over at Victoria's Secret before I begin writing a scene.
- That if I get stuck, the answer is not somewhere on Google, no matter how many times and how many different ways I ask. Google is not an oracle, it is a search tool.
- To quit asking Google where I put my car keys.
- To admit that not knowing a better term for douche bag does not mean that I have to go buy ice cream.

To take care of my health, I resolve . . . :

- To finally acknowledge that coffee is not a food group.
- Ditto sugar.
- To stop driving to the mail box at the end of the driveway.
- To admit that when Men's Health says that your workout should consist of twelve exercises, three sets of ten reps each, they don't mean that you can spread them out over the month.
- To stop claiming that my readers can't relate to my books unless I eat a lot of carbs.
- To slow down as I drive by the gym on the way to get ice cream - out of respect.
- To quit waxing nostalgic about the days when I used to smoke. Technically, coughing is not an abdominal exercise.