

Death and Villainy

By Holly Lisle

In "C", I'm dealing with corpses at the moment, and the discovery of said same, and the question of who killed them. I've known all along which character in the book the killer was, but I didn't **know** the killer. And then the day before yesterday, I did some free writing, and yesterday I flew along on the words, and now I know the enemy.

And ... ugh.

I know where this monster came from. I know exactly where, and why, and how ... but it sometimes scares me that I carry stuff like this around inside. That this horrific evil can just lie there waiting, growing and twisting and morphing for years and years, until insidiously it works its way into a book. So insidiously that I don't even recognize it until suddenly, confronted by its handiwork, I recoil and call it by name.

My nightmares had day faces, most of them; this one's day face scares me worse than most.

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