

Finally

By Holly Lisle

I got a bit better than 2000 words today. Got within two scenes of the end of the book. But more than that, I was sitting there writing with tears running down my cheeks, blinking fast just so I could see the screen, writing like someone crazed.

I think I got it. I think I managed to bring the crux of the thing to life, though I haven't had the nerve to read back over what I got yet. But it felt right going in – going through.

Later I'll take a deep breath and see what I got; see if I managed to stand in the middle of the windstorm and catch the butterfly as it whipped past without crushing the thing.

If I did, then I'm almost done.

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