

Hating to Be Right

By Holly Lisle

The SEAFX problems were real problems, all right. Big ones.

When I started running the story in my head from her point of view, the voice fell into place. The first scene erupted almost whole-cloth, like freakin' Athena from the head of Zeus. (Opening sentence: "I had a name once.") Bits and pieces that had been scattered over a rough landscape without any more connection than "I'll cross that bridge when I come to it," suddenly slid together of their own accord.

So. My choices here are two.

One – reoutline the damned thing, salvaging what I can, and rework the first scene into third-person, and write a new first scene.

Two – spend a miserable few months writing the wrong book, and then club myself over the head through a nightmare revision, a probably-rough editorial request for revisions In other words, a bumpy road on a bad horse.

Yeah, that sounds like fun.

Oh, right. It isn't going to be SEAFX anymore, either.

It's going to be – probably – HAWKSPAR, after a semiprecious stone native to the Fallen Suns region of Korre, and for reasons too hideously grim to contemplate at the moment.

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