

Chaos – a pre-writing post. No words yet. Mess will follow.

By Holly Lisle

I woke up this morning (at about 3 AM) realizing that chapter fifteen, which I wrote last week, was actually the ending of the novel.

I mean... damn. Perfect last line and everything.

Moving that scene to the end gives me a ton of extra terrible trouble into which I can dump my main character. It allows me to bring in the big villain and lesser villains in various roles. It lets me leave the readers uncertain, and worried. It lets me make things bad, and then worse, and then even worse.

Which is where you want a middle book in a five-book series to be.

Right up to the ending, with it's absolutely perfect last line.

I might not get a lot of words today. I have to re-plot the scenes between 16 and 29 into a ballet of good and evil, monsters and magic and brilliant villains versus competent, canny small-town folks who can – in the face of evil – get some shit done.

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