

Brain Stirred by Stick

written by Holly

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By Holly Lisle

I've discovered a few of things about myself that I didn't know before.

One, I am not a machine, and as much as I would like to treat myself like one, bad things happen when I try. It USED to work for me. I could, if pushed, write fifty-four typed, formatted, 300-words-to-a-page pages in one (long) day. Now I just throw cogs in all directions and fall over, steaming. Is this what being forty-four is doing to me? If so, it sucks.

Two, while I can work on two projects at the same time, I can not work on writing new material for two projects at the same time. I can worldbuild and write, worldbuild and revise or write and revise on two separate and unrelated projects. If I try to write on them both, my brain rebels, and tosses migraines and other goodies at me, and ends up feeling like someone stirred it with a stick.

Three, a 220,000-word unwritten-but-contracted novel hanging over one's head with the clock running out feels a little like a sword hanging by a thread, but considerably more like a '57 Chevy. Same thread.

So I'm doing backgrounding and line-per-scene work on HAWKSPAR today.

I'm not up to trying to submerge myself in the story again, when I know I'm just going to get ripped out of the Korre universe and tossed back into cop/stripper/Ranger world when Claire's comments on my proposed re-revisions of LGD come back.

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