This is from the acknowledgements at the end of 'E=mc²'. I thank various friends and mentors, then turn to the well-situated London Library, before turning to home life.

...There was an added benefit [in working at the London Library], since for research on Faraday and Maxwell and the like I could scoop up armfuls of their works or letters, and head outside to one of the benches under the trees in the center of St. James's Square. It was a fitting location. To one side was the red-brick building which had housed Eisenhower's SHAEF headquarters in 1944, when the fears of a German atomic bomb were near their peak. Behind me was the plaque to Ada, Countess Lovelace, the nineteenth-century predecessor of computer programmers, who experienced many of the ups and downs a woman's career in science was likely to take. Walking to a sushi bar for lunch took me past one of Newton's homes on Jermyn Street, and when I finally settled for lunch I was across from the great hall where the news confirming Einstein's general relativity predictions was released.

...[With two children] writing time was often broken up. But curiously the text proceeded faster than before.

What happened, I think, was that by really getting into the time with the kids, I was forced to have the breaks that authors rarely allow themselves. Strolling to school we'd get down on our bellies to observe ants in the grass, or we'd stop and chat with the men drilling the streets, who almost always had younger brothers and sisters, or kids of their own, and so were only too happy to rest and explain how their tools worked to the fascinated three- and five-year-olds. There'd also be wall walking and 'secret spy', long lunchtimes and afternoons. There were times when I was grumpily distracted (sorry guys), but mostly I looked forward to our hours together, and the wondrous refreshment that very young, very curious minds provide (thanks guys).

When it finally did get too late for more, and two exhausted youngsters were asleep in their bunk beds, I'd settle into a big chair in their rom (it felt a lot friendlier there than being in my study), with notes and bound volumes spread out, and then I'd gladly return for hour after hour to this book, as the sky darkened and the London streets went quiet outside. A few times - the writing racing along; my coffee long since cold - I'd realize I'd gone the whole night through; most notably once while writing about the chemistry of the sun, as the roaring sphere of that star - powered by thermonuclear blasts in accord with $E=mc^2$ - began to life from behind the Earth, somewhere far beyond the Thames estuary: lifting, rolling, to embrace our lives.

I loved writing this book.