

587 words . Yeesh

By Holly Lisle

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.

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