

# At 1900 words even

By Holly Lisle

It's late and I'm running out of gas, but I still have a good six-hundred words – about three full pages – yet to go.

The story is moving nicely, Molly's where I need her to be for the next huge problem of the story to erupt, and all sorts of really bad shit is about to happen. But right now, we're sitting in the calm before the storm, and what I want to do here is just drip a bit of foreshadowing in, at the speed and volume of a slowly leaking faucet in the kitchen. A tiny bit here, a little drip there, just enough to irritate the awareness without bringing it up to full alert. And I have to do that in three pages, and leave the reader with the sense that something is wrong without knowing why he thinks that.

I love this sort of challenge.

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