

Phone Rings; Brain Shuts Down

By Holly Lisle

Writing along, researching as I go, writing some more.

At the other end of the house, the phone rings.

My heart leaps into my throat, my fingers freeze on the keyboard, I charge through the house to check the phone.

"Unknown name/ Unknown number"

I don't answer those. Does anybody answer those? Do you really want to save 3% on your phone bill by switching to Spam-Network?

I drag the phone back into the office, sit down at the computer, clear the screensaver that has popped up in my brief absence. It's not even 10AM EDT yet. My agent isn't in the office, no one could possibly be calling me this early.

And I'm not going to hear today anyway, unless the news is, "We don't want this." "We WANT this," takes more time. Time to discuss prices and clauses and things. To to work out details. "No" is easy. "Yes" is complicated.

Okay, late today I might get a "They want it." Maybe. Probably not. Even that that much, just the initial nod of the head, could hang fire for another week.

And yet my heart is drumming like Keith Moon on speed. Putting beats in between the beats, no less.

Breathe in, I tell myself. Hold. Breathe out. Be water. Your story is waiting.

We'll see.

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