

Aleksa's Demon

By Holly Lisle

I worked tonight on the decidedly un-supernatural demon of memory, and Aleksa's violent past. Her approach made sense to me, as did the place she went inside her mind when she knew she was in danger.

Tomorrow, I start writing Lesson 3 for HTRYN, and my beta testers start the course. I'm excited about that, too.

But tonight I flew through the words for **Dreaming the Dead**, and in my passage found the tracks of who a woman might become when she has walked through hell.

How about you?

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Setting Out A Bowl For Jim Baen

By Holly Lisle

Just over a year ago, on October 28, 2008, I had a dream that is still changing my life.

My first publisher, Jim Baen, who died on June 28, 2006, paid me a visit.

Now, I'm not pagan, Christian, or otherwise religious in any way, shape, or form. I'm not a believer in things. I'm not a

fan of faith, which to me is the denial of the provable and rational in favor of the unprovable and irrational.

I do NOT, however, think that humans are just animated meat. I think that we are creatures of energy AND flesh, and that when the flesh falls apart, the energy goes on.

In what form this energy that we were goes on, I don't know. I have some speculations based on areas of science I follow, but they're only that, and worthless beyond my own personal interest.

However, while I'm waiting for scientific proof in either direction, I'm willing to play with my theory, and consider it as rationally possible as the theory of oblivion at the moment of death, which does not deal in any fashion with what happens to the energy of life.

I'm willing to consider that, along with the possibility that my subconscious had a brilliant idea while I was sleeping and found a way to make it unforgettable, I also could have experienced something real on October 28th of last year.

Either way, it's Halloween, traditionally time to acknowledge the dead, and I would like to take this moment to set out a metaphorical place at the table for Jim Baen.

I'm still writing the book that came from that dream. The idea I got that night is still something that at times leaves me trembling with the potential power of the story, if I can only find the craft within myself to realize that potential.

And whether the idea came from Jim, or whether my subconscious used him as a highly effective attention-getter, he is in my thoughts today. And whether the experience was real or metaphorical, I offer my thanks for it.

And I miss you, Jim.

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Sweet, sweet fiction, words like storm after drought

By Holly Lisle

The story called me back tonight, in spite of this being my official night off. I suddenly knew what had to happen next—not what I had planned, but what was better than what I'd planned.

Aleksa is on her way into deadly trouble, while fleeing deadly trouble—her problem with the rock and the hard place is that both of them are careening straight at her.

So I got 479 words, and I feel like I took my first deep breath in a week.

How are you coming with your story?

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The Deadline Crunch

By Holly Lisle

Okay. So I've done 1800+ words tonight, and there are going to be a whole lot more before I'm done. What I'm writing is

already 5622 words long, and I still have a couple of critical elements to include by tonight.

Problem. My writing tonight is non-fiction. My two beta testers are starting into **How To Revise Your Novel** next Monday, and in between the hospital stuff, Margaret and I have been working madly to get the course software debugged—and now that it's done, I'm wrapping up Lesson 2 tonight because I **MUST** have a buffer between myself and the lessons students are taking, in case I get sick. But I still have a lot of stuff that has to go into the course before next Monday.

Two lessons is all I had for the whole insane Think Sideways run.

Two lessons is evidently all I'm going to have as a buffer for HTRYN, too.

Not much in the way of sick time. ☐

That's my night.

How's your writing coming along?

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No Words Tonight

By Holly Lisle

Just got back from the ER.

My brother-in-law had a seizure, and ended up back there again, and we were there all night waiting for news.

The story has an up-side this time.

A neurologist came to see him who has done the procedure he needs, who is willing to do the surgery for him, and who will work with the family and deal with the payment issues after the giant tumor is removed.

He'll have surgery this Thursday.

I did not, however, do any writing tonight.

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WABWM is back...I got 431 words

By Holly Lisle

It took me a while to get back into the story—not the least of which was time spent just getting my head back into a fiction place.

But when I left Aleksa, she was being followed, and she is now preparing to deal with the man who is about to break into her home. It always helps to leave your character in a bad spot if you're going to be away for a while—makes it much easier to get interested in figuring out what happens next.

I'm glad to be back. I've missed being here.

So, for the first time in a long time...

How is **your** writing coming?

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Followed

By Holly Lisle

Aleksa knows she's being tailed. She has no idea who's back there, but she's sure whoever it is has a connection to the murder of her colleague Mike.

258 words today, done early because I also did about 4000 words on Lesson 2 of HTRYN, and when I go to bed tonight, I intend to sleep.

How are your words coming?

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Broaching Immortality

By Holly Lisle

I finally confronted the issue of immortality head-on tonight. The scene flew. It isn't going to stand as written—it's a bit too fairytale-ish—though I gave it an ominous ending that I love.

563 words, and I'm working in the critical framework that I need to hold the story together. Overall, fairytale feel or not, I'm happy with what I got.

How about you?

Lying about Love

By Holly Lisle

So Ki, my hero (a.k.a. Sam) has just lied to his cop partner, claiming to be in love with Aleksa, my heroine, in order to shake off some heat about his actions relating to her.

It wasn't a planned scene. It was, however, a pretty good one, though as I was writing it, I realized how badly "talking heads" it is. 556 words, and I'm going to have to do some serious scene setting in the revision.

Still, I like what I got.

How's your story coming along?

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Character study, 468 words

By Holly Lisle

The scene segment I worked on tonight was a study of Aleksa after she was attacked, and how she was dealing with the ugly memories the attack stirred up.

It was all about stillness and control versus the uncontrolled

fury—almost a second person—that the attack woke up and set loose.

I learned some interesting information about her, and I think what I've done will interest my reader...but I can't let it go on too long. Introspection and a character whose only action is breathing and controlling her breathing while sitting in a police interrogation room requires focus and a light hand to write.

Not sure if I got it the way it needs to be, but it'll do for first draft.

How did your writing go?

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