

Dead Man's Party: Things turn mean on the Caravan road

By Holly Lisle

I haven't talked a lot about the story of *Dead Man's Party* – and twenty chapters in is probably not the time to start giving complex plot hints.

And, really, *Dead Man's Party* is a messy, messy first draft, jumping through three broad concepts before finally settling into the fourth, so the revision is going to be MEAN.

But today was an interesting day for me as a writer, because I was writing the protagonist's true love, who has been having to fight his way through zombies and cannibals to get to her, who is traveling with a caravan of people carrying bits and pieces of valuables and trade goods and people from surviving small town to surviving small town in this post-Apocalyptic world...

And who today got hit on by a girl who (correctly) identified him as a good guy, and who asked him if he needed a wife.

And her actions forced me to dig deeper into the lives of the folks who wait for caravans, who tend caravaners, who live behind walls under regular attack as sitting targets, and made me think about the people who live in the caravans, and are moving targets without the walls, who get killed and eaten in high numbers.

I was shooting for 1515 words today, and got 1719.

And some good questions that are going to have to become a bigger part of the story in the revision.

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