

# 1806 words, and I've met the old god

written by Holly

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By Holly Lisle

He wasn't what I'd expected. People who don't write tend to think that the writer has things pretty well planned out and more or less in hand when writing a novel, but this simply isn't the case. Not with me, anyway. I have the main characters in my mind, and I think I know what they're going to do. I have a decent idea of who the main secondary characters are, though individuals always surprise me. But I cast the bit players as I need them, and the actors who show up to audition for the parts are frequently like nothing I would have imagined.

Master Winter arrived in the story, sleek as a seal but round as a walrus, with a voice that might have inspired Stradivarius to create his violins and a streak of callousness that makes me distrust him, even though I plan him to be one of the good guys. Maybe it's the hundreds of little, pointy teeth. Maybe it's the faint air of pomposity.

I don't know. He's a minor character, but minor characters before have turned into something other – I think I'll be keeping a wary eye on him.

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