

And at this moment

written by Holly
December 18, 2001
By Holly Lisle

The book has 211 pages, and 42,207 words. Hah.

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2507 words

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Relief – I got the scene. Gratitude – I got the scene. And elation – now I get to go to bed.

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2403 words. Almost done. I want to wrap this scene.

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And then I'm going to bed. This has been a really stressful bit of the book to write, and I'm not even sure why.

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The visiting old god ...

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... is turning out to be a loathesome bastard, but his attitude is doing a nice job of highlighting what Molly is up against, both around her and inside of her. And he's done a good job of bringing the evils of the dark gods clearly to light.

1082 words done at this point. Had to dice some out, so I've done more – but I like my keepers.

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What's in a name?

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More than I would have credited. I cut some pages, hoping to get myself back on track, but that wasn't helping. Then I

decided to change the names of two characters that had been a slight, back-of-the-mind irritant since almost the minute I wrote them down. And now the words are flowing again.

What the hell. Writing is a weird way to make a living. You do it for years, and stupid shit like this can still throw you completely off the rails – and figuring out how to get back on the rails is sometimes like solving goddamned Myst. Go here, go there, turn this, tinker with that, walk all the way back to the box and push the button and see if anything happens **this** time. If not, go look for other stuff to twiddle with. No instruction book, no map, just you and your notes and a firm belief that the puzzle does have a solution.

That's the key right there, though. The puzzle does have a solution. You just have to be willing to put in the seat work and the brain work to find it.

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Back in the saddle ... with saddlesores

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I'd like to say that this is going well, but it isn't. I may have taken a wrong turn in the plot – either in yesterday's work, or the day before.

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And in another writer's voice, an echo

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**As Her Son Creates His Story, a Mother Waits for the Ending
-By Beth Kephart**

I've done the pacing mentioned in this moving article. I've watched my two older kids, both writers now, do the same.

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The hell with this

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I have 735 words. I thought I'd done about twice that. I need a break. Maybe I'll come back to this tonight – maybe not.

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587 words . Yeesh

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To say this is not going well tonight is vast understatement. I'm hunting for the peg around which to anchor this scene and not yet finding it. I feel like I'm skidding on a freshly-waxed floor –

Love transcends death. Yes – but where do I go with that? Molly has already been through death once. She knows she's going to go through it again and again – knows that each time she does, a bit more of her slides away forever, and knows that, unlike everyone around her (except for the worst of the enemy) she has no eternity ahead of her beyond the narrow scope of her flesh.

Yet she is asked to offer everything she is and all that remains of her **self** to save the multitudes who have more than she can ever have again, and who will not lose their vast riches of soul and eternity and immortality, no matter what. She is asked for altruism with no hope of personal benefit, no hope of any goodness for herself, no promise of peace.

And the old god is explaining to her why she is so different from the monsters trying to destroy her, and she just isn't seeing the differences.

So maybe that is my conflict for this scene – not the conflict between the old god and Molly, but the conflict between Molly and what remain of her better angels. A quiet scene, after yesterday's wild romp.

Whothell. All I can do is write it, and if it sucks, delete it.

A late start, and a visit from an old god

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My first objective today was just to get a nap. Last night for some weird reason I developed insomnia and didn't get to sleep until 6:30 am this morning. Blech. So I'm getting a brutally late start tonight.

Today's scene involves an old god bringing Molly up to speed on some of horrors the dark gods plan for the universe. The issue with this scene will be to maintain conflict and keep it from becoming an expository dump ... er, lump. I'm not quite sure how I'm going to accomplish this, but by focusing on **conflict on every page** and remembering the novel's theme, **Love transcends death**, I'm hoping to keep myself on track and not end up writing something that I have to go back later and delete.