

# Candle in the fog

By Holly Lisle

Needed 2000 words yesterday. Got 600, and that was an uphill struggle. I've reread them now, they're good words, they're the right words, but I need to get this book done, and not at a pace of 600 words in three hours. (It was more than that, actually. I didn't get more than a few words done when I came back to try to catch up at night, either.)

So I'm heading back in. I'm at the point where, in any sane story, everything would now be wrapping up with a happy ending. Instead, my heroes now have the biggest and toughest hell to get through, with no clear path to get there. This is the scene I've been writing toward since 1994, and I'm more scared than my characters. Which is saying a lot. I've written a big stack of books, but I have never been here before. Not just this book, but **here**, where everything – my career, this story that has been nine years in the writing, my family's future – stands at an intersection that depends on these words, this moment, this focus, this vision. My vision is blurred by fog. I'm socked in, zero visibility. Sting is singing **Fields of Gold**, the card of the day is the Ace of Cups, and I am moving forward on belief. That's my candle. That this is a good story, a story with heart and passion, worth telling, worth getting on the page. That if I do this right and am true to my vision, readers will find it. That they'll care. That things will not always be this hard for me and my family.

Considering the past, that's a tough candle to keep hanging onto.

Onward, blindly, running on faith and two strong characters in a bad place.

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