

## Shelter in Place, Day 13

Gargoyles are not susceptible to viruses.

It's irritating.

If Brigitte would buy groceries or do anything useful, it would be one thing. But she just flies around the lake and returns with reports about what a lovely day it is. She's in heaven. Normally, she's limited to night flights. The general population would not take a flying gargoyle well. But with the shutdown, there are a lot less people on the roads are hiking in the woods.

It turns out being a metaphysical detective isn't an essential service, so I'm shut down too.

But my problems are small. I'm taking advantage of my lack of clients by working on my grimoire – a task I've been putting off for, say, twenty-five years.

I spend so much time in my secret workroom, Donovan's jokingly accused me of morphing into a troll. It's not the sort of thing a husband should say, but we're all getting cranky. He was one of the first to shut down his casinos. He's continued paying his employees, but I can see it hasn't been easy. The strain of keeping things going shows in his face and the set of his shoulders.

So, I'll take getting called a troll.

It beats getting called a gargoyle.

*-Riga Hayworth*

