

# 2135 words – the scene got wings

By Holly Lisle

Why it didn't get wings three hours ago, I don't know. But better late than never.

Baanraak is ... cool. You're not supposed to like your villains, even though to write them well you have to love some part of them. Because if you like your villains, you have a tendency to soften them, and let them lose some of their edges, and not take chances with their behavior. But I already know what this SOB is going to do, and it's awful – and I still like him. How sick is that? It's because ... Baanraak is cool. I already loved his power, his intelligence, and his great looks (he's covered with opalescent black scales, he has teeth as long as a big man's hand, and his yellow eyes reflect light in the darkness like a cat's.) He's meaty, though. He has personality all over the place, and it isn't focused on evil – though he's sure willing to immerse himself completely in the evil pool to get a job done.

He has the book equivalent of screen heat. He's fun to write. He's baaaaaad.

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