DTD – 298 words, and continuing Blood On The Wall

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Took a long time to find my angle tonight—and the guy I was going to kill off didn't die after all. What happened to him is a lot worse, though no one knows it just yet.

And I've given myself an excellent jumping-off point for tomorrow's work.

I quit before I hit 300 tonight—first, I don't want to move into my next direction, and second, I'm fried.

How are your words coming?

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