

# Great Clouds

written by Holly  
January 28, 2005  
By Holly Lisle



Cool sunrise pic. I'm almost finished with the words.

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# Best Ghosts

written by Holly  
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Oh, what the hell. Here are my BEST ghost pictures.

I didn't include my best ghost pictures in my photo essay, because they were my worst pictures. Lens artifacts bug me. But from a speculative point of view, these are kind of neat.

Comments intentionally enabled.

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# And This Morning, Ghosts

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Or maybe ghosts. I got pictures.

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## Living Dangerously

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Out on the back porch in yellow Eeyore jammies to get this.  
I'm living dangerously – no doubt about it.

# A Nubby Cloud Sunrise

written by Holly  
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[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

I like sunrises. What can I say?

Back yard about ten minutes ago.

# Sunrise

written by Holly

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I love watching the sun come up. Right now it's illuminating the dew on the grass out my back window, and etching some elegant traceries through the line of woods at the back of the yard. It will actually be over the horizon soon.

I spent years working in a room with no window and no door, with a little prayer taped to one corner of my desk that said only, "East-facing window, office with a door."

And now the office is real, and it's better than I could have hoped. The window opens, too, to let in the smells of fresh-cut grass and autumn. In spring, I'd catch honeysuckle. Summer it was rich with growing things. Winter, I suppose, I'll have to content myself with the sunrises and maybe enjoying the occasional frost patterns. Opening it ... probably not so much.

I spent a little time meditating before getting started this morning. Will probably talk to my Onyx editor, Claire, today, about the current book plus the proposal for the next one. I suspect Claire is going to shoot down the proposal in its entirety. I finally think I've figured out why.

I complicate things. I have spent twenty years aiming for complexity – Byzantine cultures, roccoco ecologies, Machiavellian plots – because SF and fantasy reward complexity.

Mainstream suspense does not, and the shift in gears here has been rough for me. I suspect I left half my transmission somewhere behind me on the highway.

Writing is always a learn-by-doing proposition. Switching genres can be doubly difficult because if you've been at all

successful in a previous genre, you then tend to think you know at least some of what you're doing, and that you can rely on past experience – only to discover the part you did really well in the previous genre is the part that doesn't translate to the new one.

Sunrise on a new day. On me back at the bottom of a big learning curve. So I guess it's a good thing I'm a morning person.

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# Keeping Writers' Hours

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Just a note for your amusement – for those who equate full-time writing with sleeping until noon and hanging out in the coffee shop until midnight before sitting down for an hour of angst at the keyboard (or with pen and quill), here's my schedule.

Up at 4:30 AM. Write 3000 words before 8:30 AM. Iron clothes, make breakfast, homeschool. Make lunch, do laundry and rushed household chores. Half-hour nap on the couch some time around midday. Homeschool some more. Make supper, clean up debris from homeschooling (a messy proposition). Hang out with family for a couple of hours, try to sound coherent. Drowse on couch. Bed at 10 PM.

At least I like sunrises.

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