

# 2546 words, and on to the next thing

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I like the unnerving little dagger at the end of scene three. It sets up tomorrow's scene nicely; I find myself already eager to jump in. Good sign. It's like having something left in the tank after a morning run; like knowing you could sit down and do the whole thing again.

Now to FALLEN SUNS, and finding the girl who will become the voice of an epic that will span a world, the girl who will stand against the fleshwizards and their planned hells, and who will do it with panache and a bit of self-deprecating humor. Onward.

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