

Quick breather

By Holly Lisle

I was up and writing at about 2:30 AM. Back pain woke me up, and I knew I was going to be a long time getting back to sleep. Might as well be productive, I figured, and did twenty-five manuscript pages (significantly more real pages, because one manuscript page can and often does have two additional pages worth of tiny, handwritten additions scrawled onto the front and back, and several uncounted additional pages, for example, 35-A, 35-B, 35-C, attached). The worst case of added pages I have in the manuscript goes to the letter P. Haven't gotten to that one yet.

Got up again around ten, and after the shower and breakfast, was writing again by eleven. I'm now on page 88 of the type-in, with a net word gain of 3,000 words. Considering the number of sections of pages and whole pages I've already ripped out, I figure I've probably written 8,000 additional real words so far.

The back is a little better. Constant pain, still walking like the Hunchback of Notre Dame, but no additional sound effects (screaming, yips, etc.) when standing up or sitting down, which should make me a lot more popular in a household containing people who jump when a scream goes off in one ear.

This is huge work, and the timing for the back thing could have been better, but I can feel the story improving with every chunk I rip out, and with every improved section I add in. (And with the additions and style changes I'm making as I go.)

I'll be very happy, though, to have this one wrapped and mailed.

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