

# Gah! Revisions!

By Holly Lisle

Know how I said I liked to do revisions? How I enjoyed being able to go in and fix up the stuff that was already down on paper?

Lies, foul lies, all of it. At least this time. I'd say that editor-requested revisions on **Gods Old and Dark** were proceeding apace, but then we'd have to define 'apace' as 'dragging ass like an old man with his feet stuck to the knees in frozen molasses.'

I suspect it's going so slowly because my head is already in another book. I'm thinking **Talyn**, and planning that book in my sleep and in quiet moments, playing through the story in my head and living with the people, and dipping back into **Gods Old and Dark** is like falling into a foreign country where no one speaks the same language and the rhythms of life are alien and disturbing.

Or maybe it's like shifting gears badly, and grinding between first and third by entirely missing second and popping the clutch, too.

Either way, I don't know that I could actually be progressing much slower without working backwards through the book erasing the corrections I've already done.

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