

Anger costs too much

written by Holly

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By Holly Lisle

I lost my night of sleep Wednesday and, in consequence, my writing day Thursday, being angry with those creeps at FeaturePrice.com, for my money – which they still have – the worst host on the Internet, the most inept, and the most intentionally dishonest. If you're looking at them as a possible host, run far and fast in the opposite direction. By no means let them get their sticky fingers on your money.

That said, I got a good night's sleep last night, woke up without the alarm this morning, and so far the writing has been going well. I'm a bit unsure of some of my work at this point; I careened past a sex scene at a few days ago to get to the suspense part of the book, and realized this morning that, A: It was an essential scene to the characters' relationship with each other, and I need to start thinking in those terms, and B: I missed a bet for some pretty good stuff. So I did a marginal note to go back and fix that in the revision and kept going.

Phoebe and Alan will find Phoebe's sister today, something that will matter a great deal in leading to the climactic scene. And an innocent man is going to confess to a crime he didn't commit on the advice of his freebie public defender, making Phoebe's situation much, much worse. (And his own, of course, but we aren't going to spend too much time on that.)

And, finally, I realized something funny just this morning. When I get up at six to write, I don't write to music. The only sounds in the house at this hour are my fingers on the keyboard and the whirr of the fan behind me ... and occasional cat purrs when my cat is on my shoulder keeping me company. Music now would be a distraction – an annoyance. Later in the

day, when everyone is up and the house is noisy, it works to create a little bubble that helps me shut out distraction.

But silence is so much better for writing.

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