

# Mind-Boggling Question

By Holly Lisle

Reading this entry from Sheila's blog, I confess to a moment of jaw-dropping, mind-blowing disbelief.

No. Not at Sheila's continued, mysterious fascination with George Clooney. My tastes run much more to Vin Diesel and Phillip Seymour Hoffman. (I do not attempt to **explain** my tastes. I simply report them.)

But no. That one or more of her readers would ask if we were the same person.

She and I have speculated before that we were twins separated at birth. We have lived painfully similar lives; emphasis on the painful part. But ...

Sheila does well over a million words a year. I expect her to make a breakthrough to a million words a month at some time in the not too distant future. I do ... two books a year. Two. One really broke year, I did four, but those were short, and I was really broke. If Sheila and I were the same person, I would not be perpetually getting stalled and stuck and flummoxed by LAST GIRL DANCING. I would fly through it, because as best I can tell, Sheila has never, ever been simply, totally bollixed on a book. I plod, Sheila soars. I single-task at the (comparatively) stultifying rate of around 300,000 words per year. Sheila explodes with these amazing ideas; talking to her, you get this feeling that new universes are being born, fully formed, behind her eyes at a rate of about one per minute. Me? Not so much.

So, though no one has ever asked me that question, I will answer it. We ain't the same person. But sonuvaSONUVAbitch – I wish we were.

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