

Being Thankful

By Holly Lisle

Finished the first proposal for Claire (in first-draft form) and am now starting in on the second one.

Ringling phones have been fifty-fifty for me today – Claire wants to make LAST GIRL DANCING a Guaranteed Good Read, which is, I think, a special promotional program within the company. I okayed that, and think it will be a good thing. But with the second call, I found out that money I'd been counting on won't be coming, and I have now hit the point where I am weary beyond words of the uncertainty of being a midlist writer. Things are dicey. I have a good agent, I'm working steadily, but missing my deadlines last year hurt me a lot. I'm not sure how long it's going to take me to get un-hurt.

I'll get there. I have faith. I am thankful for the things that are going right – editors who believe in me, an agent who believes in me, family who believe in me, and living someplace relatively inexpensive.

As for the rest ... well, faith guarantees you always have at least one plank to hang onto in the middle of the ocean.

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