

About one quarter of the book outlined

[By Holly Lisle](#)

And about one third of Sheila's suggested revisions on the proposal thumbnails done. But it's time to knock off for the night. My eyes are starting to glaze over. I'm not a night writer – not by a long shot.

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Six books now outlined in short-short proposal form

[By Holly Lisle](#)

I'm not sure which of them will stick and which will have to be redone – I'm going to bug Sheila Viehl to see if I can get her to tell me what I'm doing wrong. But in the meantime, I got the layout for the first book, which I'm already about fifty pages into. (Don't be too impressed – this was work I'd already done.)

Now I'm sitting down to do the one-sentence-per-scene outline for the first book.

So far, so good.

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Migraine over, time to get to work

[By Holly Lisle](#)

Basically, I'll be moving on. And developing alternatives at the same time. I'll try to keep up with this web journal. I can do it while I write and not get distracted. However, I'm going to be offline otherwise until I get a massive amount of work done in very, very little time.

I won't be in the community, and I won't be answering anything but emergency e-mails. Things at the moment are **Not Good**, but with sufficient application of ass to chair and fingers to keyboard, there is a good chance they can become good.

Real Writers Bounce.

Goddammit.

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Do you remember the Hampsters

[By Holly Lisle](#)

Once upon a time, the dumbest site on the Internet, but one of the most weirdly addictive, was Hampsterdance.com (yeah, it was misspelled).

Out of some weird perverse urge, I looked it up today. It's gone, replaced by Hampsterdance2.com. None of the charm, a million times more merchandising.

But in my disappointment at not being able to find the original intact, I did discover this little gem. [Hamster Blast.](#)

The weird quirky charm of the original Hampsterdance, plus vengeance for that damned song getting stuck in your head. If you aren't opposed to a bit of animated gore, I highly recommend this site.

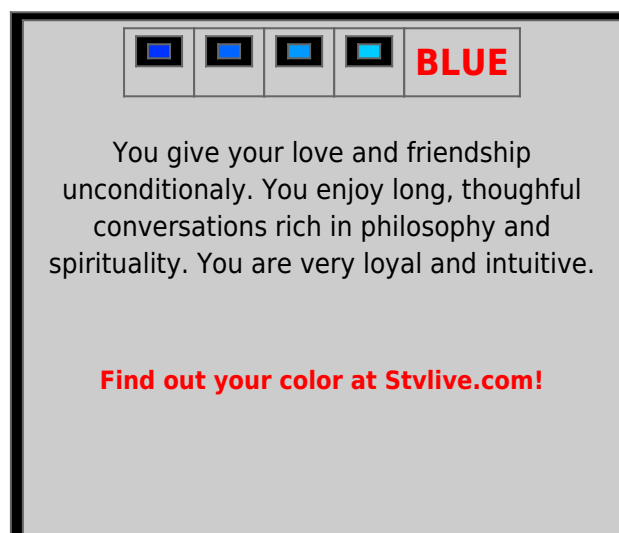
Though probably not while you're at work... It's a bit too fun for that.

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Another odd personality quiz

[By Holly Lisle](#)

And my results.



Almost out of Sunday

[By Holly Lisle](#)

Didn't write anything new on Friday, though I did revise heavily. Didn't write Saturday. Didn't write Sunday.

I'm so tired breathing seems like an unnecessary effort.

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Crawling out of post-book depression

[By Holly Lisle](#)

I don't know why it happens. I just know that it does. But today, after a week of living in a friggin' gloomy fog, I'm ready to get back to work for real. I think. I hope.

I'm trying to decide if post-book depression is just another name for being lazy after a hard run.

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Oh, and I ran today

[By Holly Lisle](#)

Bit over a mile, twenty minutes of running, ten minutes of warm-up and cool-down. Nothing to set the world on fire, but between that and the Thigh Master while I write, I've actually done some good things for myself.

Now I just need an ending.

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And 2001 in summary

[By Holly Lisle](#)

Can I say, "Thank God it's over, and don't let the door hit you on the way out," to this year? It has been brutal from start to finish, with personal losses, financial struggle, The Book That Would Not Die (having tossed about 300 pages of manuscript the first time and about 280 pages the second time, I'm now about 320 pages into Version 3.0, having started from scratch yet again), and national horror on a previously unimaginable scope and scale. Especially that last – nothing in my life, not even the earthquake I was in as a kid in Guatemala, has affected me like that.

No book that came out this year, either, for the first time since 1992 (though that is just one of those weird scheduling

quirks, since two are coming out early in 2002.)

And yet this year has had some bright spots. The community passed its first birthday, and has developed a personality and character that makes it a great place to spend time. It has become what I hoped it would eventually become – only I figured it would take several years to get there. Good people, good conversation, and a lot of writers writing.

Becky graduated high school and turned eighteen, in that order. My older son, at the age of fifteen, wrote two 60,000 novels in two months. My younger son stopped being a baby and became a little guy. Matt and I had some fun. The people I love are alive and healthy and a year older. I've learned a few things.

Here's to 2002. I'm glad you're finally almost here – consider yourself the most welcome new year in my life.

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Sudden horrified realization

[By Holly Lisle](#)

Twenty years ago today, at about this time (4:00 p.m.) I got married for the first time. Save for the fact that I got two great kids out of the deal, it was one of the more painful, miserable, dismal, stupid mistakes I ever made. Thank God for the kids. But **twenty years!** How the **hell** does time do that? (written 4:02 p.m.)

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