

Mini-HAWKSPAR update and more.

By Holly Lisle

Basically, the news is, there is no news. The book's been moved back in the schedule to June, 2008, but what we do from there is still up in the air.

I'm exhausted. I can't stand even thinking about the book anymore. It is, I think, the best story I've ever told, and I can't bear to look at it.

I sat down and figured out my options. They are:

- It comes out at full length in one volume, prohibitively priced. It barely sells. I lose.
- It comes fifty-five thousand words shorter, not the story I wanted to tell at all, gutted, either by me or by someone else. Whether it sells or not at that length, it isn't the book I wrote, nor does it resemble the book I wanted it to be. I lose.
- It comes out in two volumes, causing readers to pay twice to read one story. The books sells poorly, because the two-book gimmick is a death knell. EVERYBODY—readers, publisher, AND me—loses.
- There is, as far as I can see, no fourth option.

My editors are all on vacation through the weekend, so I'm going to take a few days off to knit, spend time with my youngest, and breathe.

Air Force Kid got a date on shipping out. September. Not sure whether it will be Iraq or Afghanistan. He'll be gone for nine months, and in harm's way. This is a far bigger deal than the book. So my objective is to just deal with the fucking book,

and keep my priorities straight.

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