

1131 words in the wrong direction: I just caught what I was doing, and I'm going to start off tomorrow by ripping back

By Holly Lisle

So. Word-counts first. I got 1131 words today (fewer than my goal of 1250, but not by much).

I stopped with time still on the clock and some words not yet written because I realized that I took yesterday's great leap forward, and started driving this novel into an area of fiction in which I do not under any circumstances want to write.

Tomorrow, I'm going to have to start my day by ripping out a chunk of today's words. Might be as few as 250, might be as many as a thousand.

But the rest of today, I'm going to be thinking about what I can create to replace the part of the story I wrote into that giant pothole, and that I'm going to have to destroy.

Not the best of days.

But at least I caught my error before it ate the second half of Book Three.

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