

A little short, but ...

By Holly Lisle

Got sixteen hundred rather than two thousand words today, but I really like what I got. My Eastil hero, Gair, has just had everything go tits up on him in the worst of all possible ways – he's a prisoner of war, most of his team is dead, the mission is screwed, and because of his position, he knows he has no exchange value whatsoever in the prisoner-of-war program between his nation and the Confederacy. He's had the chance of a lifetime – the chance of several lifetimes, really, and it all fell apart, and everything he sacrificed the majority of his life for slipped through his fingertips.

My Tonk hero, Talyn, is about to meet him for the first time. At the moment, she wants to watch him die horribly.

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