

Made myself cry. It's those 'words from nowhere' that get me...

written by Holly

October 1, 2021

By Holly Lisle

I leapt into the story this morning at the exact place where I left myself yesterday – a place with nothing even remotely transcendent about it. My main character was dealing with a situation that has turned ugly and scary, she's in trouble, she's facing an absolutely awful situation that affects not just her but everyone she loves and has ever loved...

And all of a sudden, this newish, very strange friend of hers who has until now liked her just because he liked her grandmother, answers a question she asked.

It was a question born of fear and desperation.

And he answered that question, but then he went beyond.

Way beyond. So beyond that while I was transcribing what he was saying to her in my head, I had tears running down my cheeks, and had to blink to see the damn screen.

And my MC started to cry, too – because hey, I'm not going to be the only wimp in the room.

And when he was done, she took the condensation of what he said to her – fifteen words total – and she went to a guy she knows who does good tattoos, and she got those fifteen words tattooed upside down on her right thigh.

And I'm in a great place to pick up the story on Monday... and it isn't even remotely the place I thought I was going to be

when I sat down to write this morning.

1280 words for the day (of 1250 planned), 60,331 total on the novel, and today was a magnificent writing day.

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