

2605 words, and pyrotechnics

By Holly Lisle

I grin like a Cheshire cat. That scene unfolded with speed and ferocity and a lovely little edge of horror. And ended with **great** fireworks. And I buried the horrible truth within the most compelling of lies, so that when the truth resurfaces, it will do so with a nice little knife-twist to the gut. When it's working and the storytelling is **there**, I swear there's nothing better than writing.

Well. Almost nothing.

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