DTD – 469 words, and the not-quite-dead-yet hired gun

written by Holly
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Oh, man. Threw all sorts of mad twists into the story tonight—hadn't planned for any of them (just planned for the **concept** of twists here) and they showed up in lines like chorus girls, kicking their feet in synch and grinning like loons.

The story edges into the evil of the Balegarn, hinted at and now shown used against someone we've had reason to like.

It was a good run. It took a long time, but it was a good run.

How about you?

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