

# 795 words, and I'm feeling my way through a story

By Holly Lisle

I'm not sure where the outline for **Talyn** is taking me. I'm wandering through the dark, hands outspread, grabbing onto every rock and ledge I can find and hoping that I'm moving toward the sound of running water.

That's the story. It's running water, and when I'm lost in the dark, I keep fumbling toward it, tricked by echoes that make it seem to be someplace that it isn't. I spend a lot of time backtracking, a lot of energy trying routes that prove to go nowhere. Sadly, in the world of novel writing, no one has yet invented the flashlight and the map. Every novel is an adventure in the dark, over all-new terrain, and running water is forever elusive.

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