

Onward, chin juttled in womanly determination

By Holly Lisle

Or so I am trying to make myself believe. **Closer to Chaos**, title that I love, has been moved to book three. I'm starting the outline for the new book two, which has the infelicitious working title of **Paths to Eternity** but may end up being **The Wreck of Heaven** or something even more odd. (I was hoping to hang on to **The Wreck of Heaven** for later in the series, but suddenly it sorta fits, and if I can't come up with something better than my placeholder title, will probably go with it.

And I have that theme, by God. **Love transcends death**. Hanging on to that with everything in me, because it's my one lifeline to finishing this book within the meager time that remains.

Book two is to become an odd tangle of romance and magic, love and loss and redemption and hope and the weight of responsibility and the sacrifice of self for others and a handful of lesser scrabbles through my psychic closet. But focused. This third start, so late in the game, has narrowed down to four main characters, two main plots, and only the one major theme. Within those parameters, I think I can keep everything together long enough to tell a coherent tale.

So I'm outlining. One whole story from start to finish – it all has to be in this book with only the world and the BIG PICTURE™ to link this one to the last and the next. And the characters. Can't forget them.

Enough of trying to set up my pins. Enough of rambling. Time to get the words on the page. Wish me luck.

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