

Little Wings

By Holly Lisle

I dreamed of Cadence last night, and discovered how she ended up going most of the way across the mapped universe to get to Mike Strovak. She doesn't understand it, **he** doesn't trust it, and the mechanism of the reunion is giving me the shivers.

However, writing is going slowly, but not because I don't have images, and bits and pieces of a mystery to lure me on.

Rather, the problem is a ten-year lapse in cruising deep space with Cady. Cadence has a vocabulary that includes the workings of your basic and advanced origami drives; an understanding of the maneuvers and politics of spaceports and the corporations that run them; a close familiarity with body artists and all their tools; and, a deep love of the sport paratenka, which includes such moves as gravdropping. I, on the other hand, have been groundbound for the last ten years, and I've forgotten how such things work.

So I'm slowly rebuilding the worldbuilding I lost when things went to hell, and I'm reacquainting myself with medichambers and Melatinting and nanoviral healthcare.

And the story is taking off slowly, on little wings. But if, for the moment, I can't soar with the eagles, I'll hang two with the starlings and be grateful for the wings I have.

Contents © Holly Lisle. <https://hollylisle.com> All Rights Reserved