

~~Stephanie~~ Skyla (or: Jocelyn, nicknamed Joss by San Francisco friends)

--built like Mitch: blocky, or willfully muscled? (Too bad she didn't take after his ex-, Mitch thinks a little guiltily.) In his visit with her in San Francisco, they find they're both roller-bladers; the roller-blade variant of a ball-bearing as a gene?

--S. has kept (or taken; Mitch is never sure how this works anymore) her mother's name.

--S. now is older than he and her mother had been when they conceived her. (Conception, hah, Mitch thinks; none of the concept of having kids turned out as planned.)

--S. smokes. (To Mitch's dismay.)

--Mitch wonders what in hell he and her mother were thinking of, naming her that; what if they'd called her, say, Mary Frances...

changed in Feb. '97 reworking:

went last night, his get-together with his daughter the toxic blimp.

Wherever Jocelyn got her fashion news from, it had evolved up the spectrum

since the last time Mitch saw her, when everything she had on was black

of varying grimness. ] Tonight she was in powder-blue leotards and an

*chartruse*  
orange

tank top, with knee guards of fleshy pink, but mainly she jangled.

*the, he kept track of her  
way*

Jocelyn/Shyanne lingo:

"It just seemed kind of better to take my same skill sets over to marketing."